

Million Dollar Mistress

By Lance Edwards

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Part One: Submissions

Steve

Steve Miller – no relation to the guy with the band, as he often said when introducing himself – was watching a movie on their ridiculously large widescreen HDTV. A recent wedding gift, this made it almost like being at the cinema itself (surround sound and everything), and he'd been waiting weeks for Netflix to deliver this particular DVD. Nevertheless he immediately picked up the remote and paused play when his wife bustled into the living room and hailed him.

They'd been married barely two months, and his love and appreciation for her remained all-consuming – as he fully expected it to forever. Beyond merely petite at only four foot-ten and less than ninety pounds, Amy was a lovely little dynamo of buzzing vitality, always eager for new experiences and always enjoying them with the same incomparable gusto. Outgoing and fun-loving himself, Steve was confident their completely compatible personalities would see them eventually grow old together with nary a dull moment in their always eventful and supremely satisfying lives – particularly with regard to sex.

Both just twenty-three, they'd been lovers in college for nearly a year before graduation and marriage. And Amy had proved just as inventive and experimental in bed as she was at exhaustively pursuing novelty and excitement in the rest of her life. Right away Steve felt his own always eager libido surge as she bounded up to him, recognizing the familiar flush to her lovely freckled face and the dare-me fire in her bright blue eyes. Nor was that the only cue.

Wearing only pale blue tights clinging to her slender legs and curvy hips and butt, and a threadbare T-shirt ripped off to expose her tiny waist and trim little belly the extraordinarily pointy nipples of Amy's saucy C-cup breasts were clearly visible through the thin fabric. Contracted and erect beyond their already remarkable natural conicity, they threatened to rip right through in her excitement. Vaulting over the couch like the lifelong gymnast that she was, this lithe little bundle of sexual electricity landed lightly on Steve's lap. She linked her arms around his neck and immediately locked lips with him in a devouring smooch that had his penis – delightfully crushed beneath her butt – straining toward erection in seconds. After a good long minute Amy broke away. She tossed her gorgeously thick mane of bushy orange curls and gleamed delightedly at him.

"How would you like a million dollars Stevie?"

"Who do I have to whack?" he laughed. She laughed right back.

"No one, silly. *I'll* be doing all the whacking!" Amy peeled off another string of delighted giggles, her eyes twinkling merrily with excitement. Then she started squirming that excellent ass firmly against Steve's trapped and raging hard-on. Leaning in even closer she ground her aroused breasts salaciously against his chest and began nibbling on and murmuring into his ear – something that never failed to send shivers of lust running through him.

"I was just surfing the web – mmmm, mmmm, mmmmmmm..." A pause to nip and nibble, slither and slather, as Amy drove her nimble little tongue in deep and then out again, around and around and in and out before continuing. "I was looking for... mmmm... sexy stories and stuff, when I came across this amazing contest being held.

The prize is... mmmm... mmmm... MMMMMM... a million dollars and our own reality TV show!”

By this point Steve had his hand up the belling bottom of her flimsy excuse for a shirt. He was fondling one wonderfully firm breast while worrying the hard, amazingly large nipple with his thumb. Nevertheless his interest was piqued enough (barely) to keep him from swiveling Amy around to straddle and ride him right there.

“What kind of contest?”

“Come and see!”

Right away Amy leaped off his lap. She seized his hand and drew him onto his feet and after her, leading him quickly toward the computer in the den. Hot and bothered and with a monstrous hard-on jutting his gym shorts ridiculously out, Steve sighed and yet followed without protest. Amy’s body would always be there for him – that was one of the blessings of being married. And really, if this episode didn’t end with them in bed (or on the couch, kitchen table or right up against the wall) he would eat the aforementioned shorts. As she practically pranced ahead of him his always delightfully sprightly wife at last deigned to explain.

“I was feeling kind of kinky you know: looking for stories on spanking and stuff. Then I came across this website called Degradatrix.com.

“Apparently they’re the biggest publisher of fetish material in the world, and a huge ‘alternate lifestyle advocate’. In any case they’ve just announced a contest to promote and hopefully mainstream what they call ‘the femdom philosophy’. That’s short for female domination – you know, the whole whips and chains thing. Anyway, check this out.”

Still bubbling with vivacity Amy slipped into her desk chair while Steve (agreeably intrigued) reached around, cupped her breasts and continued thumbing her nipples from behind. Amy scrolled up a bit, and then started reading aloud while he scanned the screen along with her.

“Offered live on pay-per-view TV and on-line streaming, “A Celebration of Female Superiority” will feature dominant and submissive couples competing to become this year’s Mistress Degradatrix and Slave. Open equally to non-professional veteran lifestyle practitioners or interested initiates, the prize will be one million dollars and a weekly reality TV show based on the winners’ wonderfully exciting and wholly consensual relationship. Those interested in competing need only fill out and submit the application below, from which five lucky couples and five alternates will be selected.

“Competition will involve four live onstage performances emphasizing each of four fundamental expressions of the femdom lifestyle: display, restraint, discipline, and reward. Judging will be based on the scientifically determined level of male arousal combined with panel votes on female appeal, originality, stamina and suzerainty. This alternate lifestyle extravaganza will be hosted by the Lady Lash, flamboyant adult film star and pre-eminent activist in promoting all things kink. The panel of six judges will consist of other prominent performers and personalities in the fetish industry.”

At last lovely Amy craned around to look up at him, her gleaming regard and even more brilliant smile instantly defeating any hesitation Steve might have considered.

“So how about it, baby? Doesn’t it sound like *wicked* fun? And a million dollars! You want to be my slave for a day on live TV?”

“Gorgeous, I’m already your slave. I have been since I first set eyes on you in a cheerleader outfit. I’d do anything for you, my lady love.”

“And I you!” Amy declared, bounding back up and spinning to face him. “Starting with fucking your brains out! But first we ought to practice a bit, in case we get selected. I’ve never spanked anyone, and I can’t wait to try! Let’s go down to the rec room...”

In short order Steve found himself naked and bent over their ping-pong table. Just the tips of his toes retained contact with the floor. His heart was hammering like never before and his cock throbbed painfully hard as it was squashed between his body and the unyielding tabletop. Pressing his hotly flushed cheek against that cool surface he surprised himself by emitting an uncalculated moan. As rampant as his anticipatory excitement was however – keenly accentuated by a titillating sense of trepidation – it couldn’t hold a candle to Amy’s unrestrained passion. Still dressed in her tights and skimpy half-shirt she was goose-fleshed all over and literally quivering with arousal. Giggling almost constantly as she’d ordered him to strip and assume the position she wanted, supervising this and clearly delighting in his quick acquiescence and properly humbled posture, she picked a paddle up off the table and moved eagerly to where her round-cheeked target waited so obligingly presenting itself.

“Here we go,” Amy giggled again. Then she immediately adopted a mock-stern tone. “You’ve been a naughty boy, haven’t you Slave Steven?”

“Yes, my lady love,” Steve replied, his excitement and unease climbing another thrilling notch. Getting truly into character in turn, Amy responded immediately.

“I *am* your lady love, aren’t I? In fact that will be my stage name for the competition, providing we get accepted: Lady Love. And if we don’t, it’s what you will call me whenever we play this particular game. Now then: how have you been naughty?”

Thinking fast, Steve quickly came up with something.

“I haven’t brought you flowers since before our wedding. And though I always do my share of the chores, I’ve never offered to do your share too, so you can have more time to enjoy yourself. I’m truly sorry Lady Love, and I’ll start doing both regularly.”

“Good boy!” Amy laughed approvingly. “You’d damn well better too! I’m serious: game or not, I’m going to hold you to that. But acknowledging your failings and promising to correct them doesn’t mean you don’t get paddled for committing them. It just means you get to have sex with me afterwards. Now hold still and take your just desserts like a man!”

Biting his lower lip, Steve braced himself, once again moaning in helpless upset. He’d never been spanked in his life – his parents hadn’t believed in it. Now he was to be beaten with a wooden paddle. Still he remained immensely turned on. But then the first blow smacked against his ass, and the sudden stinging pain made him cry out unexpectedly. Seemingly by themselves his hands leaped to rub at his buttocks, but his gorgeous Lady Love immediately stopped him.

“Oh no, you don’t! What did I just tell you? You’ve got an extra ten spanks coming for that. Now, do what I told you: take it like a man and don’t move! In fact, hang on a second...”

The paddle clattered onto the table. Craning his neck a bit, Steve saw Amy stripping off her tights, leaving her naked but for her half-shirt. Then she grabbed his hands and used the stretchy fabric to tie them tightly together behind his back.

“There!” she declared. “Maybe now you’ll behave yourself. And keep quiet or I’ll have to gag you with my shirt!”

With that the paddling immediately resumed: slow and measured swats that soon came ever harder and faster as Lady Love’s clearly overweening zeal asserted itself. Amy seemed to be growing into her new persona by the second. Breathing far heavier than could be accounted for by mere exertion (she was supremely fit and athletic after all) she began releasing cries of excitement and delight at every particularly vicious strike. These exclamations combined with that urgent respiration and the emphatic rhythmic clapping of the paddle on Steve’s ass quickly built and maintained a highly charged sexual atmosphere in the big basement room. Good thing too: more than Steve’s salvation, this contributed to a life-changing revelation.

Being bound naked and helpless, bent way over at the waist so that his vulnerable buttocks could be beaten black and blue was the most impactful emotional experience ever and one which he could have scarcely imagined. It was a fundamental lessening of the self, profoundly *humiliating*. At last he grasped the true meaning of the strange title ‘Degradatrix’!

Helpless tears streamed from Steve’s eyes, wetting his cheeks, and his hotly burning face was soon galled raw where it rubbed against the masonite surface.

Of course this pain was nearly subsumed by the greater, ever growing agony in his remorselessly paddled ass. Still this affliction was somehow more personal: literally rubbing his face in his helpless degradation. And soon it provided the key to unlocking an expected part of his psyche that he might have remained forever ignorant of.

Despite his physical and emotional torment, Steve was amazed, appalled, relieved and excited to find that his carnal arousal continued to rise even as his miseries worsened. The intense sexual component of the experience was crucial to this of course. But the cue of his pained face led him to an even more compelling goad: the inescapable awareness that it was his beloved wife Amy, the undisputed center of his life and his own personal epitome of sexual desirability that was subjecting him to this incredibly momentous experience.

Being completely in her power, utterly at her mercy, hers to ruthlessly punish for as long as she saw fit had an inexplicable but absolutely compulsory appeal about it. Being forced by her to bite back the bellows of pain he truly needed to release, and stifle the constant sobs he was unable to suppress only magnified the sense of craven devotion and uncontrollable lust he felt toward her as she beat him. Weak in the knees, his toes curled helplessly, lifting his feet off the floor and putting all his weight on his torso. Further crushed by this, his impossibly aroused cock raged insanely where it was trapped between him and the high hard table. Squirming helplessly as much as he dared under the excess of agony and emotion swamping him Steve ground that unprecedented tumescence against that pitiless surface and groaned and sobbed as much in need of carnal release as anything else. Just like that he was complete conquered; utterly taken. And if this ordeal provided him with the soul-shaping revelation that effortlessly turned him into a submission-craving slave, forever in thrall to his superior female, what followed would strengthen this transformation into an irresistible addiction.

After an all too short eternity, the Lady Love (never just Amy again in Steve’s hopelessly beholden heart) clattered her paddle back onto the table. Then before her new

slave could even begin to properly process that his punishment was at an end she seized a handful of his short blonde hair and used it to haul him rudely upright.

Maintaining this hold she spun him to face her and grabbed his emphatically upright erection in her other hand. By these two grips she wordlessly propelled him still sobbing and sniveling on tottery legs a short distance across the floor to a nearby card table. There she drove him down into a simple straight-backed wooden chair. As he collapsed upon it, his bound arms contorted awkwardly behind him, Lady Love unceremoniously straddled his body. Still without a word she pointed the hot cock throbbing in her fist up into herself and sank down onto it, crying out in excited exultation at last.

His head spinning, his badly bruised ass screaming at the fresh outrage of supporting both himself and his unbelievably exciting and supremely dominant wife, Steve nevertheless came dangerously close to immediately and disastrously ejaculating. Groaning in exquisitely eloquent distress he somehow hung on, even when Amy shifted and squirmed around, rotating the spike of his greatest ever need maddeningly about inside her hot slick tightness. Then as she began pumping her hips with incredibly torturous slowness she at last deigned to address him.

“Well Slave Steven, have you learned your lesson?”

Though he’d finally stopped sobbing, at first Steve could only give voice to another helpless yet remarkably articulate groan. In response his wife slapped his wet, blotchy, rubbed raw cheek hard without causing the slightest hitch in her exquisitely timed rhythm.

“I asked you a question, slave: have you learned your lesson?”

“Yes Mistress!” Slave Steven gasped. The honorific escaped him automatically.

“I’ll say!” The newly and irretrievably empowered mistress grinned grimly, still pumping teasingly, sedately away.

“I think you learned a far more profound lesson than either of us expected. I’ve never once felt you so big and hard and hot inside me, not even on our honeymoon. I think it’s safe to say I’ll never have to do a lick of housework again, will I? From now on you will assume all menial duties around here and also pamper and obey me incessantly. Won’t you slave?”

“Yes, Lady Love!” Steve cried from the bottom of his now eternally enthralled heart and endlessly submissive soul. He would have promised his new mistress far more than merely his life and afterlife if only she’d stop torturing him by suspense and fuck him properly. And of course once she had this unconditional surrender she proceeded to do just that: sealing their new and impossibly unequal relationship in sweat and tears and semen, if not blood.

For Steve this was excruciatingly intense and yet all too brief: the best if shortest sex act of his life to date. Enviably blessed as she was with a lean, lithe and incredibly athletic little frame, Amy already boasted both a stupendously supple mobility and unsurpassed stamina in bed, making her surely one of the best lovers ever. This time, elevated and inspired by suddenly finding her true calling in life both sexually and otherwise, she was absolutely breathtaking in action. Finally flinging herself headlong into the most fervent copulation conceivable she worked her amazing body at an immediate fever pitch. Shrieking with both exertion and ecstatic exhilaration, she rode the cresting wave of her triumphant ascension to total suzerainty and her helplessly bound and pitifully overwhelmed new lifelong slave simultaneously.

Subjected to this impossibly manic attack Steve himself cried out in mixed ecstasy and distress. Driven by the impetus of that maniacal rhythm, his incomparable owner's exceptionally pointy breasts (barely concealed by that thinnest of tiny shirts) danced madly about right in front of his face. Trying to concentrate on these rather than the relentless and escalating stropping of his steel-hard cock in that compressive sheath Steve immediately found himself confronted with another damning and unexpected and paradoxical compulsion of his new submission addiction.

How he would have loved to rip away that shirt, exposing those wondrous breasts to examination and plunder! But bound as he was he was helpless to do so. Swiftly however this powerlessness in the face of burning desire, and the renewed awareness that it was his Lady Love cruelly denying him, served to stoke his almost unbearable lust even higher. Watching as those wantonly withheld treasures of flesh were flaunted maddeningly just beyond his reach was soon more terribly arousing than fondling, suckling, or having them rubbed vigorously in his face ever was. And alas it was this madness that predictably tripped him into sin.

With his wife and owner's frenetic fucking still endlessly honing the dangerously incisive edge of his arousal Slave Steven suddenly found himself severed irrevocably from his most desperate intentions. Less than a minute into this most thrilling and sublime and fundamentally formative sexual experience ever he suddenly proved himself disgracefully unworthy of it by suffering the most draining, sustained, and convulsive ejaculation of his entire existence as either husband or property. And of course his glorious owner didn't take this failure dispassionately.

"Bastard!" Amy shrieked. And even as Steve was still writhing, crying, and spurting up into her she stopped pumping atop him and again struck his face, this time with a powerful roundhouse blow that had all the force of her small but exceedingly fit body behind it.

Agony merged immediately with ecstasy, an erotic alchemy that would plague Steve until he died, as his exalted vision of Amy's heavenly loveliness exploded into stars of another kind. Of course he would carry his bruised and swollen face as a reminder of this epiphany for days after the similar wounds on his ass were overlaid with fresh ones. But even long after he'd healed he'd return to endlessly ponder the mystery of how this strange combination of extreme sensations could so captivate him that he'd constantly seek to repeat the experience. In the meantime though, when at last he fought his faculties into focus on his beloved mistress, she was no longer straddling his lap but standing seething above him. Glaring down, all of her former fun-loving playfulness had vanished as if it had never been.

"How dare you?" she shouted again, spraying him with spittle that exhilarated and debased him simultaneously. "Do you have any idea how many times I could have come? And instead I didn't get to enjoy a single fucking orgasm. That was unforgivable – understandable perhaps, but still completely unforgivable. Now that you are my property rather than my mate Slave Steven, achieving orgasm before I have had my fill of you will be a terrible crime punishable by the direst of sanctions!

"However," the Lady Love grudgingly grated after a pause to temper her entirely justifiable outrage, "Since this was the first time as owner and slave for both of us, I'm willing to be lenient this afternoon. Here is my generous decree: as penalty for failing me, you will have no more sex for a week. And no masturbation either. You must also bathe

my entire sweaty body, lovingly with just your tongue, finishing up at my cheated cunt. There you will perform orally for me for as long as I wish, until I can't manage a single more orgasm. You will repeat these services twice daily, morning and night for the entire week of your celibacy sentence."

With that Lady Love tossed her curls contemptuously and smirked down superiorly at him, judging Steve's response. Satisfied by his meek acquiescence, she nodded decisively.

"First however we will return to the computer. There I will supervise you filling out and submitting our application to the femdom contest. After all, submitting to femdom is going to be your entire life from now on. Whether we're accepted to compete or not, this is just a harmless game no longer. You are my pathetic slave forever. Now let's go."

Slave Steven's indisputable ruler reached down and seized him again by his now spent and sticky appendage. Leaving his arms securely bound behind his back she pulled him agonizingly to his feet by just this, and over toward the stairs.

By the time they were less than halfway up these, Steve was already once again growing painfully hard in her pitiless grip.

Wendy

"You want another glass of wine?"

"Shit Kelly, I'd love one," answered Wendy Polaski with a regretful sigh, carefully running a hand through her shoulder-length chestnut hair. "Unfortunately money's too tight right now, what with Will out of work. I don't even know how we're going to make the next rent. I certainly can't afford to get drunk at two-thirty on a weekday afternoon."

"Oh bosh," Kelly responded. "I've got it. You're not leaving this table until we're done catching up. Waiter? Two more glasses of chardonnay, please."

"Thanks hon. If only we were lesbians. Then I could marry you. You can at least afford a girl an extra glass of wine once in a while. My Will won't even be able to keep a roof over our heads at this rate. I'm increasingly glad I put off his proposal. Even moving in together is beginning to look like a mistake."

The wine arrived promptly. One of the benefits of being a pair of stunning under-thirties was the eager and even fawning service by younger male waiters. Wendy took the liberty of checking out the admirably tight ass on theirs as he scuttled away and then picked up her glass. As she sipped at it her old friend Kelly laughed dismissively.

"Don't worry, this is all on Paul."

"I don't have a husband, I have a marital slave. We have a strict d/s relationship, remember? He supports me, obeys me, and serves me utterly. And in return I cuckold him, beat him and bind him, castigate and humiliate him, and fuck him 'til he can't walk whenever I feel the evil mood take me. Men can be made to do anything at all just by sexually exploiting their innate weaknesses. All it takes is a bit of insight – and a delightfully exciting ruthlessness. When are you going to properly seize your feminine power and make a simpering slave of Will?"

"Actually I have, at least a little bit. I've taken advantage of his unemployment to start introducing him to light bondage, teasing, and woman-on-top sex. I tell him that as

long as I'm paying his share of the rent, he can indulge me a bit sexually – and that he'd better do it if he wants to have a prayer of marrying me some day. It was slow going at first though."

"For heaven's sake, why?" asked Kelly, uncrossing and re-crossing her long, elegant legs. Where Wendy was brown-haired and busty, her old sorority sister was blonde and whip-thin. Still they found it just as impossible to tell who drew more appreciative stares when they were out together as they had when they were eighteen. It was easy to see why Kelly assumed her undeniable sex appeal could get her anything she wanted. It had worked for her after all.

"Well, he's Asian, you know. They have cultural traditions about what's honorable and manly and what's not. They can be more insufferable than blacks and Hispanics that way. Even getting him to let me ride him was like pulling teeth. But like I said, now I've even started tying him to the bed; tickling and teasing him for hours before fucking him. That's one of the advantages of unemployment – lots of time to fill. In Will's case though there's this other one that's finally speeding up the process."

"What? Dish the dirt girlfriend!"

"Well," Wendy smiled wryly, "Korean traditional values are even more adamant about work than sex. If you're not a big success at your career you're nothing. The shame involved for men who are unemployed or otherwise considered failures is hard to comprehend, even for us money-grubbing Americans. People go crazy and actually commit suicide because of it. Or look at that asshole that shot up Virginia Tech a few years back."

"What a repellent piece of shit. So how does that help?"

"Well, if being out of a job is even more shameful than being sexually dominated..."

"So you've been playing on that, you foxy femme fatale! Way to go! Here's to you sister!" Kelly lifted her glass in a toast. They clinked rims and drank. Then Kelly set her glass down and leaned forward, her normally cool blue eyes alight with mischief.

"This is perfect! Now I know how you can enslave him completely in one fell swoop! Oh, how positively Machiavellian! There's this website I frequent for stories and ideas to keep things fresh for me and Paul. It's called Degradatrix.com. Have you ever heard of it?"

Wendy shook her head, taking out a cigarette and lighting it up despite the no smoking signs. They were practically the only patrons left, and judging by their waiter's behavior so far she doubted he'd have the balls to say anything about it. Kelly did likewise, and then continued.

"Well they're sponsoring this femdom contest. Five couples, four acts before judges and a live audience. Basically it involves bondage and discipline. The prize is a million dollars. So what you do is dangle that money and portray entering as just another job, like performing in a play or a circus or something. Work on that shame of being a failure to get him to agree to try out. Then after you've submitted your application, it's obvious that you need to practice techniques, right? So then you break out the whips and chains, combine that with orgasm denial and maybe cross-dressing, and by the time the contest rolls around it won't matter if you're accepted or not. It'll be way too late for poor Will. By then he'll be utterly enslaved and craving your abuse just like my ridiculous, cock-locked cuckold Paul.

“Think about it!” Kelly exulted. “It’ll be just like the old days, when the Omega Tau frat used to send us their pledges for hazing. You and me, both beating the shit out of bare male bottoms again and horribly humiliating them for fun! Remember how we used to bugger them for hours and even pee on them? And remember how many of them used to sneak back afterwards to secretly beg us for more?”

“I doubt *anything* would make Will go for that!” Wendy responded dryly, sending smoke rings across the now empty dining room with impunity. “I think he might even balk at the idea of an audience. Submitting to bondage in the bedroom is one thing; doing it before hundreds of people might be something else entirely.”

“Okay, so you conveniently forget to mention that part. Chances are about a thousand-to-one against you getting to compete anyway. I mean, this is just a ploy to finally break him down isn’t it? To shape him into the kind of guy who deserves to share the bed of a goddess like you?”

“Of course it is! All right, I’m convinced. Excellent idea, Kel! Here’s to you!”

Wendy did the toasting this time, and this time they drained their glasses. Butting their smokes on the leather cover of the wine list where they’d been casually tapping their ashes, the two undeniably superior females rose, dropped some bills on the table and strode out, still discussing strategy as they went.

Forty minutes later Wendy sat at her computer, having banished Will from the room. She quickly located the website and the contest it offered. Wholly approving its goals (both stated and unstated), she began chuckling as she digested the particulars.

Not just a theater audience of nearly a thousand, but an on-line and television audience of many millions! Not just a huge cash prize, but an opportunity to flaunt one’s superiority to an even vaster crowd in a more accessible and high-profile venue over an extended, indefinite period of time! And not just bondage and discipline, but far more degrading and personally devastating spectacles were planned too!

Suddenly Wendy wanted to use this opportunity not to just privately enslave her own mate, doing her own small part to further empower femininity at the expense of the subjected male sex (as the organizers of the contest clearly hoped to inspire in millions of individual instances). Now she truly wanted to participate, displaying her pre-eminence for a properly awed world and subjugating her stubborn lover to a degree he couldn’t possibly conceive. More, she wanted to *win*, carrying both the banner of womanhood and her own personal aspirations to their greatest possible extreme. She wanted to be a Mistress Degradatrix the world would never forget!

Re-reading the details of the climactic ‘reward’ section of the competition, Wendy had to clutch herself and giggle like the schoolgirl she once was, recalling again the scenes from college Kelly had alluded to.

She most *definitely* had to conceal the nature of his eventual reward from Will as well as the size and even existence of the audience involved. The extreme cultural taboo he’d inevitably be breaking – whether they got to join the actual competition or not – would send him screaming for his mommy at the first hint if he wasn’t properly groomed first...

Wendy spent another twenty minutes savoring and gloating over every nuance of the page before her. Then she closed her browser and began laying plans: for later that night, the ensuing few months, and the rest of her entire exalted life.

Alex

Alexander Drake, 19, was the sole (if formerly out of favor) heir of Conrad Drake, an eminent attorney, businessman and prominent political figure in the small city of Eden, Massachusetts – recently deceased. Scarcely a month had gone by since that untimely passing. Now Alex lay naked in breathless anticipation on the enormous, canopied, four-poster bed in the ornate master suite of the mansion he grew up in – and now unbelievably owned outright. Still his nearly uncontrollable excitement had nothing to do with this unexpected windfall beyond its enablement of a far more urgently obsessed on and lately ecstatically realized dream.

The huge room was gloomy in the extreme. Heavily brocaded curtains were closed over the many French doors. The single lit chandelier was the most distant one, and it was tuned to a low mellow glow. Centered high on a vast embroidered expanse of ghostly white coverlet in all this darkness, Alex seemed to float on the depthless feather mattress, as though it were a cloud adrift in benighted heavens. But this sumptuous and nearly surreal comfort also had very little to do with his dry mouth, sweaty palms, pounding heart, rapid breathing and repeated helpless shivers. Instead these had everything to do with his new and desperately beloved older-woman lover Nikki Washington, whom he awaited with the craving of Tantalus to rejoin him.

Of course he would have leaped mountains and swum oceans go to her instead – to say nothing of crossing a lush carpet to where a wardrobe door was delineated by thin seams of light. But this was currently not possible. As he'd been every night for the past ten days, Alex did not just lay upon his former parents' bed. He was bound to it.

His hands were lashed together at the wrists with nearly a dozen tight loops of strong silken rope. From there they had been stretched above his head and secured to the heavy mahogany frame. His legs meanwhile were bound up completely flexed: each ankle similarly tied tightly to its corresponding thigh up high near his crotch.

That crotch meanwhile lay voluntarily exposed. Alex had his folded-up legs splayed out wide to either side, lying flat on the mattress in dead-frog fashion. The purpose of this was to proffer up with pathetically beseeching eagerness the focus of a secret, shameful yet uncontrollable fixation with which he'd forever been afflicted.

After a puberty and adolescence consumed by a desire he found too depraved to admit to, he'd just two years ago discovered an internet forum devoted exclusively to this particular fetish. Perhaps he wasn't so singularly twisted after all...

Alex spent a sweaty eternity lurking. Finally he began timidly posting. And just a short fortnight ago he'd at last encountered a woman understanding and persistent enough to coax his shameful secret from him. Amazingly, unbelievably, she'd also proved eager to accommodate it. After a lifetime of yearning, after a year of futile searching, and after an interminable few days of travel the fabulous and incomparable Nikki Washington came and claimed young Alex in ways he was as helpless to articulate as to resist. Despite their differences in race and age (she was fifteen years his senior), despite the fact he knew next to nothing about her, Alex was as hopelessly in love with and madly committed to Nikki as a damned sinner redeemed by a deity. And any minute now she would descend again to both slake and feed his endless need...

At last the wardrobe door opened. And beautifully backlit, Alex' African Queen was majestically framed in it. Surrounded by a corona of golden light, her lusciously voluptuous form was at first just an elemental shape: the classic hourglass, topped by a halo of shadow cast by an enormous afro straight out of the seventies.

This powerfully impactful vision seemed to epitomize the paradoxically comforting and intimidating aura she emitted: that of a worldly older woman from a bygone era of wildly hedonistic pleasures. Steeped in decades of accumulated carnal knowledge, a practiced adept at every conceivably depravity, her vast sexual experience imbued her with an accrued potency unimaginable to a novice like him. Earthy warmth and esoteric mystery radiated equally from this iconic Venus figure, and Alex found himself as full of worshipful awe as any confounded primitive. Then Nikki assumed her commensurately heavenly humanity by moving smoothly into the deep gloom of the room. Alex' dark-adapted eyes began to pick out individual features then, each more desperately enthralling and yet humbling than the last.

First revealed was the obsidian shine of depthless eyes. Like pools of tar these were madly alluring but possibly treacherous, able to irrevocably suck in any unwary. Around these mutely laughing deeps slowly cohered the lovely and infinitely expressive facial features whose remarkable mobility could coax forth any emotion their owner willed, either from herself or others: the wide thick lips just made for kissing (or sucking); strong, shockingly white teeth flashing an articulate grin; cherubic cheeks dimpled with glee and that big flat nose amid-most.

Mischief, possessiveness, highly amused fondness and delightfully menacing intent were all conveyed there, eliciting the requisite fear, lust, humility, relief, love, and the mindless devotion of a particularly coddled pet from Alex' squirming insides. Already she was playing him like Liberace on the piano. Unable to bear that complex mocking regard any longer, he dropped his gaze to less challenging but no less powerfully evocative sights.

Lushly padded yet firm-as-an-eggplant skin gleamed blackly, filling out squared shoulders, powerful arms, and then oh yes, those unbelievably sumptuous breasts. Despite their great size they sagged not a bit: ripely swollen globes delightfully upswept and emphatically capped, able to waggle about or jiggle like jell-o but as taut and resilient as milk-filled balloons when pressed or flogged against his fawning face.

A soft belly not nearly gone to fat followed, and then of course that voluptuous form flared out again. Nikki's wide hips, large ass (bulbous and muscular from so much thrusting) and heavy-but-not-flabby thighs could easily smother a man in under a minute. Of course Alex couldn't imagine a more blessed way to go. But then he could postpone the best no longer. Straining his gaze through the murk he sought out the iconic center of that wondrous lyre. And despite his recent enforced familiarity with what he found there he couldn't help but pant and squirm with the most imperative excitement yet, fighting bonds both physical and psychological as emotions he was helpless to control overwhelmed him yet again.

Rather than a sweet little valley of welcoming fertility, jutting aggressively out from Nikki Washington's vulva was an emphatically fearsome phallus. Larger than Alex' own cock by far, black as her surrounding skin and indistinguishable from it in the dark, Nikki's always incredibly demanding erection curved so convincingly up that Alex had at first been sure it was truly organic. No harness or straps held it in place; that function

(and obviously so much more) was served by a reciprocally curving inner shaft she clutched with her vagina: territory so far strictly forbidden to Alex.

Not that he cared of course. It was what Nikki did with her cock – and to a lesser extent her hands, mouth and breasts – that had claimed Alex' allegiance by finally making his life complete after a decade of lonely and ashamed desperation. For the tenth night in a row then, his sovereign older lover moved grinningly in on him to repeat the addictive experience.

Nikki joined him on the bed, knee-walking her way up to between his spread legs. There she crouched, looming large above him and reaching for the voluminous handbag she'd left sitting next to him after tying him up. Clearly enjoying his whimper of tortured anticipation, she grinned even wider as she withdrew a tube of sex-gel and liberally lubed her ebony erection. Setting the gel aside then she gripped his own impossibly rampant hard-on in her still slippery-slathered, supremely educated fist and began slowly, lovingly, expertly and indulgently manipulating him out of his mind.

"Do you know why we fit so well together boy, besides the fact that I have a seriously greedy cock and you a desperately hungry hole?" Nikki cooed as she oh-so slowly pumped him up and down and bent him all around, her thumb ceaselessly rubbing his sweetly leaking tip.

"Part of it is purely physical of course. A male's sexual prime is between eighteen and twenty-three, and a woman's her entire thirties. But it's really so much more than that. Young men like you – boys really – need guidance, a *firm hand*." She deliberately punctuated this with her own, bending him so far down against his natural inclination that the pain was exquisitely informative in the intensity of its pleasure. "They need the wisdom and authority embodied by an all-powerful mother-figure.

"And as for older women like me..." Lovely Nikki suddenly growled deep in her throat, releasing his penis at last as she moved atop him for mounting: all hulking shoulders, strong arms, dangling, swaying breasts and that big lion's-mane afro, "They call us cougars – though I'm more of a black panther really. And like all big cats we just have an insane craving for tender, fresh young meat!" With an almost feline pounce the beautiful predator lunged forward at this. As she'd done daily for over a week she voraciously claimed her dainty new treat by suddenly stabbing the entirety of her indomitable female weapon deep into the formerly aching private emptiness that existed at the core of Alex' madly needy being.

He cried out forlornly, in a plaint so packed with feelings it was impossible to separate them.

There was pain, shame, need and its satiation; surrender, acceptance, complete and utter possession; even the strangely fulfilled bleat of ecstatic relief that sometimes escapes the captured gazelle as it goes down in the big cat's claws: perversely welcoming the ultimate consummation of being eaten alive. All these were equal and inextricable. And as always the mix was more addictive than opiates.

As he was taken once again Alex knew beyond any doubt that he'd never be free of his need, not in an eternity of succumbing to it repeatedly. It was as definitive a part of him as his hazel eyes, substandard prick, or the fundamental coding of his DNA. And as long as Nikki Washington continued to provide him with his fix he would always belong to her just as essentially as to it.

Luckily the new possessor of his body and soul clearly enjoyed the taking nearly as extremely as he. Braced just above him on her columnar arms, she'd dropped from all fours to crush his splayed crotch into the mattress. Panting imperially down at him as she pinned him bound in place, she thrust tirelessly with that overdeveloped ass, exhorting him superiorly as she so vigorously speared into him, her dominating personality invading and occupying his psyche just as effortlessly as her erection did his ass.

"Yeah, baby-boy, take your big sister's penis! Wallow in it, revel it, belong to it forever! You're *mine* baby-boy, mine until the end of time! No one could possibly do you like me! I *own* this hole, and the pathetic slave dependent upon it! And don't you just love it? Aren't I the best thing to ever come into your life? Answer me, baby-boy! Or do you want a cock in your mouth too? Believe me, Momma can provide! So speak up, property! Who owns you, and everything you own in turn? Who do you love more than your worthless life itself? Whose cock do you worship so much that you'd gladly give up your own?"

"Nikki's cock!" Alex cried and groaned ecstatically. "Nikki's cock owns me! Nikki's cock fucks me 'til I can't get enough!"

"That's right! And don't you ever forget it baby! You're nothing but a slave to Nikki's big black cock! And that's all you ever will be: a tender little lily-white slave-boy, forever repaying your Master for the sins of your ancestors. Starting today this is reparations time baby!"

With that lesson implanted, schoolmaster Nikki at last dropped her impossibly degrading – and impossibly arousing – lecturing. She dropped her body too: at last collapsing entirely onto Alex' torso – squashing him under her considerable weight so that she could hook her hands under his stretched-up arms and grip him by the shoulders. Securely anchored thus and able to get her whole body into her relentless rhythm, his big sister began to increase its pace and force until Alex was being bludgeoned by a battering ram, pounded by a supersonic missile barrage, and pierced to the very center of his soul by a penetrating power that brooked no resistance no matter how insignificant. Suffering this exalted attack in a personal abyss of exquisite sublimity, his own penis quickly began elevating its ongoing demand for his attention.

Still ragingly erect, feverishly hot, and unwilling to accept its relegation to secondary status, this was now squashed between his sweaty groin and that of his unconditional owner. Still slick with the lube imparted by Nikki's fist, it responded to its constant rough rubbing by her plush mound of Venus as it had every night so far: by quickly building its way toward orgasm.

Riding this inevitable wave, and the sick exhilaration he felt being so consummately dominated and brutally used, Alex gasped for breath against the crushing pressure of the lush body practically enveloping him and sought to magnify his awareness of all this by concentrating on the way Nikki's huge, firm-but-soft breasts flattened against his chest as he was forced to support her. But then with their faces inches apart and her hot tar-pit eyes glaring demandingly down into his own she once again began gasping scathing abuse at him, the words tonight so much more demeaning and extreme than anything previously.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, take it slut! Take it like you can't and never will get enough of it! My big nigger cock's going to make you come like never before! In fact, your Master commands it! Spill your filthy seed, you slut, you slave, you disgustingly perverted

honky mother-fucker! Empty your worthless balls or never empty them again baby-boy, it's all the same to me. I'll still use you to destruction for fun and then discard you like a soiled condom, you piggy little worm, you white-slave whore. There's plenty more of you where you came from! You think I can't find a better lay in about five seconds flat? Just try me, you dick-less piece of shit!"

With that Alex could hold back no longer. His incandescent depraved arousal – and absolutely imperative need – exploded through him like a supernova. Crying out his bottomless degradation, he spasmed and spurted more extravagantly than even during their first time together, more so than ever before in fact. Still chanting, "Yeah, yeah; do it, do it; spew your last, you fucking worm!" Nikki kept thrusting into him with a blessed viciousness he'd never yet dreamed of suffering. But as soon as this violent throe was over, so much of his previous life abruptly changed for good.

Normally Nikki would continue fucking him long after he'd ejaculated. Nothing short of an earthquake or house fire could keep her from enjoying his ass until she'd had at least three or four orgasms of her own. But though she hadn't climaxed even once, she suddenly pulled out, rose up, and resumed her original crouch before his proffered portal – now cored out agonizingly open and gaping to the night.

Still overwhelmed by the extreme nature and unimaginable scale of all he'd just endured, Alex watched with wan befuddlement as his new Master rooted again in her handbag. Finally she withdrew a heavy gold necklace with a charm of some kind hanging from it, and an unrecognizable small something that shone brief silver in the still erotically-charged murk.

Infinitely desirable, domineering, and suddenly unpredictable Master Nikki leaned over and took Alex' limp little penis in one hand. She used the other to fit that something over it: a shiny tube of some kind. A series of ratcheting clicks then closed a connected shackle tightly about the base of his genitals. This left his penis, its entire shaft now tightly sleeved in some silvery metal, curved down close against his balls, with his entire genitalia now jutting a bit from his body beyond an implacable circle of steel – or maybe titanium.

Humming happily to herself, Nikki fitted that little charm – no, it was a key – into a matching slit and turned it ninety degrees. Then she hung the chain around her neck, stroking it admiringly and fingering the little key where it nestled between her fabulous breasts. At last she looked up, an incredibly impish twinkle in her eyes. Smiling at the shocked question in Alex' face, she answered it with the almost motherly tone she used toward him whenever not brutally subjugating him sexually – a kind of sweetly loving amused indulgence.

"Didn't I just hear you freely admit that my big nigger cock now owns you utterly? And that you worship it so much you'd gladly give up your own? Well now you have, my precious little slave-boy – at least temporarily."

Laughing richly at Alex' hugely appalled dismay, she stopped toying with the key that controlled his destiny and let it slip back into the deep canyon of her cleavage. Then she started forward, this time straddling him with her knees as she moved past his locked-away cock and up his quivering torso toward his face.

"Don't fret baby-boy: Momma knows best. The only penis you need for true fulfillment is mine, now and forever. You'll see. I'm going to help you learn the truth of that starting right now. And someday in the not too distant future you'll happily destroy

that key yourself, and then permanently fill the lock with solder, destroying that too. I absolutely guarantee it.”

Alex had scant time to entertain his disbelief. Nikki kept advancing, smiling indulgently all the while, until she knelt astride his neck and sank down. With her knees out wide, her hefty hams on his shoulders and her big muscular butt crushing his chest she still seemed to fill the space between him and the overhead canopy. Grinning down past the huge rounds of her breasts (that incredibly momentous key gleaming between) she buried her fists in his longish black hair and levered his head up to face the fearsome phallus that had come to claim his own. Half mother and half Master, Nikki nudged it insistently against his mouth.

“Open it up, my sweet young slut. Submissive little boys have two tight fuck-holes, and it’s time I started using both of yours. After all, I sucked *your* cock, didn’t I? You moaned and thrashed and would have spewed in my mouth if I hadn’t stopped. Surely you want to return the favor for me. The first step to loving life without a penis is learning to crave servicing others.”

Alex’ fetish had never gone nearly that far! Nevertheless, as long as he was bound and locked up, the key out of reach between his beloved’s breasts, he had no choice but to stretch himself. Surely his bottomless thirst for sexual subjugation could learn to encompass this too...

He opened up as ordered. And right away Nikki thrust into him.

Closing around the shaft just a bit behind the head he pursed his lips and started sucking. Unfortunately Master couldn’t be satisfied with just that. Gripping his head pitilessly in her fists Nikki kept pushing, deep into his throat until the lips of her off-limits pussy met those of his mouth around the two-inch thick base of her prick.

Impaled to the esophagus, tears streaming from his eyes, Alex fought a grim struggle with his rebelling gorge until he at last mastered his gag reflex. Momma cooed approvingly at this, releasing a fistful of hair to lovingly stroke his hollowed cheek.

“That’s right, slut-boy, well done! Get good and used to having a hard cock in your throat. Soon you’ll come to crave it like presents on Christmas morning. Honestly, have you ever been more intimately connected with someone? Lips to lips, joined by eight and six inches of embedded dick. You’ll never be the same again, you shameless cocksucker. Relax now, savor the experience and let Momma fuck your slutty little come-funnel face.”

And so she did, grabbing his hair again with both hands and pumping away. One minute she was stroking smoothly in and out of him, teasingly complimenting his progress toward willingly destroying his key; the next she’d reverted to Master, cursing him vilely and bruising his lips as she pounded her crotch against his mouth and did her level best to make him retch. Alternating unpredictably like this, Nikki indeed at last succeeded in both blackly turning Alex on and making his heart swell with ever burgeoning love and devotion.

Reading this remarkable accomplishment in his reactions, she finally slowed to a sedate enough rhythm that Alex could participate in fellating her and she could hold a one-sided conversation with him about their glorious new future together.

“As you can see, slut-boy, and as I told you while fucking you to the best and maybe last orgasm of your naïve young life, starting today we’ll be taking our wonderfully exciting and fulfilling Master/slave relationship to a whole new level. I think we can

agree that your race and sex are both deeply indebted to mine for past atrocities. And though I truly love you it wouldn't be right if we didn't try to balance the scales a little. From now on it's payback time – payback with interest. Master is going to take out eons of grievances on you. And you will be excitedly submitting to everything she does if you ever want to use your penis again. Starting by pairing with me to enter this amazing fetish contest I've just learned about."

Alex took advantage of the slower pace to slide his tongue out between his lower lip and the big hard penis in his mouth, trying vainly to do something about the drool slicking his chin and running down his neck. Then he slid it lasciviously around as much of the pumping shaft as he could reach and coquettishly fluttered his lashes, indicating his enjoyment of his new status as slut-boy cocksucker. After that he raised his eyebrows to show his acceptance and interest, and urge that Nikki continue. She responded to this pantomime by giggling affectionately at him and again stroking his cheek like a loving mother. Then she proceeded.

"It's called 'A Celebration of Female Superiority', and should be right up our alley. Five couples will be selected to compete in each of four categories: display, restraint, discipline and reward. The prize is a million dollars and the title of Mistress Degradatrix and Slave.

"You clearly don't really need the money, and neither do I – now that I have you. But competing if we can and practicing beforehand will be the perfect opportunity for us to truly establish and deeply ingrain our new relationship. So here's the deal: that chastity sleeve I've locked onto your penis will only come off if you agree to enter this contest with me, and not until we've been either selected or rejected.

"If you refuse to enter the contest – and of course take our relationship to this next level and beyond – I won't remove it at all. Nor will I continue to accommodate your shameful secret fetish for female-delivered butt-fucking. On the contrary, I'll go to your computer in the next room and send all the scandalous details of it to everyone in your contact list. Then I'll leave you here all tied-up naked, cored-out and cock-locked like this and go back to Chicago forever.

"You won't be found until I call a bunch of reporters after I leave town and give them the juicy scoop about where you are and what you've been up to. With your late dad so important and all, the story will be all over the news and in the papers for days.

"So decide right now Slut-boy – and by the way, that's your new slave name, Slut-boy, and from now on you will always call me either Master or Momma. Anyway, nod your head that yes you will enter with me or shake it 'no' that you refuse. Say no, and I'm out of here forever right now, taking the key to your penis with me. Say yes, and I'll fuck your butt for the rest of my life, starting right now. I won't even have to lube up to do it. You've got me nice and slippery already and your sexy little fuck-hole is still gaping like a tunnel leading to limitless pleasure – which it will be, if you make the right decision."

Addicted and in love as he was, Alex didn't hesitate for a second. He bobbed his head as emphatically up and down as he possibly could with his Master's cock still fucking his mouth. Indeed the unneeded coercion perversely turned him on even more than he already was. Suddenly he was as rabid as ever to have his pleasure portal pounded, and true to her word, Nikki didn't make him wait for it. She beamed loving

approbation at him, her mischievous smile lighting up the darkness like sunrise in Hades. Then she pulled her wonderful penis abruptly out of his still eagerly sucking mouth.

"I don't know about you Slut-boy, but I'm tired of the boring old missionary position. It's time to make fucking you a bit more interesting!"

With that she rolled him onto his belly. Then she fucked him longer, harder and better than ever, to more screaming orgasms than she'd ever yet managed. As for Slut-boy, without the confining sleeve on his penis he surely would have come again himself, another unprecedented achievement. When at last their mutual celebration of their new arrangement was finished, he was drained and debilitated like never in his life: far too wrung out to bother worrying about what feeding his addiction the way he'd agreed to might cost him. Soon however he'd have many interminable hours in which to do so. Though the fucking was done, his current ordeal was far from finished. In fact it stretched ahead of him forever.

"Okay Slut-boy," Momma announced once she'd caught her breath. "We've got a lot of work to do on you if we're going to win that contest. You've taken to ass-fucking and cock sucking like the born slut that you are of course. And we've already introduced you to some nice light bondage. But it's time to get serious. I'm going to *really* tie you up now. Let's hope you take to it as eagerly as everything else!"

Back to the voluminous handbag she went. First she produced a large, bulbous object nearly three inches thick at its widest. Alex recognized this from his sweaty surfing as a butt-plug, and he didn't know whether to be excited or terrified. Too exhausted for either, he settled for agonized resignation as this was forced deep up his already woefully abused love-hole. Momma threw a switch then, and it began vibrating fiercely inside him, causing Alex to groan miserably and grit his bared teeth hard.

"You don't have to do that baby," his loving Momma giggled with clearly counterfeit commiseration. "Let me give you something to bite down on instead. After all, we have to keep *both* your slutty little fuck-holes constantly filled while you're in training."

She forced a hard plastic cock – as big around as her own if luckily not quite as long – deep into his mouth. Secured to the butt of this was a wide leather strap, which Nikki wrapped and buckled tightly about the lower half of his face and the base of his skull in back, gagging Alex as thoroughly as could be. With both his holes then uncomfortably stuffed, he finally found out what his owner meant by '*really* tied up'.

His legs, already each bound heel-to-thigh, were pressed tightly together, maximizing the discomfort of that buzzing anal intrusion, and firmly lashed that way. His arms were un-tethered from the frame of the bed, and his wrists untied long enough for his hands to be pulled around behind him. Straightaway then his wrists were re-tied just as tightly as before at the small of his back. Then his *elbows* were lashed tightly together too, so that his forearms were pressed against each other along the line of his spine and his overstressed shoulders were wrenched back practically out of their sockets.

Alex sobbed and wriggled futilely. But Nikki wasn't finished with him yet. She buckled a thick leather blindfold over his eyes. Then she tied one last rope to the lashings securing his wrists, pulled it down and through the one tying his folded lower limbs together, then back up to the buckle securing his blindfold at the rear. With that she pulled this tight, tighter, and then tied it so fucking tightly off that Alex' wrists met his ankles, his back was bowed into an agonizing arc, his shoulder-joints were stressed far

worse than previously and even his neck was so radically extended that his head was stretched pitilessly up and back to face the canopy above him. Out of the blackness and misery engulfing him, Slut-boy heard his Momma speak with her customary amused indulgence.

“There: that should do it. It’s now what, almost midnight? I’ll be back here to release you – and bang both your slutty little fuck-holes silly of course – sometime tomorrow evening. I might be rather later than usual though. I have to arrange for some of my stuff to be shipped from home, and give my hotel notice that I’ll be checking out at the end of the week. Of course I’ll be moving in with you to begin your around-the-clock slave training as soon as possible, and staying here at least until we hear back from Degradatrix.com about our application. So I’ll see you soon for some *serious* fun and adventure. Until then be sure to think about me constantly: about how much you love and worship me and particularly my big black penis, and especially about how fabulous it will be to belong to me as my own personal slave for the rest of your life!”

Alex heard and felt her pick her bag up off the bed. Then her tangible aura of supremely confident female dominance leaned toward him, and he felt her warm breath puff in his ear as Momma spoke softly but with a poorly suppressed giddy glee.

“By the way Slut-boy, I think I forgot to mention that this contest is being broadcast live on pay-per-view TV, and carried on a global internet feed. So if we *do* get to compete, I’m afraid your shameful secret won’t stay a secret much longer after all!”

Giggling delightedly at her earlier trickery, Nikki Washington gave him a motherly kiss on the exposed part of his cheek. Then she left him that way: blindfolded, cock-gagged and butt-stuffed, cruelly hogtied and exquisitely suffering on his wealthy parents’ magnificent antique bed. The door closed firmly behind her, and the waiting began again.

Darby

Darby Jensen turned off the shower. She dried herself and wrapped her hair in a towel. As she stepped out she caught sight of herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She stopped, and frowned thunderously. The expression looked – and felt – perfectly familiar to her.

Darby had been deeply dissatisfied with her marriage for over ten years. That was nothing new. But lately, foreign as it was to her nature, she felt increasingly dissatisfied with herself as well. Now, studying her naked body in the mirror, she felt the old cheated rage rise with fresh intensity.

A month shy of the dread milestone of forty, she’d put on weight lately everywhere but the one place that could have really used it. Always a bit stocky and flat-chested, she now observed that she’d become downright chunky to the point where her belly stuck out further than her breasts all around, and her thighs were wider than her always woefully un-curvy hips and ass. With her golden-blonde locks (her best feature) wrapped up hidden in the towel, it was getting hard to tell she was even a woman. Her severe, always more handsome than lovely face now just looked hard and forbidding, carved as it was with permanent lines of displeasure.

Things hadn't turned out even close to the way she'd planned when she married wimpy but undeniably brilliant and already rich at twenty-six Myron Jensen. Compensating for the fact that he was even shorter than she was and prematurely balding to boot had been her assumption that they'd be glamorous jet-setting millionaires by the time she turned thirty – at which point she could take him for half of everything through divorce. None of that happened though (largely due to her own profligacy, to which she'd never admit), and now it was too late.

True, she had her diamonds and lavish vacations, and they were rich enough that Myron could probably retire young without hurting them if she'd allow it (never). But she'd pictured Hollywood parties and Beverly Hills. She'd pictured property on the French Riviera and a Manhattan penthouse, not a simple brownstone. Unfortunately the same meekness that made Myron a perfectly henpecked husband had also kept him from moving up enough in the cutthroat business of high finance to get to where the really big bucks were made.

True again, she'd thoroughly enjoyed running him down and even slapping him around the last twenty years, particularly as she grew increasingly sick of him. But that hardly made up for the terrible way he'd failed her, both as a provider and a husband. A premature ejaculator, he was the next thing to useless in bed too.

She'd lost her always minimal interest in sex with Myron more than a decade ago, rudely rebuffing his timid advances until they stopped. Now she only got an erotic charge by taking out her anger, disappointment and frustrations by regularly belt-whipping him for the most spurious of slights and then masturbating bitterly in the bedroom Jacuzzi, so much so that while the rest of her was going to flab her right arm had become disproportionately large and muscular, further damaging her declining looks.

That was too bad, because she could never stop the habit. Beating Myron's quivering little ass was the only real satisfaction she got out of a life unfairly wasted by settling for the wrong husband, a husband she now thoroughly despised. How he always sniveled and bawled under the belt, and yet he'd never in twenty years even tried to stand up to her!

At this thought Darby's mind returned again to the piece she'd seen on Entertainment Tonight last week about the million-dollar fetish contest. Maybe it wasn't too late after all. Maybe she could use her inherent predilections for dominance and bitchiness, and her pathetic mate's fatal limitations to her advantage and achieve glamour and riches at last.

They were already millionaires of course, but with the celebrity of a reality TV show the sky was the limit – particularly with her as the driving force rather than grossly ineffectual Myron. Suddenly decided, she pulled on her robe (she hadn't bothered with makeup at home any more than sex or exercise in recent years) and then went to boot up her little-used computer.

With that done she spent a frustrating ten minutes ineptly running search programs until she finally found the right website. When she saw the title she wondered how it could possibly have slipped her mind.

Degradatrix: what was she if not that? She'd spent her entire marriage humiliating, belittling, and crushing the spirit of her loser of a husband. And before that it had been high school boyfriends, her now estranged younger brothers and even her late father she'd grown up bullying. Well now it was time to make all that practice pay off. This should be a cinch...

Darby started reading only to be stopped a paragraph in. Suzerainty: what the hell was that? She looked it up. A suzerain was a ruler. She supposed it meant degree of authority. So why didn't they just say so? Sniffing with contempt she plowed on, finally just skimming and eventually skipping even the details of the performance categories. She could bone up on what was required after they were chosen. And on the off-chance they didn't make the cut, she wouldn't have to.

Increasingly confident, she filled in the application, fudging a little – or maybe a lot – when it came to her measurements. Surely everyone did it, and how was it any of their damn business anyway? Then she had to attach photos.

Myron's was easy enough. But she had to flip through their 'My Photos' folder for quite a while before finding one of herself she thought would do. Then she came to the essay part. Explain in 5,000 characters or less why they were best suited, yada, yada, yada.

Darby had never been much of a writer, and she hated doing it. She'd gotten C's and even D's in high school English, and dropped out of state college in her second semester to marry Myron. She hadn't picked up a book since.

Well, that was all right. No problem.

"Myron? Myron!" she bellowed.

The swift slip-slap of hurrying feet came from the hall. Then Myron poked his bald head timidly into the room. His watery eyes looked appropriately anxious over his reading glasses.

"What is it, dear?"

"What do you think it is, stupid? Get your ass in here before I whip the skin off it. I need you to do something for me."

Darby stood as he approached, and pointed an imperious finger at the chair she'd just vacated.

"Sit down."

Once Myron had, she directed him at the computer screen.

"I'm entering us in this contest. I'm sick of waiting for you to make us rich. It'll obviously never happen. I can't believe I ever thought it would. Anyway I'm taking charge of things from now on. I've filled out this entire application but the essay part. That's your job. And it better be the best fucking essay ever written. I'm not kidding you. Now get to work, you useless bastard!"

Myron peered at the screen, scrolling up and down. After a minute his jaw fell comically open and his eyebrows tried to climb up his head. Wordlessly he glanced at her, his chin quivering with consternation.

"Well, what the hell are you waiting for, Christmas?" shouted Darby. "In case you can't read, this application has to be submitted within the next three weeks. And I want ours in as soon as possible, to get a leg up on everyone else. If you don't want to be sleeping on your belly and eating standing up for a week, get typing!"

Myron swallowed hard, and turned back to the screen. He studied the printed guidelines for a minute, and then scrolled back to the application form. After another hesitation, he cleared his throat and started tentatively tapping keys.

Good enough – Darby left him to it. She went into the master bedroom and locked the door. Though she'd just stepped out of the shower less than an hour ago, she went to the sunken Jacuzzi in the corner and started it filling. While it did she doffed her robe and

pulled the towel from her hair. Then she went to a nearby cabinet and withdrew a dildo roughly the size of a storm trooper's truncheon.

For the first time in years she didn't need a serious whipping to get her primed for a little sex. Fantasizing about all the long overdue wealth and celebrity that would soon be coming her way would do just fine.

Kerry

Kerry Masterson – formerly Kerry Donovan, in his dimly remembered life before marriage – was vacuuming the living room floor when his big butch wife came in.

As usual she was wearing a pair of ordinary, rather blocky brown work boots. Her always-heavy-but-never-fat body was covered by tough khaki trousers and a plain black work shirt neatly tucked in and buttoned to the throat. Riding high on the considerable swell of her left breast was sewn a small oval patch bearing her name in script: Toni. A grease and oil-smeared baseball cap with the logo of a now-defunct trucking company was perched on her very short black hair, and her hard, weathered, but still undeniably attractive face held a familiar look of grim but enjoyable intent. Also extremely familiar was the enormous hard rubber erection she wore harnessed over her pants and about her waist, hips and crotch.

Built like the dockworker she was at a hulking six foot-four and two hundred-twenty pounds, Toni always dressed in men's clothing and she always wore her twelve inch long, two inch thick penis strapped on top. Or at least she did when she wasn't at work, or out with one of her many 'girlfriends', the endless succession of lesbian lovers she casually cuckolded him with. As the sole breadwinner she ruled her roost with an iron hand, ruthless prick, and ready temper. Kerry, as her diminutive and thoroughly forcibly feminized housekeeper and helpless degraded plaything, hadn't shown this domineering bull the least whiff of insubordination since their appalling wedding night nearly twenty-five years ago.

Now forty-three and still technically a virgin (as he was destined with absolute certainty to remain), Kerry knew with one glance what that determined look meant. He was yet again about to be brutally subjected to the only kind of sex he'd ever known or ever would.

He was dressed (also as always) in the elaborate, scandalously titillating uniform of a French maid. The six-inch stiletto heels of the painfully pinching shoes locked onto his feet kept him literally on his toes at all times and showed his slender shaved legs to their best advantage. White fishnet stockings encased these to mid-thigh, where they were held in place with frilly elastic garters. Just above these flared the black pleated miniskirt, a ruffled white petticoat just visible beneath the hem. His midsection, already kept fashion-model slim by an exceedingly strict diet, was crimped into almost-nothingness by the elaborate lacings of a painfully tight corset. This ended in molded half-cups that plumped up his breasts (he had those too, regular hormone injections had seen to that) and left their tops from just above the nipples bare, along with his shoulders, arms, and almost all of his back. A lacy little apron was tied around his waist. White lace gloves (fingerless to show off his long, elegantly shaped and polished nails) covered his hands, and a ruffled

little choker adorned his throat. Pinned to his long but professionally coiffed swirled-up hair was the perfectly darling matching little black and white lace cap.

Even with this added to the painful elevation imparted by his heels, Kerry was still at least three inches shorter than his brawny, busty wife. With that woefully familiar intent shining from her bright blue eyes, Toni strode mannishly up to him and without a word spun him around and shoved him down, bending him rudely over the back of a nearby easy chair. She flipped his skirts up, pulled his filmy silk panties down to his knees, seized his slim hips in her big calloused hands and unceremoniously forced her gigantic organ into him.

The good news was that she'd at least taken the time to lube it up for once. The bad news was that she'd used the industrial-strength muscle liniment she rubbed into her huge arms and bulky shoulders at the end of a hard day. Chemical fire, physical force, and an enormous foreign object all penetrated the tender, vulnerable, blood and nerve rich interior of his sissy pussy with shocking speed, searing heat and indomitable power. All twelve inches rammed in right to the hilt, slamming him hard against the back of the chair. Toni growled with brutish satisfaction, even lifting him off his feet some as she mercilessly impaled the tiny plaything half her size.

As for Kerry, he felt nothing beyond the same old miserable suffering.

Within its spiked cage his tiny and eternally unused penis remained completely quiescent, having long since learned the lesson that the least attempted erection would bring only needling agony and needless frustration. The excitement and awe he'd once felt at being claimed and taken by this female behemoth had been conditioned out of him in consequence, and even the gut-roiling shame which he'd once imagined would be as compulsory on his deathbed as on his defloration had been pounded out of him by repetition ages ago. This monstrous indignity was now just an agonizing ordeal that had to be endured whenever and wherever the unrelenting urge to bugger him struck his anally insatiable wife.

Having had no chance to turn off the vacuum cleaner, Kerry held onto the wand too. Trying to take his mind off the excruciation in his ass as Toni began bludgeoning away with her customary lusty muscularity – and not fall too far behind his housekeeping – he managed to keep vacuuming around the chair as he was fucked. But by the time he'd reached everything he could from where he was his hulking wife was building up toward her usual bestially grunting climax. The greatly escalating speed and power of her thrusts finally forced Kerry to drop the wand. Reaching back with both hands he tried to pry his cheeks wider apart – anything to lessen the intolerable pain of that assault.

Of course this was as futile as always. With his streaming tears smearing his mascara and cutting tracks through the rest of his makeup, with the taste of blood and cosmetics in his mouth from helplessly biting his full, pouty, heavily lacquered lower lip, with his cheap faux-diamond pendant earrings swinging wildly from their piercings as he was hammered so relentlessly from behind, Kerry could only sob brokenly and wonder dimly what had Toni so worked up this time.

She was using him even harder and more brutally than usual. Indeed she also kept on battering into him for far longer than he'd seen her use most of her girlfriends, on the frequent occasions she chose to cuckold him right in the very room he happened to be cleaning. But at last she pulled out gasping and grinning and gloating at him. Then the

reason for her excitement was revealed, along with a stale old tease that had long since lost its effect.

“Ah, that was as fun and entertaining as always. You make a much better fuck than a housekeeper Kerry. I always knew turning you into a she-male sissy-slave was exactly the right thing to do. I’m even glad I never had you castrated despite the insultingly miniscule size of your penis. And you know what sissy Kerry, my wimpy little fuck? I might actually have to hunt up the key to your chastity cage soon. I hope I can find it – I haven’t seen it in at least ten years. But I just entered us in this on-line fetish contest.

“One of the judging criteria is level of male arousal. Apparently they hook up monitors to the contestant’s dick – if they’ll fit on yours, and if they can even find it.” Toni laughed long and boorishly at the idea.

“Can’t very well do that if it’s locked in a cage, can they? If we get selected to compete, you’re actually going to have a free penis for a day. You might even get your first orgasm in over what, twenty-four years? Think about *that* possibility sissy! Only don’t let it distract you from your housework. You overcook my dinner again, and it won’t be just a whipping this time. I’ll leave you tied naked to a tree in the yard for a week. You hear me, bitch? Now get back to work!” She strode off, nick-knacks trembling in their nooks as she passed.

Kerry heard her. He also discounted everything she’d said but the last warning.

Toni had been taunting and teasing him about freeing his penis ever since she first ‘momentarily’ locked it up on their wedding night – shortly after dressing him in lingerie and corn-holing him (to his last ever ejaculation) for the first time. He’d long since become resigned to the little cage’s permanence, so much so that he hardly noticed it anymore – not even when he lifted his skirts and squatted down to pee.

Speaking of skirts, Kerry quickly fixed his. He pulled up his panties, smoothing them over his still-quivering buttocks. Then he continued vacuuming as though nothing had happened.

Xenia

Tall and willowy, a classic Nordic beauty with high cheekbones, a patrician nose, platinum blonde hair and gray eyes as icy and unforgiving as the Viking fjords, Xenia Domina prepared herself for her nightly entertainment.

She pulled on spike-heeled boots of supple black leather that rose to just above the knee. Her slender center she buckled into a matching corset that left her small but high, firm, and exceptionally pointy breasts as exposed as her completely shaved groin. Then she pulled on gauntlets nearly identical to the boots: expensive, fine-grained, supple black leather that climbed to just past the elbow. She paused to study herself in the mirror.

Her clear, unblemished white skin had the texture of vanilla ice cream, contrasting beautifully with the black. Her dangling earrings were inch-long silver scimitars, and a substantial sapphire gleamed in the hollow of her throat. Her large nipples were the same dark pink as her rather thin lips, which were made for sneering and spitting rather than smiling or kissing. Without a trace of makeup her cheeks were tinged red with the healthy

flush of arousal, and the aforementioned nipples stood out sharp and proud. She grunted to herself with approval.

As a matter of policy Xenia never appeared before her slave without looking flawlessly perfect, and never without flaunting her most desirable attributes. Let him see everything, and be endlessly tormented by what he would never be allowed to touch. Let this goatish lush be forever stoked; burning desire and worshipful covetousness increasing unceasingly until merely beholding her was a more torturous perdition than even her most limitlessly sadistic invention could devise. Never in life would he achieve release for his need and seed – unless, perhaps, they were somehow selected to compete in this Degradatrix contest she'd just finished entering. And if they won, she supposed perhaps he'd have earned his orgasm. If they lost however, she would ensure it was the last he ever had in the most irredeemable fashion.

Smirking to herself, Xenia picked up a tortoise-shell brush and went to work on her hair.

As always she gave it an even hundred strokes: a time-consuming process but one she thoroughly enjoyed and never regretted. Once finished she swept it all behind her ears and trapped it there with a black leather band. Again she looked in the full-length, tri-partite mirror. Silvery-white, perfectly straight and softly shining, it reached all the way down her back to her ass. It could grow longer if allowed to, but she preferred to keep it as it was, trimmed ruler-even to show off every bit of her perfectly-formed buttocks.

Satisfied, Xenia retrieved a ring of keys stowed in an unobtrusive niche at the back of her vanity. She moved to an unremarkable stretch of wall paneling and inserted a key into a seam between two boards. Rather than turn when it slid into the keyway she pushed down hard. With a single sharp *clack* the entire section of paneling recessed itself and slid aside, revealing a small elevator. Xenia stepped inside, used another key to close the paneling and a third to send the car smoothly down five stories – three above and two below the ground – to her cleverly designed and equipped private dungeon.

For all intents and purposes she'd disappeared from the world. Only one person in existence knew where she was, and he would never tell. In truth he was mute, having voluntarily submitted to an operation on his vocal cords as part of the price for becoming her possession. Not a big believer in 'safe words' was this mistress. He could hear perfectly well however, and her ringing heels heralded Xenia's approach as she passed over a highly polished marble floor between mirrored walls, past racks and racks of weapons, tools, toys and other esoteric paraphernalia, through carefully arranged devices for torment and restraint (perfectly common as well as uniquely designed) to the secluded cell in the very back. There, behind an impregnable door of heavy steel bars, constantly monitored by cameras, provided for by an automated food and water dispenser, waited her exceptionally fit, hugely endowed slave Thrall.

Xenia had no idea what his original name had been, and didn't care. She had named him Thrall; Thrall he was and forever would be. Kneeling upright, with his ankles shackled together and his wrists cuffed behind his back, eyes properly downcast until given orders to raise them, he waited in tremblingly-enforced docility for her to take her pleasure from him. As always, the singularly exceptional Goddess Xenia Domina let him wait, building suspense and taking pride of possession by merely studying him awhile.

Her Thrall was flawlessly built and excessively muscular without an ounce of superfluous fat. Of course his penis was his best feature, just a shade under eleven and a half inches when formerly allowed to become erect and of substantial girth. He was uncircumcised, the foreskin hooding less than half the glans, which was perfect for her purposes. According to what she'd been told, he'd had a career in adult films before becoming jaded by it and seeking out more extreme satiations. As he'd been when she picked him out of a collection of suitors down the coast in San Francisco he was kept entirely shaved even down to the eyebrows.

As per her requirements, his skin at the time had been completely unmarked. Now however it was intaglioed and almost completely overlaid with scars, brands, tattoos and piercings – all of it her work of course. Xenia considered Thrall to be her own personal masterpiece, and still took great pride in each carefully considered decoration she inflicted on him. Of course the first and most crucial modification, and the one she'd come particularly to study, had been done to that enormous penis.

Two stainless steel rings a centimeter in diameter had been threaded through piercings in the foreskin on either side and then welded shut. Matching rings pierced Thrall's scrotum high up behind the equally impressive testicles. Small brass padlocks linked these rings, holding that huge sexual organ bent down in a nearly circular loop, preventing erection or orgasm and making urination an unavoidably messy and degrading business.

In the interest of cleanliness and aesthetics, Thrall's cell was equipped with a bidet as well as a commode. But that was of no importance at the moment. The problem was the locks. They were designed to be permanent, with no keyway or accessible mechanism to pick. They would have to be cut off before the competition and replaced with more traditional ones. Either that or the rings themselves would have to be cut and replaced, which Xenia was loathe to do. The locks were just artifacts; the rings part of the artwork. Substituting duplicates for the originals would unacceptably destroy the integrity of the whole piece...

At last Xenia shrugged to herself.

The locks were brass, not titanium or polymerized ceramics. A pair of bolt-cutters and a steady hand would take care of the problem nicely. Finishing her perusal she stepped forward. Choosing a fourth key she unlocked the cell door and ran it back, tucking the ring of keys safely into her corset. Still conscientious Thrall remained properly humbled and motionless until she snapped her fingers at him peremptorily. Then despite being shackled hand and foot, he arose gracefully upright, a feat many professional gymnasts would find impossible.

"Follow!" snapped Xenia.

With only a foot of play in the chain between his ankles Thrall was forced to move in only quickly mincing steps. Yet after six years here he was an accomplished adept at this as well, and was able to keep pace with Xenia's long strides without falling or even stumbling once. Her excitement quickening now that the evening's entertainment truly beckoned, Xenia led her slave between pieces of equipment until she reached the one she'd decided upon during her leisurely bath prefatory to this session.

The restraint apparatus was quite simple really. She merely positioned her Thrall standing in the center of an eighteen-inch square copper plate and locked the shackle holding each ankle tightly down onto it so that lifting his bare feet from it or even shifting

them about much would be impossible. Then she bent him over a waist high bar and lifted his manacled wrists high into the air behind him until his arms and legs both made right angles with his torso. After locking the manacles to a fitting on a similar bar above his head, securing him that way, she ran out a series of wires ending in alligator clips from a nearby control box.

These she attached either to rings piercing him in particularly sensitive areas – nipples, scrotum, all over the shaft and head of the penis – or directly to the areas themselves. Then she wedged a large copper ring-gag between his teeth and buckled it about Thrall's head, holding his mouth open wide. There: it was time to position and insert the penises.

There were two of these naturally, also wired and sheathed in gleaming copper. Both were mounted on motor-driven pistons that protruded from the ends of adjustable armatures. Xenia coated the larger one (twelve inches long and over two through) with a conductive lubricant and inserted just the shiny, slippery head into Thrall's anus. The slightly smaller one required no lubricant – that supplied naturally by the body would do just fine. She moved this big motorized penis into place before Thrall's face. Tipping his head all the way back to clear his airway and enable easy penetration of the esophagus she inserted the head through the ring and into his mouth, ensuring that the fit was tight enough to maintain contact between penis and ring but not to bind up or slow down during the most rapid thrusting, when the penis itself would be nothing but a gleaming lateral blur. With that done only a few preparations remained to be made.

Surprised to find herself humming a rather silly old Christmas tune, Xenia hung both weights and little silver bells from rings on Thrall's nipples not already occupied by the wired clips, stretching them painfully out. Soon he would be a ring-ting-tingling indeed. Then she set near to hand a simple braided leather whip, a candle and monogrammed gold cigarette lighter, surgical forceps in different sizes, and a few less identifiable tools of torment of her own creation. At last she was ready to begin.

Xenia programmed the control box to deliver electrical current to the dildos, foot-plate and various other contact points at random intervals, combinations, sequences, amplitude, and duration. Later she would control these variables herself with an exquisite nicety and intensely personal enjoyment. But this would do for now. Likewise she programmed the pistons to begin their thrusting at only a rather moderate speed. Then she flipped the start switch.

Grinning at Thrall's sudden silent shudder of reaction as both cocks speared all the way into his orifices and multiple shocks seared into him everywhere, Xenia picked up her whip and moved to a position where her swing wouldn't be impeded by machinery. As always, this was going to be a long and splendidly rewarding night down here in her wonderful dungeon...

Part Two: Acceptance

Will

Will Kim was embarrassed and uncomfortable. He was also aroused. But he was also embarrassed and uncomfortable about being aroused.

His girlfriend Wendy just kept getting weirder and weirder. First she wanted to be the one on top during sex. In traditional circles like his, this was just not done. When she finally talked – or coerced – him into it though, he found it had its advantages. Wendy had big boobs for her body type, and when she was on top they bounced all around to an amazing degree. When she leaned forward, they were drawn out by gravity into pendulous u-shapes that were wildly exciting to look at. When she crushed them into his face, or even slapped them back and forth against it from either side, he could barely contain his arousal. In fact a couple of times he couldn't, and climaxed before they'd even properly gotten into the act.

After that Wendy had insisted on tying him to the bed, so he wouldn't come early again. He tried to point out her weak logic here. But he was so embarrassed about his mistake he couldn't properly express himself. Then she began insisting that it was the least he owed her – making sure she got satisfaction and all – when he wasn't even coming up with his share of the rent. This made Will feel so bad that he gave in. And that was when things started to get weird.

The first few times went okay. But then she started to get so wild riding him that he came too early again. That was when she started making sex a kind of elaborate game to be played.

Once she had him tied up, she'd no longer go right to it. She wanted to draw it out for hours. From playing exhaustively with his penis until he was just about crazy Wendy went to tickling him with a feather, blindfolding him so she could touch and tease him unpredictably to even using ice cubes to cool his ardor every time he got overheated. Then she actually began to get kind of disgusting – dripping or smearing food on his body – in order to lick it off.

Honey and maple syrup, ice cream, whipped cream and chocolate sauce; these were just some of the stuff she wasted playing her games and humiliating him. But still she wasn't done. Before enjoying her latest food orgies she began tying him to the top of the kitchen table, and calling him her 'midnight snack' or 'Halloween treat'. The last time she'd even shaved his genitals before covering them with peanut butter, leaving him mortified every time he looked down at himself and saw that prepubescent hairless groin. And who knew what she might be up to next? Telling him she had a big surprise for him, this afternoon she'd insisted on tying him out stretched spread-eagled on the living room floor, his wrists and ankles bound to separate pieces of heavy furniture.

Will put up with all this not only because he loved her and wanted to keep her – she was by far the most desirable girlfriend he'd ever had – but because she was right: he owed it to her. It wasn't right that she was paying all the bills. It was a scandal in fact. If his family knew he'd be an outcast. And that was another thing – if he left her, where would he go? Back home to live with his parents until he found another job? He'd never hear the end of it. No, the only thing for it was to put up with Wendy's crazy sex games (which no one would ever know about anyway) until he could pull his own weight again

and even support her. Then he could assert his authority as a proper man of the house and put an end to all these shameful shenanigans.

For now though he was still tied up on the living room floor, risking painful rug burns and being uncomfortably aroused more than any man should while his woman straddled him and prepared to ride him – without any crazy foreplay for once.

True, she'd wastefully lit a bunch of candles after closing both blinds and curtains as well as locking the doors – which he had insisted on naturally. And when she rejoined him from the bedroom she was wearing very high black heels, a wide black belt looped loosely askew around one hip and one of *his* bow ties (black as well) rather than be properly naked like him. But this was small stuff compared to what she'd been getting up to lately. And it even was kind of exciting, as evidenced by the stiffly upright state of his prick before she'd even touched it.

Then touch it she did, sliding down onto it and then leaning forward just the way Will liked. With her hands braced on the floor to either side of his head and those spectacular tits dangling down and flopping around she immediately began vigorously riding him. But still something was different this time.

Beyond the fact that she'd dispensed with the usual games, or any foreplay at all (Wendy loved her foreplay almost as much as the sex itself), she wasn't going at it with the mindless abandon she usually did. There was no gasping, grunting, moaning or cries of ecstatic affirmation. Instead of a face either slack with bliss or grimacing with exertion, and eyes hot with demand or closed with concentration, she was merely smirking down at him, studying him with amusement as if to see how long he could last under her supremely skillful if not exactly passionate usage.

The answer was: not very long. The combination of bow tie and belt particularly got to him. It was an exciting novelty, and seemed to make the spectacle of her breasts between that much more arresting. Less than five minutes of that mechanically pneumatic pumping – long enough to prove the truth of his fears of rug burn – were all it took for Wendy to wring his seed from him. And yet she showed none of her usual displeasure at his failure to satisfy her. Indeed she almost seemed to welcome it: ceasing her rhythm immediately and smirking even more openly down at him from her perch astride his hips.

"Well, you've failed me yet again Willy," she remarked almost matter-of-factly. "What is it with you and failure? And why would I want to marry someone who can't hold a job, can't get me off, and who endlessly complains whenever I want to have a little fun?"

"I'll get another job!" Will blurted out, his face burning furiously at this damning denunciation. "This is a terrible recession. A lot of people are out of work."

"A lot of people without ambition you mean, or who just aren't among the best at what they do. But what would you say if I told you I know a way we could together make a million dollars in one day, and have loads of fun doing it? Or at least I would have loads of fun. You might find it a bit unpleasant. But what's work if not unpleasant sometimes? And surely anything's better than living off your girlfriend's earnings."

"What are you talking about?" Will asked, his gut cramping painfully at the hard truths Wendy kept pointing out.

"I'm talking about a contest my friend Kelly told me about. The prize money is a million dollars. That's not bad for one day's work, unless you're an investment banker or an oil speculator or something – you know, a real success in your field. It's for kinky

couples who like to play the kind of games I do. You know: the bondage and stuff. I'd get to dress you up in some outlandish costume, tie you up like I have been, and then discipline you – give you a spanking, paddle your ass, maybe even whip you a little bit.

"Sure, you might not like that part – though maybe you would actually, lots of guys do once they get used to it. But you'd be making me very, very happy. You'd even be paying me back for all the time I've spent supporting you. And if we win...hell, with a million dollars you'd be an instant success. Just think of it as another kind of job, if a bit of an unusual one. And even if we don't win, the reward part at the end is that we get to have the most exciting kind of kinky sex imaginable. That alone would make it worth it for most guys who enter."

"What do you mean by 'kinky'?" asked Will, who wasn't sure he wanted his sex to get much kinkier than it already was. On the other hand though, he'd come more, and faster and easier in the past few months than he'd done since he was eighteen.

"Don't worry about that," Wendy snorted. "Worry about whether you're going to keep leeching off me until I fall out of love with you and send you home to your parents, or whether you're going to do whatever it takes to keep me happy and become an overnight success."

Will thought about it.

When she put it that way, he really didn't have much of a choice, really. And it wasn't like this was something new. They'd just be escalating the current weirdness a bit more. As long as he was able to keep it secret from his family, come up with some other explanation for the prize money, he could come out way ahead of where he was now with everyone.

"I guess we could do it..." Will began reluctantly, on the verge of adding a whole list of caveats. But immediately Wendy beamed more lovingly at him than she had in nearly a year, and he petered off into silence. When she leaned down and kissed him with a passion and thoroughness he couldn't remember at all, he felt like a winner already.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed when she finished. "Fabulous! Excellent!" The excitement in her voice stirred him further, and he even thought he might be ready for sex again in a couple of minutes. But then Wendy climbed off him, and strode in her admittedly devastatingly sexy high heels over to the nearest candle.

Will expected her to blow it out, and then proceed to the others. Instead she picked it up and started back to him, her eyes gleaming nearly brighter than the flame.

"What are you doing?" he asked uneasily.

"Well, before I can submit our application I have to see if you're man enough to stand up to a little discipline. There's no sense entering if we don't think we can win. Asians are supposed to be heroically tolerant of pain. Let's see if that's true. Show me a little of that oriental stoicism baby. This isn't the Chinese water torture after all. Just a little hot wax..."

Will gritted his teeth. See if he was man enough? He'd show her. He'd had enough aspersions cast on his masculinity for one day. And his parents had whacked the tar out of him growing up. He could take anything she could dish out.

Grinning devilishly, her nipples standing out in emphatic little points, Wendy stood over him, towering seemingly to the ceiling in those fuck-me shoes. Holding the candle at arm's length she tipped it, spilling a thin stream of wax.

Down it came, cooled considerably by its passage through so much air, to splash onto his chest. Will hardly even flinched as it hit. In response Wendy shifted her aim, coating one nipple and then the other yet still doing very little damage. Smiling approval at him, Will's decidedly weird lover lowered her arm some and continued drizzling the hot liquid all over his chest and shoulders and belly, moving the candle closer and closer until she was bending way over. Finally she had him squirming and grimacing at the greater pain, but still he was able to deny her the satisfaction of eliciting a single sound of protest. At last, with the candle down to a stub and his torso covered nearly everywhere, she blew it out and returned it to its holder.

Was that the best she could do? Will wondered. Then it wasn't fun by any means, but neither was it any great shakes of a punishment. But then Wendy picked up two candles, one in each hand. And rather than stand over him she knelt between his bound, spread legs.

"That was pretty impressive William," she breathed. "But let's see how you do now..."

With that she began to pour double the volume of wax from less than an inch away directly onto his shaved groin, balls, and flaccid penis.

The intense pain caused him to jerk and grunt uncontrollably, and Wendy smiled widely at eliciting a response at last. She continued to drip the hot wax, savoring every twitch and whimper of Will's now considerable suffering until she'd coated his entire genital area, leaving not a millimeter of bare skin visible. By the time she'd finished he was drenched in sweat and exhausted from the ordeal of holding himself back from a single sob or protest. When Wendy at last blew out the candles and returned them to their places he slumped on the carpet in quivering aftermath. Sauntering back over to him, her nipples still sharply erect and pebbly-looking, Wendy gave him a quixotic smile of both approval and menace.

"So far so good, William. There seems to be some hope for you after all. Soon I'll be ready to *really* have sex with you. And you'd better be able to perform too, or we'll have to break another cultural taboo and sit on your face until you finally learn how to perform proper cunnilingus. In the meantime though, you still have quite a bit to prove to me. And I can't ride your body when it's all covered with wax like that. You'd better let me whip it off for you!"

Grinning hugely once again, Wendy unbuckled the wide, heavy black belt slung around her hips, removed it and advanced on Will, already cracking it experimentally against her hand.

Amy

Amy Miller was exhilarated almost beyond bearing.

She'd been this way for weeks now of course. But ever since she'd checked her email around noon and learned that they'd actually been accepted for the Degradatrix competition she couldn't stop giggling, shivering, and clutching her elbows with irrepressible delight. And they were not just accepted as alternates or anything, but as actual contestants. The various certificates of acknowledgement, consent forms and liability waivers were already in the post and should arrive within days. Once they signed

and mailed them back it would all be official. That made today the absolutely *perfect* day to spring her big surprise on Steve.

She *still* couldn't believe they'd been accepted.

How amazingly wonderfully could things possibly turn out? She was undoubtedly the luckiest girl in the entire history of the world. Already married to a really great guy and enjoying a simply fantastic life, both marriage and life had recently been elevated to the stuff of which unbelievable dreams were made. And now both were about to get immeasurably even *more* fantastic. She simply couldn't stop pinching herself to make sure she was awake.

As far as Amy was concerned (and its organizers no doubt intended), entering this contest had already made her a winner in so many unimaginable ways. Getting to compete now and having not only their fifteen minutes of fame but a one-in-five chance at the ultimate prize of a million dollars and their own weekly TV show was just sumptuous gravy on top of an epicurean banquet. And the way things were going, who was to say they couldn't win? And if they *did* win...holy shit, how could she possibly be more totally spoiled than she was now?

Currently Amy, the incomparable Lady Love, already lived like an unchallengeable queen, or even an omnipotent goddess. She had unlimited leisure time, with no responsibilities at all. As she had established with exhilarating paddle strokes over two months ago, she no longer did a lick of housework, or indeed any work at all.

Every day she slept in, or lounged around the bed as long as she liked. Then she was served a simply scrumptious breakfast right there by her endlessly fawning slave, who worked at home (as she'd wanted from the beginning and he'd formerly resisted) and was now at her beck and call around the clock. She then left her disheveled nest without a single look back, confident in the knowledge that it would be aired, changed, and scrupulously made with a single rose resting on her pillow when she eventually returned to it.

She took equally languid, leisurely soaks in the tub after Steve had bathed her and shampooed her long thick hair for her exactly how she liked it: done not twice but thrice. He'd also been trained to give her meticulous manicures and pedicures, back and foot rubs and even full body massages – not to mention endless expert cunnilingus upon demand.

After that she could swim or lounge by the pool, soaking up the always reliable Southern California sun, exercise all she liked or just read and watch their home theater all day, where she enjoyed exclusive use of the remote control *and* the Netflix membership – “chick flicks” all the time in other words. She had all of her favorite meals prepared just as she liked them and faultlessly served to her, and (every wife's dream) now had free rein with the finances without having to justify a single purchase. Plus of course best of all there was the unlimited amusement and distinctly sexual excitement she got from ruling her husband's every least move and extravagantly punishing him for the slightest infraction real or imagined.

By this point she'd learned to merge her two complementary personas perfectly to always keep things freshly exciting and unpredictable for Slave Steven, who must continue to love and worship her unconditionally and yet be kept constantly on his toes and have his submission addiction fed in just the right doses. She could switch effortlessly from sweetly fun-loving and delightfully vivacious Amy to the capriciously

cruel and tyrannical Lady Love without warning or reason. And seeing the startled chagrin seize her slave followed instantly by that insanely needy craving and tremulous arousal never failed to tickle her ego and spike her own eager libido in the most fulfilling and exciting fashion.

Of course she'd been binding and paddling him regularly since that first wonderfully instructive session, and with increasing severity. She'd had Steve drill dozens of holes in one of their old ping-pong paddles after peeling the worn coverings off, and then sand, lacquer and polish the entire thing to a beautifully smooth, hard finish. In addition she'd removed the buckle from his stoutest leather belt and had him rivet a comfortable loop into that end into which her hand snugly fit. Both of these made far more effective implements of discipline than her original paddle, and she delighted in using them at every opportunity.

She'd also become much more sophisticated in her application of bondage. One unconscious attempt to filch the coverlet, one accidental kick beneath the sheets, any snoring at all, and Steve would spend the rest of the night gagged and hogtied on the hard floor next to her, while she enjoyed the entire big bed. And of course no act of intercourse could be performed (*always* female superior now, whether she faced forward or back) unless he was elaborately restrained in some humiliating fashion. As for orgasms, counting those delivered orally Amy had enjoyed more in the last two months than her entire life previous. Slave Steven of course, had never been even *close* to limited to so maddeningly few.

Currently he was serving another celibacy sentence for failing her, this time an indefinite one. And while she wallowed in endless cunnilingus, he was restricted to one orgasm a week under very strict circumstances. He was forced to stand bound head to toe to a supporting pillar in their basement rec room, with only his clumsy left arm free from the elbow down. Then as she whipped him with her belt and ridiculed and castigated him for his shameful inadequacy and contemptible performance he was forced to look her in the eye and humbly masturbate.

Of course while he was serving these celibacy sentences Amy chose to go completely nude, taunting him with what he couldn't touch outside of bathing, foot-rubbing or other strictly proscribed rituals. And when she did choose to have sex with Steve, Amy had taken to wearing one of his football jerseys. As a former star quarterback in college – they'd met at one of his games – he had over a dozen of these to select from. Amy particularly favored his hometown LA Raiders shirt. Oversize even on Steve, it was like a voluminous black dress on her, concealing her entire body except for her lower arms and legs – and what peeked through the tiny mesh everywhere, or was fleetingly revealed by the plunging, occasionally off-the-shoulder neckline.

Yet despite Amy hiding her body from him this way, Steve still kept consistently failing her during sex. That was the only flaw in her wonderful new life. As much as she enjoyed receiving lavishly unstinting cunnilingus at the flick of an imperious finger, there was still no substitute for riding a big hard cock to her heart's delight. Unfortunately though, her slave's unrelenting desperate arousal and enforced regular deprivation made it impossible for him to perform up to expectations no matter how severely she punished his 'short-comings'. But yesterday, while re-reading the specifics of each stage of the contest they'd entered, Amy had been scandalized, struck by absolute hilarity, and instantly inspired like never before.

Clearly she'd only scratched the surface so far in the sexual uses there was for a slave. Straightaway she'd gone out and purchased an amazing fetish costume ideally suited to a sexually deprived Lady Love.

She'd kept this hidden so far, intending to let the already nearly unbearable anticipation build until the exquisitely perfect moment. And yet already here it was: they'd actually been accepted to compete for Mistress Degradatrix and Slave. Obviously the Goddesses of femdom intended her to end Slave Steven's celibacy sentence in the most appropriately emphatic fashion today; right now in fact.

Currently she had him tied to their bed – how convenient! Not too elaborately tied however, just enough to keep him honest and excited. Not that the latter would have been a problem, given what she'd been doing. She'd simply lashed his wrists together with the same pair of tights as always (she liked to remind him of where this all started, and they worked so well too) and thence to the center of the headboard. She had his hips propped on a pillow to elevate his penis, and that was it. Well, maybe not quite. If she was going to spend a couple hours (as she just had) rubbing in his celibacy sentence by endlessly teasing and toying with his erection, allowing him to ejaculate through some miscalculation of her own would rather defeat the point of the whole exercise. To that end she'd used a pair of specially purchased extra-long rawhide bootlaces to very intricately bind his prick and balls all about, until they bulged and pulsed in their complex leather wrapping in the most entertainingly impotent way.

Finally deciding that the moment was indeed perfect to spring the wonderful news – and her devastatingly superb surprise – on her delectable slave, Amy removed the two dozen clothespins she had decorating her favorite toy and methodically untied the lacings. She actually had to peel these out of the angry red furrows they'd sunk in his most tender flesh, and she cooed and giggled ruefully as she did so.

“Aw, little Stevie looks wounded to me. And big Slave Steven, to whom he's connected, looks sweaty, worn-out, and practically crazy with frustration. Well, I've got some wonderful news that should definitely perk you both right up,” offered the Lady Love, as she at last cast the laces aside. Actually, little Stevie didn't look like he needed perking up at all: wounded or not, he was as adamantly demanding attention as he'd been when she'd started in on him. Oh well, celibacy sentence about to end or not, he was likely to remain disappointed a while still.

“I checked our email earlier, and guess what? We've been accepted for the femdom contest! We're actually going to get to participate!”

Slave Steven indeed perked up at that. His head came off the mattress at once, his eyes suddenly lit up with interest.

“No shit – really?”

“Yes really. That calls for a celebration I think – maybe champagne and cigars. No wait, I have a better idea! We'll end your celibacy sentence a little earlier than I'd planned, and start practicing for the one part of the presentation we haven't yet: the sexual reward at the end. How would you feel about that, Slave Steven?”

“I would be humbled, honored, immensely grateful and limitlessly gratified by it Lady Love,” he answered gravely, an obvious tremor in his voice betraying what an understatement this was. Obviously little Stevie was champing at the bit. Amy giggled again for her own private reasons, and climbed off the bed.

“Very well, slave. Wait right here. I need to slip into something appropriate for such a momentous occasion.”

Though she tried to proceed in the stately manner befitting a potentate on her way to the walk-in closet, Amy’s own bursting anticipation wouldn’t permit this. Soon she was skipping, springing, and at last bounding through the door, which she pulled shut behind her. With breathless haste she began pawing through boxes to where she’d hidden her new outfit, and then clutched it to her pounding breast a second in exultation. Then she began swiftly pulling it on.

First she donned a pair of shiny black boots, just under knee-high with pointy toes and high spike heels. She happened to know a guy who would be spending a lot of time kissing them; maybe even polishing them with his tongue the next time he used a vulgarity in her presence. After that she drew on the matching fingerless gloves and skin-tight black latex bodysuit.

From the high-collared neck to the cut-out crotch, this left all of her arms, shoulders, hips, legs and most of her back and buttocks bare. Two more circular cut-outs let her naked breasts poke boldly through in front. Speaking of boldly poking though, what really had her motor running in overdrive and her nipples so erect they could dial a phone or put an eye out was the eight by one-inch hard rubber penis that jutted up from low on her crotch, the balls below resting firmly against her clitoris where that lower cut-out exposed it. Examining herself in the mirror, Lady Love smoothed away a few wrinkles and then posed clutching her erection, snarling with menace and then laughing at herself with ebullient approval. She absolutely *loved* her new look, and determined on the spot that she must use a lot more of Steven’s earnings to buy herself many more and even better fetish outfits soon – as well as more and bigger dildos too.

Swiftly she lubed up the one she sported. Then she could put off her own wondrous reward and incredibly exhilarating new sex life not an instant longer. She threw open the closet door with an authoritative bang, and out strutted the Lady Love on her killer new boots and in her more-imperious-than-ever new persona. She paused and posed: hands on her hips, cock thrust aggressively out and smoldering with the most utterly irrefusable intent imaginable.

Poor Slave Steven’s openmouthed expression of flabbergasted dismay was so comically priceless that she would have laughed herself silly if not for the need to stay in character.

Why oh why hadn’t she thought to set up their expensive video camera for this moment, so that she could record it to watch over and over again throughout the years on their superb home theater? Well, it was too late for such regrets now. The Lady Love sneered contemptuous scorn at her waiting captive.

“Ha! You couldn’t possibly have thought the reward phase involved boring old regular sex could you? You have a lot to learn about female domination, slave.

“In the femdom world, slaves almost never get to fuck their owners. The very idea is heretical. It’s always the other way around! You, dear boy, are going to get fucked in the ass in front of millions of people on live TV, and the clips of it will be circulating on the internet for as long as people use computers. So it’s time you got used to the idea, don’t you think? And far past time you were introduced to the actuality! Something tells me I’m going to enjoy fucking you this way far more than I have any other. At least this way

it won't matter how shamefully early you come. I can just keep on riding you all night anyways!"

Deliciously savoring Steve's exquisite consternation, Amy resumed her haughty strut, advancing to the bed, climbing on and seizing his legs, which had snapped automatically together. She wrenched them apart and moved between.

"Resistance is useless, Slave Steven. More, it will be horrifically punished with a repeated knee to the balls. Now lift your legs above your head. Present yourself for properly submissive sex. Your mistress demands it!"

Slowly at first, but then with an alacrity that hinted (like his still adamant erection) that Steve might be getting over his shock and even secretly becoming as uncontrollably excited as she was, he complied.

"Good boy," Amy breathed, wedging the pillow already under his hips further back, lifting his ass for easier access. Then she moved into place, crouching before her slave's doubled-up body and aligning her incredibly eager organ. Panting heavily already, she used her excitedly trembling hands to pry him open wide. Then she pushed just the beautifully life-like head, then the first few inches of the heavily-lubed black shaft (marbled with upraised veins) into the tight little pucker of his anus.

Steve gasped, and bit his lower lip. But besides the hectic blushing of his face (and a remarkable bob and throb of that erection) he gave no other response. That was good. Truly Amy didn't want to hurt him – or damage him at least. Encouraged she thrust forward again, finally pushing her big hard cock all the way inside him.

Steve cried out at this, but it was a distinctly erotic kind of distress – its tone easily familiar to her after all those sessions in the basement where she whipped him incessantly as he masturbated. Nevertheless, trying to make sure he was all right without breaking character, Amy chose a 'Lady Love' tone of scornful accusation.

"Yeah, you like that big cock don't you? You can't wait to get it from me on live TV!"

Steve turned his face away, admitting nothing, but not denying it either.

That was good enough for Lady Love. At last she threw caution to the wind: fully embracing this madly exhilarating new sexual practice and determining to revel in every supremely satisfying nuance of it. Pulling back she lunged forward again, more forcefully this time, and soon she was using all her lithe athleticism, astonishing mobility and incredible stamina just as eagerly and voraciously as always.

Damn it was good! More than that, it was heavenly, wonderful; supremely rewarding not just physically but even more so emotionally. The rhythmic pressure on her clit was stimulating in an entirely novel and wildly arousing way. She could tell immediately that it wouldn't take long to bring her to orgasm. But far more exciting than even this was the almost god-like power she felt at thrusting brutally away, ruthlessly dominating her man in a way so quintessentially subjugating that she couldn't imagine how he could live with it.

Yet live with it Slave Steven obviously could. The harder and faster she fucked his ass, the more he tried to raise it to her, and the wider he spread his legs above him. Nor was he just trying to make accommodating her less painful. Though he moaned and groaned incessantly, and barked out the occasional sob, his cock stayed rock-hard erect, slapping against his body with the pace and force of her fucking and continuing to throb visibly. Nor did he once beg her to stop. And when Amy finally pounded out one-two-

three ecstatically shrieking orgasms, pulled out and ordered her slave to roll over so she could do him from the other side, Steve scrambled to comply. Crushing his clearly burning erection (dark pink and purple-red everywhere and not just where it had been marked by leather cords) into the plush pillow, he cried out in obvious ecstasy of his own and spread his legs as though *he* was the gymnast.

Lady Love hammered away at him again, for an amazing hour and three-quarters this time, the interval measured only by gasps, cries, the metronomic slapping of flesh on flesh and the unbridled screams of wrenching orgasms. Four of these came from her of course. But Slave Steven eventually celebrated the end of his celibacy sentence by madly ejaculating as well. And when his mistress put the question to him again, he was able to admit the shameful truth without dissembling or regret.

Finally Amy exhausted her seemingly endless wealth of sexual energy – at least temporarily. She collapsed forward atop her groaning slave. Still buried to the balls in his wonderfully accepting ass, she rested on his back for a good ten minutes, lightly, lovingly scratching up and down his flanks with her long, sharp, expertly manicured fingernails. At last she regained her breath. Lady Love was gone for the moment; this was sweetly playful Amy.

“So how did you like catching for a change, Mr. Quarterback?”

A weak chuckle came from under her, and then the honesty she demanded at all times.

“I think maybe I should have been a wide receiver.”

“Oh no baby,” Amy laughed back, already recovering herself. “Definitely a *tight end!*” She punctuated this correction with a double-jab of her erection into his. “And now we’re going to do that again, and again, probably for the entire rest of the night. We have to practice our new positions *constantly* for the big game upcoming!”

Myron

Myron Jensen didn’t have to stay married to his bitch of a wife Darby. He could afford to lose half his possessions, and he had every justification in the world to be granted a divorce.

She never showed him the slightest bit of warmth. She was emotionally and physically abusive. He had evidence she’d been unfaithful to him, at least in the earlier years of their marriage. She’d proved infertile, never bearing him a child. She was no longer forthcoming sexually. In fact if Darby caught him masturbating (or even suspected he had been) she made him stop and whipped him for it – this despite the fact that she pleased herself almost daily.

Yet despite all this Myron never even considered divorce. To him Darby still was and always would be the same disturbingly compelling young woman he’d come across muttering with frustration as she struggled with a research assignment in the local college library. This was before the days of the internet of course, and he’d gone there himself to look up some numbers on certain obscure commodities production forecasts for the past decade.

After he'd got what he came for, Myron saw the girl with the gorgeously thick golden hair still hunched over her books, this time with both fists buried in that spectacular mane as though about to rip it out. Though he'd always been timid and unsuccessful around women, he'd taken advantage of her clear desperation to approach her and ask if she needed help.

Young Darby had responded with a string of vile curses – directed at the library, her assignment, and the professor who'd given it to her, not him – which nevertheless shocked and perversely stirred Myron a bit. He'd looked at her assignment (child's play, really) and then patiently tried to explain the library's filing system and how to make proper use of it. This was something she should have learned in grade school, yet still remained unable to grasp. After finding the information she needed, he helped the young lady knock it into presentable shape. Clearly she was an indifferent student, and he wondered how she'd ever gotten into college. In any case, despite the fact that she hadn't smiled at him once or bothered to thank him for spending a patient hour helping her, Myron finally screwed up the courage to ask her out to dinner, suggesting the best restaurant in town in order to sweeten his chances.

At first Darby appeared on the brink of rejecting him, as every other woman he'd ever approached had done. But then she gave him a second look (wheels obviously turning laboriously and gears grinding and clanking in her head) and accepted.

Myron was elated: finally, a first date at age twenty-five, and with a girl who was undeniably attractive. Darby didn't have a swimsuit-model body or anything, and she clearly lacked a few social graces as well as brains. But a date was a date. Darby ate her way through the menu, scoffed most of the wine for him, and there was no invite in, no goodnight kiss or even a thank you at the end. But she agreed to see him again, and again and again, and soon Myron actually had a real live girlfriend. The sex part was terribly slow in coming though.

Through seven weeks of courtship and lavishly bestowed gifts, Myron received little but the occasional chaste kiss. When he finally surprised Darby with the biggest diamond he could afford without pauperizing himself, she'd accepted and finally allowed him some making out and clumsy fumbling. With that his heart was won forever. He went to their marriage bed a virgin of course, and that didn't work out so well. In his wild excitement and inexperience, he'd barely achieved penetration before ejaculating, which truly exposed him to the shockingly rough side of Darby's tongue. Brow-beaten and humiliated, he shrank to the furthest corner of the bed while his seething wife went to take her solitary pleasure locked in the bathroom. And so was set the template for almost the entire rest of their marriage. Yet still Myron couldn't help pathetically loving and futilely lusting after Darby two mostly joyless decades later.

She was still the only woman he'd ever approached to actually say yes to him. And as a result he found it utterly impossible to say no to her, about anything. Now, after twenty years spent humbly under her thumb, he was as wholly and irrationally devoted to his iconic wife as the superstitious primitives who mindlessly worship some monolithic idol that capriciously determines every event in their lives from the most mundane to the truly supernatural. Terrified of her wrath, desperate for the least expression of benevolence, Myron was willing to endure what ever it took to remain with her.

The truth of this was about to be sorely proved.

“Son of a *fucking* bitch! I do not goddamn *believe* this horseshit!”

“What is it, dear?” asked Myron tremulously. Darby was at her computer, at which she’d been spending a surprising amount of time lately. Immediately she whirled on him, jumping to her feet so violently she knocked the chair over. Disregarding this she confronted him, her face flushed with rage. Whatever the focus of her anger was, it was about to be turned on him. Myron was as sure of that as his own name, and he seemed to shrink in on himself automatically. Of course he was completely right.

“What’s wrong? I’ll tell you what’s wrong! We’ve been rejected for that fetish contest! Your fucking essay wasn’t good enough! That’s the only possible explanation. I should have known better than to rely on you. My last chance to really make it to the big time, and you blew it for me! What a fucking surprise!”

Myron knew better than to point out the truly huge odds against *anyone* entering such a contest – or god forbid suggest they weren’t exactly the videogenic couple the organizers were surely looking for. Instead he just meekly made his apologies.

“I...I’m sorry, dear.”

“Sorry? Sorry isn’t going to get me my own TV show! And how many times have I told you not to call me ‘dear’? I’m not your fucking dear and I never was! I married you for your brains and your money, and I was sorely let down on both counts!”

Already Darby was bearing down on him, steam practically pouring from her ears. Seizing him by one of his ears (as was her wont when particularly infuriated) she began dragging him toward their bedroom.

“You have got the worst beating ever coming now, you pathetic piece of shit! I can’t believe you’ve let me down again. Wait, scratch that – *of course* I can believe it. When have you ever *not* let me down? I just can’t believe I ever expected you to do better!”

Dragging him bent over stumbling and whimpering, practically ripping the ear from his head, Darby flung him onto the bed. Roughly she positioned him as she always did: bent over with his torso flat on the mattress and his knees not quite meeting the rug. She yanked his pants and underwear down to his knees. Yet rather than stop there as she usually did, this time she stripped them all the way off him and flung them angrily aside. Then she picked up the belt, always kept handy on the night stand. And still things continued to diverge from the usual.

Ordinarily Darby doubled the belt over and beat him that way. But this time she passed the end through the buckle and drew it into a tight loop around her first. This left her with a dangling leather strap nearly three feet long, signaling her intention to *truly* whip him for the first time ever. Cringing in terror and chagrin, Myron turned his face away from the fearsome spectacle of his wife’s thunderous visage and knotted his fists expectantly into the coverlet. Then sure enough, his worst beating ever – by far – ensued.

With an almost whistling hiss, his most expensive belt (an inch wide, strong and yet wondrously supple) whipped through the air and cracked against the backs of his thighs right where they joined his buttocks. Myron screamed helplessly at the tremendous explosion of pain, and writhed desperately in place. He tried to rise from the bed, sobbing hard, and was shoved right back down again. He opened his mouth, meaning to protest, beg, anything; maybe even stand up for himself for the first time ever in his marriage. That was when a ball of damp, smelly fabric was forced deep into it, making him retch uncontrollably. Dimly Myron was aware he’d just been gagged with his own underwear. Then a cruel hand fitted itself to the bald dome of his skull and pressed his head back to the bed. Darby’s voice snarled at him menacingly.

“Stay still, damn you! Move a muscle and I’ll make it a hundred times worse for you!”

She could do it too, of that Myron had no doubt. Besides being physically more powerful than he, his wife had the immeasurable strength and certainty of her convictions and superiority. Sobbing miserably, trying to work the soggy ball of cloth stuffing his mouth into a more manageable shape, he subsided at once, again making futile fists in the coverlet. Convinced of his submission, his humble acceptance of her absolute authority, Darby let go of his head. She straightened up, determined to get all the force of her bulky body and overly-muscled arm into her strokes. Then she began whipping him for real.

Oh, the agony was so unprecedented: orders of magnitude worse than anything that had gone before! Rocking in place as much as he dared, Myron bawled like a baby as that supple leather strap whistled and cracked, tearing into his backside for far longer than he’d ever previously been beaten. From the top of his buttocks to the very bottom of his thighs, he was striped with inch-wide welts in overlapping patterns, until there wasn’t a single scrap of skin that hadn’t been hit multiple times. He screamed and screamed, gagging on the taste of his own briefs, not caring if the neighbors heard his muffled cries and called the police. That would be a blessing even: anything to stop this torture. And yet still it went on and on, until he thought insanity must surely soon put an end to his reason, if not this ever increasing excruciation.

Myron was aware that his wife was berating him as she beat him, pouring scorn and repudiation, rage and accusations upon him as he was punished. But attending to these individually was as beyond him as doing simple sums was, and he an investment banker. It was only when she finally finished whipping him, heaven only knew how long after she started, that he grasped the fact that she’d moved beyond blaming him for the failure of their application to insisting that he’d sabotaged it deliberately.

Darby draped the gleaming length of the belt, still fitted for her hand with a convenient loop at one end, over the bed’s closest foot post, so it would remain even nearer to hand than it had previously. Obviously its work had just begun. Then hideously strong fingers pinched and pulled his ear again, commanding his attention as his wife leaned in close and spoke.

“You may have thought purposely ruining our chances to get in this contest would spare you from having to participate in it, but you thought wrong, you sneaking piece of shit. We’re going to watch every second of it on television. And we’re going to play along and compete exactly as if we were right up there on stage where we should be with everyone else. You don’t put one over on me that easily, mister smarty-pants.

“Now get the fuck out of here. I need to use the Jacuzzi.”

Still sobbing uncontrollably Myron slithered off the side of the bed. Gagging and drooling, he spit the ball of underwear from his mouth at last. Abandoning these along with his pants – the thought of anything else touching his still outrageously flaming ass and legs made him shudder helplessly – he started crawling for the hall.

Unable to walk, he somehow made it there eventually. Then, listening dimly to the hot tub filling, he collapsed whimpering to the floor. Behind him the bedroom door slammed hard and locked. Once again he’d be sleeping on the couch, and once again on his belly.

Myron didn’t think he’d ever be able to lie (much less sit) on his backside again.

Toni

Toni Masterson gazed smugly at the computer screen. She was thinking back over three decades and more, to the seeds of loneliness, bitterness, and profound alienation that had somehow produced this wonderful harvest.

She'd been a lesbian from birth, possibly even conception. Where other little girls were enamored with dolls and dresses, Toni had loved overalls, bulldozers and dump trucks. Yet rather than be accepted as she was, she'd been incessantly persecuted for her difference. Kids were calling her a 'fucking dyke' long before she had any idea what the word even meant. This continued until she got big enough to kick the asses – boys included – of anyone who dared. But that didn't stop the ridicule of course. It just drove it out of earshot.

Toni had never been stupid though. She remained perfectly aware of the things her classmates (and indeed the rest of her entire conservative Midwestern town) were saying about her. And as fundamentalist Christians her parents were even worse: absolutely unrelenting. They spent years trying to mold her into a 'proper' female, and when that failed they sent her again and again to 'straight' camps, where the sadistic counselors tried to terrorize, beat, starve and 'bible study' the 'sin' out of her. Good luck.

Toni had been an atheist as well as a lesbian for as long as she could remember – or at least since she was old enough to think for herself.

Stories of men walking on water, coming back from the dead or witching down city walls – and they were always men, the only women in the bible were all evil manipulative whores or helpless victims plus one saintly little virgin – made her snort with contempt. She'd believe such things when she saw them. Until then they were fairy tales. And hell and heaven were exactly the same: so obviously the manipulative carrot and stick intended to scare or coax her into behaving as other people wished. She remained appalled to this day that anyone actually fell for such a transparent con. In any case, about the only effect all this pressure had on her was to further embitter her toward society in general and men in particular.

Of course, she also learned to use the techniques of manipulation and coercion that had failed on her far more effectively on her eventual husband.

When Toni grew old enough to understand that society had been structured to make life far easier for married couples than singles, and that marrying another woman wasn't permitted, she'd determined to marry only to strike an extremely satisfying (if largely symbolic) blow at the entrenched straight world and male power structure. If she wasn't allowed to marry a woman, then she'd choose a man she could forcefully mold into the next best thing. Not only that, but she'd deny him any kind of natural sex life, even depriving him of the secretive release of masturbation, which of course she'd been told was a horrific sin that put the soul in jeopardy. Instead she'd force the most painful, shameful kind of inversion of his 'natural' role upon him. She'd spend the entire rest of her life fucking the whole male sex and all of conservative society right up the ass – at least by proxy. And that was exactly what she'd done.

As a high school senior Toni had zeroed in on little Kerry Donovan. She did this with the unerring instinct of a predator haunting a water hole, on the lookout for the weak and injured.

Kerry was a short, slender, unconsciously effeminate kid two years behind her. Raised without a father by an uncompromisingly strict and domineering mother, lacking friends and social skills, he was even more of an outcast and target for bullies than she'd been.

Everyone mercilessly harassed Kerry as being 'gay', which he clearly was not despite the mannerisms he'd adopted from his mother. He'd just never had any effective male role models. That was clear from the inept but sincere way he went about fruitlessly trying to find a date for every school dance or function.

In any case Toni went out of her way to befriend him: defending Kerry from the bullies (bullying him was going to be *her* job), pretending to take pity on his troubles and gradually bonding with him over their mutual status as outsiders. Of course this unorthodox pairing resulted in more ridicule and ostracizing than ever. People began calling them the bull and the lamb, the moose and goose, or even the time-honored 'wimp and a blimp'.

Of course this last was as wildly inaccurate as calling Kerry gay. Truly Kerry was the very definition of a wimp. But beyond her enormous bosom Toni was anything but fat. She was very wide-bodied, barrel-chested and big-boned; bigger indeed than most of the guys in their school and not a few of the teachers. But she wasn't bloated or flabby in the least. Her hulking frame was all muscle, as attested to by her smashing success on the school's field hockey and athletics teams. She broke records right and left and even went to the state finals for the javelin, discus, and especially the shot put. The men's varsity football coach was well known to bemoan the fact that he couldn't have her on his team, and even agitated regularly for the rules to be changed to allow girls (or at least one) to play for the boys.

Fat chance: this was the Midwest bible-belt after all. Not even football could compete with Jesus. In any case, when did factual accuracy ever inhibit the tossing of insults? None of this abuse mattered to Toni though. What mattered was that Kerry was soon fixated on her as the only girl (or even person) who would talk to him without ridicule.

He finally had a protector and confidant. And when they began dating a year later Kerry's mother (who truly was a blimp, a veritable dirigible, even an early twentieth-century airship of a woman) approved of her where she would have likely forbidden him from seeing anyone else. A year after *that*, when Kerry was just barely eighteen, said blimp did a Hindenburg, suffering a massive blowout ascending the stairs to the attic for the first time in years. Hilda Donovan's heart gave up its bad job, she tumbled and crashed all the way to the bottom of the stairwell (demolishing much of it on the way), and after the funeral Kerry was free to drop out of school and marry. Toni meanwhile was perfectly suited to step into the now vacant position of the domineering, overbearing female authority figure running his life.

Their wedding was certainly one to remember – if only for its brevity and decidedly unconventional arrangements. They were married one evening in ordinary street clothes, by a doddering old judge in front of two paid witnesses. These were chosen at random from people awaiting their own turn in front of the bench. The same bewildered judge

also saw to the legal change of Kerry's name to match hers, a condition Toni had been absolutely adamant about. And then of course came the incredibly momentous wedding night, celebrated in a cheap motel just a few miles outside of town.

If the marriage itself was strange and memorable, that was nothing compared to its consummation. Gazing through the window of her computer screen, looking not at her ecstatic new future embodied in an email attachment but back two and a half decades to the emphatic end of her miserable past, Toni Masterson laughed to herself all over again.

First she'd stripped her new 'husband' naked, openly ridiculing the miniscule nature of his erection. When he'd begun squirming and protesting though she'd reassured him in no uncertain terms that his size was utterly irrelevant.

"Don't you worry, Mr. *Masterson*. I certainly didn't marry you for your miniscule prick. In fact I've got zero interest in that pathetic little stub at all. I married you to have some serious fun subjugating you, and also as a matter of social convenience. You may not be gay little Kerry, but I most certainly am. Though I'm damn sure you'll wish you were before much longer."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Kerry queried, fidgeting and blushing furiously.

"It means I'm going to make you into the perfectly petite, wonderfully wannabe lesbian lover for me. And if you don't want the spanking, bitch-slapping and ass-whipping to start right now you'll do exactly as I say. From now on you obey me just as you would your dear departed mother. Or I'll make what she used to do to you look like a blessing by comparison!"

Kerry had of course confided everything to her: the bare-assed beatings with a hairbrush or wire coat-hanger, the capricious slapping around for no reason at all, even the clothespin she'd made him wear on his penis for hours on end whenever she barged into his room unannounced and caught him playing with himself. Limitlessly chagrined to find these painfully-shared secrets now thrown pitilessly back at him, Kerry had subsided into shamed silence. Satisfied, Toni had produced the outfit she'd carefully chosen for his deflowering.

Blithely steamrolling over his protests, she'd dressed him in the frilly, ruffled, excessively feminine bra, panties, girdle, garters and stockings, forced the matching tiny pink pumps on his feet, styled his hair and made up his face to look like the most shameless whore around. She made him primp and preen and posture before her, shooting whole rolls of film of him in his new persona and threatening to expose him as gay to everyone at the slightest excuse. Then she tied him to the big double bed and stripped herself.

Naturally Kerry's eyes widened comically as he took in his first ever sight of a naked woman. But that was nothing next to the bugging out they did when she finally donned the strap-on dildo she'd always dreamed of having and had finally purchased the night before. The look on his face was priceless. Extrapolating that appalled expression to the collective countenance of the entire male sex, Toni had found herself becoming aroused in the presence of a man for the very first time. Indeed she was more than aroused: suddenly she was insanely inspired to indulge in the most violent of good old-fashioned hate-fucks.

Easily overcoming Kerry's terrified struggles, Toni proceeded to ecstatically dispense with her own virginity and utterly eradicate that of her sissy little husband. Of course they would each remain virgins of a sort forever: Kerry would never penetrate

anyone and Toni would never allow anyone to penetrate her, at least beyond the probing tongues of the many dozens of girlfriends who would come and go over the decades. Regardless, Toni ensured the certainty of the former fact by locking Kerry's ridiculous little sissy-worm into a more or less permanent chastity cage the minute she finished breaking him in. Then she spent the rest of her cost-effective but immensely satisfying honeymoon (two weeks alone at that little motel rarely even leaving the room) fucking her new she-male again and again in every imaginable position, the more painfully degrading the better. By the time she carried him back out over the threshold (Kerry's ass was whipped so raw and swollen and reamed so exceedingly out that walking was beyond him) she'd established their respective marital roles so emphatically that Kerry henceforth never even dreamed of challenging them in the least.

Toni had taken him home then. And nearly twenty-five years later she was able to honestly say that her plans had succeeded beyond her wildest dreams. Lesbian or not, she still found fucking her little sissy husband more exciting and rewarding than any of her girlfriends ever were. Having him keep house for her and submit to her tiniest whims and most draconian punishments was more fun and fulfilling still. Most enjoyable of all though was the limitlessly significant victory she'd achieved over both the mores of the straight society and the entire male sex by the incredibly vengeful nature of her marriage. And now, combining and superseding all of these wonderful accomplishments, she had this fantastic vindication of her work and a glorious opportunity to parade it triumphantly before the world.

Not to mention win a cool million dollars and the right to continue broadcasting her tremendous success on a weekly basis. Glowing in front of Toni on the computer screen was the message announcing their acceptance as competitors in the "Celebration of Female Superiority."

Toni read it over one more time, still marveling at how splendidly everything had worked out for her, and how much more wonderful everything was about to get. She was increasingly confident they would win. There was really no question about it. Her entire life had been leading up to this pinnacle. At last she printed out a hard copy for her scrapbook, and then closed the program and shut down the computer. It was time to celebrate.

Currently Kerry was outside, bent double over their split-rail fence with his wrists and ankles all cuffed together. He'd been that way since breakfast about five hours ago, in punishment for getting a scrap of eggshell in her western omelet. She'd already whipped him three times in fact. Well, now she would do him one better. Toni rose from the computer and moved to her bed-stand. From the very bottom compartment she withdrew a heavy maple box and opened it. Inside rested the dildo she reserved for only very special occasions.

Ground from solid onyx and polished to a satiny smoothness, this monstrous stone penis was exquisitely shaped and roughly the size of Kerry's fist and forearm. Grinning excitedly, her heart swelling her bosom until her buttons threatened to pop, Toni removed her everyday dildo. Then she strapped that darkly gleaming behemoth on in its place. Feeling its great weight pulling at the small of her back, she went to fuck the ever-loving shit out of her she-male spouse for perhaps the ten-thousandth time. And of course there were at least ten thousand more to come...

Nikki

With her spectacular new Slut-boy blindfolded, cock-gagged, butt-plugged, hogtied and locked up in a tiny closet tucked behind the deep, sub-basement wine cellar (so many expensive bottles it would take forever to drink them all) Nikki Washington oversaw the unloading and disposition of her belongings. Striding around the enormous house like the Lady of the Mansion (which for all intents and purposes she now was), and getting a tremendous kick out of the proceedings, she directed this box to be placed here, that one delivered there, and so on.

“No, bring those into the dining room boy. Just leave them on the big table.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“For heaven’s sake, don’t set that on the piano! It’s a concert grand. It costs more than you’ll make your entire life – if today’s any judge.”

“Sorry ma’am. How about here?”

“That’s fine. Just mind the woodwork now.”

In truth she really wasn’t moving in much stuff. She didn’t have to. Her glorious new home was already furnished in a manner that made her place back in Chicago look like the hovel it was. With Slut-boy now firmly in her possession she’d never want for anything again. All she’d had shipped was her extensive collection of fetish gear – things she’d particularly need for continuing his training foremost – and a few items of sentimental value.

In the three days since she’d locked up Slut-boy’s cock Nikki had kept him tightly bound around the clock. She’d smugly fed him by hand, got him to drink from a baby bottle, and led him to and from the bathroom with his feet only partially free. And as long as she kept pounding his greedy fuck-holes day and night, she knew he’d continue to make no complaint.

Feelings of fond possessiveness mixed with contempt washed over Nikki at the thought.

Honestly, this tasty young treat was just a gift from god. He’d gone from just one more dubious prospect in over a decade of searching for the answer to all her prayers in less time than passed between her periods. From an anonymous user name on the internet to the key to an unlimited future of ease, excitement and stupendous luxury for her in under a month, Slut-boy was simply too good to be true. And of course it was all as much a credit to her cleverness and incredible sex appeal as it was an indictment of his fatal naiveté and pathetic weakness.

Prowling through chat rooms she’d come across “Needy” almost by accident. Patiently she’d drawn him out. Picking up on his clumsily dropped hints, reading through his tiresome circumlocutions, she finally coaxed forth the shamed confession that she’d known was coming.

He was needy all right: desperately needy for the kind of education she delighted in delivering. But was he worth her investment in time and effort? His desperation, obvious anal virginity and clear homophobia despite his fetish made him an interesting prospect. His more than generous offer of plane fare and hotel expenses (five thousand dollars!) made him an excellent one. Once she had his real name and address however, a little

discreet research into his family and financial resources immediately convinced her that she'd finally found the one.

A young man of nineteen who'd just lost his parents, a lonely boy really, who'd just inherited a home that was actually depicted in society publications – along with wealth in the tens of millions – and yet he didn't want anything to do with his family's connections, and obviously had no true grasp of the implications and possibilities of his situation. He'd flunked out of college recently (Princeton for heaven's sake), and was clearly the chosen heir only because his disapproving father had had no one else to name. All this and more she'd learned running searches in his hometown newspaper, and it had been enough to bring her running herself – after confidently packing up her stuff to be shipped once she'd properly claimed him.

True to Nikki's expectations, it had taken but one night of expert, enthusiastic deflowering of this naïve young butt-virgin to turn his secret obsession into a full-blown addiction. She'd then added some light bondage, began to mix healthy doses of degradation in with the motherly love she smothered him with, and soon she was well on her way to total ownership of Alexander Drake and all he possessed.

The inspired decision to use the fetish contest that had been all the rage lately to shortcut the process had been a stroke of genius. Nikki still couldn't believe she'd gotten him cock-locked and enslaved so quickly. And while she'd endured the impropriety of allowing her new butt-boy to climax as she fucked him – necessity that it was – those days were now most definitely over. She'd almost not even bothered with actually applying to compete, on the off-chance that they were accepted and she had to free his penis, if only for one day. And what if they actually won? Being in a reality show was an intrusion she could definitely do without. But in the end she'd gone ahead. Why not? Competing would be such an incredible gas, and if they won she could easily decline the prize. So with her plans in full swing and already paying off beautifully, where was the harm in letting Slut-boy come one last time? It might even speed up the inevitable day when he agreed to legally sign over everything to her – at which point the *real* fun could begin.

With its solid cinderblock walls, the tiny sub-basement closet he currently occupied could be remodeled into a concealed permanent cell specifically fitted for him, complete with highly adaptable built-in restraints and automatic torture devices. Then Nikki would have the house to herself – in a manner of speaking. The huge basement above Slut-boy's cell could be outfitted, decorated and equipped into the most lavish professional dungeon in the world, capable of hosting enormous fetish parties, competitions, exhibitions and performances.

A pay-per-view special and reality TV show – ha! Nikki tittered to herself with scorn. She could do so much better than that, starting with bringing in as many of her current and any new lovers as she felt like – her new mansion could house dozens of them. Quite a step up from turning tricks in the slums of Chicago! Then she could start introducing Slut-boy to some *real* black Masters. After the novelty inevitably wore off she wouldn't even have to butt-fuck him anymore or constantly feed him her choking cock. Brutally sadistic and massively hung gay biker studs would be lining up – and paying – to do it.

Hell, she could have found dozens of straight niggers right now who'd fuck him for a dime-bag of crack. But of course that wouldn't be prudent until everything was

irrevocably under her name. Soon after that though her impossibly succulent and naïve young Slut-boy would find himself a prisoner in his own basement, the first and always primary attraction in the world's biggest and best underground fetish brothel. The Marquis de Sade himself would weep to see it. Then throughout the prime of her womanhood, her still incredibly active declining years and even her supremely comfortable dotage, the former Alexander Drake would be Nikki's ultimate sugar baby, the lone occupant of her secret personal dungeon, an around-the-clock bondage-boy and torture subject, permanently cock-locked eunuch, forced-faggot gay fetish whore and the quintessential white slave: paying back superior femininity and the entire African race for all the sins of his asshole ancestors.

Hmm...it seemed the movers were finally finished. Savoring her dreams of the inevitable, Nikki went to tip them as befitted a wealthy heiress and then see them off, so that she could resume bringing her indescribably wonderful future that much closer to fruition.

"All finished then? Nothing's been misplaced or overlooked?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Everything's in order ma'am."

Damn she could get used to this: being respectfully addressed and bowed to even when she wasn't wearing a big hard cock or holding a whip! Thank you, Slut-boy!

"Very well, then. Here, this is for you, and you. Mind the flowerbeds on the way out."

"Wow, thank you ma'am!"

"All right! Be sure to call us if you need anything else!"

"That'll do, boys. Have a good day."

"You too ma'am."

"Thanks again!"

With a sigh and a shiver Nikki closed the door behind them and locked it. Then she strode straight to the box she wanted. From a pocket in her smashing new dress (purchased with some of her excess expenses money) she withdrew a black-handled six-inch switchblade. Popping this open she slit the seal on the box and withdrew the first of her treasures: a big double-dildo gag. She shivered with anticipation again as she freed it from the packing material.

Damn she was hungry for a big hard dick! And this was just the ticket.

Similar to the cock-gag currently stuffing full Slut-boy's upper orifice, this one had another, larger dildo sprouting from the outside of the gag as well. Once her new slave was wearing it she could ride his face all day and night; enjoy all the penetration she liked without bringing anyone else into the picture or allowing him any unworthy penile pleasures. On the contrary, he was certain to find smothering under her crotch while she bounced up and down, rocked back and forth or just endlessly pumped her hips against his head to be more degrading and unpleasant than anything she'd subjected him to yet.

Grinning maliciously, Nikki hurried to bring Slut-boy up from his eventual permanent cell to her own grand new bedroom. Even though she still had to share this with him for now, she was nevertheless having loads of incredible fun up there. And it was only going to get better and better and better forever...

And so the two months between submission and acceptance passed in a happy dream for Nikki. She settled in wonderfully, learning every nook and cranny of her expansive

new home. She had Alex dismiss the domestic staff, whom she neither liked nor trusted (the feeling was heartily mutual) and bring in minimal new help. All she needed were housekeepers and a groundskeeper that could be relied upon to mind their own business and keep their mouths shut about anything they might see – which of course wasn't much, as she always kept her elaborately restrained Slut-boy locked away in his closet for the few hours they were on the premises.

She was given her own checks and access to a well-stocked bank account, which was a nice first installment on what she eventually expected to be everything. Even better, Slut-boy opened the bedroom safe to her, which was filled with his former mother's staggering jewelry collection. From then on Nikki went around draped in far more gold than just the chain that held her slave's cock-key, and bedecked with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires that would have made her old crowd in Chicago drop dead with envy – or murder her in turn.

Nikki ate better than ever in her life, washing down sumptuous meals with hundred year-old bottles of wine. She dressed in silks and satins and the finest linens and in general wallowed in all the incredible decadence she'd always fantasized about and finally enjoyed by right. And of course all the time her Slut-boy's slave-training progressed apace.

She hadn't yet introduced him to his more onerous duties and obligations. For the time being she was content to irrevocably cement in his love for her and addiction to her various initial uses for him. And truly she always found this process enjoyable as well. Nothing like the outrageous never-ending excitement and vicious vindication upcoming of course, but the trick to a truly fulfilling life was to appreciate the journey rather than constantly look forward to the destination. It was a cliché, but truly taking time to smell the roses – or in this case fuck the slut – was its own reward. And fuck the slut Master Nikki certainly did, in extravagant daily fashion.

She took him in every conceivable position, the more degrading the better, and always tightly bound. There was no more of this play-time bondage or missionary shit. She did him trussed up like a suckling pig, with his ass high in the air, his arms and legs tied together elbows to knees and wrists to ankles, and with a giant cock stuffing up his mouth in lieu of an apple.

She pounded him like a pile-driver, his knees over his shoulders and his caged cock pushed right down into his hugely gagged face. She did him bent way over a kitchen chair, standing with the rail-back cutting into his gut and all four limbs lashed to the wooden legs way down low. She fucked his ass and his face in every possible way her extensive experience and endless inventiveness could devise. And of course her slave lived in unceasing, wildly creative and cruelly contorted bondage even when she wasn't fucking him, which she did at all hours of the day and night, as unpredictable in her timing as she was exhaustively brutal in her execution. Yet still Slut-boy couldn't get enough of it. His eyes constantly pleaded out of his outrageously gagged face for her to do it again and again and again, and harder this time please! And naturally Nikki needed her own penetration. Several times a day she slid down onto the giant cock jutting up from the wide tough leather sealing away the lower half of his face and rode his harnessed head like a rented mule, or some worthless nag destined only for the glue factory once his limited usefulness was exhausted. She was doing this yet again on the

afternoon she broke the stupendous news to him that they'd actually been accepted for the femdom competition.

"Guess what, Slut-boy?"

Nikki was recovering from perhaps her sixth orgasm of the day so far. Usually she was good for at least a dozen over a given twenty-four hours. She was sitting on Slut-boy's face, looking down between her breasts into his extremity-crazed eyes as she gently pumped her hips, rocking that big cock back and forth against her g-spot with delicious slowness. Timing his breaths so as to get a sip of air every time her vulva eased its press against his nostrils (something he'd obviously long since been forced to become an expert at) Slut-boy blinked clear his teary gaze and focused his entire adoring attention on her.

Nikki felt that possessive fondness and amused contempt surface again at the limitless love, trust, worship and lust in those pretty hazel eyes. Oh he was hers, he was all hers forever and ever, and all she'd had to do was take his cherry. Smiling down at her precious Slut-boy with benevolent generosity and impish mischief, she proceeded as planned with the afternoon's agenda. Trapped between her heavy body and the sumptuous bed he'd soon be giving up to her forever, connected fuck-hole to fuck-hole with his Master by eighteen inches of reciprocal cock, Slut-boy's eyes lit up with shock and delight as she gave him the news.

"It looks like your penis sleeve is indeed going to be removed in a couple of weeks. Out of what must have been tens or even hundreds of thousands of submissions, our application has been accepted for the big femdom contest. You and I will go on global TV and an internet feed to demonstrate our wonderful relationship for an audience of millions. And since judging is based at least partly on the level of male arousal, your penis will be allowed to erect and even ejaculate for the duration of the competition. After that of course we'll have to see what we'll do with it, depending on how well you perform for me. Isn't that simply heavenly news?"

His eyes gleaming with eagerness, Slut-boy nodded as enthusiastically as possible given his exquisitely trapped circumstances. Nikki giggled with excitement as the dildo waggled within her. Then she continued.

"Yes, it's certainly going to be heavenly all around. Particularly part four, where I publicly butt-fuck you in front of everybody. People will be watching that on their computers and storing and sharing video clips of it for a hundred years into the future, of that I'm certain. But first we'll have to get through stage three, the discipline competition, which we haven't even *begun* to practice for yet.

"You've been such a perfect young Slut-boy slave that I haven't yet had to punish you even once. But I'm afraid I'll have to now, and constantly over the next couple of weeks. We have to develop your appreciation and build up your tolerance for being beaten quickly if we want to win. So now we're going to celebrate our acceptance the same way I would have punished our rejection: by introducing your sexy little ass to some sensations that will soon be as familiar – if not quite as welcome – to it as penile penetration.

Again grinning down at the look in her slave's dotting eyes (sudden fear this time) Master Nikki slipped off Slut-boy's cock-face and went to the nearby wardrobe, where she'd stored most of her implements of discipline.

As planned she selected a simple riding crop. Then she returned to where her beautifully clueless dupe and soon to be plucked pigeon lay elaborately bound on the bed. Nikki had left him with his upper arms strapped to his sides just below the shoulders and above the elbows and with his folded-up thighs similarly secured to his torso just below the knees. His lower arms and legs were tied tightly together and strung up perpendicular to the canopy above. This exposed his ass and the tender undersides of his thighs to any amount of abuse she chose to inflict.

‘Momma’ smiled sweetly at her Slut-boy in the cleverly chosen and extensively practiced persona that had already so successfully secured his irrevocable allegiance.

“Let’s start you out nice and easy, shall we? We’ll work our way up to the two-handed paddle, the cane and all of my wonderful whips.”

With her heart singing silent paeans to her own brilliance, luck, and irresistible allure, Nikki went joyfully to work – work that was simultaneously a hundred percent pure play.

Oh great goddesses of femdom, life certainly was grand! With that thankful prayer completed, the former hooker grunted and swung with all her might, delivering the first of many thousands of eventual blows to her perfect new possession’s lily-white ass.

Thrall

Thrall was held upright against a flat metal surface. He was locked so solidly into position he could move little beyond his fingers, toes and his almost completely hooded head.

With the ear coverings in place and a large ball filling his mouth the only access his first four senses had to his dungeon were through holes in the stifling leather that were situated over his eyes and nostrils. They were enough however. He could see his incomparably beautiful Goddess and smell her heavenly scent. That was all he needed.

A wide steel semicircle locked his neck to the hard plane behind him, as heavy leather straps did his chest and waist. His arms were likewise secured up and back, steel-clamped at the biceps and wrists so that they were held straight out from the shoulders with his elbows bent, his hands pointed above his head at the ceiling. His butt was supported only by the enormous and as always electrified steel penis rhythmically ramming up into it from below. His legs were spread to the very limits of physiology and clamped to the wall in identical but reciprocal fashion to his arms: thighs pointing straight out wide, knees bent square and bare feet resting on the cold marble floor. Utterly helpless (just the way he always must be) Thrall gazed raptly at the incomprehensibly cruel owner to whom he’d given up his voice, profoundly evil sexual capacity and practically everything else.

Xenia was dressed this day in a spare but complex body harness of thin, crisscrossing black leather straps connected by small, shiny silver rings. With her utterly flawless alabaster skin exposed in regular diamond patterns, her impossibly long legs accentuated and given yet another five inches of height by elegant black shoes whose straps were decorated with little silver spikes, she was as breathtakingly torturous a vision as always.

But today there was an incomprehensible anomaly to the picture of feminine perfection she presented.

Thrall's Goddess held in her hands a very large tool more suited to a housebreaker or construction worker: a set of heavy-duty bolt-cutters. Understandably curious, he nevertheless listened with the same absolutely unwavering attention he always gave her when she blessed and tested him with her presence. Then simple curiosity progressed to outright amazement and thence to a terror and chagrin he'd thought long since burned out and satisfied respectively in him by his exceedingly extreme existence.

"You and I will be competing in a very unique spectacle Thrall. It's a contest for Goddesses. The prize is a million dollars, which I suppose I'll throw on the pile, and a reality TV show, which I will decline and take the opportunity to denounce, as I despise that whole moronic concept. That isn't the point however.

"The point is that I'm in this thing to win it, to prove to the world who is truly the greatest Goddess of them all. I will be seriously vexed if I'm cheated of this proof. And I will take out my vengeance on *you*.

"As silly and irrelevant as I consider it, part of the judging will consist of the level of male arousal experienced as determined by a penile monitor. That means I must release your genitals from their formerly permanent bondage for the duration of this contest. You will even be given the opportunity to ejaculate.

"This is distasteful to me in the extreme, as surely as it must be for you. But if we win, I suppose you will have earned the singular privilege. However if we lose, I will ensure that you pay for this outrage in the most final and appropriate manner possible. I will have your balls Thrall, to keep in a jar on my mantelpiece. Now, if you don't want to lose them right now regardless, hold still and don't even twitch. I need to cut off your cock-locks so they can be replaced with temporary ones."

Goddess hefted the bolt-cutters and moved in closer. Despite the turmoil of forgotten feelings roiling his insides Thrall centered himself in the Zen-like way he'd perfected years ago. He retreated deep inside, taking slow, steady breaths and willing all his impressive muscles into passive flaccidity. He remained in this state of supreme relaxation as Xenia maneuvered the tips of those heavy blades into position behind and to either side of his long un-emptied testicles and cut the locks securing them to his penis in quick succession. She set the tool aside then, reached in and pulled the ruined locks free of his piercings.

So peacefully centered was Thrall that his abnormally large penis remained limp and quiescent as it flopped free despite having been locked down for nearly a decade. But then his Goddess ran a stroking finger up and down its heavily ringed, studded, and tattooed length. Immediately it responded to this insidious touch, springing swiftly upright in all its former nasty insatiability. Groaning silently, Thrall writhed in his bonds as all his hard-won control fell away from him, and the organ that had ruled his life for a decade and a half, driving him to the most unspeakable acts, reared up and wrestled with him for the mastery of his soul.

Thrall's life of suffering underground was a reaction to and a terribly satisfying penance for a life lived on the seamiest possible side of the adult entertainment industry. He had no desire to see the raging beast within him freed again, even for an hour. And yet Goddess Xenia Domina kept stroking, jingling the rings lining the underside of his shaft, tracing the outlines of the complex tattoos she'd needled all over it as they stretched and

expanded, scratching the sensitive junction of shaft and glans with the feather-light touch of a fingernail as he popped fully free of the foreskin at last, and even painfully flicking the exquisitely tender tip.

“Oh my, look at you! How does that feel after all these years, my sinful slave? You were never supposed to get erect again after all you’d done, and now here you are, eager to get up to your old tricks again.”

She took a deep breath, leaned in close and blew gently against him from base to tip. This set off an autonomic bobbing and throbbing that had Thrall biting hard on the ball in his mouth and writhing wildly in place, fighting his implacable bonds in a sympathetic shadow-play of the terrible struggle raging within him.

Xenia laughed gently, knowing all too well the unprecedented torment she inflicted on him. Then she rose again, leaving him to rage and pulsate unacknowledged.

“I think, before I lock you up again, that we have to take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

“Torturing a full and shamefully needy erection, especially an enormous one with the history of yours, can be wonderfully satisfying from both sides. And without your penis in the way I have unobstructed access to your entire balls for the first time in ever so long! If we were to lose this contest, and you your testicles in consequence, I’d never get to torment them again, would I? Therefore this afternoon, evening, and all of the long night ahead we are going to indulge in genital torture like never before.

“Your penis will pay in spades for its sins – young girls wasn’t it? My how you must have torn them up. And your balls will learn to look forward to their irrevocable severance from the rest of you, whether that comes right after the contest or at my unpredictable whim two or twenty or fifty years hence. So prepare yourself slave, while I gather up my tools and toys. Your contemptible past and inevitable future are about to meet in an excruciatingly interminable present. I hope you enjoy it as much as I will.”

Soon Goddess Xenia went to work on him. And as expected the conflicting emotions she provoked were almost as torturous as the extreme (and extremely appropriate) physical agony. As she’d indicated, the acts Xenia endlessly performed on his penis were orders of magnitude more rewarding in its urgently erect state. The whipping with fine wire, the stretching of his piercings almost to the point of tearing, the application of heat and electricity to each embedded ring and stud in endless sequence and combination; the twisting, bending and unnatural contortions enforced; the stabbing with needles and everything else put him in ecstasies of excruciation. But it was the monstrous abuse of his bloated balls that truly taxed Thrall. As Xenia inflicted each new horror upon them she mused introspectively about various methods of castration, constantly exacerbating the conflict at the center of his being.

“Perhaps I could simply flatten them completely,” she suggested as she turned the screws that crushed them in a press, “Rupture and pulverize them beyond repair by tiny increments.

“I suppose I could keep adding these on until they were ripped right away,” she smirked as she hung ever heavier weights to the harness stretching them pitilessly out.

“One quick stroke with this red-hot knife would sever them from you instantly and simultaneously cauterize the wound!” Xenia enthused as she used the edge of that glowing blade to inflict dozens of little cuts or the back of it to create intricate geometric patterns of brands.

For each possibility Thrall writhed as inescapably between the points of his dilemma as he did under the neural firestorm assaulting his synapses. Perversely he dreaded and craved each end she suggested. To be freed from erection and function forever by such exquisitely vengeful means would be a relief and apotheosis both, appropriate and yet still not quite just. This freedom from his second-most necessary penance would always be premature.

Thrall could suffer an eternity of torture to his balls and still never forgive them for what they'd driven him to do. Of course his ultimate act of self-flagellation could still continue even as it was now, with a cock even more monstrous than his own endlessly raping his tightest of holes and searing him constantly with electricity in lieu of semen. But even an eternity of that could never make up for the things he'd done. He needed to perform every possible expression of contrition and remorse for as long as he had the body necessary to suffer them. Only then would he be able to face his eventual extinction free of the self-disgust that consumed him.

And so he went on, wallowing in the harshest of suffering and becoming more determined than ever to win the upcoming contest for his Goddess, for reasons he considered both noble and selfish. If the beast of carnality must be freed from suppression this one last time, let it at least serve a necessary purpose.

Part Three: Display

Wendy

Wendy and Will were in their soundproofed dressing room right before the first performance. Making last-minute adjustments to her pretty slave's costume, Wendy was buzzing with nervousness.

This was not just because it was do-or-die time finally, or even because they'd been randomly chosen to appear on stage first. There were two more related and absolutely huge reasons for her serious case of nerves.

The first was that she wasn't sure she'd actually completely broken her slave in time for all this. Will had responded well to his indoctrination into the arts of bondage and discipline. But he remained completely ignorant about the nature of the reward stage. When she finally had his ass for the first time it would be live and in front of millions. And he'd been highly reluctant and very uncomfortable preparing for even this first stage. Getting him to dress up in elaborate lingerie and practice their moves had been like pulling teeth. This had resulted in one very significant benefit however, which now gave rise to the second reason for Wendy's nervousness.

Unbelievably, she'd also managed to keep secret the fact that this contest would be taking place before an auditorium full of people, to say nothing of an enormous TV and on-line viewership. Driven by his mortification, Will had insisted on staying sequestered in their dressing room ever since their arrival. While Wendy had a great time meeting the other contestants, the organizers, judges and the amazing Lady Lash, and checking out the stage set-up and all the other arrangements, Will had hidden in here like Achilles brooding in his tent. But now that was about to end. How would her painfully shy guy respond when she led him out in front of the cameras and crowd at last?

Wendy wasn't worried much about active rebellion, about Will suddenly fleeing for the exit or anything. She was counting on that Korean work ethic to make him see this through now that he was committed despite her convenient omissions of a few of the particulars. But half of the judging here relied on how aroused the male slave became during each performance.

Even now Will wore a small elasticized sleeve over the shaft of his penis. Sensors woven into this sleeve detected and measured things like temperature and heart-rate, and of course the amount, speed, and duration of expansion. These data were transmitted to a computer, collated and analyzed and transformed into a single score, which would be constantly updated and projected onto a huge monitor alongside all the others. Would Willy find himself amazingly turned on by his sudden unexpected exhibitionism, or would his penis try to crawl back up inside his body from the overwhelming shame of it all? Wendy feared it would be the latter, and her chance at fame and fortune would go right out the window.

Of course she'd never dreamed it might actually be possible to get this far in the first place. As she'd discussed with Kelly, entering this contest had at first just been a scam to see if she could use it to finally enslave her live-in boyfriend. No one had been more shocked than she when the notification came of their acceptance. But now that she was in it, Wendy definitely wanted to win it. A million dollars would take care of their financial troubles nicely. And her own weekly TV show might mean she'd never have to work

again, much less worry about Will's inability to find another job. Plus of course she still retained the desire to excel that had first come over her in front of her computer.

So Wendy was nervous, worried, hopeful and excited all at once as she tugged at Will's hot pink stockings, looking for the slightest wrinkle, and tested yet again the elasticity of his lace-trimmed garters. She made sure these were firmly fastened to the girdle crimping in his middle, and prayed that his still limited ability to walk properly in his three-inch heels wouldn't desert him at a crucial moment. She straightened his filmy silk g-string for the twentieth time, fretting yet again that she should have chosen panties instead, and wondered if Will's padded bra was padded too much or maybe not enough. The perfect little sissy he looked to her, with his heavy makeup, black pageboy wig, long false fingernails and eyelashes. But rather than act comfortably girlish and coquettish in his outlandish get-up, he still just looked terrified and embarrassed. And then suddenly it was too late for any more worrying, last-minute adjustments or instructions. It was show-time.

A perfunctory knock sounded on the door to their dressing room and then it opened. In poked the spiky-haired head of the woman Wendy knew only as Lena, one of the contest's organizers and all around functionaries who'd been assigned to them.

"Two minutes you guys. It's time for your big debut."

"Oh god," answered Wendy. "Do I look okay?"

She cast a glance at the mirror which took up most of one wall. She was perched on very high heels, the thin leather straps of which wrapped her calves in crisscrossing fashion to just below the knee. Other than that she wore only a skimpy black bikini of leather strips decorated with little silver spikes. It couldn't even be called a bikini properly, for the cup-less top let her heavy breasts (by far her best feature) protrude through completely bare. Lifted and separated by those twinkling black straps, in marked contrast to her trim belly, she knew these were simply to die for – or at least profusely drool over. And the similarly minimal panties clearly displayed the sign for female expertly trimmed into her crotch – all that remained of her pubic hair. Despite her nervousness she hardly needed Lena's reassurance.

"You're a knockout girl, don't worry about it. Let's go, time's a-wasting!"

"Right!" Wendy seized her pretty sissy by the hand and led him trembling after Lena. Right away they heard the rustle and murmur of a large crowd, and the amplified, enthusiastic voice of the Lady Lash wrapping up the preliminaries, exhorting the audience and setting the stage for the competition proper to get under way.

Immediately Wendy felt resistance build in the sweaty hand clasped in hers. She tightened her grip and drew Will firmly on after her as Lena led them to stage left. She passed Wendy a wireless microphone and a last bit of unnecessary instruction.

"Wait here until you're introduced. Then go on out and strut your stuff. Good luck!"

"Thanks," said Wendy a bit breathlessly. Will was hissing urgently at her, trying to get her attention, but she ignored him. Lady Lash was already in the process of introducing them.

"So ladies and germs, women and worms, it's time to get this incredible competition underway. Let's hear it for our first contestants of the night, Mistress Wendy Polaski and her sissy slave William Kim. Come on out and show us all what you got girl!"

Seen from the side as she gave them a huge smile, a sweep of the arm and conceded the stage, the adult film star and 'fetish activist' was just as flamboyant and larger-than-

life as advertised. Already a large, busty woman with lots of faux-white hair, her height was embellished above and below with thigh-high white elevator boots and an enormous ostrich-plumed headdress. With her midriff crimped in even more radically than poor trembling Will she wore a sparkling, jewel and sequin-studded bustier that emphasized both her bursting bosom and the ridiculously oversized dildo jutting from the front of her matching white hot pants.

Flashing a radiant smile of her own, Wendy took a deep breath and practically dragged her reluctant sissy by the hand out into the spotlights and toward the center of the large stage. As she'd feared, the huge roaring crowd, the chorus of appreciative whistles, explosion of hundreds of flashbulbs, TV cameras zooming in and the panel of expectant judges right in front so utterly unmanned her costumed little sissy that he stumbled repeatedly in his heels and moaned loudly enough to be picked up by the microphones. Bravely ignoring this inauspicious beginning, Wendy pulled Will into the center of the storm. She dropped his hand and used her own to give a wave of presentation as she lifted the mic she'd been given to her lips.

"Thank you everyone!"

Wendy had to pause for a bit as the applause intensified along with shouts of "Great tits," and "Shake it baby," and the like. Then she continued as she'd planned.

"The Lady Lash introduced this sissy of mine as William Kim. But 'Willy' is really an appropriate name for only the most insignificant, anomalous part of her. And as you can see, she's of Korean descent. Well, Korean tradition usually calls for the family name first. So let's just call this pretty young thing Kim instead!"

Cheers and jeers and appreciative laughter greeted this, and suddenly Wendy wasn't so sure Will might not bolt right for the exits after all. His trembling was worse by the second and tears were shining in eyes, perhaps preparing to spill over and spoil his makeup. To forestall all this she swung right into their routine.

"Show your respect for your superiors now Kim. Curtsey to all the wonderful females!"

After a brief but telling hesitation Will did as she'd trained him to. And though he followed the rest of her orders willingly enough as she put him through his moves – turning three hundred and sixty degrees, flashing his fanny, mincing back and forth and striking a variety of seductive poses – his obvious stage fright and crippling embarrassment seriously hurt his performance. Also as she'd feared his penile monitor registered absolutely no arousal whatsoever. When their presentation finished their overall score was quite poor despite the audience's raucous appreciation of her own generous attributes. Indeed there were clamorous catcalls of "Dump him!" and "Loser!" and "I'll be your slave any day baby!"

As Wendy dragged her stumbling, shuddering, cringing failed sissy off the stage behind her, seething inside despite her wide public smile and twinkling eyes, she was seriously beginning to consider taking them up on it.

Alex

“Are you ready to get famous Slut-boy?” Nikki breathed over her shoulder at him, as the contest hostess went about introducing them. Tingling all over with excitement despite his continuing dismay at having his perversion about to be revealed to the world, Alex nodded.

Actual speech was beyond his ability. As he’d been almost constantly since his enslavement, Alex was gagged most thoroughly. A complicated harness of leather straps and buckles tightly encircled his head, a big cock of hard black rubber filled his mouth and an even bigger one jutted straight out from his face. His own much smaller penis – in a state of more or less constant erection ever since it had been freed of its months-long confinement less than an hour ago to be fitted with its much more accommodating monitoring sleeve – arched up even harder. Master’s excitement was palpable, and as usual whatever aroused her aroused him more.

“Good!” Nikki growled. “Let’s go knock their socks off!”

Even though it came with an electric button she kick-started the engine. Then with an ear-splitting roar she revved the big chopper they were sitting on. Driving it out onto the stage, she spun it to a fancy stop in the spacious middle.

Perched on the slightly raised rear half of the seat behind his wonderful owner, Alex swayed alarmingly. Yet though his arms were bound (as they’d also been almost constantly for months) he was in no danger of toppling off. Locked from fingertips almost to his wrenched-back shoulders in the triangular sheath of a tough leather arm-binder, those arms were pulled over the narrow, tapered back of the motorcycle seat and clipped to a fitting just above the license plate. He wasn’t going anywhere until Master decided he should.

As for the incredibly lovely and dominant Nikki Washington, she was outfitted in full biker regalia, all black leather from head to toe and glittering everywhere with silver, steel and chrome: pointy spikes and sagging chains, rivets both necessary and not and tons of ornamental studs. Pulled down onto her afro was a shiny-billed military-style cap. The unbuttoned vest that revealed her powerful arms, deep cleavage and most of her breasts (that tiny key still twinkling between these) was sewn over with patches advertising Harley Davidson, Mobil motor oil and similar products, while she was similarly bare beneath the chaps that exposed her entire ass, crotch and inner thighs. Her heavy, square-toed biker boots were draped with chains and fitted with spurs, and her perforated, fingerless gloves featured quarter-inch spikes on the knuckles. Identically dangerous spikes circled the leather armband about her right bicep in two rows, and temporary tattoos of skulls and knives, barb wire and the like (including a snarling black panther on one shoulder) adorned her all over. With a pronounced swagger to her every movement Master killed the engine, kicked the stand into place, dismounted and circled around behind him.

She unclipped the ring at the tip of the arm-binder, releasing Alex from the bike. Then she grabbed the top buckled strap, and with one swift strong heave she hauled him off the seat and set him on his knees next to the rear wheel. Leaning over, Master used the clips and rings provided to connect the tight leather cuffs he wore on each ankle and knee, binding his legs together. Then she locked that ring on the tip of his arm-binder to his linked ankles, effectively hogtying him. She straightened up, and from a pocket on her vest casually produced a fat Cuban cigar and ordinary wooden kitchen match.

Carelessly Nikki scratched this aflame on a strap of Alex' gag harness where it crossed his cheek. She lit the cigar. Once it was going well she blew smoke directly into his face, then knocked him roughly onto his belly with a single contemptuous kick. Puffing grandly away, she rested a booted foot on his ass like a trophy hunter posing with its glassy-eyed kill. Then she at last lifted the microphone she'd been given and addressed the audience.

"I'm Nikki. But like the Lady Lash told you, I go by the name of Master now. This is my personal property Slut-boy. I don't care what she told you, he has no other name. I own him and everything he used to have – just like his ancestors once did mine. This is payback time, and it's going to continue for as long as we're both alive. Now slave, entertain the nice people for me!"

With another contemptuous kick, Master rolled Slut-boy onto his side. Immediately he obeyed her, squirming and struggling, writhing desperately in his bonds and rolling his slow way right to the edge of the stage. There he stopped when ordered to, presenting his unencumbered front so that the audience, judges and cameras could get a close-up look at his double-dildo-gagged face, the oversize alligator clamps biting deeply into his nipples and especially the emphatically erect condition of his admittedly puny penis. Behind his gag Alex' face flamed with mortification as Master's amplified voice boomed out over the crowd.

"Get a good look at that hard-on folks. Because the second this contest is over, that pathetic little dick is going right back into the permanent chastity cage it's worn ever since Slut-boy's enslavement. Then Slut-boy himself is going to personally destroy both lock and key, putting an end to any erections or orgasms forever.

"The only cocks I need are the ones I ram up his ass and the ones simultaneously stuffing up his upper fuck-hole and sticking out twelve inches from it. Here, I'll show you. Get the fuck back over here Slut-boy! Right now, your Master commands it!"

Right away Slut-boy rolled and squirmed his way back over to her, coming to rest at last panting on his side with his face pointed worshipfully up at his imperious owner. Immediately Master stuck her cigar in her mouth, straddled his head in a splay-legged stance and began to squat down, clearly meaning to ride his face in front of everyone. At that point the Lady Lash, as they'd arranged earlier after some discussion, stepped forward to humorously stop her.

"Hold on there, Slave-master Nikki. This isn't the old plantation you know. You can't do that just now!"

"Why the hell not?" growled Nikki, holding herself spread open wide in front of everyone, her dripping lips just kissing the tip of that big bulbous head. "Once I'm Mistress Degradatrix I'm going to do it every damn day in front of the whole wide world – not to mention use my big black cock to rape his ass and face until he cries like a baby!"

"Because this is just the first act of a four-stage performance. The sexual reward section doesn't *come* until the *climax* of the show. Haven't you ever heard of foreplay?"

"I'm an omnipotent Master!" snarled Nikki back around the butt of her cigar. "I get to climax whenever the hell I want. And the way I figure it, I've got time enough for at least three before the next performance even starts – if not here, then back in my dressing room!"

With that she tossed the microphone over her shoulder and picked Alex bodily up by the arm-binder, causing his wrenched shoulders and bowed back to scream with pain even as his hard-hard penis throbbed even harder.

Master carried him effortlessly this way over to her brand new chopper (purchased just days ago from Alex' inheritance) and slung him bound facedown over the seat in the manner of an Old West marshal transporting an escaped prisoner back to the gallows. Without another word or glance at the audience, judges, emcee or cameras, she kicked her iron horse to life and roared off stage right, trailing the smoke from her engine and cigar arrogantly behind her.

Nor did Nikki stop there, not even to check their scores. She transported Slut-boy straight to their dressing room. Once there she hauled him inside, dropped him on the floor and locked the door. Obviously she wasn't just acting when declaring her intentions. Less than two minutes after leaving the stage Slut-boy once again found himself smothering under her substantial hams as she pitilessly rode his face, still dressed in her wildly exciting biker persona.

With the glowing cigar still clamped in her teeth and spilling ash in his eyes as she vigorously pumped against him, Slut-boy had just enough awareness to spare to wonder if his penile monitor was still displaying its readings to the judges, the audience, and the entire viewing world. If so, they surely must have been spiking off the top of the charts. His briefly freed penis was now so monstrously hard that it ached like an impacted tooth...

Xenia

Waiting seated in her two-wheeled carriage, Xenia Domina watched the scores go up as the previous competitors exited the opposite side of the stage. The black biker bitch and her bondage boy had done very well, especially compared to the pathetic pair that had gone first. She still held them in contempt though, as she did the rest of her competition. The two kids from south of LA were good looking enough, but they were amateurs like the brunette and her useless baggage. She didn't expect much from them either. Only the black bitch and the big butch had any proper experience and control over their slaves. And her scorn for Nikki almost equaled that of the brunette after watching her performance.

So they had big tits – hooray for them. Did they think that was enough to win? And flaunting them before the judges from the get-go was a stupid move. Why give it all up at once? Xenia intended to play them properly, letting the anticipation build until they were dying for it. She'd coyly reveal her assets a bit at a time, giving up nothing at first. Then when she stepped out naked for the final stage she'd totally blow their minds, while the other competitors' bodies would be old news. Half the judges were women anyway, and if pulchritude was an asset (and this wasn't even hinted at in the official judging criteria) then her Thrall had all the other slaves beat hands down. He made all but the California kid look like the wimps and sissies they were.

All that crap was irrelevant anyway. *She* was the only true Goddess here, and she considered this entire contest over before it was started. Whatever the dyke and the little

redhead had planned, neither would come any closer to the incredible first impression she was about to make than the biker had done. And the brunette with the perfect tits was already as good as out.

Xenia gave herself one last once-over as the ridiculous emcee went through her routine. As she did she gloated over every impeccable piece of her outfit.

Her knee-high riding boots were polished to a mirror black, and the pointed toes and spurs were real sterling silver, not steel or chrome like the biker's clunky things. The equestrienne's cap into which she'd carefully concealed her incomparable hair was black as well, as was the elegantly cut, tight-waisted, broad-shouldered jacket she wore. The ruffled neck and cuffs of her expensive silk riding shirt were contrastingly white where they peeked out of the black jacket, and her tan-colored jodhpurs were as finely tailored as everything else. She looked precisely as desired: like the haughtiest specimen of Scandinavian royalty ever to grace these shores, out for a little well-bred leisure with her expensive show-beast.

Finally the porn star hostess was getting down to it. Xenia picked up her coachman's whip and gave the reins a twitch, alerting her Thrall to be ready to go. Already holding the long towing handles leading to her carriage (indeed his wrists were cuffed to them as well as to the harness at his hips) he shifted his grip fractionally, making double-sure of it.

Goddess Xenia was confident Thrall's pony-boy get-up would be enough to steal the show on its own. In addition to being cuffed to his hips his arms were locked together behind his back at the elbows as tightly as his bulky musculature would allow. Besides the handles, towing traces ran from his shoulders to the front of her carriage, and in addition to the reins running from either side of the bit between his teeth a third one snaked between his legs and was locked to the ring piercing his mammoth shaft just below the head. Well-timed twitching of this rein was enough to keep that truly horse-sized penis jutting out proudly erect at all times. A large plug in his ass ended with a real horsetail dangling behind him, and another one (both purest white like her shirt) fell down his back from the crown of his head. Besides sporting this and securing the bit stretching back his cheeks, Thrall's head-harness was also equipped with blinders to restrict his field of vision. Everything was perfect down to the specialty shoes that kept him on his toes and simulated hooves.

"And now ladies and slaves, I give you the Goddess Xenia Domina and her always worshipful subject Thrall, come all the way from their own perfect paradise in the Pacific Northwest for your edification and entertainment. Let's hear it for a truly divine relationship!"

At last! Xenia sent the tasseled lash of her whip flicking into her beast's backside, and on cue he trotted out onto the stage, towing her behind him. Motorcycles – pah! Anyone could climb on one of those and ride. How many people showed up for work in an authentic nineteenth century carriage pulled by their personal male pony-boy? And what a pony!

Shoulders back and squared (not that he had much choice the way his elbows were bound) and elaborately harnessed head held high (again not an option with the bit and all), Thrall's gait was brisk and smartly high-stepping despite the awkward shoes on his feet. These must have made it a bit like running in ballet boots and stilts all at once. Yet he didn't falter in the slightest, even when she cried out "Hi!" and sent the whip slicing

into him, demanding that he go faster. He just picked up the pace, knees pumping almost to the level of his belly.

More smugly confident by the moment Xenia put her mount through his well-trained paces, guiding him around the stage in a couple of circles with a masterful hand on the reins. Then she brought him up short with a ferocious yank-back that brought a gasp from the crowd at the way that enormous erection was pulled down and almost back between his legs by that piercing near the tip. Xenia hauled him around in a one hundred eighty-degree turn then and reversed course, sending him prancing and champing back around the stage in the opposite direction. Once she'd fully demonstrated her mastery and Thrall's flawless obedience and execution (as well as clearly displaying his impressive physique and horse-hung endowment) she brought him to a stop again at center stage front.

Xenia climbed gracefully from the carriage, tucking her whip under one arm. Moving with a stately assurance the other mistresses could only dream about, she moved around to confront her still massively erect riding beast. Then standing without a flicker of worry before a male who could break her slender body in half in an instant if he so chose, she swept off her hat in a grandly dramatic gesture.

This freed her wondrous silver-blond hair to fall down her black-jacketed back in a luxurious flood, gleaming more brightly in the spotlights than even her shirt. Another gasp from the audience greeted this, followed by whistles and thunderous applause. Ignoring this utterly, allowing not a hint of emotion to show on her haughty, coldly beautiful face despite the fierce vindication burning inside her, Xenia had eyes only for her admirably performing pony. She patted his bare buttock, stroked his nose with a finger and then produced a large sugar cube. Holding this out flat on her palm so the judges and cameras could easily identify it, she presented it to her panting and sweating ride.

Thrall again proved flawless, ducking his plumed head in recognition, pawing at the stage with one hoof and then somehow daintily lapping the offering from her palm despite the wide steel bit wedged firmly in his jaws. Satisfied, Goddess Xenia patted his flank again, gathered up the reins and led him off the stage. Despite the fact that she'd not once addressed or even acknowledged the judges and crowd – much less flaunted her pussy and tits before them – the audience responded with a fierce cheer and ever more raucous applause. And when her scores flashed up, Xenia wasn't surprised in the least to see that she was now well in the lead.

Kerry

Perfectly comfortable in his extensive shackling and spanking-new but generally identical French maid's uniform, Kerry waited alone on his side of the stage.

Unlike the other contestants he and Toni would be entering from opposite directions. And although he had no serious worries about being able to carry out his part of the performance upcoming (nearly twenty-five years of she-male service had made him an expert at a lot of challenging things), he still had one overriding concern.

He was expected to be aroused by all this. And though he was practiced as well at feigning arousal when it seemed expedient, he hadn't experienced the genuine article in well over a decade. Arousal had been equated with exquisite pain in his penis for so long that it had been effectively conditioned out of him. And faking it simply wouldn't cut it this time. In place of the tight, spike-lined cage that had imprisoned it for so long, his tiny, always ineffectual, practically vestigial manhood now wore a sophisticated monitoring device. Now that he was actually free for the first time since he was eighteen, and had even been ordered unconditionally to have an erection, it just wouldn't come. Toni was going to be simply furious with him...

Driven by that fear, Kerry looked across the wide stage, past the gesticulating Lady Lash at his imposing wife opposite him. Toni was currently dressed as a construction worker. She wore a scuffed yellow hardhat, a ribbed if threadbare men's strap-style undershirt; worn, faded and stained if tight-fitting jeans, and heavy leather work boots laced up over the cuffs of these. Strapped about her crotch was the fearsome and enormous onyx dildo she saved for special occasions, and above this she wore a sturdy tool belt hung with wrenches, a hammer and various other implements. In desperation Kerry stripped all this away from her. In the private theater of his mind he returned his wife to the ravishingly naked twenty year-old she'd been on their wedding night, when'd he'd still been cherishing foolish dreams of losing his virginity and embarking on the wonderfully satisfying normal sex life enjoyed by most married couples.

For the first time ever Kerry threw aside over two decades of precedent and allowed himself to fantasize about what might have been. Shut up in a seedy motel room, Antonia Donovan dressed herself in lingerie, and not him. She climbed atop him and pressed her unbelievable breasts into his face and urged him to suckle all he liked. Instead of strapping on a big fake cock, she touched his own small but eager and indisputably real one, the only woman not his mother to ever do so. She toyed with it, and then put it in her mouth and sucked it. Then yes, oh heavenly glory and forever undiscovered wonders, she mounted and rode it to orgasm for the first of thousands of eventual ecstatic times...

Kerry had never let himself think like this for a reason. The meagerness and horror of his real life would just be too unbearable by comparison. But desperate times called for desperate measures. Keeping a lifetime of woe and heartbreak from crashing in on him all at once by a stupendous if unacknowledged effort, he fed this forbidden fantasy until at last his dormant sexual capacity stirred within him. His face flushed, his heart-rate picked up, and yes, at last his forever-neglected penis began to twitch and stiffen. Just in time too – the brazen hostess was giving a wide sweep of her arm, facing first at Toni and then him as she introduced them.

"So here we go with our second-last contestants of the evening! Goddesses and subjects, I give you the masterful bread-winner Toni Masterson and her she-male wife and virgin chore slave, the former boy-slut Kerry Donovan. Let's see how the latter welcomes home her wonderful provider after a hard day's work, shall we?"

The Lady Lash backed off, separate spotlights stabbed over to illuminate the sides of the stage, and without hesitation she-male Kerry stepped carefully out into hers.

Care was essential. She (yes, Kerry acknowledged, he'd become a she in everything but the strictly biological sense long ago) was wearing the same kind of locked-on fetish shoes she always did. But that was far from all. In addition to being precariously perched

on the very tips of her toes, her ankles were cuffed together with a mere twelve inches of shackling chain between them.

From the center of this connecting chain another ran up between her legs to lock onto her wrists where they were tightly cuffed behind her back. That chain was so short Kerry couldn't raise her elbows (also cuffed tightly together) an inch without tripping herself up.

Another chain about her severely corseted waist and two more short ones running down taut from either side of her specially fitted bondage collar secured and supported respectively a small serving tray held in front of her. Resting on this just below her breasts (these were thrust proudly out by the elbow shackles radically bowing her shoulders and back) were two glasses just recently filled nearly to the brim with icy, frothy liquid: a champagne flute of Dom Perignon and a pilsner glass of Budweiser. Both containers were top-heavy, particularly the elegantly stemmed flute. The slightest misstep could topple them. And Kerry had been ordered in no uncertain terms not to spill a single drop.

Toni stepped a few paces out into her own spotlight and then stopped. She raised her microphone to her lips and her imperious voice boomed out.

"I am home, wife! And this entire house had better be spotless! I'll expect my dinner in exactly twenty minutes. Now, bring me a beer and don't spill a drop of it, or you will be bound upside down and whipped for hours before I finally deign to fuck you!"

With a large ring-gag hollowing her rouged cheeks and holding her thickly painted lips open in an accommodating O, Kerry was incapable of responding. Indeed with that implacable collar encircling her entire neck right up to the shelf of her jaw and around the back of her skull, holding her head strictly upright and facing straight forward she couldn't even look down at herself, her burden, or the floor over which she walked. Nevertheless she focused in on foot-tapping Toni and proceeded with slow, precisely measured steps across the stage.

Someone in the audience yelled "Trip!" Another yelled, "Spill it, sissy!" and soon there were clamoring catcalls coming from all over the cavernous room. By the time Kerry had made it a quarter of the way across the stage, these had cohered into a rhythmic clapping and chanting of "Trip! Trip! Trip! Trip! Trip!"

Still she kept her gaze locked onto impatiently waiting Toni (not that her collar gave her much choice) and her mind grimly focused on the task at hand. Yet so practiced was Kerry at walking in shackles on her tiptoes and six-inch heels that by the time she'd made it halfway she had a bit of attention to spare for that long suppressed fantasy.

It readily returned to her, and unbelievable as it had seemed at first, Kerry eventually found herself sporting a full and eager erection for the first time since she was eighteen. She was even moaning to herself a bit by the time she finally stood in her hulking owner's shadow, having successfully traversed the entire stage without spilling a drop as ordered.

From enthusiastically attempting to upset her into failure, the audience and even judges were suddenly even more wildly applauding her success. Smiling smugly, Toni again raised her microphone. Again her deep voice boomed out over the crowd.

"Well, I guess this calls for a celebration eh? Lovely Lady Lash, would you join me in a toast? My chore slave has brought you a glass of champagne."

"Why thank you my dear!"

This gratitude was directed at Toni of course, who handed over the flute even as she picked up her beer. Ignoring Kerry entirely, the two hulking women dwarfing her (one dressed in aggressively masculine fashion, the other in elaborately decorative feminine and both sporting monstrously oversized erections) faced each other and raised their glasses.

“Here’s to you, Lady Lash, and to all the organizers of this incredible contest!” Toni turned then, taking into her regard the audience, judges and cameras, and raising her glass to them as well. “And here’s to you, everyone who’s come out tonight or tuned in special to see it! And here’s to all the properly dominant women in the world, each doing their indispensable part to reclaim the planet from the inferior sex! I salute you all! Drink ‘em if you got ‘em!”

Toni turned back to the Lady Lash. They clinked rims and drank. Staying perfectly in character, Toni chugged her entire beer. She belched resoundingly then tossed the empty glass over her shoulder. It shattered on the floor – one for the housekeeper. Toni turned back to shackled maid Kerry at last.

“Now then bitch, I haven’t forgotten about you,” she growled. “It’s time to exercise my marital rights yet again!”

She unhooked her tool belt, stripped it off and dumped it implements and all onto the now empty tray. Then without removing the hardhat Toni suddenly reached up and ripped apart her man’s undershirt, exposing her thick but hard torso, bulky shoulders, powerfully muscled arms and impressive breasts. To excited cheering from the crowd she flung the rags away, spun Kerry around and bent her way over. She flipped up her starched skirts in back as she’d done a thousand times and more before and prepared to batter her brutal way into her.

Of course at this point the chuckling Lady Lash was forced to step in again.

“Hold on there, Toni. My, you ladies are eager tonight! But I’m afraid there’s no slut fucking on stage until the final performance.”

“Are you sure?” asked Toni, thumbing back her hardhat a bit and cocking a speculative eye. “You can do her other end. A couple of pricks like ours, and we could pound this sissy into jelly between us in a matter of minutes!”

“Well...” Lady Lash appeared to hesitate, suggestively stroking her clearly ceremonious cock – it was nearly fifteen inches long and over three thick. Then she visibly collected herself. “I’ll take you up on that later, my dear. In fact my big prick just might have to enjoy *all* of tonight’s slaves before I let you go home. Hostess’ privilege don’t you know. But for now you’ll have to take it to your dressing room like Master Nikki.”

“Good enough!” growled Toni. She seized her little she-male by the ear and dragged her, still bent way over, all the way back across the stage. And once again Kerry made it without her mincing little steps faltering in the least, and without sending a single tool clattering onto the hardwood stage. But unfortunately her little hard-on was once again ancient history.

Darby

Darby watched jealously as the big dyke in the hardhat dragged her feminized little chore slave off the stage in the same manner she pulled Myron around when particularly mad at him.

She was exceedingly pissed at him right now; had been for weeks and was getting madder the longer she watched. That should be *her* up on the stage, and not some nigger biker or proud-to-be-out lesbian. And it was every bit his fucking fault.

What did those bitches have that she didn't, aside from big tits? For the first time Darby seriously considered getting breast implants. Not to please her husband, hell no! She wanted them to flaunt before him while never letting him touch them, like these ladies on TV did. Contradicting her thought from just seconds ago while refusing to acknowledge it, Darby thought to herself that these girls certainly had some good ideas for keeping a man down. She wanted a gag with a big prick sticking off it, like the biker obviously used. And she couldn't wait to get a strap-on dildo and start fucking her loser husband in the ass. That was one she'd never even dreamed of, and the big dyke obviously did it exclusively.

Well, leave it to a dyke to think up something like that. But just because she wasn't a lesbian herself was no reason not to make Myron live like a sissy little faggot. Why the hell were they paying for housekeeping, when she had a perfect little chore slave right here? Immediately Darby reversed her long-standing refusal to let Myron retire from the firm.

They were comfortable enough. And if they were never going to get rich anyway, then she could vastly increase the only bitter satisfaction she got out of life by bullying, belittling, beating and demeaning him around the clock.

From now on Myron would work at home keeping house for her. Furthermore she would keep him dressed in French maid outfits just like the virgin little sissy on TV. Until then she had plenty of old lingerie she'd outgrown lying around. She hadn't worn any of it in over a decade and never intended to do so again, so they might as well get some use out of it. Myron could wear it to bed at night, and all the time until she got him his uniform.

Darby abruptly stood up from the couch they were sitting on. No time like the present: she had about five minutes before the next performance started. Sitting at the other end where she'd ordered him to when the contest started, Myron scrambled to his feet too.

"Can I get you something Darby?"

That was good: he was already accustomed to anxiously waiting hand and foot on her. Even better, he'd finally got it through his thick head to stop calling her 'dear'. But it wasn't good enough. If the ridiculously pierced-up and tattooed slave with the big muscles and giant dick could think of his owner as a goddess, then so could her own useless excuse for a man. From now on he would call her exclusively that.

"Sit down!" Darby snapped. "Stay right there and keep watching. Tell me if I miss anything good."

Wearing just a sloppily belted housecoat that flared open as she walked, the newly empowered goddess strode through the living room, hallway and bedroom to her closet. Tearing through her things, tossing items indiscriminately about (her Slut-boy could straighten up later; she really liked that name for him even if a spook thought it up) Darby at last located some appropriate stuff.

The shoes would be too small, but too bad. It was far past time men learned what pain women were forced to endure in the name of fashion. The stockings however would be too big: saggy and full of runs. No matter though, the girdle and garters would hold them up, and the more ridiculous Myron looked the better. Likewise the bra was too big around for her shallow-chested sissy, but a safety pin in back would solve that problem. And due to her soon-to-be corrected lack of boobs it was already equipped with falsies. Darby added a filmy, frilly peignoir to go over top of all this and then stamped back to the living room.

Perfect timing: the last contestants were just being I introduced. Grimly delighting in Myron's sudden shocked consternation Darby dropped her armload of sissy clothes on the coffee table in front of him.

"Get your clothes off bitch! Every last stitch. From now on I'm your Goddess. And your new name is Slut-boy. You're going to be my she-male sissy French maid chore slave, just like the one the big dyke has. This stuff will have to do until we get you a uniform."

Chin trembling, lips quivering and eyes duly horrified, Myron only stared silent pleading at her for a moment. Then taking in her implacable stance, demanding glare and sudden upraised fist he dropped his eyes. His hands were shaking so badly it took him forever just to get his tie off and his shirt unbuttoned.

Steve

"Here we go Slave Steven. Are you ready to make us rich?"

Feeling an almost indescribable surfeit of emotions, Steve nodded up at his wife leaning over him, who looked more stunning than he'd ever seen her.

Amy's two foot long mass of bushy red curls was teased out into an even more remarkably fiery explosion than usual, and her make-up job made her lightly-freckled face look absolutely gorgeous. She was gorgeous to Steve any time of course – even red-eyed, puffy-faced, fragrant and disheveled from sleeping late as she was when he brought her breakfast in bed every noon. But this amazing beauty was truly unprecedented. That and the way her newest outfit accentuated her perfect little body made his own cosmetically enhanced eyes pop out even more.

In full Lady Love mode Amy wore little more than thigh-high spike-heeled boots and bicep-high gloves of a blindingly shiny white. A tiny matching corset constricted her already more-than-trim middle until he bet he could fit his big quarterback hands around it with the fingertips touching. He was even now so dog-in-heat, hot and bothered looking at her that his cock felt like it was stretching its monitoring sheath to the limit before they'd even taken the stage. And rather than inhibiting it, this burning arousal was only being keenly stoked by that additional mix of wildly churning emotions roiling him.

Steve's belly was full of the big-game butterflies he'd always felt before trotting out in front of a demanding crowd. But there was a hell of a crucial difference this time. In those days he'd been determined to avoid humiliation. Here mortification of the most extreme sort was an absolute given. And the fact that he was being coerced into this by his mistress sparked that subjugation fetish she'd unearthed in him like nothing else, not

even being helplessly bound while she mocked him as a bitch and pounded her way into his gratefully accepting ass.

He was filled with fear of failure too, a more profound trepidation than even a championship game could bring. If he fucked up, Steve wouldn't merely be letting down coaches and teammates, boosters and maybe a million fans. That was laughable by comparison. He'd be disappointing his incomparable Lady Love, the icon and epitome of female superiority to whom he'd gladly pledged his entire life and afterlife. The merest hint of her disapproval would eviscerate him like a scimitar.

So of course he was also flooded with the unconditional love and worshipful awe Steve always harbored for this incontestably Supreme Being, this sacred Goddess who had unaccountably consented to own him body and soul. This too was an infallible aphrodisiac, as was the heady scent of her as Amy leaned in even closer to clip the pink leather leash she held to the matching collar about his throat.

Fully in character, Steve wriggled about in his pink French poodle costume in decidedly puppyish fashion. He poked his tongue out through the ring-gag he wore as a muzzle and attempted to lick her hand. At the same time he twitched his ass from side to side, wagging the springy powder-puff tail that protruded through his anus from the big plug uncomfortably stuffing his rectum. Amy laughed approvingly at this.

"Good dog! Now, I know we practiced a whole routine. But once we get out there I'm just going to wing it. After all, spontaneity is the spice of life, and everyone else has been so obviously scripted. Our strength is our lively personalities, and I want to play that up. So follow my lead and of course do whatever I tell you. But don't be afraid to improvise a bit yourself. Surprise me, and give me a reason to use this."

Lady Love held up a small remote similar to the kind of keychain fob used to disarm car alarms. She grinned significantly at him, and Steve signaled his assent by redoubling his frantic attentions. In response Amy patted the fuzzy pink puff (similar to his tail) on the top of his head. Then she straightened and faced the stage with him. Together they waited while Lady Lash wrapped up her usual comedic interlude before introducing them.

Steve wriggled his nose, which was dyed black and snubbed up and back by a pair of blunt little hooks inserted in his nostrils. Thin flesh-colored cords ran from these up between his eyes and disappeared under the modified wig he wore, which featured that puff at the crown and a pair of floppy, fuzz-trimmed dog's ears hanging down over his own. Those hooks and the heavy makeup on his face were even more uncomfortable than the big plug in his ass. But of course none of that was as bad as the way his limbs had been bound up to simulate paws.

Fido's hands were bunched into fists and heavily wrapped that way with tape, while his lower legs were folded back against his thighs and similarly wrapped from his knees to his ass. Fuzzy pink ruffs matching his tail, crown and ears decorated these modified limbs just above the 'paws', and his kneecaps were already terribly sore from their prolonged contact with the hard floor. Nevertheless as soon as they were introduced he gamboled friskily out on all fours by the Lady Love's side, easily keeping his leash hanging slackly between them. They reached the center of the stage, and effervescent Amy went right into her opening spiel.

“Why, good evening everybody! I know Lady Lash just introduced us as Amy and Steve. But I’m actually the Lady Love, and tonight my desperately cute slave is nicknamed Fido.

“He’s always so full of puppy love and mawkish fawning that sometimes he just reminds me so undeniably of my old French poodle. It’s on these occasions that I dress him up like he is, and put him through his paces before brutally doing him doggy-style. Let’s just see how enthusiastically he takes to being my obedient pet tonight, shall we? Otherwise he’ll find himself in the doghouse for real!”

Damn she was so lovely and vivacious! Steve’s erection was raging like a pit-bull on a frayed leash itself. Omniscient Amy immediately took the opportunity to display this for the judges, audience and the entire world.

“Sit up and beg now Fido! Beg your pretty mistress for a biscuit!”

Right away Steve reared precariously up, presenting his paws curled against his chest and his pulsing penis for unobstructed inspection. With his crotch shaved completely bare as always these days and a small pink collar matching the one about his throat drawing his bulging balls down and away from it, his prick stood up like a bold-faced exclamation point.

The crowd oohed and ahhed at the sight of this, and before Steve could lose his balance and topple over backward the Lady Love moved on to other standard canine commands, saving the really challenging tricks for last.

“Down, doggy! Put your belly on the ground!”

Amy’s unaffected giggle as he eagerly complied was infectious. Soon the whole crowd was laughing along with her as adorable Fido performed for their entertainment. Panting with his tongue hanging out, occasionally yipping excitedly, Steve rolled over, played dead and heeled flawlessly, even running clumsily along on all fours with a realistic galloping gait as Lady Love skipped sprightly around the stage ahead of him. Never once did she have to tug on the leash, which he always managed to keep slack despite the terrible punishment to his kneecaps. But at last it was time for their big finale. Amy picked up a big pink plastic hoop that been lying flat on the stage and held it out before him.

“Okay Fido! You’re always saying how you’d jump through hoops of fire for me. Well we can’t have the fire tonight – safety violations and all. But let’s see you jump through some hoops anyway. Be a good doggy and earn a nice reward. Jump now Fido! Jump for your owner!”

Athlete that he was, this part had taken Steve considerable practice to master. And he still screwed it up three times out of ten. Taking a deep breath he gathered himself and launched his hobbled body through the hoop, coming down so hard on his fists and knees that it was difficult to not yelp aloud with the pain. Still he did it again and then again while lovely Amy teased and praised him. But at last she turned and scaled the hoop far out into the crowd in the manner of a Frisbee. Then she reached into her corset and pulled out an easily recognizable Milk-bone dog biscuit. Still giggling infectiously she held it up.

“Okay puppy, here’s your reward. Catch now!”

Amy tossed this high in the air. Steve maneuvered his way under it and reared up. Of course muzzled as he was it would be impossible to actually catch this. But that was the gag. The bone-shaped biscuit bounced off his face and fell to the stage.

Putting on an air of puppyish befuddlement Fido hunted for and located it. Unable to pick it up or get it in his mouth he ran out his tongue and licked it, nuzzled it, and pawed it about, whining loudly, shaking his ears until they flopped all around and pausing repeatedly to cock his head perplexedly at it. The audience responded to this canine pantomime with paroxysms of hilarity. Finally Amy made a show of taking pity on him.

“Oh poor old Fido, I forgot about your muzzle! Bring the treat here, baby. Fetch now! Fetch little Fido!”

Still of course unable to pick it up, Steve nosed and pawed the biscuit across the stage to his mistress. Crouching down Amy claimed it, and then unbuckled and removed the big ring gagging him. She fed him the dog treat by hand, which Fido voraciously crunched up and then licked her fingers for crumbs afterward. Lady Love petted his head indulgently.

“Okay Fido, that’s enough. It’s time for your *real* reward. But the lady of the house says we can’t do that here – at least not yet. So let’s get you back to the kennel now.”

Amy straightened up, turned and began to lead him off the stage. Improvise, she’d said? Surprise her, she’d ordered? Clearly the time for spontaneity had come. Taking his mistress unaware from behind, Steve leaped upon her, clumsily clutched her body between his forepaws and started frantically trying to hump her leg.

Amy unleashed a clearly unscripted little scream. She whirled around, and up came the remote control. She held this forth so as to be clearly visible and pressed the button. Immediately electricity raved into Steve from his shock collar – which happened to be the one about his scrotum, not his neck. Yelping in utterly real distress Steve fell back and collapsed, writhing around on the hard stage. Shaking an accusing finger Amy berated him in front of everyone.

“Bad Fido! Doggies never get to hump their mistresses! It’s always the other way around. Now you behave, or you won’t even get that today. And the next time you try to mount me I won’t just shock your disgusting balls. It will be neutering time! Now come on already! Mistress has a hungry cock waiting!”

Finally Steve was unable to keep slack in the leash. As the audience and judges roared once again with laughter, the Lady Love dragged her erring pet off the stage by the neck.

Tumultuous applause followed them out. When they were finally safely behind the curtain Amy immediately dropped the leash and attitude though. She spun and wrapped Steve in a loving, exhilarated hug.

“That was brilliant, baby! Oh, wonderfully done!” She showered kisses all over his face, making Steve’s heart nearly burst with love and devotion. “Too bad I *really* can’t fuck you right now! But believe me baby: when the reward part finally rolls around, you’ve got the wildly energetic ass-impaling of a lifetime coming to you!”

Amy paused then, her attention diverted to a nearby monitor while their scores went up. As they did she clutched him to her again and giggled with uncontrollable glee.

“You see that? You scored the highest level of arousal of any guy. They called us ‘charming’ and ‘hilarious’. Between us we’re in second place, just barely behind that snotty blonde and her muscle-bound pony-boy! Oh, baby, I can’t *wait* to fuck you! But right now we have to get you out of this costume. Performance number two is coming up soon!”

Part Four: Restraint

Toni

In the ten-minute intermission between the first and second acts the Lady Lash gathered the five mistresses on stage behind the closed curtains. Toni took the opportunity to assess her competitors. Like herself (topless and sans tool belt but otherwise unchanged), the biker and the brunette hadn't bothered to change costumes. The blonde and the little redhead wore different outfits though, each designed to a different degree to advertise their considerable sex appeal.

Toni didn't care for the blonde, who was such a snooty cunt she wouldn't talk to anyone. But the redhead – Amy was her name – was friendly and outgoing and just so unbelievably luscious that Toni couldn't help but wonder if she couldn't be coaxed into at least experimenting a little if not outright switching to the winning team.

Toni would have taken that tiny piece of excellent ass home or even back to her dressing room and eaten her like fudge, plowed her like the back forty and banged her like a bongo drum. Unfortunately the kid seemed irrevocably committed to her husband, whom Toni supposed wasn't a bad sort either for an asshole male and an obvious ex-jock. Toni would also have enjoyed teaching little Amy how to thoroughly feminize, crush and dominate him properly given the chance – at least once this contest was over. She'd have to sound her out about that. In the meantime though, the hostess was laying out the particulars for stage two.

“Okay ladies, as you know this is the bondage part of the competition. As you should also know from the material you were sent, there's a winch-driven cable over the center of the stage that you can use any way you like. It can be lowered and raised by pushing the button on the bottom of your microphone. Other than that you can also use anything you can carry out there.

“Two more things then: your slaves must be completely unrestrained when you bring them out onstage. Not even a collar or leash is permitted. And I'll remind you once again that for obvious reasons you can't touch the penis at any time during the actual competition. If you do it once you'll lose points. Twice and you're automatically disqualified. How your slave gets aroused is entirely on him. Nor is he allowed to touch it with his hands at any time.”

Lady Lash looked around at each of them, emphasizing the importance of this. Then she smiled and went on.

“You'll each have ten minutes to put your slave in bondage. As it stands now, Goddess Xenia is in the lead, followed closely by Amy and Nikki. Toni is next. Wendy, I'm afraid you guys are currently in last place. Okay then, Toni and Kerry have been drawn to go first this time. Amy, you'll be second followed by Wendy, Nikki, and finally Xenia. So Toni, you've got about five minutes until the curtain goes up. You'll want to be ready to move as soon as that happens. I'll be out front of it so you won't see me. But you'll be able to hear me perfectly well of course.

“That's it then. Good luck you guys! You've all been wonderful so far!”

Sharing nervous smiles, noncommittal looks and one contemptuous glance, the five ladies separated. Toni moved directly to stage left where Kerry waited fidgeting beside her bag of restraints. Stripped naked except for her white net stockings and locked-on fetish shoes she looked anxious and excitingly vulnerable to Toni, with her long hair

down for once and her girlish breasts exposed. Unfortunately the only anomaly – her pitiful little excuse for a penis – was once again completely shriveled up, all but hidden inside its monitoring sleeve.

Noticing the focus of Toni's infuriated glare, Kerry tried to shield her crotch with her hands. It was too late for that of course. Reaching her Toni picked up her sturdy canvas work bag and slung it over her shoulder by its strap. Then she clawed out and grabbed Kerry's arm. Encircling it with her big hard fist she squeezed the scant muscle ruthlessly.

"You'd better get hard, and quick!" she hissed. "If you can't manage an erection one day out of your whole worthless life than you're an even more pitiless excuse for a she-male than I'd ever dreamed! Remember how you came on our wedding night, the first time I ever fucked your sissy little ass? You cried and fought me and bled like the virgin you were. But you eventually ejaculated all over yourself too, didn't you slut? You make it happen again tonight, you useless little bitch, or I might just cut it right off and put it through a meat grinder!"

Kerry whimpered at this admonition – or maybe at the cruel pressure on her bicep. Whatever the case when the curtain went up a few minutes later she was still pathetically limp despite these reminders and threats. How Toni wished this was the punishment part of the competition! Well, she would remember this failure well when that time came around next. Right now though she had a delightful job to do, a job she was highly skilled at and never grew tired of performing. Bondage could be an excellent punishment all on its own...

Giving Kerry a push to get her started, Toni kept goading her on from behind, impatiently hurrying her out into the middle of the stage. There she dropped her bag and forced her sissy to sit facing out at the audience. Moving with the swiftness and efficiency of extensive experience Toni had Kerry wrap her arms around her torso, hugging herself just below the breasts and plumping these up. She pulled her wrists far around behind her back and shackled them together there in straitjacket fashion. Then from the bag she pulled a bunch of wide, heavy leather belts with dual prongs and double rows of holes.

The first and longest of these Toni used to further tightly strap Kerry's arms to her torso. The other four she employed to bind her legs together at the upper thighs, then just above and below the knees and finally at the ankles. Lowering the suspension cable, she threaded the end of this through that ankle belt between Kerry's shoes and then hooked it securely onto itself. After that she used the very biggest ball that would possibly fit in her mouth to gag her whimpering little she-male, locking that hard sphere in place with an elaborate head harness.

Good enough: now it was time for the piece de resistance.

Dumping her bag right out onto the stage finally, Toni took roll after roll of six inch-wide, stretchy and clingy black fabric and tightly wrapped her slave from head to toe, completely mummifying her and leaving only her nostrils and penis open to the air. Aware that the ten minutes must be quickly ticking down, Toni grabbed up the microphone, stood, and pushed the button that activated the winch.

Immediately the cable retracted, hauling first Kerry's feet and legs off the floor, then her ass, back, and finally her head. Still Toni kept the button depressed, until her still uselessly limp and futilely struggling sissy was hanging upside down at least eight feet off the stage. Then she released the button at last and lifted the microphone to her lips.

“Well, I told the little slut I’d do this to her if everything wasn’t completely spotless. And damn it all, that beer glass she brought me had a single faint fingerprint on it: too fucking bad for her. And it’s too bad for me that she-male Kerry can’t stay this way until morning, as she would certainly be doing if she’d pulled that shit back home. Well, I’ll get her there soon enough. And once I’m Mistress Degradatrix, you can all watch what happens to her on webcam pretty much around the clock.”

With that Toni doffed her hardhat and gave the crowd a deep bow. The applause that greeted this was vociferous. Both the judges and the aficionados in the audience couldn’t help but be impressed with how she’d pulled off such an elaborate and restrictive act of bondage so neatly and swiftly. Still Toni didn’t need to stay to see their scores to know her talk of winning was just bravado. Unless Kerry started living up to her end of this in a very big way, they were going home just as much losers as the brunette and her obviously overwhelmed Asian slave.

When the curtain came down, Toni turned and stomped off the stage. Leaving her pansy sissy to be dealt with by the stagehands, she was already looking forward to the truly horrific discipline she would soon be meting out.

Myron

Squirming uncomfortably in his ridiculous lingerie, Myron waited in growing trepidation.

Darby remained angrily determined to participate in this horrible contest as if they were actually up there with the perverted couples who’d been accepted for it. After seeing the amazingly extreme bondage the poor male who’d given her the idea of cross-dressing him had been subjected to, she once again bounced up off the couch. Again ordering him to remain and monitor the proceedings for her she left the room – no doubt intending to scour the house for items she could use to emulate this latest outrage.

Sure enough, barely a minute later his grimly inspired new ‘goddess’ returned with a handful of belts of her own and a wide roll of white plastic strapping tape. Clearing their little glass-topped coffee table with an impatient sweep of her arm, Darby dropped this stuff next to it. She turned the table ninety degrees, putting it perpendicular between the couch and their big wall-mounted TV. Then she faced him with a clearly unbalanced zeal gleaming in her eyes.

“Get over here Slut-boy, on your knees facing the TV. You’re not going to miss a second of this even tied up.”

Knowing any argument to be worse than useless, Myron did as he was told. He knelt at one end of the low, narrow rectangular table and waited for the next stage of this nightmare to commence. It took about two seconds.

“Spread your knees wider apart, Slut-boy!” Darby snapped, insisting on using her degrading new name for him exclusively. When Myron complied she wrapped endless loops of that sturdy tape about his stocking-clad legs and those of the table, binding him so securely to it that a knife or pair of scissors would be required to set him free. Then she shoved him roughly facedown over the table, its glass surface cool and hard against his teary cheek and silk-sheathed body. With the table slightly lower than his waist,

Myron's panty-clad ass stuck up in back, a situation that was exacerbated when Darby next used those four belts to strap him tightly down.

Leaving his arms free for the moment, she used the first three to belt him in place at the small of his back, then up a little higher and finally just under his armpits. The last and longest belt she used to strap him down at the shoulders. Then it was time to see to his arms.

Wrenching these back so far behind him that Myron was forced to bark out a helpless sob, Darby taped his elbows tightly together just as the French maid and biker slave had been presented earlier. Nor did she stop there. Continuing on down, she kept wrapping up his pressed together forearms until they were completely encased in tape right down to his hands, which were similarly pressed together palm-to-palm.

All of this was bad enough of course. But then his limitlessly cruel 'goddess' once again balled up the underwear he'd just recently shed and crammed them deep into his mouth. And this time she secured that disgusting gag in place with his expensive silk tie.

Taking her cue from the little red-haired mistress currently hogtying her husband on live TV, Darby pulled the free end of this back hard and knotted it to the belt about his shoulders. This forced Myron's head painfully up and back and held it there facing the screen, so that he would not miss a second of the program as Darby had decreed. With that the woman he still hopelessly loved briskly slapped her hands together in provisional satisfaction.

"There: that'll do for now I suppose. When I go shopping tomorrow for all your new outfits and a few pretty wigs for your ugly bald head, I'll have to pick up a whole bunch of ropes and shackles and other stuff too. The only thing I won't need is one of those ball-gags. Your underwear should continue to serve that purpose just fine."

Darby's voice began to just drip with malicious cruelty then, as she proceeded to circumscribe an absolutely appalling future for her suffering new Slut-boy.

"Of course they won't be briefs for much longer. They'll be panties and bloomers and such. Tomorrow I'm donating all of your clothes but the belts to charity, right down to the last dirty sock and shoelace. From now on you'll be my chore slave and sissy slut, just like that fag on TV. You'll be wearing cute little maid uniforms by day and sexy lingerie at night. And whenever you're not keeping house you'll be kept in the strictest of bondage at all times.

"Needless to say you won't be going to work anymore, or even ever leaving this house again. Next intermission I'm going to take about a hundred pictures of you cross-dressed, gagged and tied up like that. Then I'm going to email them to all your clients and everyone at the firm, even your little secretary. That should get you fired nicely, and wrap up your pathetically disappointing career in particularly appropriate fashion."

After dropping this succession of horrifying bombshells – each more devastating than the one previous – Darby settled back onto the couch. Watching Amy continue binding Steve (who incomprehensively seemed to be enjoying it to no end), she soon displayed an increasingly partisan rooting interest in this particular pair.

Of course as a shameless racist, Darby was never going to favor one of the mixed couples. And the obvious lesbian was similarly disqualified. That left only the couple who were the next thing to serious professionals and the cute kids who were clearly new to this fetish, as Darby was herself. It wasn't hard to see where her sympathies would lie. As for Myron, he'd suddenly developed a keen partisan interest of his own.

He not only wanted the kids to win so that Darby wouldn't be driven to take out her disappointed rage on him. A far more compelling reason suddenly occurred to him. If his new Goddess should end up spending the entire next year watching a clinically professional sadist constantly torture some poor unfortunate, the unrelenting misery his marriage had become just might be the barest beginning of the horrors in store for him!

Amy

As she watched the curtain fall and stagehands hurry out to lower and remove poor Kerry, the Lady Love felt increasing dismay.

She was out of her depth here, that much was clear.

Her own plans for this part were sorely lacking in creativity. She hadn't even intended to use the suspension cable big Toni had put to such impressive effect. She'd changed into a smashing new outfit – tiny black pumps with stiletto heels of gleaming steel and a loosely draped shift of shiny linked one-inch rings. But looking sexy wouldn't help her simple, suddenly woefully boring hogtying skills. She had to think fast.

Casting her glance desperately around, Amy at last chanced upon the sight of the large push broom that had recently been used to sweep glass off the stage. She hurried over to this, put one foot on the brush and after a bit of struggle unscrewed the handle.

This would have to do: it was the best she could come up with on short notice. Slipping the coils of simple white rope she held over her shoulder she hefted this round, three-quarter inch-thick smooth wooden stick and hurried back over to where Steve stood waiting for her just offstage. Standing there completely naked except for the monitoring sleeve on his penis (which was once again expectantly erect) he raised his eyebrows inquiringly at her.

Amy merely pursed her lips to shush him. Then she took his hand with her free one, linking their fingers together to still the trembling in her own. Together they waited for the curtain to go back up.

Soon enough it did. Still holding him by the hand and flashing her brightest smile, Lady Love led her sexy naked slave out to the middle of the stage and right under that cable. There she had him lie down on his belly just as planned. Also as planned, Amy bound Steve's wrists together pulse-to-pulse tightly behind his back, using at least a dozen loops of rope but leaving herself two free feet at the end after tying it off. Then she began to improvise.

Instead of similarly tying her slave's legs tightly together at the ankles and thighs as she'd intended she spread them out as widely as possible. There she used separate ropes to lash his ankles as close as she could get to the ends of the broomstick. After that she bent his legs back at the knee until the broom-handle hit his butt. She stretched back that free bit of rope and tied Steve's bound wrists directly to the very center of that stick.

This hogtied him up much better than her previous attempts; his back was bowed alarmingly and his head and chest drawn well up off the stage. Unfortunately for poor Stevie both these things were about to get exponentially worse.

Amy took her last rope and placed the middle of it between his teeth. Then pulling back his cheeks she wound both ends around and around his head, filling that

unsuspecting mouth with about ten widths of cord, until she had him severely rope-gagged. She tied him off behind his head and pulled the two remaining lengths (about four feet or so) back to the broomstick on either side. Stretching Slave Steven's head radically backwards until he was practically facing the ceiling, Amy knotted these ropes securely to the stick about midway between his ankles and wrists. Then she hooked the suspension cable to the middle of the stick by his hands (these were already turning purple), picked up the microphone and stepped back.

Lady Love pushed the button on the bottom of the mic.

The winch whirled, the cable retracted, and Slave Steven was lifted up off the stage. Right away he gave a strangled bleat of pain. His entire spine from skull to ass was bowed even more terribly, and his shoulders and wrists must have been nearly disjointed from the pull of gravity on his two hundred-plus pounds. His frantic eyes sought out his mistress with desperate pleading. But as it rose into view the only part of his body not obeying gravity was his penis. This was more madly erect than ever: enflamed and discolored and bobbing rhythmically with the pulse of the charged blood pounding into it.

Reassured, Amy kept raising him up until he reached eye-level with her before stopping the winch. Then moved by a powerful mix of pride, pity and love she impulsively kissed his stretched-back cheek just above the thick rope gag. After that she gave his dangling body a powerful spin and shove. Then as Steve simultaneously twirled vertiginously around and swung wildly back and forth she stepped aside and indicated him with a dramatic flourish, beaming triumphantly at the once again wildly cheering crowd.

So enthusiastic was their applause that she bowed deeply, giving them an even better view of her breasts through her sagging neckline than that already afforded by the linked-ring shift. Unfortunately the judges weren't quite as impressed. Early crowd favorite or not, these more discerning viewers must have judged her simple hogtying and hanging as rather uninspired. As their scores went up Amy saw that despite Steve's reliably extreme arousal and her own last-minute improvisations they hadn't done as well as during the display stage – if not so poorly as she'd initially feared. Nevertheless she gave them a brilliant smile and a bow of their own before the curtain came down. Then she frowned as she lowered Steve back to the ground.

The lively Lady Love had thought she was getting good at this bondage thing. But clearly she was sorely lacking in experience. Picking up a few pointers from her competitors wouldn't hurt either for when she got her slave home. As the stagehands hurried out to help her with Steve she made her decision.

"Can you please just carry him back to our dressing room like this? Just put him on the floor. Then shut the door and leave him there. I'm going to stay out here to watch the rest."

"Sure thing, ma'am. I thought you were great by the way."

"Yeah, me too. You're the sexiest thing to hit this stage in years."

"Why thank you guys!" Amy was flattered and touched despite her disquiet. As they picked up Steve by the stick hogtying him, he gave another bleat of distress and flashed another dismayed, pleading look her way. Lady Love ignored it again however.

As much as she loved the guy, now was not the time for weakness or sentiment. Concentrating solely on picking up some badly needed education, Amy turned away and

walked off the other side of the stage. She needed to find an isolated but unobstructed spot from which to view the work of her fellow mistresses.

Will

Will Kim was suffering through an absolute nightmare.

Wendy hadn't told him she would be flaunting her naked body before a huge live audience and TV cameras broadcasting it to heaven knows how many people. That alone was such a massive loss of face for him that he'd never live it down. He'd always assumed that – as tradition demanded – he'd be the only one in the world honored by that privilege. And she'd *certainly* never so much as hinted that he'd be appearing in his horribly shaming feminine guise before anyone but a few select and anonymous judges. Yet already he'd been paraded as a sissy (and his true name given!) before the entire world – or at least that part of it interested in such appalling spectacles as this. His only hope was that the entire Korean community – as well as anyone outside it he'd ever known or ever would – was not included in that number. People have been known to talk. And if anyone even remotely connected to his extended family caught wind of this, the Arab practice of honor killing would seem merciful by comparison.

To add further insult to catastrophic injury, Wendy herself had been cold and angry toward Will ever since duplicitously subjecting him to this monstrous and likely irreparable humiliation. Unbelievable!

Utterly dismissing his justifiable outrage and more-than-sufficient cause, she blamed their poor showing so far on his supposedly inexcusable lack of arousal. As if anyone could possibly be sexually excited while having his reputation destroyed and honor ripped away in the most hideously extreme fashion in front of millions of people! Yet only by becoming aroused could he gain the slightest chance of salvaging anything at all out of this debacle – the million dollar prize. And even that came at the stupendous and previously concealed cost of so much additional publicity that Will's already scant hopes of keeping this from his family would be eradicated utterly and completely.

They'd be starring in a weekly reality show on national television? With promotional advertisements no doubt playing several times a day? Truly it would be better if they lost! But then if the secret was blown anyway...what harm was there in winning? A million dollars wouldn't give him back his honor. Nothing could do that. But it would certainly salve the hurt some. Caught on the horns of this dilemma, Will was further forced to face the truth that it was all likely moot in any case. Being sexually aroused this time around was looking just as impossible as it had been previously.

Will was sorely tempted to just give it all up and flee out the back door. But doing that would cost him Wendy as well. And despite the unforgivable way she'd tricked him Will remained desperately committed to her.

Wendy was still the most desirable woman he'd ever met, much less dated. And he still loved her and really wanted to marry her. This situation was made paradoxically even more imperative by the utter ruin of his life she'd ruthlessly brought about. If he lost Wendy, what other woman would possibly have him after this? And what would be the point of fleeing now, after the damage was already done? What further harm could there

be in simply seeing the rest of this nightmare through? All else might be lost, even the slim possibility of winning. But he could still come out of this with Wendy, and the suffering and damage he'd endured for her might even convince her to finally accept his proposal.

With that in mind Will studied his troubling lover surreptitiously as they waited to take the stage again. They still wore the same scandalous costumes they had earlier: Will in his wig and limitlessly shameful lingerie and Wendy in her far-beyond-shameless skimpy leather straps. Determined to scrounge up some small scrap of lust for her despite the circumstances, Will ogled her big bare breasts, so full and upswept and perfectly symmetrical. He lingered over the lean lines of her belly and flanks, the exquisite curves of her hips and ass, those elegant legs beautifully accentuated by her very high heels, and finally the heavenly confluence of all this, the clearly visible beginning of the slit in her vulva.

Unfortunately the thought that Wendy was about to once again share this glorious sight with millions of strangers rather than save it exclusively for him kept intruding. When the curtain suddenly rose and a spotlight appeared for them to step into Will was still as pathetically flaccid as ever, and the time for fantasizing was past. This was the descent back into nightmare.

Hoisting a bag full of ropes and lengths of bamboo over her shoulder, Wendy seized him by the bicep and pulled Will grimly onto the stage. This uncompromising grip and the contrast between her confident and aggressively determined stride and his own fumbling, stumbling steps in the unfamiliar heels gave them the appearance of an angry authority figure dragging a reluctant miscreant to justice.

Alas, there was enough accuracy in this to make Will even more tremulously chagrined than ever. If it hadn't been already, any arousal was now most definitely out of the question. Then they reached the center of the stage. This time ignoring the wolf whistles and shouts of approval from the audience Wendy went bitterly to work on him.

With her always lovely countenance now unflatteringly set in lines of aggrieved injustice, she rudely positioned Will facing straight out at both the audience and the cameras zooming in for a close-up, maximizing his already crippling humiliation. Then she set down her canvas bag and delved within it.

The first thing she produced was that which jutted right out of it: one of two bamboo rods over six feet long and nearly two inches through. Setting this across the back of his shoulders, Wendy lifted his arms over and along this in the manner of a yoke. She used six coarse ropes, three on each side, to bind him to this at the wrists, elbows and shoulders. Then she lowered the cable from above and attached it to the yoke behind his head before drawing it taut. So far, so terrible: Will was already burning, trembling, and beginning to weep with mortification.

Next Wendy withdrew the identical bamboo pole.

Roughly she kicked his feet as widely apart as she could and lashed the ends of this to his ankles. This left Will stretched spread-eagled between the poles, pulled up by that cable until his high heels left the stage and he was hung balanced on just the tips of his pointy-toed shoes. A third piece of bamboo, just as thick and round but only twelve inches long with more coarse, prickly ropes wrapped and tied about either end was forced between his teeth and deep into his mouth. Wendy pulled the ropes around behind his head and tied the ends tightly together, gagging him with smooth hard wood.

Weeping freely now and retching, Will swayed back and forth in his bonds, painfully aware that he presented a classic and deeply racially degrading picture of Oriental torture straight out of the pre-World War Two Japanese conquest of his ancestral homeland. And still Wendy wasn't finished publically humiliating him.

Continuing the degrading Oriental theme, she yanked down his bra, baring his supposed breasts, and produced two sets of chopsticks.

Using rubber-bands on the ends of these, she clamped each set together with his nipples pinched between the middle of the sticks. Moving behind him, she reached around and used a finger on each side to demonstrate how pushing up or down on either end of these would twist his nipples torturously. Smirking openly at the obvious increase in his sobbing, Wendy then knelt behind him and drew one last prickly rope from her bag.

After similarly pulling Will's g-string aside, exposing him to everyone more shamefully than ever, she knotted one end of this tightly about the base of his scrotum. She was demonstrably careless about touching his limply dangling penis as she did so, clearly advertising that she was no longer concerned about losing points, that not even an extended blow-job could help arouse her slave in any case, or both these facts.

Once this was accomplished Wendy ran the rest of that rope straight down to the middle of the bamboo binding Will's legs and looped it around it. Then she yanked it cruelly tight before tying it off, crushing his balls until he choked and stretching them agonizingly out from his body.

Finished with her bondage performance, Wendy stepped back around next to her stretched-out, swaying, sobbing, now wholly suspended sissy. Posing theatrically, she presented him to all with a sardonic wave, as if to admit to and display the woeful limitations she was forced to work with and forgive the judges and audience their necessarily harsh judgment.

At this more derisive catcalls and eager proposals than ever rained down on Will and Wendy respectively. Listening as he was condemned by hundreds as the worst kind of loser and failure, and others clamored for the opportunity to replace him at his incomparably delectable mistress' side, Will bawled more unabashedly than ever, certain that he had reached the nadir of his existence. When Wendy released the cable suspending him without even waiting for their scores to be posted or the curtain closed, he collapsed over backward, striking his head painfully on the stage without really being aware of it. Wendy reached down, and seized the rope between his feet and testicles. Abandoning her empty bag, she dragged him off the stage by his balls in front of everyone. As he skidded across the hardwood floor gagging with agony and convulsed with almost surely fatal shame, Will could still hear the disgusted jeering of nearly a thousand people. No doubt it was being echoed by millions more around the globe.

Nikki

Freed from his earlier bondage – indeed completely free for the first time since before she'd enslaved him nearly three months ago – Master prepared to bind her Slut-boy right back up again. Only this time she was going to do it in front of everyone, and

show them all that Toni wasn't the only mistress extremely swift and practiced at this. Ten minutes, shit: she could probably do it in two.

Nikki had Slut-boy kneel sideways on the stage, presenting his left flank and profile to the crowd. Of course multiple cameras showed them both from practically every angle to the internet and pay-per-view audience. But it was the judges who really mattered.

Using the same simple white ropes she'd tied him to the bed with that crucial night shortly after she'd met him Nikki crossed Slut-boy's ankles and bound them together. She also bound his legs together just above the knees and then pushed him down until his ass was resting on his feet. Then she looped a further rope around his ankles and thighs, binding his legs all up into a compact package.

Next Nikki crossed Slut-boy's wrists behind his back, not down low but high up between his shoulder blades, with his elbows making acute angles stressful to the arm sockets. She lashed those wrists tightly together and then bowed him way back and tied them to his similarly crossed ankles. Another long rope was wrapped half a dozen times about Slut-boy's chest and arms, making another tight package of his torso. Nikki popped a big ball in his mouth, and then secured a stifling leather hood over his head. This featured only two small holes for his nostrils and a simple steel ring at the crown. Master threaded another, smaller cord through this and tied it off with a taut-line hitch. Then tipping Slut-boy's head way back over his already considerably bowed torso she pulled this thin but strong rope down and used the other end to bind his littlest toes tightly together. Employing that clever taut-line hitch, she shortened the cord until it could thrum like a banjo string. With that done she tipped Slut-boy over backward until his forehead was resting on the stage and his body made an arched bridge you could drive toy trucks under.

A little over three minutes had passed, but there was only one more thing to do. Wendy wasn't the only girl who could string a guy up by the balls. And *her* slave wouldn't weep like a pussy when she did it, even though Nikki's technique was far more professional and extreme. Using one last cord she not only tied off the base of Slut-boy's scrotum but separated his balls and bound them all individually about.

Also unlike Wendy she didn't have to worry about a uselessly flaccid penis in her way. *Her* Slut-boy's cock was still taking greedy advantage of its last night of brief freedom by rearing up powerfully erect and pulsing perceptibly as he was so deliciously and publically degraded. Quickly finishing her complex nut-harness, Nikki connected this to the suspension cable and hit the button.

Up pulled the rope and cable, stretching out Slut-boy's sack until his ruthlessly squeezed testicles were the highest part of his body and his cries of distress could be clearly heard despite the ball stuffing up and the leather hood sealing away his mouth.

Master was momentarily tempted to see if a man *really* could be literally strung up by the balls. It was a tantalizing possibility. But it was also one for another time and a far less valuable slave. She couldn't damage this one by ripping his equipment off (at least not until she legally had all his money) and to do so would rather bloodily spoil the show besides. Stopping the retracting cable within the barest margin of safety, Nikki gave the expected gesture of presentation and raised the mic.

"My friends, I give you Slut-boy: a *properly* hogtied and nut-strung slave all at once. My only regret is that I can't do as the two beautiful Mistresses just before me, and haul him off the stage and leave him like that until he's needed again. His despicable balls at

least, will need to be freed just long enough to get him back to the dressing room. Then I guess I can string him back up before I ride his face to three or four more orgasms. Fear not though: I'm good for at least a dozen a day. I'll have plenty left still in the bank for the final act, even if I have to ride Slut-boy's cock-face again after disciplining him!"

Nikki's ovation wasn't as fierce as the sissy's denunciation or Amy's uncritical adulation. That girl's sprightly size and vivacious manner had clearly won the crowd. But Master was gratified to see that her scores were considerably higher, putting her in the lead pending the outcome of the next performance. When the curtain came down she walked off the stage satisfied, leaving Slut-boy to be dealt with by the stagehands as Toni had done. Contrary to what she'd told the crowd, Master actually meant to save her sexual stamina for the final act. After all, unlike Amy she wasn't twenty-three still.

As she moved past the side curtains, Nikki was surprised to see the little redhead in question step out of the shadows and approach her. She was beaming with admiration and yet twisting her hands together anxiously.

"Congratulations! You were simply wonderful. I can see you're going to be the girl to beat, no matter what that haughty 'goddess' might think.

"I wonder: could I talk to you? I've only been doing this bondage thing since I first heard about the contest back in May. I never dreamed we'd even be accepted. I was just having some fun with my husband you know? I've been tying him up almost every day, but after this I can see I'm still just a naïve little beginner. You're clearly an accomplished expert though. That was simply fantastic! I learned more in five minutes watching you than in months of playing around on my own. I can't wait to get Steven home and try that out on him.

"Anyway, I was wondering: now that this part is over and all could you maybe give me some pointers? How in the world did you ever get so good at this?"

"Trial and error sweetie," Nikki responded brusquely. "It just took years and years of dedicated and delightful practice. You'll get there eventually."

Amy looked a bit crestfallen at this, as if she suspected Nikki of refusing to divulge trade secrets. Nikki's heart went out to her a bit.

The kid really was extremely cute, and her enthusiasm and uncomfortable candor were touching. Nikki could see why the crowd loved her. And there was something to be said for the way she combined cruelty with such unabashed sweetness – the way she'd kissed her slave before spinning his agonizingly hung body all around for example. She must really keep that husband of hers guessing. Despite or even because of this unorthodox approach she had the makings of an excellent mistress someday.

Once Nikki had her underground club up and running she'd make a delightful visitor or even regular member, wouldn't she? And there was no time too early to lay the groundwork for that day, as her continuing success with Slut-boy showed. Smiling more warmly, Nikki shifted closer and opened up, taking the girl into her confidence.

"Don't worry honey it's not some big secret. But practice makes perfect you know? Anyways, if you find yourself short of ideas, there's always the internet, right? You can find literally millions of pictures and videos of all kinds of bondage just by running a few searches. That'll show you how the experts do it.

"Hell, there are probably even how-to books on Amazon. Or do what I do and prowl Usenet: alt-dot-pictures-dot-bondage, for example. There are also tons of boards and sites

out there devoted exclusively to female domination, like sissify.com. Ever think of forcibly feminizing your guy?”

Amy made a bit of a face at this.

“I’m not a lesbian like Toni. It might be fun once in a while, just to humiliate him and remind him who the boss is. But it would turn me off to have him that way all the time. I like a big strong guy to lord it over and control, not some wimpy, simpering little sissy. Where are the challenge, thrill, and ego-gratification in that?”

“Good point, girl!” Nikki laughed.

Yes, she liked this fiery little sprite too. Amy definitely had it going on, as they said these days. They doubtless needed to stay in touch after this was over. Patting that slender shoulder with warm reassurance, Nikki moved past her and headed on to her dressing room. Still hogtied up tight and terribly contorted, Slut-boy was already being hauled there ahead of her.

Thrall

Inside his mute, secret heart, Thrall was a feeling bit dubious as his Goddess Xenia explained her intentions, and his instructions.

Of course even if he’d been able to he wouldn’t have dreamed of questioning her out loud. One does not question a deity – or at least not a living, breathing one capable of taking action in the real world. Xenia had serious damnations at her command, that one he dreaded in particular foremost, that were scarier than any comic book-creepy alleged underworld.

Perversely enough it was this very dire and immediate threat that made Thrall dubious of her tactics here.

They were competing for his very balls after all, as well as the possibility of eventual peace for his tormented soul. And they were currently doing very well. So why not be conservative and play it safe? Yet Goddess remained determined to push up to the very brink of breaking the rules, certainly violating the spirit of them if not the actual letter.

A couple of other contestants had already complained about her use of a penis-rein in the display stage. Xenia had calmly and haughtily pointed out that she’d never once touched his penis – just a single ring piercing it. Nowhere was this explicitly forbidden, just as the kind of touching she had planned for this stage hadn’t been conceived of by the organizers. After the experience of this year, and their eye-opening exposure to both Xenia’s invention and his own remarkable abilities, the rules would no doubt be re-written. In the meantime though his Goddess intended to ruthlessly claim any advantage she could, fair or not.

Thrall wouldn’t dream of faulting her for this of course. Beside the fact that as his Goddess she was even further beyond his judgment than his questioning, they *were* playing for his balls after all. He desperately wanted to win too, likely more than anyone else in the contest. He just hoped Xenia’s strategy wouldn’t backfire. Legal or not, the judges might take exception to their rule-bending, and penalize them subjectively even if they couldn’t formally dock their points or disqualify them.

In any case it was too late to worry about it now. Now he only had to worry about performing. Once again most of this fell squarely on him. Xenia's actions, like the bondage she had planned, would be fiendishly minimal and yet amazingly impactful: the kind of swift stroke of genius only a Goddess like her could come up with. It would be up to Thrall's ability to stimulate himself – and the generosity of the judges – to make it properly pay off.

Standing next to him in her stunning new outfit as they prepared to take the stage, Xenia carried only her microphone, a simple steel spreader bar with shackles at either end, two sets of little thumb-locks and the even smaller padlocks she'd used to replace the ones she'd cut off him. That was it: no big bag of ropes for her. Certain the curtain was about to rise, Thrall feasted his gaze on his Goddess, firing his blood with the sight of her, ensuring that his monstrous cock (evil, despicable thing that it was) remained urgently erect. Everything depended on that.

This time Xenia's platinum-blond hair was already out in all its glory, falling straight down her back in its usual shimmering flood. Her incredibly long, slender, elegantly muscled legs were also exposed for the first time, right from the high-heeled shoes that emphasized their exquisite lines to her almost completely bared buttocks. Contrasting this seemingly endless expanse of utterly unblemished milk-white skin was the depthless black of the one-piece tight leather outfit she wore.

Beginning where it concealed her crotch and the cleft of her perfect ass, this curved up high on her hips, constricted her slim middle like a corset and merged into a bustier that still concealed her breasts and the small of her back while leaving the similarly unblemished skin of her upper back and torso, arms, shoulders and neck beautifully displayed. A matching narrow band covered Xenia's face between the straight angle of her nose and halfway up her high forehead. Riding high on those haughty cheek-bones, this disappeared beneath her hair just above her ears even as it trapped that silvery fall behind them. Oval holes in the front of this aristocratic felon's mask let those piercing gray eyes flash icily through, and other than the enormous sapphire again gleaming in the hollow of her throat that was it for ornamentation.

Once again Goddess looked exactly like the fabulously wealthy, lovely, and limitlessly intimidating Nordic beauty that she was. All she needed was a shining sword with which to harvest the souls of the dead, and she could have been a Valkyrie come straight from Valhalla. Thrall's club of a penis pulsed, his bloated balls crawled and his mouth grew dry with endlessly (and properly) frustrated lust. He only hoped this little show they had planned wouldn't bring on the interminably denied orgasm he'd been directed to have prematurely. It was essential he save that for the final performance.

At last the curtain arose, the spotlight glared out and it was time. Right away Xenia strode arrogantly out onto the stage, not sparing a flicker of a glance or betraying by the slightest hesitation any doubt at all that Thrall would follow in her wake exactly two paces behind as he'd been ordered. She reached the center of the stage, turned about face and of course he was there, coming to a stop smartly at attention precisely beneath that dangling cable. Pointing a single imperious finger at him, Goddess Xenia directed him to sit.

Thrall lowered himself promptly and smoothly to the stage, seating himself facing directly at the crowd with his back ramrod-straight. His bare head was held impassively high and his legs were spread out as widely as his physique would allow. With his balls

resting on the hardwood floor his impressive cock stood up as straight as his spine, the black monitoring sleeve looking comparably tiny where it stretched around his extensively ornamented girth.

Xenia knelt, and within ten seconds she had his ankles locked into either end of the spreader-bar. One shackle of each thumb-lock she secured around each of his big toes. She palmed his shaved skull and pushed down, and Thrall immediately bent way over at the waist, stretching his arms out wide with the thumbs extended. Within seconds these were tightly shackled to his big toes. Xenia lowered the suspension cable, snapped it to the middle of the bar, spun his body around and raised the cable again until Thrall's spread-wide and doubled-up form was inverted and hanging with only the back of his head and neck still resting on the stage.

This had the effect of craning his face forward deep into his splayed-out crotch. With his eleven-inch plus prick suddenly nudging against his lips, Thrall did as he'd been ordered to do despite his earlier qualms and considerable distaste. He opened his mouth. Then in full view of the judges, audience and cameras he took the throbbing head of his prick into it as far as he could, closed his lips and began sucking on it.

A communal gasp greeted this, followed by screaming applause and several shouted protests. Unfazed in the least, Goddess Xenia leaned forward and reached in. Still without ever actually touching his penis itself, she slipped the arms of those little brass padlocks through the rings piercing his foreskin on either side; then through similar rings piercing his lower lip on either side, and then snapped them closed. Within a minute of sitting Thrall found himself bound upside down with the head of his evilly large penis locked into his own mouth, unable to expel it until the locks were released. For the sake of the cameras even now zooming in for a high definition extra close-up shot, he continued urgently suckling, his cheeks rhythmically pursing and throat working as he swallowed saliva and any other products of his auto-fellatio.

Xenia meanwhile rose smoothly up and gave a regal bow. Magisterially unconcerned with the uproar all around she smiled benignly at everyone and no one, especially ignoring Thrall who remained locked into that excruciatingly contorted and limitlessly humiliating posture.

After several minutes of furious controversy it was finally agreed, reluctantly by some, that none of the rules of the competition as written had been violated. Then the amazing swiftness, extremity, and brilliantly creative minimalism of Xenia's work – combined with the questionably assisted level of extraordinary arousal measured in Thrall's penis – saw them achieve the highest score for the second performance in a row.

With that the curtain came down and Thrall was finally released, gasping desperately for breath. Now well on her way to being declared Mistress Degradatrix, Goddess Xenia strode serenely off the stage, smug in the vindication of her own expectations.

Part Five: Discipline

Wendy

Her heels clicking sharply on the hardwood floor, Wendy Polaski (never to be Wendy Kim, not in a million years) strode angrily toward her dressing room.

The Lady Lash had again just laid out the current standings and the rules for the upcoming portion of the contest. Cheating Xenia had been allowed to lengthen her lead, which had Wendy simply furious even though she wouldn't have had a prayer of catching her in any case. The black girl Nikki was next, with Amy still just ahead of Toni. Wendy of course was still bringing up the rear, where she would no doubt finish thanks to Will. As in the display stage, they'd been drawn to go first and were due on stage in five minutes, where she would again have ten to do the best she could do with the pathetic material at her disposal.

Ten minutes! Ten *hours* wouldn't be enough for all the punishment Wendy was in the mood to dish out. She barged into their dressing room, looked down at Will on the floor with seething disgust and felt her fury rise even more at the sight of him.

Wendy had kept sissy Will bound up and gagged just as he'd been when she'd dragged him in here. In no way was he going to be allowed any possibility to escape until she was damn good and done with him. The easy part of the contest was definitely over for Will. And yet already they were not only doomed to miss out on the million dollars, but to almost certainly finish a disgraceful last.

Goddamn it all, even the she-male who'd been locked down and constantly bugged for the last twenty-five years had managed a bit of arousal, at least at first. And she was married to that hulking bruiser of a dyke! Here she was, as luscious a piece of prime female as could be, and wee little Willy couldn't sprout the least bit of a stiffy! Well, play time was over. It was time for this pathetic loser to start seriously paying for failing her so egregiously.

Wendy stepped over to him, noting with deepening disgust that the makeup job she'd carefully applied was a ridiculously smeared ruin from all Will's babyish bawling. Not only that, but his upper lip and both sides of his mouth were crusted with all the snot that had been running down. His wig had come askew, and his puffy, bloodshot eyes stared up at her with watery weakness and miserable pleading.

Wendy was utterly unmoved. Had she ever really loved this pathetic piece of shit? It was hard to fathom why she might have. He couldn't provide for her, couldn't properly satisfy her, resisted her every attempt to turn him into a proper man, and now he couldn't even get a hard-on. Not for a million dollars he couldn't! Seething with righteous indignation, Wendy leaned over. She grabbed the two big bamboo poles binding his arms and legs and flipped Will roughly onto his stomach. Then she began dragging him toward the door.

"Okay, sissy, it's finally discipline time – time for you to find out what it costs to let down Wendy Polaski after she shared your bed and put a roof over your head."

On the way out the door, Wendy plucked the half-inch thick, four foot long rattan cane from the water bath where it was soaking in preparation, becoming heavier and even more flexible than it already was. Carrying this and the microphone she'd been given in one hand with the other wrapped around the bamboo binding sissy's ankles, Wendy dragged her loser of a slave out onto the stage on his ugly face.

The vicious jeering that had accompanied Will off after the last performance immediately resumed at his reappearance. As vociferously as the crowd loved lively little Amy they clearly despised her useless loser. And right on cue too resumed the shouted proposals to her.

“Mistress Wendy, Mistress Wendy, over here!”

“Take me baby! I’ll eat your pussy for a fucking year straight!”

“Give it to me, gorgeous, I need it so bad!”

“I’ll bathe in your piss Mistress! Every damn day!”

“I’d suffer an eternity of torture for one quick taste of your titties!”

“Oh baby, whip me, beat me, make me write bad checks!”

Wendy had to smile at that last. She hadn’t heard that one since college, when a friend of hers used to exclaim it often to express frustration, dismay, humor or even admiration. But immediately she suppressed her amusement. In no way was she going to allow anything to dilute this righteous fury she was brimming with.

Reaching center stage Wendy lowered the cable.

This time she hooked it to the bamboo between Will’s feet, right where that ball-stretching rope was still tightly secured. Then she raised him into the air until only the sissy’s gagged face and chest remained humiliatingly pressed against the floor. Then with his back cruelly bowed and his ass and the rear of his thighs – and the soles of his feet – facing the audience, Wendy tore his g-string apart and flung it away, unhooked his stockings and shoved them off his legs all the way up to the ankles. After that she wrenched off his high-heeled pumps at last. Dropping these with a double clunk, she moved to the side, raised the wet, heavy, but still amazingly limber cane and stood ready. Any second now the buzzer to begin beating would sound. Then she would have her revenge. Then sound it did.

Native to Southeast Asia, the rattan vine, or creeper, is superficially similar to bamboo. Unlike hollow bamboo however, rattan stems are solid. Many species (like the one which formed the cane Wendy held) also grew sharp little spines along their stems to hook onto other foliage and deter herbivores. Both flexible and durable, rattan stems have been used as disciplinary tools across Asia for centuries – as well as throughout the British Empire and in British boarding schools to this day. Wendy had chosen hers not only for its undisputed effectiveness (particularly after soaking) but to continue the Oriental theme she had chosen to complement her slave’s ethnicity. For example, torturers from eastern cultures were particularly notorious for their use of rattan canes on the soles of their victims’ feet. Therefore when the buzzer sounded Wendy brought her tough, heavy yet limber stick down with all her might across the arch of Will’s upraised left foot, then his right, left, right and left again.

Her useless slave’s muffled screaming and desperate writhing were a supremely satisfying testament to the rightness of her choice. Nor was she the only one to enjoy its effect.

Spontaneous cheering with a savage edge to it broke out all around. Soon the entire crowd was chanting along with every blow.

“Again! Again! Again! Again!”

Wendy was delighted to oblige them. Seething with sadistic righteousness she caned her wimpy fucking sissy with all the strength and passion at her considerable disposal. And though she concentrated particularly on the soles of his feet, she’d stripped away his

lingerie as well as his shoes for a reason. Soon Will's buttocks and the backs of his thighs were extensively scored with overlapping half inch-wide welts as well. Determined not to waste an instant of her allotted ten minutes Wendy whaled relentlessly away at him despite the sweat that soon slicked her skin until it gleamed under the lights and the increasing soreness in her arm, shoulder and back.

From where she was Wendy couldn't see Willy's dangling, flopping little penis, but she didn't need to in order to know it remained pathetically flaccid the entire time. But that had ceased to matter to her in any case.

Wendy no longer cared about arousing or even eventually fully and formally enslaving William Kim. With winning the contest a lost cause and her decision to dump him the second it was over already made, this was just punishment at its purest, vicious retribution for his contemptible performance. And so for ten minutes straight Wendy lashed away at her former lover's body with a towering fury and overpowering zeal, egged on by the crowd the entire time. When at last the buzzer sounded again she unleashed a primal scream of exultant vindication, turned and hurled her devastating weapon as far out into the sea of her admirers as she could.

A mad scramble ensued for possession of this. But Wendy didn't bother to watch. Once again disdaining to wait for her scores she turned back around and unhooked Will's ankle-spreader from the cable. Then she hauled his face-down and bawling, shaking, utterly broken being off back to her dressing room by the balls again.

Already Wendy couldn't *wait* for the final stage of the contest. Then she'd *truly* make the sniveling little bitch pay for failing her!

Steve

Steve stood uneasily with his mistress just offstage. They watched as the very *spirited* Wendy dragged her slave past without even looking at them.

Poor Will had been in a very pitiable condition indeed: covered with wounds and crying unabashedly in the profoundest misery imaginable. He'd been unable or unwilling to even raise his face from the floor that must have been rubbing the skin right off it. Unconsciously Steve touched his own cheek where it had once been galled raw by the masonite ping-pong table.

That had been a perversely exciting and profoundly revelatory event, one he wouldn't have traded for anything. Will on the other hand looked as if he definitely *would* have traded anything including the fires of hell itself for this moment. Unsettled, Steve looked over at Amy. What he saw reassured him somewhat.

His wife was going from looking shocked and pitying at Will to rather offended as she raised her gaze to the clearly infuriated and oblivious Wendy. Obviously she found her fellow mistress' over-the-top anger and incomprehensible cruelty as unjustified as he did.

So they were losing, so what? It wasn't the end of the world. Steve had slogged through a one and ten season once. It didn't make him want to torture receivers who dropped touchdown passes, or the linemen who'd let him be sacked nine fucking times in one game. There was such a thing as rationality and perspective after all.

Steve was increasingly thankful he belonged to the Lady Love and not Wendy, or any one of these other bitches – though the thirty-something black lady seemed okay, not to mention sexy as hell. Of course Wendy and Xenia were sexy as hell too, and even the big dockworker had nice jugs and was attractive enough for a moose on the wrong side of forty. But none of them looked like women you could trust. Hell, they looked crazy or downright evil. Steve shuddered a bit. He loved being a slave to his woman – it was kinky and exciting beyond belief. But that didn't mean he wanted to have his whole manhood stripped away, or wind up in the goddamn hospital. Still a bit unnerved by what he'd just witnessed, he continued to study his wife.

Amy had already dismissed the previous contenders after they'd passed by and their relatively poor scores had gone up – undeniably weakened considerably by Will's utter lack of any measurable arousal.

Briefly Steve wondered why anyone would even get into this if it didn't turn them on. *His* cock was already rigidly upright with anticipation, its urgency fed rather than diminished by the terrifying prospect of the unprecedented intense agony approaching. Dismissing unlucky Will with an effort himself, Steve returned to the matter at hand: the thrillingly sexy, utterly omnipotent and yet ultimately benevolent Lady Love.

Wearing her third costume of the evening – if just boots, gloves, a hat and kerchief could even be properly called a costume – Amy was clearly psyching herself up and getting into character for the latest adventure about to get underway. Her color was very high. Her bright blue eyes were sparkling like sapphires and those big conical nipples capping her fantastically pointy bare breasts looked dangerously hard and sharp. Taking a deep breath, Steve focused in on the individual elements of her outfit one at a time, putting off the overriding cause of his exhilaratingly mixed terror and lust to the last.

Rather than the usual stiletto heels Amy wore a pair of bright white cowboy boots. These were figured with elaborately stitched designs and had fringed tassels hanging off the sides. Her loose-fitting rawhide gloves were tanned white as well and also dangled a decorative fringe from the base of the little fingers to the slightly flared cuffs. She wore a mostly white bandana heavily embroidered with black designs knotted loosely around her neck and a cute little similarly filigreed white cowboy hat on top of that impossibly full and bushy mane.

Completely naked otherwise Lady Love looked like a country music star about to perform in a porno. But then there was the reason for Steve's acute terror-lust – and his quite reasonable need for reassurance, especially after what had happened to Will. Currently coiled in the gloved fist not carrying the microphone was Amy's newest implement of discipline. This was one he'd seen a lot of recently but had yet to experience directly: an eight foot-long, tightly braided white leather bullwhip.

The last few days before they'd boarded their plane to come here Amy had spent practicing extensively with this on a palm tree in their back yard.

Claiming she wanted to get expert with it while still preserving the novelty of his first *true* whipping for the big show upcoming, she'd spent hours lashing away at that insensate trunk until the thick tough bark had been whipped pretty much completely off it from a height of about two to eight feet off the ground. Meanwhile Steve had laid hogtied on the diving board of their pool, shivering with fear and quivering with excitement as he was forced to watch, imagining what that punishing lash would soon be doing to his own much more tender flesh. Now with the dreadful experience imminent he shivered again.

Amy caught this movement. Noticing his fearful-fascinated scrutiny she twinkled impishly at him. Then she reached out and claimed the short chain linking his wrists with archaic, rusty iron Old West style D-shaped manacles.

"Here we go, baby," she whispered, as in front of the lowered curtain the Lady Lash was wrapping up their third introduction. "Finally it's time for me to whip the skin right off you."

"Remember how I actually had an orgasm just from whipping the tree with you watching me? Oh baby, this is going to be our best punishment session *ever* so far! And just think, once it's over, you're finally going to get your reward: being fucked up the ass on live TV in front of the whole wide world! Just imagine what your former fans and teammates will think about *that!*"

Then the curtain went up, the spotlight flashed forth, and the Lady Love led Steve out onstage by his chains. His heart pounding in both his suddenly constricted chest and his madly urgent erection, he shuffled barefoot as quickly as possible. His ankles were shackled almost identically as his wrists, albeit with a slightly longer chain, and trying to keep up with Amy's showy, hip-swinging swagger was exceedingly difficult. Tugged on by his outstretched arms, he nevertheless made it to the center of the stage without falling.

Once there Lady Love snapped the suspension cable to the center of his old-fashioned manacles, and then used it to stretch him up until he was hanging painfully from his cruelly iron-encircled wrists with his toes dangling about eight inches of the floor. Amy thumbed back her hat brim a bit and turned to exuberantly address the expectant audience.

"Howdy partners! What I've got here is a dastardly nasty young fella, a plumb polecat of a creep convicted o' the worst sorta big-city perversion."

"He was caught peepin' through a knothole at respectable ladies bathin', if you can possibly fathom that. And whattaya know, the lady who cottoned to him, the one the slippery skunk confessed to watchin' the oftenest, was the very sheriff who gets to carry out his sentence: ten minutes on the whippin' post."

Amy paused to cast a significant glance over her bare shoulder at pitifully dangling Steve. Then she resumed her amused drawl.

"Unfortunately we burned the whippin' post for firewood last winter – cold enough to freeze the fur off your privatest parts, it was. But this here set-up's good enough for a rough kinda place like this I reckon. So let's see if yer humble law-lady can make the dirty skunk pay properly for his il-licit doin's shall we?"

Amy stepped way back and shook out her good long lash (nearly twice as long as she was tall) as the crowd roared its amused appreciation. She took up position, the buzzer sounded, and then right on cue boomed out the raw, primitive opening guitar licks of the Allman Brothers' "Whipping Post" over the big hall's sound system.

The crowd roared even more. Then it practically raised the roof off the place when the Lady Love cocked her nearly-nude body, flung herself wholly into motion and sent her whip whistling through the air to slice expertly into the bare flesh of Steve's belly just an inch or so above the uselessly questing head of his erection.

Touching the penis was of course still forbidden. Arousal issues aside, it wouldn't do to damage or disable the sensitive monitoring sleeve. But of course none of that mattered

to Steve. The sudden tsunami of excruciation that immediately swamped him wrung an unaffected scream from his corded throat and he writhed desperately in his chains.

Seeking somehow to dissipate throughout and dispel from his body the enormous flash of pain that had just lit up his abdomen, he hadn't even come close when a second nerve-burst exploded through him from high up on his chest. Successive strikes seared into him in ever-unexpected places then as Amy began to circle his suspended, helplessly squirming form to attack him from every side.

"Yeeeeee-HAW!" she screamed, flinging her new favorite weapon at his lower back. The whip sliced into him, laying down another livid welt even as the particularly incisive tip wrapped itself around his flank just below the ribs. Dimly aware that he was screaming almost nonstop, Steve bent up his shackled ankles, did pull-ups with his muscular arms and abraded, manacled wrists, wriggled and flopped like a fish on a line and still could do absolutely nothing about the constantly accumulating agony his gorgeous mistress was enthusiastically inflicting on him.

True to his admittedly perverse nature though, true to the lavishly masochistic enjoyment of punishment he'd been wallowing in since that first vastly instructive session with the ping-pong paddle, he still became more exquisitely aroused with each seemingly unendurable increase. This was *Amy*, his fantastically beautiful, supremely sexy, infectiously vivacious and limitless beloved soul-mate that was physically disciplining and psychologically subjugating him. She was taking an exhilarating sexual pleasure from afflicting him with this agony and then infusing it back into him ten-fold along some esoteric interpersonal connection. Such was her divine gift, and he'd eagerly ceded her his soul in pathetic recompense.

Long before that interminable ten minutes was up Steve had exhausted his capacity for struggle. As Lady Love continued to circle him, continued to shriek out combined effort and ecstasy (occasionally clearly orgasmic in intensity) and continued to slash her whip into his already heavily-intaglioed hide, Slave Steven hung slackly from his wrists, unable to do more than twitch and shudder at each fresh bite of the lash. Yet still his erection strained mightily upright. Pulsing hotly within its sensitive sleeve, it continued to send out urgent messages of his nearly unbearable arousal not only to the monitoring computer but to the wondering judges, audience, and the world at large.

How could such torture – arguably even greater than that inflicted by viciously vengeful Wendy – possibly continue to wildly arouse someone even as it dangerously debilitated them?

They had their answer after the ending buzzer sounded and Amy swept off her hat to give the wildly cheering crowd a delighted bow. Pausing only to arm sweat off her forehead then – not even bothering to register how the very impressive scores going up were ably erasing the setback suffered in the previous phase – she hurried over to lower Slave Steven to the stage.

There she wrapped her helplessly slumping love in a fervent hug and smacked his face over and over again with kisses as emphatic as her most orgasmic whiplash. The audience' appreciative applause swelled even further, drowning out even the screaming of the extended guitar solo that endlessly drew out the live version of "Whipping Post" she'd chosen. And when the stagehands arrived to help her move Steve off the stage she accompanied them solicitously, sparing only a last distracted wave for her admiring and approving public.

Xenia

Watching from the opposite side of the stage Xenia sneered again with contempt. Her scorn was directed at the sickly, misguided sentiment displayed by nearly all involved: the judges, audience, and mostly her unexpectedly close competition, the naïve little amateur whose bare little butt was just flashing its last as it left the stage and spotlight across from her.

Little Miss Tight-ass had a hell of a lot to learn.

Slaves were property, bought and paid for, nothing more. They were less than pets in that respect, and *never* lovers. The very idea was heretical. One used them for your every sadistic pleasure until their usefulness was exhausted. Then you discarded them and bought another. Any solicitude you showed them was simply a matter of protecting your investment. And with her vast resources Xenia didn't even need to worry about that. Hugging and kissing them like that, especially in public, was beyond disgusting and pathetic. It diminished and demeaned all of holy femininity. Xenia didn't doubt for an instant that the silly little twit even slept with her slave, even went as far as permitting him to penetrate her. She shuddered with revulsion.

Goddess Xenia Domina hadn't allowed a man to so much as touch her in over a decade. She provided herself with all the sex she'd ever need by mechanical means. She even relied exclusively on machines to brutally batter the orifices of her slaves. The necessity of actually personally fucking Thrall's ass for the final stage was repugnant enough to her that she'd almost decided against entering. Though she was loath to admit it, this was also why she remained determined to push the envelope enough to build an insurmountable lead before then. The animalistic little bitches, the nigger and the dyke no doubt reveled in sexual contact.

Naturally Xenia had another rule-bending advantage planned for this discipline part of the proceedings. And naturally the others would once again race to complain. Xenia didn't care though. Let them complain all the way home. Was it her fault they didn't have extensively pierced and hugely endowed slaves of their own?

In line with her policy of only revealing her body by stages, Xenia too was dressed in a third different outfit. The last time she'd paraded her legs and ass. Though covered now, these were still fantastically displayed by her skin-tight black leather pants and the spiked-heeled shoes she once again wore. This time it was her slender belly and almost all of her back that was bare, along with her shoulders and arms. And for a top she wore only a matching cup-less bra similar to Wendy's, only with slightly thicker straps. This was also adorned only with the rivets holding it together rather than showy spikes, and featured several descending rows of slightly sagging, fine-linked silver chain draping her finally mostly revealed breasts.

Not even bothering with the microphone this time, Xenia carried only her small, hand-held shock-prod. And Thrall wasn't bound at all beyond a simple blindfold and ring-gag. She'd show them proper slave control! A *real* disciplinarian didn't require bondage at all when exacting pain from her slave. The simple constraint of her will was

sufficient to keep him respectfully quiescent throughout, no matter how prolonged or extreme the torment.

When the curtain rose Xenia led Thrall arrogantly out as before, confident that the sound and scent of her, even the clearly definable aura of holiness that enveloped her and emanated from her like a whole-body halo, would keep her mute and blindfolded slave properly in step behind her. And yet again she was correct.

As she reached center stage and about-faced, Thrall was exactly where he was supposed to be. Hearing her footsteps come to a halt, he stopped at attention facing her directly.

“Right face,” Xenia ordered sharply, and he swiveled as smartly as any soldier on parade.

“Assume position for punishment!”

Now facing the audience, Thrall spread his legs wide and laced his fingers together behind his head, displaying the intricate work of art that his impressively muscular, shaved, scarred, branded, tattooed and extensively pierced body was. If his erection was not quite as emphatic as that of the ex-football hero before him, it more than made up for this with its prodigious size alone.

The crowd oohed and ahed, gasped and applauded this exquisite specimen of pulchritude. Xenia posed next to Thrall in all her own matchless beauty and symmetrical perfection, raised her shock-prod and waited stock-still for the signal to begin.

When the buzzer sounded, this most inventive of disciplinarians reached out and touched the tip of her prod to the tip of Thrall’s tongue. Its conduction aided by saliva, an electrical current surged into him, bringing an uncontrollable jerk of pain from her slave. Still he held his position admirably well. Cannonball biceps bulged as his raised arms clenched, forcing the heavy veins under the skin into even greater visibility.

Again and again Xenia shocked him, with varying intervals of about one to five seconds between and in scattered random places, so that her blindfolded slave never knew when or where they would strike. Of course she mixed relatively benign spots with acutely sensitive ones, like the tip of the nose, earlobes, nipples and testicles. When she zapped the back of Thrall’s knee unexpectedly his rigid stance buckled a bit, but he was swift to recover. And of course she shocked his prodigious penis most of all, from the very base to the tip and all around the shaft, avoiding only the delicate monitoring sleeve.

Xenia could just imagine the howls of outrage from her competitors. But once again she was acutely careful to never touch the flesh of the penis itself. Always her shocks struck embedded rings or studs. Of course this metal immediately conducted the electricity straight to that extensively pierced organ, and of course it had the desired effect. This agony in his hatefully sinful member not only made Thrall gasp and twitch uncontrollably. It also made that member stiffen and swell up to its truly fearsome maximum size. Five times running Xenia applied her power to the densely nerve-packed tip, causing her slave to hiss like a kettle on the boil and stream sweat down his face and flanks.

Since this oily liquid made such a superb conductant Xenia proceed then to hit him wherever he was slickest, returning often to poke deftly through the ring between his teeth to shock his tongue as well. When tears began running helplessly from his eyes she took advantage of this too, zapping his tender wet cheeks mercilessly. Moving silently around behind him then Xenia reached up from below and shocked his bung several

times, the backs of his knees and thighs some more and even the tips of each of his toes. Through it all Thrall remained rigidly in position, recovering almost immediately from every flinch, jerk, and involuntary stagger.

Any other unrestrained slave would have been rolling around screaming, trying desperately to fend off each next searing electric kiss. But of course Thrall had been conditioned to far worse than this over the years. He'd suffered the relentless, endless speed-pounding of motorized electrified copper dildos skewering both his fuck-holes for hours non-stop, as well as acutely prolonged infusions of current into dozens of other places simultaneously. This ten minutes of brief isolated zaps here and there must have been child's play compared to what she'd put him through the night she'd entered the contest, and on so many occasions before.

Perhaps that was the problem.

Due to Thrall's heroic stoicism, and the muteness that made him unable to utter so much as a whimper, the audience and judges failed to appreciate the scale of the agony she was inflicting on him with merely a touch here and there. The applause when she'd finished was half-hearted compared to the adulation they showered on that clueless amateur. And their scores when posted, while still high enough to keep her in the lead, were nowhere near what Xenia felt she actually deserved.

She had a nearly overpowering temptation to leap into the judges' row and then wade on into the crowd itself, delivering her shocks here, there, and everywhere until they all truly appreciated their idiocy. Instead with a monumental effort Xenia gave a vague smile of regal forbearance and led her still helplessly shuddering slave off the stage.

Her tricks exhausted – except for finally coming out totally naked for the last stage – it seemed she'd need to overcome her rightful distaste long enough to give Thrall the absolutely divine ass battering of a lifetime. Against all expectations it seemed this competition might go down to the wire after all...

Kerry

Kerry was also facing a woefully familiar punishment the brevity of which was piffling compared to what he typically endured. He (she damn it, she was a she now) thus wasn't worried in the least about the actual beating upcoming. Her concern was for the no doubt inconceivably extreme retribution Toni would mete out when they got home should she once again fail to become sufficiently aroused by this.

Kerry didn't believe for an instant that her wife would really cut off her penis as she'd threatened to earlier.

That would spoil too much of the fun of her comprehensive feminization. And so what if she actually did go and cut it off? Kerry would practically welcome being relieved of that pitiful little reminder of the sex she was born to be. No, Toni would instead come up with something so horrific it would put nearly twenty-five years of constant torment firmly in the pale. Indeed unbeknownst to her she'd inadvertently already done so.

By forcing Kerry to break her longstanding fantasy taboo in search of that stubbornly elusive arousal Toni had freed a terrible genie Kerry feared she'd never be able to put back in the bottle. If not happy by any stretch of the imagination in her incredibly bizarre and harshly limited life, she had at least been coping with it and reasonably at peace. But now all that was shattered, almost certainly irrevocably. Instead a future of inexpressible misery stretched ahead of her in which she'd never be able to stop pining for what might have been. And now there was nothing for it but to start fantasizing all over again. For the third time tonight she had to force a reluctant boner somehow into being. And the only way to do that was to obsess on the impossible: sex with his hulking, cruel, but still desperately attractive wife.

Toni had received permission to set up a restraint contraption of her own design in the middle of the stage. There Kerry waited for the curtain to go up and her big muscular mistress to step out and join her, fantasizing frantically as she did so. Once again she was naked except for her little lace gloves, locked-on fetish shoes and net stockings.

A wooden bar was supported waist-high by two simple posts. Just like the backyard fence, Kerry was bent double over this with her wrists and ankles all cuffed tightly together. Curtaining her face from the front of the stage, her long hair hung straight down, falling from her head to just brush the little round platform both she and the posts stood upon. This platform was seated in a bearing-lined circle after the manner of a Lazy Susan, so that the prodding of a touch could swivel it, or even rotate it vertiginously all around.

With the contest's outlandish emcee suddenly wrapping up her self-promoting interlude and moving on to humorously introduce them, Kerry found herself only half-hard and in desperate straits indeed. At last she forced herself to take her self-destructive fantasizing from the merely absurd to downright blasphemous and surely irreparable new heights. She knew she was truly condemning herself by this but there seemed to be no other choice.

First Kerry imagined that she was still a he and that it was the young mistress named Amy that he was married to. Beautiful little Amy was even smaller than he was, and she was unfailingly sweet and loving despite her undisputed dominance. They were shut up together in a lavish hotel suite light years away from the sordid motel room his 'honeymoon' had occurred in. Kerry was lying on his back in sumptuous comfort, he wasn't tied up at all and naked Amy was straddling him, pushing her exceptionally pointy breasts into his face.

"Suck on them, Kerry. Go ahead and lick around the nipples like you've always dreamed about. Squeeze them and fondle them and play with them all you like. I know you've never touched a woman's breasts yet, so take your time and enjoy mine. We have the whole night and the rest of our lives to enjoy sex together. And after you've had your fill of my tits, would you like me to suck on your cock? I will, you know. I know you've never, ever had your penis in a woman's mouth before either. You've never felt a girl slowly run her tongue around the head just under the rim, or up and down the underside of the shaft before suddenly taking your whole balls right into her mouth and sucking on them as well.

"I'll do that for you. Unlike some women you might have been unlucky enough to marry, I'll do all those things and more. I'll take the oh-so sensitive head of your throbbing prick in my mouth and suck it like the most delicious lollipop ever.

“I’ll clamp my lips tightly around that stiff little shaft. Then I’ll bob up and down, taking the whole thing in and out and in and out, fast and slow and then fast again, rubbing and squeezing and fondling your bloated-up testicles all the while. You’ll think you’re in heaven husband, and for all intents and purposes you will be – a heaven that will never end. I’ll lick and suck and slurp and slobber, gobble and bob on your burning prick like mad, until you ejaculate so forcefully it will go shooting right on through my mouth. Without even touching my incredibly busy tongue it will splat against the back of my throat and run right down into my belly. Then I’ll squeeze and suck you from the root on up, milking you of every last delicious drop. After that, after coming harder than you ever dreamed possible, you won’t even mind if I have to tie you up and whip you silly and then use my own big cock to fuck your sexy butt.”

Fantasy-Amy pressed her breasts further into Kerry’s face, rubbing them back and forth. Their springy flesh squashed wonderfully against him, the big hard nipples scraping almost dangerously against his cheeks and lips. Her cool hand reached back, clasped his madly straining cock and started slowly pumping it, the first woman ever to do so.

“You’ll even learn to love submitting to those things. With me they won’t be degrading in the least. They won’t even be any kind of punishment at all. They’ll just be wonderfully exciting foreplay. And by the time I’m finished doing them to you, you’ll once again be so unbearably hard and horny that you’ll feel ready to burst the second I touch you. And yet with your balls already emptied earlier, when I finally slip you deep inside me and take your virginity from you the fucking will just go on for hours.

“Imagine how tight and hot my educated cunt will feel gripping your inexperienced little penis. And that will be just the beginning.

“You’ll slip rhythmically in and out of that heavenly wet cleft endlessly as I ride you. Then after I come a few times I’ll even let you get on top of me. I’ll lie back before you and spread my legs to the edge of the bed. As with my breasts you can lick me and tongue me and play with me down there for as long as you like. I just know you’ll make me come at least another dozen times that way. Then when I’m totally wild for your cock again you can lie down on top of me and ram yourself into my hungry pussy as hard as you can for hours on end. We’ll make out like teenagers while you do it too. Our lips will caress each other, our tongues will slither and dance, my breasts will fill up your groping hands, and all the while my legs will be locked around your back. Our hips will be pumping relentlessly against each other and our connected crotches enjoying the most intimate act of intercourse possible. And after that we’ll *really* get down and dirty.

“How about this: eventually I’ll even get on all fours in front of you and let you fuck my impossibly tight little ass!

“You’ll grip my hips and stab it into me. I’ll growl and snarl and drool and bark and scream with animalistic ecstasy as you fuck my bung doggy-style all night long. And even that will be just the beginning. We’ll do all those things and so much more every day morning, noon and night for the rest of our lives. And maybe I’ll get my girlfriends to join us too!”

As this fantasy-Amy whispered these incredible blandishments into his mind’s ear Kerry at last felt her tiny penis straining up fully erect. But suddenly the curtain was going up, the spotlight was on her and big Toni was striding out onto the stage. Over one

shoulder she carried one of her favorite weapons: a heavy canoe paddle whose long, wide blade of hand-crafted white ash had been drilled through with dozens of holes.

Kerry squeezed shut her eyes, unwilling to relinquish the exquisitely painful yet horribly compelling fantasy she'd conjured. Now where was she? Oh yes: Amy Donovan had enticed an equally lovely and obliging friend to join them in bed.

This was not the kind of atop-the-kitchen-table or bent-over-the-fence threesomes Toni often subjected him to, the ones where she encouraged as many of her fellow lesbians as she could to fuck Kerry's face and throat while she brutally pounded in his sissy ass. In this world-that-could-never-be Amy and he and a ravishing brunette who was identical to Wendy but with a polar opposite personality were writhing all tangled together on a bearskin rug before an enormous roaring fire. Or they were on a slowly rotating, twelve foot-diameter feather-stuffed circular bed, performing unimaginable sexual gymnastics on satin sheets of a deep rich crimson. High above them a mirrored disco ball cast a million little spots of multicolored light on their intertwined and intensely copulating bodies.

A quick blink later they were cavorting naked through a vast shadowy forest, slipping between immensely towering trunks ten feet wide. Catching each other and being willingly caught, they tumbled willy-nilly down onto an aromatic bed of deep, springy moss where they petted and pawed and then mounted each other and rutted like besotted satyrs. Lithe naked wood nymphs, sprightly fairies and dewy-eyed dryads attended to them lovingly all the while. Their feather-light touches helped to ease open orifices. Then they expertly guided home his impossibly insatiable erection, which could empty his balls a thousand times and still remain as achingly hard as it was right now...

Suddenly reality brutally intruded. It reclaimed dreaming Kerry with a horribly familiar thunderclap of agony against her ass. Her fantasy shattered, flying away in a million pieces. Of course those pieces would be only too eager to reassemble themselves at every opportunity. But for the moment the only one left was the one that was indisputably real: the powerfully evocative ache of her remarkably raging hard-on.

From an alternate universe where some blessedly compassionate beauty loved him for who he was and led him through a paradisiacal present and into a future shining with self-respect and incredible sexual satiations that were surely too fatal to her peace of mind to contemplate. Kerry was abruptly back onstage before millions of people being brutally beaten by the heartless monster who'd tricked her into marriage and now utterly owned her. As terribly wrenching as this transition was however, the descent into fantasy had served its purpose. Despite the heartbroken sob that burst from her, Kerry was still as sexually aroused as she'd been since she was an impossibly naive teenager waiting on a sagging motel bed for her unimaginably limited sex life to commence. Two, three, and then four more horrific thunderclaps exploded against her ass, yet even these couldn't diminish her finally resurgent need. And when Toni Masterson had delivered the fifth agonizing two-handed paddle-smack, she nudged the platform a bit, rotating Kerry a few degrees around the circle she was standing on.

This put her back in mind of that rotating feather bed. Once again Kerry found herself under the mirror ball, where fantasy-Amy was endlessly riding his cock while not-Wendy slapped her heavily hanging breasts briskly back and forth against his cheeks before pressing one fatty-yet-firm globe hard against his face. The stiff nipple forced

itself between his lips. Hot with ungovernable need, not-Wendy hissed at him to suck me, suck me; suck me, honey!

And so Kerry managed to retain that futilely demanding erection. After every five stupendous swats with the canoe paddle, Toni nudged her a little bit further around the circle, before shifting position correspondingly and whaling away at her again. This not only allowed everyone in the audience a view of them both from every possible angle as her merciless discipline was delivered. It periodically refreshed for Kerry that image of the slowly rotating bed, and the heavenly delights being performed upon it that would never occur anywhere else but in the fevered theater of her imagination.

And so Kerry sobbed non-stop: dripping tears and snot on her hair and the platform below her. She cried out in renewed and redoubled excruciation every time that hard flat paddle powerfully impacted her soon bruised and swollen buttocks. She grieved as only the utterly bereft can grieve for fantastic pleasures others regard as commonplace and which she would never enjoy. She acknowledged bitterly to herself that she'd be tormented worse by her own treacherous mind than any physical stimuli for the rest of her miserably penurious existence. And yet she kept at least a semblance of an erection for almost the entire ten minutes her ordeal continued. And when those ten minutes were finally up Kerry had at least earned a grudging word of approval from the towering, muscular being that had condemned her to all this perdition.

"All right Kerry, that was better."

The curtain had gone down. Toni was unlocking the four-way shackles from her wrists and ankles. Her voice was gruff and unforgiving, but no longer infuriated with her.

"You're still nowhere near to scoring as high as the jock and the muscle-bound boy-toy. But at least you're no longer staying pathetically limp. Remember though, the last stage coming up is the most important one. For us to stand any chance of winning you're going to have to come at least once and probably twice while I fuck your sissy-pussy."

"You've got twenty-four years worth of sperm built up in those balls since the first time I did you. You'd better empty out every last squiggly, wiggly one of them. You'll never have another chance to do so. I *guarantee* you that."

Toni dropped the shackles. She hauled Kerry upright and dragged her off the stage. As she was pulled toward their dressing room, Kerry wished with all her immeasurably blighted being that she'd never heard a word about this fucked-up contest.

Darby

Darby put down her own heavy wooden paddle.

A beautifully varnished relic of Myron's long-gone fraternity days, this was the one implement of punishment she hadn't had to improvise, or uselessly pine for. Relishing the choked sobbing of her bound and gagged, cross-dressed and extensively wounded new chore slave, she went back to the couch, sat down and picked up her pen. Then Darby leaned over and added to the list she was making.

Actually it was two lists, separated into columns by a vertical line. On one side were things to buy: an assortment of wigs and high-heeled shoes for Myron, the maid's uniforms he would wear during the days and the lingerie for nights; ropes of all lengths,

thicknesses, and composition, various gauges of chain, padlocks, shackles and all kinds of other arcane bondage gear. She'd even reconsidered about the gags. At the very least she needed one of those big double-dildo gags like the biker had used.

The thought of smothering Myron under her while she rode his helpless face was almost as exciting as the prospect of fucking him in the ass. Beneath this and 'strap-on dildo' on this list were the implements of discipline she still needed: an assortment of whips and canes, and either a taser or a car battery – something to shock Myron with anyway. She had no idea where Goddess Xenia had acquired her wonderful little prod. She didn't even know where to start looking. Perhaps the internet – it seemed you could find everything else there nowadays. In any case, giving little slut-bitch Myron an extended taste of electricity was the only punishment she'd so far been unable to emulate.

When the surprisingly exciting Wendy went to work on her useless bawling slant-eyed slave with a cane, Darby had been seized by the need to do likewise. At first at a loss, her eyes had alighted almost by chance on the window blinds. These were adjusted by twisting a thin plastic rod that hung down from the mechanism at the top. Carefully unscrewing this, Darby soon had a strong but thin, limber stick about forty inches long.

She'd pulled off Myron's shoes, crossed his ankles and taped them together. Then while Wendy did the same to her slave Darby beat the bottoms of Myron's feet with this makeshift cane, not neglecting his ass and the backs of his thighs when Wendy adjusted her aim likewise. Grimly delighting in Myron's desperate struggles and attempted screams, she was soon so wet that she didn't know how she could wait until the end of the show to masturbate.

Next up was Amy Miller and her lovely bullwhip. Again Darby was forced to improvise. In a drawer full of old odds and ends she found an old electrical cord that had somehow been yanked out of the base of the lamp it used to serve. About six feet long, this plastic-coated double wire made an acceptable substitute, at least until she could go shopping. Regretting that she didn't have access to his back and chest, belly and genitals but unwilling to untie him, Darby had settled for pulling Myron's panties down off his ass and whipping this until it was raw and even seeping in places. By the time she was finished Darby was more than just seeping herself. Her juices were actually trickling down her legs. When Xenia came on and went to work with her shock-prod she made her decision.

There was no way she'd be able to emulate *that* tonight. So she went to the bedroom and got her big dildo.

Darby had made it a policy early on in her marriage never to masturbate where Myron could see or hear her, lest he get some perverted thrill out of it. It was one thing for him to know she was doing it – she rather enjoyed rubbing his face in the knowledge that she chose to satisfy her needs alone rather than let him ever touch her. But until now she'd forced him to use his imagination while tormenting himself with the fact of his inadequacy. Well that – along with so much else about her marriage – would have to change starting tonight.

Let Myron have his sick little celibate thrill. Let him witness each and every one of the numberless orgasms she enjoyed in the full knowledge that he'd never have another one himself. Seated on the couch behind him, out of his line of vision but only a few feet away, Darby watched her husband squirm and Xenia torture her slave pitilessly as she masturbated.

Fantasizing about shocking Myron's tongue, nipples, balls, and especially his now forever impotent cock, she used the dildo on her pussy and a vibrator on her clit simultaneously. She managed two good orgasms – a nice start to the night – before the big dyke came out to paddle her little she-male sissy.

With that Darby leaped up to paddle her own soon-to-be she-male sissy. Finally she didn't have to improvise! Once she and Toni were finished however, Darby realized her excellent paddle still wasn't quite right. At the bottom of the left side of her dual list, under such things as 'Donate sissy's clothes', 'Get sissy fired' (this one already crossed off), and the like she scrawled 'Get holes drilled in paddle'. Then she settled back onto the couch.

Soon the spook would be up. And though she was still eager for inspiration, and hoping that Master Nikki had something clever, original and especially terribly painful to show her, Darby hoped this couple didn't score well.

After Amy's ridiculous kissy-huggy display Darby had switched her allegiance. Amy was just too damn nice to her slave. If she had to watch that on TV all year she'd be barfing every week. Wendy was the girl after her own heart. She clearly felt the same way Darby did about the useless asshole male she'd been stuck with.

Unfortunately Wendy was all but mathematically out of the running. Handicapped by the pathetic specimen of manhood she was coupled with, she was doomed to miss out on the riches and glory – again exactly like Darby herself.

Out of the other four, Darby had a bit of a liking for the moose despite the fact that she was a disgusting crack-snacker. She had after all given her the idea to feminize her husband and turn him into a chore slave. But Toni didn't really have a realistic chance to win either. Given that she now wanted anyone to win other than Amy or the nigger that left only Xenia.

Darby resented Xenia for obviously possessing the wealth and privilege she felt entitled to herself. Jesus, that sapphire she flaunted was probably worth most of Darby's jewelry collection on its own. She needed wealth and celebrity about as much as Imelda Marcos needed another pair of shoes. Oh well, Darby sighed to herself.

If Xenia won she'd at least get to see a lot more of that hugely hung muscle-boy she'd managed to tame. There was a *real* man! At this thought Darby suddenly felt like beating the shit out of wimpy Myron again. As if summoned by the thought, on the TV the curtain was going up and the action about to begin again. Excited Darby leaned forward. What would she soon be using to beat her she-male with this time? She couldn't wait to see...

Alex

Like the Lady Love, Nikki didn't need or want a whipping post. Like an old-time slave-master she preferred to have access to her entire property when punishing it. The suspension cable fit the bill just fine for that. But of course Master was far more experienced and inventive than young Amy. Alex was hung not by his wrists but by his tightly roped together ankles.

His wrists were bound together too of course. But they were also tied to a normally recessed ring in the stage floor. This kept him stretched upside down so tightly that the spinning and lurching and thrashing of limbs Slave Stephen had used to try and cope with the agony of his whipping were all quite impossible for Alex. He could only writhe in place a bit and take it.

Also unlike Steve, he was denied even the release of screaming. Nor could he tell where the next blow was coming from, or where and when it would hit his naked body. Once again he had that big hard ball filling his mouth and the stifling leather hood completely enclosing his head but for the two small holes over his nostrils. Master was circling his helpless body, calling out challenges, warnings and imprecations as she lashed his flesh with her cat o' nine tails.

Of course Alex already had extensive experience with this whip. The long, heavy handle with the ball at the end also served as a dildo. When Master wanted to sodomize him while denying him the distinctly sexual excitement of actively fucking him, she pounded this huge thing brutally into his ass like a fist, or rammed it in deep and gouged that big ball excruciatingly all around, cruelly traumatizing his tender insides.

That wasn't what this situation called for though. Instead she used the nine thin, tightly braided floggers, each with a little spiked ball at the tip. While not sharp enough to do more than scratch him deeply, these were steel, and plenty hard and pointy enough to hurt like hell. Their weight was also sufficient to considerably increase the centrifugal force with which those meter-long whips whistled through the air. For perhaps the tenth time in just this first minute they hissed in from nowhere and slashed against his skin, this time on his back between the shoulder blades. Again Master's amplified voice echoed around the auditorium following a gloating laugh full of sexual excitement. Combined with the tearing pain this contagious emotion made Alex' erection once again strain madly out from his inverted body.

"Yeah, boy! How do you like that, slave? I'll teach you to fall a row behind the other cotton pickers! Just because Master enjoys raping you all the time doesn't confer any special privilege to be lazy you know. You work your cracker little ass off like everyone else! Or so help me I'll whip you into an unmarked grave and start forcing my giant cock on some other slave!"

Again those tentacles from hell lashed out of the blackness and tore into Alex. This time they bit into his hip and flank, scoring stinging welts onto his side and belly. Again Alex screamed into the hood, the big ball stuffing the sound back down his throat. He twisted and writhed in helpless agony, as again that gloating laugh rang out.

"Fuck yeah! Take that, white boy! You're just lucky I'm not allowed to hit the penis!"

On the contrary – Alex craved in vain for the immense flash of pain there that never came. When Master whipped him at home she often concentrated exclusively on the groin area. And always his insidious chastity device provided some protection. How he longed to have his full and raging erection whipped, the hot throbbing flesh flayed raw with endless slashes of those terrible leather tentacles! In the meantime though, Master slashed her lashes unexpectedly against the backs of his thighs, then forehand, backhand and forehand again in swift succession across his chest. Alex screamed and struggled, wept and raged and pulsed powerfully against the unresponsive air, which took the heat and madness of his penis and gave back nothing.

“I’ll teach you to slack off, slave! I’ll beat you to within an inch of your life and then fuck the rest right of it out of you! After this all too brief purgatory you’ll get heaven and hell all at once courtesy of my raping twelve-inch penis!”

Oh please, let it be so! Alex was excruciatingly aware that this was the next to last stage of the competition. Soon he would once again be fucked out of his literally ever-loving mind by Master’s feeldoe. As hard as he would have found it to believe just a few months ago, he no longer cared a whit that his once painfully secret, supposedly horrible shameful fetish for being butt-fucked was now common knowledge, and about to be demonstrated for the whole world to sneer at and see. All that he cared about was that soon he’d finally get fucked again and even be allowed to come as he hadn’t in so very long.

He’d come and come and scream with amazed satiation as his Master hammered her cock so hard into his greedy little hole that her Slut-boy could barely bear it. Then he might indeed be willing to personally lock his own cock back up forever, if only his Momma and Master would agree to keep fucking his ass and face and tying up and torturing him for the rest of his life. His only wish then would be to pass into her eternal ownership in some timeless paradise afterward, where the incomparable Nikki Washington could go on feeding his addiction forever.

“Take that, and that and that and that!” the Goddess in question cried. “Take your punishment and love me for it, you Slut-boy slave!”

And so Alex did, for the entirety of that all too brief ten minutes.

Streaming sweat stung salt in his wounds, and still he writhed in his agonized blackness, praying to his new Goddess to always own him, always punish him like this and above all always fuck him until he cried. When the buzzer finally sounded and the roar of the crowd announced their unstinting approval Slut-boy wriggled frantically where he hung, desperate for the most evanescent touch on his impossibly turgid prick. Of course none came. He was merely lowered to the floor, seized by the feet and dragged off the stage on his back, the friction of the wood against his bare skin burning his already flaming lattice of welts. But then suddenly they stopped moving. Out of the blackness above him Alex heard the enthusiastic voice of the little redhead Momma had established a bit of a friendship with.

“Damn Nikki, that was fantastic! I just wanted to hang around and thank you again for your advice before. But once again I got a *killer* education. I never even dreamed of hanging Steve upside down. Now I can’t wait to get him home and tie him that way to my whipping tree. Oh, we’re going to have such an exciting life together now, and it’s mostly thanks to you.

“Hey, do you realize that the two of us are basically tied just behind Xenia? Promise me, whichever one of us wins, we both have to beat that cheating bitch!”

“Right on!” Nikki laughed. “You said it, little sister!” In the pause afterward Alex could picture the two of them bumping fists. Then Nikki continued.

“But it’s going to be me coming out on top I’m afraid. You may have ten years on me and that dynamite little body that looks like it could fuck all night and most of the next day too. But I have the fabulous feeldoe for incentive.”

“What’s the fabulous feeldoe?”

Of course Slut-boy could have given her chapter and verse on that – if he hadn't been gagged, and if it had been his place to speak up. Nikki just laughed her gleeful gloating laugh however, and put the little Lady Love off.

“I'll tell you *after* I fuck this greedy little slut to victory!”

“Well, we'll see about that,” Amy laughed right back. “I'm going to give my own incredibly greedy butt-slut the fucking of a lifetime too. Whichever way it turns out, good luck! Meeting you has been the best part of this experience for me.”

“Why thank you sugar! Good luck to you too. It's only a few more minutes now. I know I can't fucking wait to start fucking!”

“Neither can I big sister! Do that boy like he deserves!”

Of course Alex couldn't wait for that either. He was so damn excited at the prospect he was likely to go off like a rocket on the first hard thrust of Master's big black cock. In the meantime Nikki continued dragging him toward their dressing room.

Part Six: Reward

Toni

Everything was just about ready to go.

The five slaves had already been brought out from their dressing rooms and secured. Some had been so debilitated from their discipline – Will and Steve in particular who'd gone first and begun to stiffen up – they practically had to be carried. Now they waited in a row on their little numbered platforms, each locked into cunningly designed pillories facing the curtain that still concealed the stage from the crowd.

The stocks that held their necks and wrists were very narrow so as not to obscure much of their bodies from view. Clearly visible below these were the dangling chains which connected their alligator-clipped nipples to the ten identical weights stretching them painfully down. Ankles spread wide and clamped in place by built in shackles, each slave was bent way over at the waist. Each mouth was held sprung wide by an identical ring-gag, which also held their heads stretched back to face directly at the audience. Cleverly mounted microphones were positioned next to each mouth, each rear end up near where the faces of their mistresses would be once they mounted the platforms and stood behind them – ready to pick up each least vocalization and every urgent sound of copulation. Miniaturized cameras also waited in position to provide real-time close-ups of each penis, which would run on a huge split-screen above the stage. Of course wide-angle shots and other individualized close-ups of the action would also be provided by the many big high definition TV cameras which had been broadcasting coverage all along.

Idly caressing her giant onyx cock, Toni stood grouped with the other four ladies as Lady Lash once again formally explained the obvious.

“Okay, Mistresses, Master and Goddess, as you can see, the reward stage of the competition will take place simultaneously rather than one at a time. Since you will each have a full hour to fuck your slut, we would be here all night otherwise. Plus this provides us with an exciting race to the finish.

“In addition to the usual judging criteria, extra points will be awarded for any orgasms your slaves experience. The first slave to come will get fifty points, the next forty, and then thirty and so on. Any slave that manages to ejaculate more than once will also get an extra fifty points for each additional orgasm. So take heart, Wendy and Toni: you can still win this thing!”

Toni kept quiet at this, though she twisted her lips skeptically. Next to her Wendy didn't react at all. She was still glowering with the brooding fury that had consumed her almost from the end of the first stage. Lady Lash continued.

“Your slaves are currently placed in the order of scoring as it stands, so you should be able to more easily monitor your closest competitors. Thrall is locked down on platform one at the far right. Next we have Slave Steven, and then Alex, Kerry, and Will on the far left. As you know, you're allowed to use any dildo you like provided it's mounted on your crotch. However, the only lubrication you get will be your slaves' spit. This may prove a problem for those of you sporting such monster cocks.”

Lady Lash leered approvingly at Xenia and Toni, stroking her own ceremonial behemoth significantly. Then she continued.

“Ring-gags may not be removed for this preparatory cock sucking. Your two slaves will just have to do the best they can with their tongues in the two minutes provided.

“Okay ladies, please go and stand on your platforms to the right of your slaves while I go and introduce this final, *climactic* performance. When the curtain goes up, please stay where you are until the first buzzer sounds. Then move to the front of your slave and lube up. At the second buzzer, take your position behind him. When the third one sounds, mount up and start fucking that slut! All right then, best of luck to everyone!”

Toni did as instructed, moving back and stepping up six inches or so onto the raised plinth next to Kerry. She was gratified to see that though her slave looked the very picture of misery with tears streaming down her face and dripping off her chin, her ridiculously tiny penis was once again erect. That was good – Toni didn’t really want to cut it off. That had been an idle threat. It was so much better to keep it locked up forever and impaled on little spikes whenever it dared to get hard. While the Lady Lash warmed up the crowd Toni wondered briefly how her little sissy had finally managed to unearth some vestigial scrap of manhood after all these years. That would of course have to be crushed out of her soon after this was over. Then she dismissed the matter – the curtain was going up and the fun about to begin.

Raucous cheers and screaming hilarity greeted the sight of the five ring-gagged slaves all bent over in a row. These quadrupled in intensity when the buzzer sounded, the mistresses rounded them as one and stuck their big cocks into those captive faces.

Like she’d been warned there was no way Toni could fit her big stone prick through that two inch ring. But Kerry clearly understood what she was in for. Immediately she poked out her tongue and began slathering saliva all over as much of that cock as she could reach. She even hawked up snot and added it to the spit, frantically lubing up Toni’s penis as extensively as possible in the time allowed. Then the buzzer sounded again.

Her heart beating harder than it had in years, Toni moved back around, seized Kerry’s slender little hips and aligned the glistening head of that prodigious stone penis with the impossibly tight pucker of Kerry’s bung.

Surely some of the gasps and laughs of disbelief from the audience *must* have been in response to the close-up view of this ridiculous disparity certainly being carried by one of the cameras. Toni remained supremely confident however. She *had* made the onyx monster fit in there dozens of times after all. Then the buzzer sounded for the third time, the Lady Lash hollered out some witless exhortation and Toni set out to prove to the world what a properly motivated lesbian could do to the weaker, lesser sex.

Truly it was an extremely difficult fit, especially with Kerry’s buttocks so swollen. But she had the muscle necessary, as well as decades of expertise. Forcing her brutal way in, Toni reveled in the remarkable wail of agony from her little receptacle.

“Uh, uh, aaaaaaaahh!” screamed Kerry, the sound easily overtopping the cries of ecstasy from Alex and Steve on the right and even competing with the disbelieving shrieks from Will on her other side. Not to be outdone, Toni added her growling commands to the overlapping vilification coming from Wendy and the cries of ecstasy and encouragement of Nikki and Amy.

“Goddamn you William, this is what you get for failing me, you useless loser!”

“Oh yeah Slut-boy, now I’ve got your ass! And I always will!”

“That’s right Stevie honey, you know you love it! Now come for me baby! Come for your Lady Love! Amy wants a million dollars, and you *will* get it for her!”

“That’s right, you disgusting little bitch!” was Toni’s contribution. “Squeal like the stuck piglet that you are! This is *still* the only kind of sex you’ll ever know. So take my entire giant cock even if it tears you apart, you she-male piece of shit!”

Of course Kerry didn’t have any choice in this. Hauling back on her hips Toni pounded forward with her own, driving that monstrous hunk of stone inside her inch by terribly resistant inch. Of course Nikki, Wendy and Amy were already establishing powerfully driving rhythms, but that didn’t matter. Once she had her slut loosened up enough Toni would match them stroke for stroke. Then the monstrous size of her erection, the much greater strength of her body, the decades of skill at her disposal and the lifetime of hatred and contempt for men that formed the core of her being would *truly* make themselves felt.

So Toni persevered, grunting and heaving and snarling and pounding away until she finally had Kerry taking her entire giant cock. Renewed screams and cheers from the crowd indicated that someone had already come, claiming the first fifty points, and not long after that another roar signaled the second ejaculation. Meanwhile Nikki next to her was screaming out another extremely satisfying climax of her own. Toni ignored these distractions however.

She’d never had a serious chance of winning anyway, thanks to Kerry’s lack of arousal during bondage. This was all about punishing her for that, taking her endless vengeance upon masculinity and the straight world in front of millions of people, and demonstrating the kind of viciously violent and insanely expert fucking a ‘fucking dyke’ had it within her to dish out. Whether Kerry ever ejaculated or not, whether they finished third, fourth, or last, Toni remained grimly determined to give the sobbing little bitch the brutally battering sissy-pussy pounding of the millennium here. Narrowing her focus to a laser-like intensity, Toni at last managed to truly establish the ferocious rhythm she was justly famous and feared for among her peers. Then with her massive breasts bouncing wildly about she settled herself to maintain and build upon this horrific assault for the entirety of the allotted hour.

Myron

For Myron Jensen, aka ‘Slut-boy’, the inescapable nightmare that had enmeshed him just kept getting worse and worse. And now he had no doubt whatsoever it was about to become even more unendurable than he could ever imagine.

Life with Darby had been trying enough even before this crazy contest had come along.

He’d gotten no sex in years upon years, and opportunities to even masturbate had been woefully few and far between. His domineering wife had been very abusive both emotionally and physically. She treated him with open contempt and ruled over his every littlest move. She slapped him around without the slightest provocation and even regularly used his own belt to viciously whip his bare ass until it was so bruised he couldn’t sit down for days. Yet now he’d been forcibly converted to a cross-dressing sissy and condemned to doing menial chores for the rest of his life. Even now dozens of humiliatingly captioned photos of him in the most perverted of circumstances were

circulating throughout the city, putting a disastrous and unbelievably ignominious end to what had been a fine, rewarding, and well-respected career.

He was currently tied up in painfully contorted fashion and gagged with his own dirty underwear. Worse, he'd been informed this was to be a nearly constant condition for him from now on! And of course the physical abuse he'd suffered for years leading up to tonight was ridiculously insignificant compared to what he'd endured in just the last hour, which in turn was promised to be constantly superseded throughout the foreseeable future. And woe was him: there wasn't a damn thing Myron could do about any of this.

Darby had unplugged his computer prefatory to disposing of it. She had confiscated and destroyed his cell phone. She also intended to discontinue their land-line service, keeping only her own personal cellular, rendering him effectively incommunicado. Furthermore he was to be kept indoors behind closed blinds at all times, a prisoner in his own home. Constantly gagged as well as bound, he would have the expedient of neither crying out for help nor begging his captor for mercy. Worst of all, even lacking these many constraints, Myron would have been just as helpless to leave his clearly deranged wife as he was to oppose her will in anything else. Despite everything she subjected him too he still worshipped the ground Darby walked on, lusted hopelessly for her with a compulsory craving and felt madly driven to submit to her in everything in the ever-slimmer hopes of being granted some faint glimmer of approval.

God help him now and forever – though especially now.

Myron knew exactly what was coming up next. Darby remained insanely determined to participate in the contest being carried on their sixty-two inch state-of-the-art TV as if they were actual competitors instead of voyeuristic rejects. Myron had been exceedingly thankful for that rejection throughout and never more so than now. This stage, the blessedly last 'reward' stage, would be traumatic enough on him even in the privacy of their living room. He could barely imagine what it must be like up there in front of millions – though looking at the reactions of those ring-gagged faces lined up in front of him gave Myron some idea.

Apparently some of the 'slaves' actually *did* find this rewarding, as incomprehensible as that was to dread-filled Myron. The elaborately tattooed one in the first position remained inscrutably impassive as the leader (Darby's new rooting interest and Myron's deepest dread) sodomized him with a literally incredible fake penis that was considerably bigger than even the slave's own remarkable porn-star equipment. How could he not be screaming in agony and begging for an ambulance? And then there were the next two in line.

Though both of these men had tears streaming down their blotchy faces, their clenched fists, grimaces and cries were as much indicative of sexual ecstasy as of terrible agony. And if that were not evidence enough, both of them had actually ejaculated within ten minutes of the beginning, without even the benefit of the slightest touch to their penises. More unbelievable still, both organs were now already growing erect again as they flopped back and forth under the relentless impetus of the hips and cocks respectively smacking against and stabbing into them. This seemed impossible, and yet it was occurring right there in front of him in high definition.

The fourth slave at least presented a convincing picture of undiluted misery. This poor guy (Myron found it difficult to hate him even though he'd provided the inspiration for his own forced feminization) was sobbing bitterly non-stop.

The fact that he had actual breasts surely made the agony of the wildly swinging weights clamped to each slave's nipples that much more acute for him. And though even he had an erection, the brutish size and strength of the woman sodomizing him was far greater than any other – not to mention the fact that the dildo she used on him was actually made of stone and second in size only to that of haughty naked Xenia, while Kerry himself was even shorter and slimmer than Myron was. Despite all this however the sufferer 'Slut-boy' most identified with was the unfortunate Korean in last place.

Besides hammering into him with a sadistic zeal as bad as or worse than all the others, Darby's favorite-for-obvious-reasons constantly harangued poor tortured Will in the nastiest, most contemptuous way imaginable as she fucked him. She could have taught even cutlass-tongued Darby a thing or two about verbal abuse.

No doubt she was currently doing exactly that.

Myron's 'goddess' was glued to the set, becoming visibly more furious at what she was missing out on by the second. Of course, she'd already informed her Slut-boy that a strap-on cock of her own was the first thing on her shopping list for the morning. But Myron didn't kid himself that the trauma he dreaded far worse than anything that had already occurred or still lay ahead would be postponed until then. Surely his own horribly agonizing and limitlessly demeaning anal rape couldn't be more than minutes away...

It was not. At last Darby's anger and impatience boiled over.

"Motherfucker! I'll be damned if I'm going to wait until tomorrow to see how my own Slut-boy looks with a giant cock pounding into his ass! I'll just have to dirty mine. You can always lick it clean for me before I use it again, right? That's what Slut-boys do after all: they greedily suck the cocks that have just finished fucking their asses. Only you're going to have a struggle to fit *this* one through your lips, aren't you Slut-boy?"

Darby held the dildo she used daily on herself in front of Myron's face, letting him get a good long look at it. He almost choked on the underwear gagging him.

Molded of hard durable silicon to be eerily lifelike right to the upraised veins and realistic head, this was easily twelve inches long and nearly as big around as the giant rock-dick little Kerry was suffering from. Thickening even further toward the balls at the base, it came with an angled handle long and sturdy enough to be gripped in both fists. Immediately Myron began whimpering with dismay and shaking his head as frantically as his tight bonds allowed. Darby only laughed nastily at him of course.

"Don't worry, Slut-boy, I'll lube it up first. Even I can't take this much cock without a little K-Y. And if I put you in the hospital the very first time I do you, you might have a chance to escape me before I even get to try out my new strap-on. That will *never* happen, my new little she-male husband. You're going to be my sissy-bitch Slut-boy chore slave until you fucking die! It's the least you owe me after the ridiculous marriage I've had to put up with."

Goddess removed that horrific organ from his line of sight while she doubtless prepared it for him. Myron found himself focusing again on the television, specifically on his soul-brother Will. Wearing a beard of vomit on his chin and neck – this latter was stridently corded with the effort of the endless screams he was unleashing – Will's eyes were heavily bloodshot, bulging from his sockets and without a shred of sanity left in them. And still Wendy was shrieking imprecations at him and hammering away with an appalling overzealousness. Shuddering helplessly at this portent, Myron closed his eyes.

Then he waited in palpitating dread for what would surely be the worst ordeal of his life by far to begin.

“Here we go, Slut-boy: it’s time for you to lose your *true* virginity!”

A seemingly enormous blunt object began pressing hard against him as the horror commenced. Sweat broke out immediately all over his body. Slut-boy bit down hard on the part of the gag between his teeth. He groaned helplessly as much in shame and pain as in anticipation of its impending immeasurable increase. Still the pressure against his anus mounted inexorably. For maybe ten seconds Myron was convinced it couldn’t possibly fit. He began to entertain the brief, ludicrous hope that he might be spared this terrible ordeal after all. But at last there was a monstrous tearing pain, and what felt like the fat end of a baseball bat breached his body’s pathetic defenses. Sucking in a huge breath through his nose Slut-boy screamed uncontrollably before choking once again on the wad of fabric filling his mouth. Fresh tears over-spilled his eyes and streamed down his cheeks even as those eyes sprang comically wide and bugged out just as those of tormented Will’s were on the screen before him. Behind Slut-boy’s agonizingly impaled ass his Goddess laughed excitedly in sadistic vindication.

“There we go! The virgin slut is now just a slut, and the dirtiest, most despicable kind. Let’s see how he enjoys taking the whole damn thing shall we? He’s going to be doing it day and night for the rest of his life after all. He’d better get used to it now!”

Goddess grabbed the belt binding his shoulders to the table. With this additional leverage she pulled back hard with her left arm even as her overdeveloped right rammed that partially embedded dildo forward. Slut-boy gave another choked-off scream of agony at this. Writhing desperately atop the hard glass table, he squirmed senselessly in his bonds and bawled like a badly abused baby. Briefly he was put in mind of the enormous, almost swooning relief one feels at the process of passing a hard, hugely compacted mass of stool after overcoming weeks of constipation with a protracted effort. This experience was its diametric opposite in every way.

In place of blessed evacuation there was excruciating penetration; in place of unutterable relief there was constantly accumulating terrible distress. The only similarities were the head-swimming swoony feeling and the deeply ingrained humiliation one felt when forced to concentrate exclusively on one’s eliminatory apparatus. Struggling futilely to come to some sort of accommodation with this unnatural assault, Myron tried to focus his tear-bleary gaze back onto the TV. Surely there must be some clue in the bizarrely conflicted expressions on the faces of Steve and Alex as to what allowed them to endure and even somehow enjoy such a profoundly intimate and absolutely fundamental violation of the self...

It was no use. Endlessly welling tears turned everything into a blue and yellow blur. Individual images doubled and trebled and shuddered like a stuck film as helpless sobs wracked Myron’s tightly bound body. And still that irresistible penetration progressed, as Darby’s strong right arm kept forcing her giant cock further up into him. Fists clenching and toes curling futilely, shivering uncontrollably as waves of gooseflesh marbled his skin and pricked his hair everywhere, Slut-boy felt himself becoming stuffed beyond bearing, surely beyond anything his anatomy could possibly allow. And still the unendurable invasion steadily increased, until at last, yes, blessed relief! The enormous object stretching and stuffing him slowly retreated. Looking forward with desperate anticipation to that so-inadequately-described sensation when his immensely packed

bowels were vacated at last, Slut-boy suddenly shrieked with shocked chagrin. An unprecedented blast of agony nearly caused him to black out as that retreating object abruptly reversed course, ramming back into him even further than it had before. Goddess herself shrieked with sadistic glee at his violent reaction and autonomic struggles.

“Yes! Take it Slut-boy! Take your ass-fucking like the disgusting whore that you are! We’re just barely getting started with this. I might just go on fucking you all night long!”

Again she pulled it almost all the way out and then rammed her huge cock right back in. She did this again and again and again, working up an absolutely diabolical rhythm. Each new insertion reached in deeper, stretched him wider, stuffed him fuller, and hurt him so much worse than the last. Suffering tortures even more horrific than those of the most emphatically damned, Myron wrenched against the tape and belts binding him, bawled like the inconsolable infant he’d reverted to and continued to gag on his strangled screams. Yet still Slut-boy did as he was mockingly exhorted to. Unwillingly, hating every instant of it, he took it. Eventually he felt that gargantuan organ’s balls banging up against him, proof of the impossible.

He really was taking it all, every prodigious inch. His sphincter must have been stretched like a dilated cervix, and his rectum penetrated nearly to the intestine. But finally there was no doubt: he was being butt-fucked as brutally and deeply as any of the males on TV. Letting go off the belt about his shoulders at last, Darby confirmed this for Myron as she began using both of her hands to pound that humungous penis ever more forcefully into up his up-cocked ass.

“There you go! Now you’re a *proper* Slut-boy, taking my entire enormous cock. Now you just have to learn to love this. You’d better, you know. First thing tomorrow morning I’m going to buy the biggest strap-on dildo I can find – as well as a pair of heavy-duty elbow-length rubber gloves. There’s this thing called ‘fisting’ I read about recently and am suddenly dying to try. In any case, we’re finally about to embark on a truly satisfying sex life after all these years. And just think: you can be as shamefully premature with your orgasm as you like – at least until I get around to permanently locking up that useless excuse of a penis of yours. From then on you’ll be like all the other slaves in the world: condemned to derive whatever sick fulfillment you can just from having your sissy little ass pounded!”

Laughing once again with unmitigated evil as her Slut-boy truly did suffer by far the worst ordeal of his life to date Goddess redoubled her butt-punching efforts. Yet as powerfully as she relentlessly drove her giant cock into that whipped and caned and paddled-black ass, she still kept an eye on the splendid inspiration still being provided by the TV. The action there was *really* beginning to heat up, and Darby didn’t want to miss an instant of it.

Amy

Steve did pretty well the first time he ever sucked cock – especially as it was being carried on live TV. His face was cherry-red with humiliation, and he gagged quite a bit

when she first thrust it all the way in. But Will down at the other end had actually puked when Wendy drove deep into his throat. So the Lady Love considered her slave ahead of the game.

Of course this was yet another delight he'd be subjected extensively to when she got him back home to California. But in the two minutes Amy was allowed to force-feed him her big black cock Slave Steven did well enough and looked so fantastically humble and submissive taking it all that her already wild arousal escalated even further. When the second buzzer sounded she couldn't get around behind him fast enough.

There Amy paused for a quick glance at her nearest competitors. Xenia had finally stripped down completely. She wore only spike heels and a strapped on cock that was so outrageously huge it looked ridiculously oversized on her tall, slender body. Her hair was plaited into an elegant French braid that reached far down her back, its tightness emphasizing her high cheekbones and cold, superior Nordic beauty. The look *did* flatter her, and she seemed to be the recipient of most of the whistles and cries of appreciation from the crowd.

Nikki had likewise stripped down to just her biker boots and army cap. But what made Amy's jaw drop was the fact that her big black cock wasn't strapped on at all! Somehow this curved up and out from her crotch in entirely organic fashion, as though she'd somehow magically grown it in the brief time since Amy had seen her last.

This must be the 'fabulous feeldoe' she'd referred to. Amy felt her eager confidence take a bit of a stumble. The Lady Love was kitted out in her preferred black latex body suit, boots and gloves. With the balls at the base of her erection resting directly on her clitoris she'd assumed her orgasmic incentive to be second to none. But clearly Nikki's extensive experience had her beaten here as well. Grimly Amy determined to wrest this secret too from her at the earliest opportunity. In the meantime though she concentrated on the incredibly sexy sight of Steve's excellent ass waiting just in front of the threatening jut of the suddenly once again limitlessly insatiable hard-on she had for him. Any second now...

Then the third buzzer sounded, and the absolute best, most highly anticipated performance of the evening got underway.

Lady Love seized her slave by the hips. With the benefit of her own recent extensive practice she unerringly stabbed herself straight into his ass, all the way on the very first thrust. Slave Steven gave an eloquent cry of mixed pain, shame and pleasure that was beautiful music to her, and Amy immediately fell to fucking him with a joyous zeal and intense sexual pleasure.

Using her natural advantages of mobility and athleticism to wondrous effect, Lady Love lunged and plunged with a sewing-machine speed that the other contestants simply couldn't match. Soon Steve was voicing a loud, continuous moan of ecstasy broken into stuttering segments by the impossibly swift rhythm of the strokes spearing into him. Lifting his ass to her as much as possible, he was obviously reveling in his best-ever butt-fucking even though it was happening publically in front of as many of his ex-coaches, teammates, fans, friends and family as cared to witness or download it later for posterity. Further inspired Amy increased her pace even more, buggering her husband so energetically that her huge pointy nipples were just a pink blur as her bare breasts danced madly about. Dimly she was aware that she was shrieking with ecstasy, and that her first

orgasm was already rapidly approaching. She was abruptly shocked back to earth however when next to her Nikki and Alex both beat her to it.

Even as Master's urgent grunting broke into screams of peaking climax, her long-deprived Slut-boy joined her. Alex cried out in indescribable release as he was pounded against the stocks. Then the four-foot square of his part of the giant split screen showed him pumping out remarkable quantities of come, some of which squirted an incredible distance from its source.

There went the first fifty points, as well as Amy's own impending orgasm. In response she buckled down, fucking Steve as hard as she could and urging him on as she did.

"Come on Stevie honey, come for me baby! Mistress demands it! Give me that million-dollar orgasm! Blow that load all over yourself on live TV! Show the world how much you love to have Mistress fucking your ass!"

Pouring on the energy and exhortations, Amy felt her escalation toward orgasm resume. Helped by this incentive she hammered wildly away, her gasped commands degenerating into breathless little screams. Then she was coming, ah Goddess yes, she was coming, that unrelenting pressure on her clit combined with excitement and brazen exhibitionism of the moment to send her into even more powerful hip-bucking spasms as her nerves went off like exploding skyrockets. And bless him forever, Steve caught the fever from her just as Alex had, wrenching against the stocks, crying out loud and pumping come everywhere as the crowd roared and the omnipresent cameras zoomed in.

Forty points in the bag! Exultant Amy once again redoubled her efforts, fucking Steve like a bitch, a slut, an inanimate sex-toy created specifically for her pleasure and nothing else. High on her own superiority and the big-game occasion she tapped depths of passion previously unknown to her, slap-stabbing her husband in an apocalyptic frenzy. Though next to her Nikki seemed to be coming almost constantly (what was that cock and where did she get it), the Lady Love easily superseded her and everyone else for pace.

The audience responded to this with whoops of appreciation that overtopped the partisan screaming for other competitors and even the unrelenting derision being flung at monstrously suffering Will. Still Amy hammered away harder than ever. She was increasingly confident that she could win this thing despite having given up the ten points for Steve coming second. But then out of the blue the eerily silent slave on her other side ejaculated too, putting Xenia back in the lead, if just barely.

Oh no: no fucking way was that bitch going to win!

Involuntarily Amy flashed a look at Nikki, who was reciprocating this as if psychic. Perfect understanding beyond the need or ability of words to convey linked them momentarily as one. Then as one they turned back to the fantastic business at hand: fucking their greedy sluts with an overweening mastery, infinite passion and absolutely insane determination. It was agreed that neither would give an inch – except in the strictly literary sense to their slaves, who would receive as many as they could muster in endless repetition for the entire rest of the hour!

Struck by this thought, Amy felt her second climax mounting like a tidal wave within her. Screaming deliriously, she rode the crest of this even as she upped her fucking yet another incredible increment. Then she was inundated with crashing ecstasy, the explosion of which once again inspired her to even more maniacal efforts...

Thrall

Despite his recent orgasm Thrall was feeling increasingly miserable.

This had nothing to do with the immensity of the penis bludgeoning into him. He was used to that, and so much worse. The daily pounding he received from Goddess' machines occurred at superhuman speed, endured for hours on end and was accompanied by almost constant electric shock. The overwhelming justice of that agony was supremely satisfying to him, and even this lesser ordeal rewarded him with a feeling of penance properly performed. He didn't care a whit about the audience and cameras either.

There were videos out there of him performing far more scandalous deeds that assholes like he used to be would be jerking off to for practically an eternity. His only worry here was for where this was all inevitably leading him.

Unlike Kerry, Thrall had no doubt at all that his Goddess' threats were entirely serious. If they lost this contest it would cost him his balls.

There was justice in that too no doubt. If it would undo the harm he'd caused, Thrall would have offered them on a platter to be stomped flat, sliced off or ground into shreds in an instant. But as nothing could alter the past that would seem like undeserved mercy. There was no pain like testicular pain. And Thrall wanted to go on suffering having his shocked, stomped, squeezed, kicked, punched, crushed and similarly punished for as long as possible. When he was at the center of that blinding detonation of excruciation the screams and tears that followed him even into sleep were temporarily blotted out and even partially assuaged. Nothing else could truly do that for him. And yet it seemed increasingly certain those days were numbered.

Goddess Xenia relied too much on machines to deliver sexual torture for her. And while her manifest distaste for the actual physical intimacies of intercourse made her the perfect owner for him, it left her very ill-suited to this type of competition.

The other owners obviously all loved what they were doing. Amplified orgasmic screams shivered the highly charged atmosphere almost constantly. Their two closest competitors in particular seemed absolutely transported with ecstasy to be publicly butt-fucking an incredibly willing partner. As for the others, the lesbian who was even bigger than he was clearly treated slut-fucking as both a way of life and a quintessential expression of who she was. Making up for the unmatched stamina and mobility of Amy, and the passionate professionalism and orgasmic excesses of the black one who called herself Master, Toni had spent decades developing all the right muscles for an endless orgy of cock-thrusting hip-pumping. She could undoubtedly go on hammering away with her giant prick forever despite its ridiculously heavy weight. And while Wendy had none of these advantages of muscularity and familiarity with the task at hand, she had her own unique passions for the act that more than made up for them.

This was obviously her first time wielding a strap-on. She would suffer for it tomorrow no doubt. Her ass, back and thighs would be so stiff and sore she'd barely be able to walk. But like nearly all initiates she was currently so swept up in the moment that her mind would drive her body far past its proper limits with no consideration for the toll

it would eventually take. And exacerbating this situation was the truly vitriolic anger and hate driving her.

At the opposite end of the row from him, Thrall couldn't see her at all. But he could hear as well as everyone in the theater the truly venomous abuse she continually heaped upon her slave. Pausing only to scream out the occasional orgasm, or concentrate her grunting, snarling energies on fucking him extra furiously, she stabbed and battered the wailing, obviously overwhelmed sissy as much with words as she did her cock. Set against all these incredibly motivating factors, Goddess Xenia had practically nothing left: not Amy's athleticism, Nikki's professionalism and seemingly endless orgasmic incentive, Toni's trained body and mission nor Wendy's vengeful fury. Having exhausted herself early on battering Thrall to orgasm before it was too late, she was already flagging badly less than halfway through the provided time.

They were still in the lead, for the moment. But if the others continued to outperform his Goddess like this, they would have plenty of time to surpass their score whether anyone managed to ejaculate again or not. And both Steve and Alex were both urgently erect again, and obviously as passionate about receiving buggering as their owners were about delivering it. Thrall's drive for punishment and penance could compete with such elemental ecstasy no more than Goddess Xenia's simple will to win could compete with the mad passions that drove on the others. And then his fate was predictably sealed.

Next to him Slave Steven suddenly cried out sharply in a combined sob and scream. As his Lady Love cheered exuberantly even while battering away at him as wildly as ever, the big split-screen showed his erection shuddering wildly as it flopped about. Then several scant little pearls of semen spouted out of it, spattering about and bringing a renewed roar of approval from the crowd. Temporarily re-energized, Goddess Xenia managed to increase her pace again, cursing terribly and haranguing and threatening Thrall as she fucked him.

"Goddamn it you bastard, you'd better start coming again soon! Do you have any idea what I'm going to do your grapes if you don't? I'll run them through with a hundred red-hot needles! I'll put them in a vise and close it one half turn every hour for days until they're paper thin! I'll tear them off with my bare hands and stuff them down your throat until you choke, you repellent piece of perverted garbage!"

She went on and on in this vein. But already her pace was beginning to falter again. Feeling his flaccid penis swing wildly about, Thrall began to pray silently to his Goddess that whatever she eventually did to his horribly sinful gonads, she'd draw it out for as excruciatingly long as possible. It was all he had left to hope for in that regard.

Nikki

Why wasn't he coming again yet?

Nikki had left Slut-boy's cock locked up for months while she systematically drove him utterly out of his mind with perverted desire. Besides being simply enormously satisfying and fun this had paid dividends almost immediately. Master had been fucking her slut for less than five minutes when he spurted out a load so copious it might have

filled up a shot glass. But now she found herself in third place and beginning to seriously tire despite the seemingly limitless number of orgasms she was enjoying.

In truth that may have been part of the problem.

Repeated orgasms were enervating, especially at her age. Nikki might have been in her sexual prime, but little Amy was still at peak physicality. Barely a year out of college, she'd been a cheerleader, gymnast, and a competitive runner and swimmer, and had stayed active in these last three pursuits, especially swimming. Now far in the lead after fucking her slave to orgasm number two, she was running with sweat but still screaming her impressive lungs out and fucking her slut's butt like an Olympic marathoner. With maybe twenty minutes to go she looked as if she could continue performing at such a breakneck pace for the rest of the night.

In contrast Xenia looked completely done in, which Nikki found profoundly satisfying. She was confident that even if Slut-boy let her down, the judges would score her performance high enough to overcome the early lead Miss Cold-cunt's cheating had provided her with. Whatever else happened, Nikki was determined to keep her word to Amy that they'd both beat that stuck-up bitch.

On her other side Toni, who was even older than she was, also appeared capable of fucking her slut all night and most of tomorrow too. But that didn't matter. Thanks to the useless slaves they'd brought, both Toni and Wendy had been effectively eliminated early on. Wendy however was also genuinely impressing Nikki as an amateur. Like Amy, Wendy would make a very entertaining mistress to have around her underground club once it was established. She had the makings of a grade-A vicious bitch of a dominatrix should she learn to nurture that rage and vent it on any handy male target rather than just one who'd personally offended her.

In any case Nikki still wanted to win, even if she didn't particularly need the prize. Pride was a far greater reward to her than any amount of money or intrusive TV show. And she'd be damned if she'd let this cute little upstart, as likeable as she was, take the title from her. Digging deep for some extra motivation, something that would let her surpass her limits and somehow fuck another ejaculation out of her teenage property (who really should be capable of coming any number of times given his age and extended deprivation), Nikki began to fantasize how it would be once she had Slut-boy's money and her club up and running...

Amy and Wendy had come to visit, and she was showing them around. Wendy wanted to purchase a fully trained slave from her, and Nikki was trying to convince Amy to move across the country into an honored suite upstairs, while Steven was added to the basement dungeon. The mirrored walls reflected them in all their lovely feminine glory as they passed through the sumptuous décor and around the many guests, attractions and exhibits being offered.

"What do you think of this one, Wendy?" They were skirting an elaborately bound and hooded slave all scrunched up tight in a dangling bird cage. "He's not the prettiest slave here, so he's kept hooded at all times. But he's been trained for nearly ten years, and responds most satisfactorily to torture and humiliation. He particularly likes being peed upon."

Moving between two lovely mistresses outfitted in identical shiny red vinyl, they approached another properly subjugated male all beautifully bound up on a slowly rotating circular platform. Carefully arranged overhead spotlights gleamed on his bare skin and many chromed shackling chains.

"Excuse me, Mistress Celeste, Mistress Star. Here we have Slave Matthew. I just added him to my collection two weeks ago.

"If you were looking to do most of the slave training yourself, you should choose a novice like this one. Hear him whimpering still? He's barely out of high school, and still a virgin in all ways. According to his mother he's never even masturbated or ejaculated. That chastity cage was locked onto him at puberty. That raises his price quite a bit of course. But you can't place too much value on the pleasure of popping a butt-cherry, or keeping a male ignorant of penis pleasures forever."

Among the many other artfully displayed slaves they soon passed one shiny circular cage that was still standing empty. Nikki pointed this significantly out.

"I'm saving this spot for Slave Steven, Lady Love. You simply must agree to move in with me and share your splendid specimen with the rest of us. You could earn top dollar here pimping him out. Sometimes I clear over a thousand dollars every two hours with my own forced-faggot fetish whore. Ah, here we are: come and see some of what I've done with Slut-boy since marrying him and taking his inheritance."

They moved toward a raucous crowd of people surrounding her star attraction. Despite their involvement with the ongoing show, these revelers parted quickly for the lady of the mansion and her honored guests, exposing a simply delightful spectacle.

Hanging agonizingly sway-backed and belly down from four sturdy chains shackled to his thumbs and big toes, the former Alexander Drake was covered with hundreds of overlapping welts, bruises and other wounds and sobbing terribly nonstop. His face and buttocks were literally covered with both dry and crusted old semen and heavy clots and still trickling drops of fresh ejaculate. The latest two brutishly huge and massively hung black studs were violently fucking his opposing orifices while many others stood by laughing and cheering and impatiently waiting their turns.

"Slut-boy has been hanging here earning his keep like this for over two days straight now, eating nothing but slimy man-come and drinking only the hot piss his tricks regularly fill his mouth with and spray down his throat afterward. I suppose I'll have him returned to his tiny torture cell for a few hours of contorted electroshock soon. I can't let my sugar baby get *too* debilitated. Slut-boy here has at least fifty more years of such service still to look forward to. Of I course I never rape, torture or even touch him myself anymore, or even let him see me naked. I leave all that to his *real* black masters these days."

"How on earth can he fit such an enormous cock into his mouth?" asked the Lady Love wonderingly. As always, Nikki was delighted to pass on her expertise.

"Oh Slut-boy had all his front teeth knocked out the first time he accidentally scraped someone with them. Now he has just the smoothest, softest, most accessible suck and fuck hole ever. That's why all these big brawny gay studs come from all over the country and world to fuck it. He's particularly popular with ex-convicts who miss their little prison bitches." ...

Suddenly Nikki was jolted out of this wonderful fantasy. It had served its purpose though. She'd achieved her second wind with it, and was once again fucking Slut-boy just as viciously as his homosexual tormentors had been in her surely prophetic vision. It was a good thing too. With only about ten minutes left in the contest, the boisterous crowd was again roaring its approval of another ejaculation.

Luckily for Nikki it was sissy little Kerry who'd finally managed to come, claiming a mere twenty extra points.

This was of course far too little and way too late to pose a challenge to the leaders. And apparently Xenia had quit even trying to keep up with them. While Nikki had been lost in her wonderful reverie the haughty ‘Goddess’, seeing that winning was a lost cause, had pulled out of her slave and stalked off the stage in the middle of the show. Truly a very sore loser, as only the undeservingly entitled can be. It was now down to just Master and Lady Love for the title. And despite being well ahead, Little Amy had clearly been inspired by Xenia’s vanquishing.

That lively little mistress was laughing and crying on the screaming verge of hysteria from all her stupendous energy expenditures and the emotional overload of the moment. Yet still she kept fucking away like a woman possessed despite the sweat flying from her bushy hair and breasts with every wild thrust. Worse, Slave Steven was in a frothing, drooling frenzy of agonized ecstasy himself. His twice-spent cock was straining out magnificently erect yet again and slapping smartly against his belly with the impetus of his owner’s crazed rhythm. A third and emphatically title-clinching ejaculation for them was by no means out of the question.

Desperate now, Nikki poured all of her own re-energized passion and excitement into fucking, maniacally determined to make her Slut-boy climax one last time in his soon to be unendurable life. Surely he recognized the urgency of this himself. If he didn’t, Nikki had no breath to spare for warnings or exhortations anyway. With the clock ticking she and Amy were pounding down the stretch, fucking their butt-pummeled sluts hell-for-leather while the audience shrieked and clamored and the cameras zoomed in on them for the photo finish.

Slut-boy and Slave Steven responded admirably themselves.

Both in their full sexual prime and being mercilessly ridden, these young thoroughbreds were streaming with sweat, keening and crying and striving with everything they had for that ultimate carnal breakthrough. And the Goddess bless him forever, it was Nikki’s perfectly chosen Slut-boy who finally suddenly wrenched powerfully against his bonds and ejaculated mere seconds before the final buzzer sounded. Then unbelievably Slave Steven shuddered and spasmed too, somehow forcing out another tiny drop of come from his ridiculously overworked prick. Unfortunately for him and Amy though, this third orgasm occurred seconds *after* the buzzer, giving Nikki the barest of victories by virtue of the extra ten points they had claimed when Slut-boy managed to spew before anyone else.

Pulling out of their brutally battered, extensively drained slaves at last, Master and the Lady Love turned instinctively toward each other. Staggering weakly, they stumbled off their platforms and into each other’s arms. Then they collapsed to the stage floor together. Hugging and kissing like reunited lovers while the crowd raised the roof, hundreds of photo flashes went off like overlapping strobes and the big TV cameras zoomed right up to them, the winner and runner-up laughed and wept and gasped and groped each other in exhausted aftermath. Amy was the first to find words for what she was feeling.

“Damn you and that fabulous feeldoe! You *have* to tell me about that thing right now – especially where I can get mine!”

“Sugar, you can have this one!” Nikki laughed, easing it out of her woefully sore cunt. “You deserve this and so much more!” She handed it over, explaining its delights to both Amy and the watching world.

“You see this inner extension? That part fits inside you and holds the cock in place while you’re fucking. Meanwhile this bulb on the end and the ridges on the saddle here press and rock against your clit and g-spot with every stroke you take. It’s like being fucked as you fuck. I guarantee that you’ll come so much using this thing you’ll never want regular sex again!”

“No doubt about it!” Amy exclaimed, clutching the precious gift to her. “That Slave of mine comes before I get my fill of him every damn time I climb on his cock. No matter how badly I punish him with orgasm denial for it he always lets me down. And I need more variety in my sex life than just cunnilingus.”

Nikki laughed some more, once again delighted to impart her life’s wisdom.

“Shit girl, get yourself a double-sided dildo-gag like I’ve got. Then you can lock up his cock forever and just ride his dick-face in addition to constantly fucking his ass and mouth! You’ll come a million times and he never will again, exactly as it should be.”

The gracious-and-magnanimous-in-victory Nikki and cheerfully-ebullient-despite-losing Amy might have gone on sharing intimacies and advice like this all night. But of course there were ceremonies to perform, prizes to be awarded and interviews to give. Already the Lady Lash was approaching them with her wide smile, sparkling costume and gigantic cock. It was time to climb back upright. Even as they did so though, a disturbance at the far end of the stage suddenly claimed everyone’s attention. Forgotten for the moment had been last place Wendy and her pathetic loser of a boyfriend Will.

Will

Will Kim had now *truly* been suffering the ultimate nightmare.

Being paraded before millions as a face-painted, cross-dressed she-male, tightly bound in painful and profoundly degrading fashion, caned into agonized insensibility and then publically excoriated and dragged about by the balls by the woman he loved while crowds jeered and vied to replace him at her eminently desirable side was nothing compared to this. He’d thought he’d reached the nadir of his life before? He could never have dreamed such horror in a million lifetimes of nightmares. And once again he’d had no inkling of what was coming until it was suddenly upon him.

Will hadn’t noticed anything as he was carried on stage and secured in his stocks. Lost in his personal abyss of agony and misery he’d ignored all the preliminaries. Just keeping his feet under him and preventing that hard wooden circle from choking him was all he could manage. He’d been dimly aware that this was the last performance to be endured, and immeasurably grateful for that fact. Soon the nightmare would be over, he’d believed. Then he could take his girlfriend home, bask in the love and approval he’d earned from her by going through with this horror, and set about trying to salvage some kind of a life irredeemably crippled by shame. But then the curtain had gone up, and the *true* nightmare had begun.

Wendy had stepped in front of him. And no sooner had Will grasped the unimaginably appalling fact that she had a big fake cock strapped about her waist than she forced it into his stretched open mouth in front of everyone. More cruelly

contemptuous than ever before, she rubbed his face in this cataclysmic new shame even as she gagged him pitilessly.

“Suck my cock, you filthy useless whore! This is all you’ll ever be good for!”

She kept pushing it in, further and further. The cock, ah god, the cock was in his *throat!* And not just in it, but driving in and out of it; he was being *fucked in the face* in front of everyone! Will retched convulsively as much at this fatal stain on his already eradicated honor as in bodily revulsion. Helplessly he puked, vomit spilling down his chin and neck – that which wasn’t forced right back down his throat by that raping erection. And still Wendy kept hammering it into him, calling him slut and strumpet, faggot and whore and cocksucker all the while. The hate and rage in her voice and actions were shatteringly extreme and sincere, and at last Will realized that this contest wasn’t opening the door on a more accommodating relationship but slamming it closed on any relationship whatsoever. Wendy wasn’t going to marry him, she was going to *dump* him, and send him back to his family or out into the unforgiving world as utterly ruined as it was possible to be!

This realization made him bawl even more heartbrokenly than ever. Yet still the limitlessly appalling, disastrously degrading ruination of everything he valued had barely begun. At last Wendy pulled her cock from his throat and mouth and moved away. But while Will was still trying to get his sobbing and retching under control she did something so much worse that he thought he surely must have been driven insane and delusional by all this. Surely this couldn’t be reality. No possible world could encompass such horrors.

Slick with his puke and spit, that big cock suddenly rammed its way into his ass!

No one in Will’s family had ever so much as used a suppository or suffered a prostate exam. The taboo on anal insertion of any kind was so global and absolute that one didn’t even contemplate such a thing, or even admit the possibility of its existence. Suddenly here he was with a penis (fake or not, the distinction was irrelevant) being stabbed agonizingly all the way into him. Will lost all grasp of himself at that point. While excruciatingly aware of everything – the monstrously tearing pain, Wendy’s continued and ever more vitriolic verbal attacks, the insanely screaming crowd in his face and the TV cameras that constantly moved intrusively close to pin him like a bug with their accusing lens – the crushing horror of his consuming shame wrought a strange disconnect. He knew he was screaming so terribly through his abraded and acid-burned throat that his voice might never recover. He felt each and every one of the agonizing impalements of his restrained, bent over body even when the stabbing rhythm of them escalated to a truly insane intensity. And thanks to the microphones amplifying everything he heard every viciously damning word Wendy snarled at him as she violently hate-fucked his formerly oh-so innocent ass. But inside he became curiously serene as overloaded circuits shut down. As an animal on the brink of death may become unmoved even as the predators horribly dismember, disembowel and consume its still-living body, Will retreated into an autistic numbness even as he screamed and shuddered, bawled and retched and listened to himself condemned as the worst kind of failure in existence, unable to support himself even as a whore.

“I’m leaving you, you worthless bastard, you shameless sissy of a cock sucking butt-slut! And I’m telling your family exactly why! I’m sending everyone you know a DVD of this contest! Absolutely everyone who ever gave a rat’s ass about you is going to see

how you failed me even as a no-good sissy-slave whore! I'd even cut your cock and balls off if I thought it would be worth the trouble. But why bother? You'll never do anything notable with them anyway, you slant-eyed gook-eunuch!"

So it went on, for an hour objective time and a nightmarish eternity for Will. And when all these horrible assaults at last ceased, and he managed to come back to himself – hoarse, agonized, and broken in more ways than he could ever name – the ultimate atrocity was perpetrated on him. A million gruesome deaths would have been preferable.

Wendy freed the restraints containing him, and Will promptly collapsed at her feet. Then with seemly the whole world watching aghast she seized him by the hair and genitals and half-carried, half-dragged him to the edge of the stage. There she flung him headlong into the deliriously jeering throng.

"Get the fuck out of here, you eunuch piece of disgusting shit!" she screeched. "I never want to see you again!"

Rather than let him fall and his brains be mercifully dashed out on the floor, his body was caught up in a cruelly tight grip. Will was passed hand over hand above the heads of the crowd, pinched and pummeled and pelted with debris until at last he fell to the ground by the exit. Crawling painfully through kicks and sneers and a gauntlet of derisive mirth he made it through the doors at last. Then naked but for a few torn scraps of lingerie, with puke crusted on his chin and neck and blood trickling down the insides of his thighs he fled ignominiously into the night.

Part Seven: Degradatrix

Steve

Well, it was over.

Steve was bummed that they didn't win, but more for Amy's sake than his own. Sure a million dollars and their own TV show would have meant he could quit working altogether, and devote himself one hundred percent to serving his Lady Love. But after the extreme – and extremely humiliating – exposure he'd already been through this night, Steve was rather relieved he wouldn't have the unrelenting glare of the media highlighting every facet of his truly compromising new lifestyle for a year straight. This feeling grew immeasurably as the Lady Lash began the award ceremony by spelling out exactly what the title of Mistress Degradatrix and Slave would entail.

The remaining competitors (pared down to seven with the unscripted departures of Xenia, Thrall and poor Will) were lined up on the stage. The collared and leashed slaves knelt at attention slightly behind and to the left of their owners, hands cuffed behind their backs. Steve was also grateful that he wasn't required to stand. He was more battered and abused than after the most demanding season of top-flight football. It was all he could do to maintain a respectfully erect posture as the festivities wound up.

"So in addition to becoming instantly rich and justly famous, our Mistress Degradatrix and her Slave will have cameras installed all over their house. Their delightful lives will be carried around the clock on a live internet feed for a whole year for those who want to follow their daily relationship or just check in occasionally. And for the rest of us, the highlights of all this fun will be compiled, edited as necessary, and presented on an hour-long weekly reality TV show presented Wednesday nights at eight on the Fox network. An unrated version will also be broadcast at one a.m. Check your local cable and satellite providers for availability.

"Now then, without further ado – it's been quite a long night for all of us already, particularly our splendid contestants – allow me to present the winners of tonight's extravaganza. Ladies and gentlemen, mistresses and mites, I give you your Mistress Degradatrix and Slave, the beautiful and demanding Master Nikki Washington and her wonderfully compliant and submissive Slut-boy Alexander Drake! Step forward please!"

The spotlights hit the winners, and the crowd roared – though not quite as enthusiastically as might have been expected. Beaming Nikki moved to join Lady Lash, tugging her slave shuffling awkwardly on his knees after her. Rousing music swelled, and support staff dressed as slaves in iron collars and leather loincloths came forth to attend her. Bowing profusely both before and after, one slipped a black silk sash richly embroidered with her title in silver over Nikki's torso. Another placed a silver crown studded with gaudily huge fake gems on her head. Finally she was handed a similarly gem-studded riding crop with a mother-of-pearl handle.

Flashes strobed all over, the music and applause swelled and rolled on, and balloons and confetti drifted down from above. At last Lady Lash handed the new Mistress Degradatrix the microphone and stepped back. An expectant hush fell as she raised it to her lips.

"Thank you everyone, particularly the fabulous Lady Lash, the judges, Degradatrix.com, and everyone involved in staging this spectacular celebration! But

thanks especially to all of you who turned out or tuned in – none of this would have meant a thing without you!”

Nikki paused for the obligatory explosion of cheering. Then she continued.

“I am truly overwhelmed by all this. And I know a proper mistress should never admit to such a thing. But I am also truly unworthy of this incredible honor. Therefore my first and only act as Mistress Degradatrix will be to abdicate. I hereby cede the title, crown, and all prizes to my far more deserving runner-up, the incomparable Lady Love!”

Steve’s jaw dropped, and in front of him Amy swayed alarmingly on her spike-heeled boots. In the stunned silence following this pronouncement Nikki explained herself.

“I don’t care what the fucking clock said. Amy pounded her slave to *three* goddamn orgasms in one hour. I defy anyone in the world to even approach that feat! She deserves these accolades far more than I do. And a young couple just starting out in life need all the money they can get, while I already have my fabulously wealthy Slut-boy to support me in luxury forever. And I believe the Lady Love will serve as a far better role model to aspiring mistresses everywhere, while being on TV all the time might cramp my style a little bit.”

Nikki winked lasciviously at this. Then she turned, strode over to unselfconsciously goggling Amy and placed the crown atop her head. She removed the sash and draped it over her. Then she pushed the jeweled riding crop into Amy’s hand, which closed on it reflexively. Turning back to the cameras, judges and in-house audience, she raised the microphone one last time before surrendering this too.

“Ladies and men, I give you the *true* Mistress Degradatrix, the Lady Love Amy Miller and her humble Slave Steven, who seems to have truly bottomless balls as well as unlimited devotion to his owner. Let them hear your love and acclaim everyone!”

With that she bowed low to Amy herself. Then she passed her the mic and retreated to her previous place, leading the applause as she went.

This time the crowd truly exploded in a frenzy of roaring appreciation, foot-stomping and even weeping at the unexpected and incredibly gracious and generous gesture. The audience favorite had prevailed after all, and the shrieking, clapping, stomping and weeping seemed to go on endlessly. Pinned in the spotlights at the center of all this adulation, the utterly floored Amy wept harder than anyone else. Steve meanwhile continued to struggle to get his head around the fact he *did* now never need work again, that his entire submissive existence truly *would* now be scrutinized, applauded and jeered around the clock. He was about to become an international celebrity and reality TV star. No doubt there would be glamorous parties and promotional appearances galore to make, and he might actually become a household name.

All that would take some *serious* getting used to. In the meantime however his heart was bursting with love, pride, and happiness for his wife, who’d suddenly achieved more than she’d ever dreamed and was about to embark upon a lifetime of ease, luxury, wealth, and universal adulation like only she deserved. If his hands hadn’t been cuffed behind him Steve’s applause would have been the most ferociously congratulatory of all.

For over five minutes this love-fest continued, while Amy wept, tried shakily to smile and self-consciously fingered her sash with wonder. But at last the hubbub was lowered to a dull roar (though the overlapping camera flashes went on unabated) and the new Mistress Degradatrix was obliged to make a speech of her own.

Still stunned and emotionally overwhelmed as she was, this was short on coherence and long on gushingly-heartfelt gratitude as well as promises to do her best. As befitted a mistress, Goddess, owner and potentate, she didn't bother to thank Steve, whose outrageously unlikely third orgasm had proved decisive after all. But when a heavy, chrome-plated ball and chain was brought out to signify his own achievement and new status, she personally shackled this around his ankle and then gave him a fervent hug and long, drawn-out kiss in front of everyone.

That was more than enough for Slave Steven. And so began their yearlong reign as Mistress Degradatrix and Slave, which would take them both to places and extreme satiations (as well as appalling deprivation for Steve) that neither of them could possibly have foreseen when Amy first bent him over a ping-pong table and took a paddle to his eagerly obliging ass.

Wendy

Less than a week later, Wendy sat watching with mixed feelings as the first webcast from Southern California began.

She'd used a VGA cable to turn her big television into a second monitor, so that with a simple drag-and-drop she could watch the proceedings on a forty-two inch hi-def screen rather than her computer. Despite her bitterness that it wasn't her up there, Wendy intended to leave the webcast on around the clock, and watch as much of it as she was able to over the coming year.

This would allow her to continue nursing her grievance, which had moved on from Will and expanded to encompass all men and masculinity in general. And watching Lady Love learn on the job should also provide both fine entertainment and plenty of inspiration for when she eventually settled on a new slave of her own.

Her options in this regard were too numerous to be believed. Thanks to her stunning performance on stage, Wendy Polaski was now inundated with suitors eager to replace failed Will. Beginning the coming weekend she would be holding regular overnight auditions for the most interesting of these prospects. For the time being though she was content to be right where she was: snuggled on the big couch with her old friend and new lover Kelly.

Integral to Wendy's newfound identity as a confirmed man-hater was a highly thrilling and long overdue exploration of lesbianism. With Kelly's cuckolded and celibate marital slave Paul forced to watch – currently he was gagged, butt-plugged, hogtied and suspended from the ceiling next to them – the former sorority sisters now made love several times a day, constantly kicking themselves for not choosing to do so years ago. Now cuddled together naked but for their always-erect penises, resting up between hours-long bouts of wildly fulfilling strap-on sex, they stroked each other lovingly and watched to see what Lady Love would choose to do to her idiot slave first. Hopefully it would be something hot enough to inspire them to either go at it again themselves or team up to torture and double-fuck Paul some more.

Wearing only her Mistress Degradatrix crown and sash, Amy had Slave Steven tied to her bed in extremely inventive and highly uncomfortable fashion.

After extensively beating his feet, thighs, ass and genitals with her ceremonial new riding crop, she spent nearly an hour humping and bouncing up and down on the big double dildo-gag harnessed about his head and face. Then after a prolonged bout of cock-and-ball torture at last came the part Wendy and Kelly had been waiting to see.

Using the feeldoe gifted to her by her incredibly generous new lifelong friend Nikki Washington, Lady Love fucked her tightly bound-up slave's whipped raw ass until he very predictably ejaculated. Though she'd only come three more times herself so far, she then pulled her fabulous new cock out of him long enough to lock his own now pitifully limp penis into a tiny, shiny new chastity cage. With a laughing look at the nearest camera, the new lifelong key-holder addressed her suddenly terribly dismayed slave.

"That's right husband: I'm taking my wonderful mentor's advice about this too. There will be no more throwing for you ever, Mister *ex-quarterback*. Now that I can ride your dick-face instead, you've been demoted to tight end for good. And there will be no more jerking off either. In fact it's extremely unlikely you'll ever ejaculate or even get fully erect again.

"I would say definitely, but you never know what incredibly long shots might actually pay off, do you? Having your ass fucked to victory on live TV is evidence enough of that. Hell, the Buffalo Bills might even win the Super Bowl some day, or your alma mater the national championship. But I wouldn't bet on those things happening any more than I would you ever experiencing another climax. And if you *do* somehow beat astronomical odds and earn an orgasmic reprieve, that ejaculation will only come about through buggery.

"The way you came three times from just being corn-holed the other night has convinced me that you like having your ass hammered in better than traditional sex anyways. So now I'm going to pound it to oblivion yet again right in front of everybody. Smile for the camera and enjoy it Slave Steven – I know you will!"

With that Lady Love fell to ferociously sodomizing her eternally locked-up slut yet again. Definitely inspired by this, Wendy and Kelly rose from the couch at last to do likewise to pathetically whimpering little Paul. As Wendy drove brutally into his backside and Kelly removed his gag to fuck his mouth, the former asked an inconsequential question in passing.

"So has anything been seen of loser Will yet?"

"Nope," Wendy remarked dismissively as she concentrated on drilling another of the infinite number of eminently deserving male assholes out there. "After he scuttled off into the night it's like he disappeared from the face of the Earth. I had his belongings shipped back to his family, along with the promised DVDs of his performance and a copy of the paper he signed attesting that his participation in the contest was entirely of his own free will. They can look around for him if they're interested. As far as I'm concerned he no longer exists."

Satisfied they dropped the matter in favor of viciously double-fucking cross-dressed, made-up, weeping and cock-locked Paul.

Kerry

For Kerry Masterson, little about his life changed after the contest, at least outwardly. As he'd feared, it was his inner landscape that was altered irrevocably. In the world inside his head massive tectonic shifts had occurred, swamping whole continents of complacency under oceans of woe. And from this terrible deluge there was no surfacing.

Immediately after the monitoring sleeve was removed from his penis, Toni had locked it back into its familiar spike-lined chastity device. Only this time after turning the key, her strong fingers had snapped it off, leaving the blade permanently buried in the now ruined lock. Tossing the remaining little tab into a nearby trash can, she remarked on the matter casually.

"There: the first part of your punishment for failing me by not coming repeatedly when given both the opportunity and absolute necessity is that you'll never have another chance to do so. I'll come up with some further appropriate sanctions on the ride home. Trust me: they'll be far more unendurable than anything you've yet suffered."

Distracted Kerry was unmoved by this.

He'd expected nothing less. Meanwhile over and over in his head replayed two related scenes, or one scene and his heart-rending, mind-blowing response to it. These would never be banished from his awareness, and would constitute an eternal torment far worse than anything his wife might eventually dream up.

Locked in the stocks and being bludgeoned to kingdom come by the onyx monster, Kerry had managed to maintain a respectable level of arousal by obsessing on the heretical fantasies he'd conjured earlier: the honeymoon hotel room, the decadent three-way orgy on the round bed under the mirror ball, and particularly the Dionysian cavorting with Wendy and Amy in some mythical wild wood, where loving sprites and mischievous nymphs assisted their bestial rutting. Yet even these had proved insufficient to bring on the orgasm circumstances that his owner had demanded. Finally Kerry had been forced to progress from damning heresy into outright apostasy. This truly was the death-knell for his former composure.

For a brief time in his mind he'd been the Master himself. Lord of all he surveyed, he lolled naked on a throne, surrounded by stunning luxury and fearful supplicants. A veritable harem of females knelt or crouched trembling at his feet, their uncountable numbers stretching into dimness on all sides. Their slender limbs were all bound or shackled. Their sumptuous curves draped with gauzy lingerie and their lovely faces barely veiled with filmy silk, they anxiously awaited his every pleasure. Lounging indolently he chastised them randomly, with flicking whips or silver-headed canes. Meanwhile currently favored Amy knelt before him naked, humbly pleasuring his erection with every arcane trick her desperation could devise.

Heavy-breasted Wendy waited nearby, quivering with both eagerness and trepidation should she be summoned to assist or take over. Meanwhile the unrepentant criminal Toni hung screaming from the punishment tripod, her brawny limbs and brutish disposition useless against the irons that restrained her, the whips that flayed her or the red-hot pincers tearing at her flesh. Hearing her shriek with agony as he fondled the opulent tits of different adoring slaves with each hand while expert Amy urgently fellated him, Lord Kerry felt his wonderful orgasm build within him. Then it convulsed his balls, shuddered up the length of his powerfully spasming erection and fountained out of him in an endless series of ecstatic spurts.

Oh, the release and relief in that wrenching ejaculation was indescribable! Biological imperatives coded into every cell of his body exulted mindlessly in seemingly eternally delayed gratification. Balls bloated up with two and a half decades of unspent semen convulsively emptied themselves, and Kerry's scream of nearly unendurable ecstasy was greeted and joined by the celebratory cheering of jubilant masses.

Long-forgotten satiations – never capable of being buried again – filled him with indescribable bliss. Nearly swooning with the force of these overwhelming feelings Lord Kerry felt himself slithering weakly off his throne into the adoring embrace of his devoted slaves. But then he felt a hard circle of wood suddenly choking him, and the return of henceforth unendurable reality shattered the immense bliss of orgasm into irrecoverable bits.

The cheering he heard came from a pitiless crowd gathered to revel in his torment and degradation. Toni was not dangling in agony receiving her immensely deserved punishment but cursing him contemptuously and brutally raping his miserably bent body. The weakness in his knees threatened to strangle him in payment for that wonderfully draining and forever unforgettable eruption of his stunted masculinity, and he still had at least ten minutes of this torture to go before he could be dragged in his lingerie and chains back to his horrific existence as the she-male eunuch slave of a cruelly dominant lesbian owner.

Xenia

Xenia wasted no time exacting her revenge on Thrall.

Though she'd threatened and contemplated all sorts of gruesome castrations, she soon settled for the simplest, most expedient method for her – though a drawn-out, terribly painful one for the slave who'd so wretchedly failed her.

Xenia used an elastrator – a tool for the simple and bloodless castration of livestock – to clamp a small, strong, exceedingly tight rubber ring around the base of Thrall's scrotum. With the circulation of blood to his balls cut off, they would blacken, shrivel, and die within a matter of twelve or so intensely agonizing hours. Eventually they would detach and drop away, leaving him neatly and efficiently gelded.

From that point on Thrall's formerly proud, extremely impressive penis would be reduced to a permanently limp plaything for her, a generally useless appendage good only for decorating, torturing or urinating.

Bitterly satisfied, Xenia left him shackled overnight to one of her many shock-fucking devices to suffer the cost of his inability to climax more than once.

Alex

Addicted to so much more than just butt-sex now, Alex could barely wait until they returned home to propose to his wonderfully beloved owner Nikki. And even then he had to put it off quite a bit further.

From the airport he spent the entire return trip just as he had when wheeled out onto the stage for the first time: with his arm-binder locked to the back of the bike and his head harnessed into the double-dildo gag. Once they arrived at the mansion Master rode his dick-face to a number of orgasms and then left him tightly bound in the sub-basement closet while she went upstairs to spend the night alone in his bed. Only when she returned in the morning with a baby bottle full of apple juice for him did he get to speak to her, and only after he'd finished it all.

Smiling with motherly indulgence, Nikki pulled the nipple from his lips, set the bottle aside and picked up the gag again. Mustering all his courage, Slut-boy addressed her before she could push that big black penis back into his mouth.

"Momma, may I speak to you?"

"I suppose so. What is it, Slut-boy?"

"I thought that was incredibly kind and generous of you to abdicate in favor of Lady Love. You truly are the most wonderful person in the world."

Momma's smile swelled into a grin at this, and her dark eyes twinkled impishly.

"Thank you, Slut-boy. I think so too."

"Did you really mean what you said up there, about allowing me to support you in luxury for the rest of your life?"

"Yes I did, Slut-boy. You are my own personal property forever."

"Oh that's so wonderful! I can't tell you how grateful I am! Would you make me even more unbelievably ecstatically happy by marrying me?"

"Yes I will, Slut-boy. But only on three conditions."

Alex' heart was pounding in his head, his chest, and his once again steel-sleeved cock. So wildly excited he could hardly contain himself, he cried out immediately.

"Oh thank you, my Momma, my Master! What are they? I'll gladly agree to anything you want in order to belong to you forever!"

Nikki's grin seemed to practically circle her head, and her lively eyes danced even more merrily. She stroked Slut-boy's hair with one hand and laid out her requirements.

"First, on the day of our wedding you will personally destroy the key and cock-lock imprisoning your penis as I guaranteed you eventually would.

"Second, you will legally change your first name to Slut-boy, and take on my last name of Washington. The line of Conrad Drake will vanish from the Earth. And finally you will formally turn all of your possessions down to the last penny over to me. I want you to be forever dependent upon me, your owner, for absolutely everything in life. Is it agreed?"

"Where do I sign?" cried Slut-boy. "Belonging to you will be my most fervent dream become beautifully true!"

Though his innards were churning rebelliously at the thought of truly giving up erections and orgasms for the rest of his life, Alex' need for his Master's own wonderful ebony erection overruled this. He didn't spare a second's consideration for her other conditions. Slut-boy he was and always would be, and what was his was hers in any case. That was just one of the prerogatives of ownership.

Nikki's manner practically crackled with electricity at this unstinting submission. She leaned down and placed an emphatic kiss on his forehead.

"My lawyer will show you where to sign. I need to go call him right now. Then I'm going to take you upstairs and give you a butt-fucking that will make what you endured

onstage seem like teasing foreplay. Until then, you will lie here hogtied up tight, suck on your big black Master's manly cock and think about how much incredibly better everything will be when you and all you once had legally belong to me!"

Humming happily to herself, Nikki gagged her Slut-boy back up and seemed to float out of the tiny underground room, bolting the heavy door closed behind her.

Alone in the dark, Slut-boy happily did exactly as he was told. He did the same thing less than a week later, putting his signature down on seemingly dozens of official forms without bothering to read a single one of them. And at the climax of their private home ceremony he willingly dropped the key to his chastity sleeve into a champagne flute full of acid, where it fizzled and bubbled and dissolved away to nothingness – just like his former autonomy. After that he took up a soldering iron, and plugged the little keyhole irrevocably closed.

Standing at his side, his Master and Momma beamed triumphantly all the while.

Darby

Newly enhanced d-cup Darby read about all these developments in a follow-up piece on Degradatrix.com. She spent much of her time there these days watching the Lady Love inventively subjugate her slave.

She'd come around to liking Amy again after all, who under the long-distance tutelage of her daily e-mail correspondent Nikki was proving a more cruelly competent dominatrix by the day. Darby was always getting fresh ideas for dominating her own slave from her, and today she'd received the best yet. It had just been waiting the proper moment to put into effect.

Once again crediting her benefactor Master Nikki for the inspiration, Lady Love had bound Slave Steven supine to the end of the diving board over their pool, his arms and legs shackled together beneath it behind him. Baking naked in the hot tropical sun – it was nearly ninety out – his glittering steel chastity cage must have burned him like a branding iron as he lay there helpless. And wouldn't that terribly sunburned torso and groin make for a wonderfully rewarding whipping over the next few days?

Naked as well, Amy spent the day (between refreshing dips in the pool) under a nearby umbrella with a favorite novel, a fan, and a cooler full of beer. Spurred by her injudicious intake of cold Corona, Lady Love repeatedly put the book down and strode out the length of the board. There she squatted tipsily astride her slowly roasting slave, bringing her widely splayed crotch right down to his ring-gagged mouth. Giggling uncontrollably then she sprayed her stinging salty hot pee directly into his choking, spluttering, futilely twisting face from only inches away. She must have done this at least a dozen times over the course of the morning and afternoon.

Smirking at the memories of this and so much more that the contest *winner* now had to endure, Darby reviewed the even worse fates the losers had been subjected to.

One had seemingly vanished off the face of the Earth. One had been cruelly castrated. The other two had also been rendered eternally impotent, one returned to a life he'd utterly lost the ability to endure and the other divested of everything he'd had right

down to his name. And yet still Darby flattered herself that perhaps the biggest loser of all hadn't even gotten to compete.

Her own Slut-boy had also been locked into permanent chastity, and now spent his days tantalized in vain by the big new breasts of the owner he loved and lusted for with agonizingly futile intensity. A prisoner in his own home, he'd been comprehensively feminized and turned into a chore slave drudge while all his former colleagues spoke of him in scornful disparagement.

Kept in constant bondage and serving as dildo-gagged dick-faced sex-toy, he not only suffered just as much brutal buggery as any of the others (which unlike them he found nothing arousing or rewarding about at all), he was also regularly subjected to the bludgeoning penetration of Darby's fist and ever more overdeveloped right arm. And on top of all that he now had *this* monumentally shameful and disgusting new daily ordeal to look forward to.

Darby shut down the computer, which was password protected to keep Slut-boy from ever accessing it. Gently palpating the bloated dome of her abdomen, she got up and moved to do the still far too compassionate Lady Love one better.

Her slave wouldn't just drink what haphazardly sprayed through a ring-gag. She would seal herself tightly to him, and not just as an occasional game. Slut-boy was about to become her exclusive toilet, consuming her piss every day for the rest of her life.

She'd show *him* what it cost to sabotage her last chance at wealth and glory!

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