

Revenge Bi Femme

By

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This is it!

Guilt-ridden, shame-faced, more than a little fearful yet too excited to stop trembling, I have to seize this opportunity. It's what I've maneuvered for after all, and it may be the only way to salvage our new-but-maybe-already-fatally-damaged marriage. It's surely the only way *I'll* ever find any erotic fulfillment. If only my too-holy Gretchen can be coaxed into going along...

She's so insufferably straitlaced about lovemaking!

Missus Vanilla lies back slack and placid while I labor sweatily away. She wouldn't even get naked with me before the wedding. Not that I'm complaining! That was indispensable to the scheme. Supremely desirable as she is, the haughty former Miss Baptist beauty queen would surely never have married me if she knew how pitifully under-endowed I am – or how the accompanying inadequacy complex might inhibit my performance while *also* afflicting me with the most pathetic of fetishes. In any case, since our New Year's Day ceremony barely a month ago, neither of us has provided the other with a single climax. Furious as she has been ever since discovering my primary (and secondary) failings, how might my defrauded wife take to learning of this possibly even worse tertiary scourge?

It's now or never however.

Tomorrow is February fifth, my twentieth birthday. Uncrossing long, exquisitely sculpted legs so that her heavy silk robe opens to expose a breathtaking length of thigh, my marvelously statuesque, slender-yet-stacked spouse has just set down her coffee cup. Smashingly sexy *sans* any effort or awareness, she runs a hand through that tousled yet still spectacular banner of thick, long, shiny black hair. Brilliantly blue if currently cold, piercingly large eyes meet mine across the breakfast table. Impatient with my hesitation, she repeats what appears to be merely a dully dutiful inquiry. "Well? What do you want for your birthday?"

"Uh...uh... A new beginning!" I at last stammer out. "Or at least a way to redeem myself before I lose your regard completely."

Gretchen looks incredibly skeptical as she sits back, blows away a last errant lock of hair and lights up a cigarette. *Idiot, that ship has sailed off the surface of the Earth*. Still she cocks an elegantly arched eyebrow, giving me the at least temporary benefit of her attention. "Go on." Blotting sweaty palms on my own terrycloth robe I plunge ahead.

"I know you've been bitter about both my size and performance issues, and quite completely rightly. I'm trying to find a way to make you value me anyway, and maybe even eventually forgive me. Quack remedies aside, I can't do anything about being so miserably miniscule. But I do have a solution to the related failing."

"You don't say?" Intentionally or not, Gretchen blows her carcinogenic exhale in my face.

"Yes my chosen goddess. As I'm sure you can understand, being so undersized has created some serious inadequacy hang-ups in me. Along with the feelings of inferiority and self-hatred, guilt and shame, comes this depraved craving for feminine discipline – and for being roughly subjugated during sex. This 'domination obsession' has grown so intense at being around such a divine female ideal every day lately that it's the only thing that now arouses me."

Gretchen has been brushing a fallen ash from the silk-covered swell of one fabulously full-and-firm double-E-cup breast. Looking up sharply at this confession, those captivating eyes of hers have narrowed fatally.

“What exactly are you trying to tell me, Harold? That in addition to having hidden an infant’s limp dick, you’re some kind of sick and sinful pervert too?”

“I wouldn’t damn me that badly.”

Gretchen’s glare has me squirming in my ever-hotter seat. “I just thought that, in lieu of a present, maybe you could give me the traditional birthday spanking instead. And afterwards – well, rather than always being on the bottom, if you could maybe tie me to the bed, straddle and ride me... Well, Mr. Measly would get in a bit deeper. He’d surely be excited up a lot harder. And I’d probably be able to finish for once. I know how much you want children.”

“Damn right I want kids. Lots of kids before it’s too late. And I can’t believe what I’m fucking hearing!” Gretchen mashes her cigarette savagely into the ashtray. “I thought I was marrying a virile young stud, a fucking *man*, and not some simpering adolescent sissy! You piece of shit, I could have chosen any husband I wanted. Instead I got stuck with *you*!”

Hot blood floods my face with shame. Still Mr. Measly awakes, responding insanely to my seven-years-senior and clearly far superior wife’s utterly justified repudiation/humiliation of me.

“I’m so infinitely, infinitely sorry, regretful and apologetic.”

Somehow I manage to mutter my remorse, dropping my eyes while urgently fondling myself under the table, under my robe. “I know I’m criminally unworthy of a goddess like you. And I admit I misled you into this sham of a marriage. Won’t you please, *please* punish such damning and innate failings? If you try it, you might develop a taste for it. We both might find fulfillment that way. After all, a ‘kinky’ sex life beats an ineffectual one any day.”

Gretchen snorts her illimitable contempt. She eyes my ostensibly fidgeting humility for an eternity, during which I see her esteem of me shrinking precipitously. Has she sensed me secretly wanking, another recourse she scorns? I may be saving our relationship here, but at what price? On the other hand, no one could claim our mating was properly consummated. Though divorce is out of the question for religious reasons, what if my wife is about to demand an immediate annulment? She’s looking at me so disgustedly!

“Huh! I never heard of anything so pitifully weak-kneed, so baldly self-demeaning! You, Harold, are a shamelessly cringing deceitful wimp, a pitiful excuse for a human. But all right, my useless young eunuch.” Imperious Gretchen abruptly shoves back her chair.

“Now that I know what kind of scheming, sniveling little groveler you are, we’ll give your ‘solution’ a chance. Tomorrow night.” She shudders as though dirtied by the mere idea. “I need a good hot shower. But *you’re* going to stay right here and clean up these breakfast dishes. The entire kitchen and dining room too, including hand-scrubbing the floors.”

“Of course, my incredibly generous goddess. Thank you so much! This gift will be absolutely fabulous for both of us, I guarantee!”

“Hmph! We’ll see about that, useless sissy pervert.”

Sneering Gretchen sweeps from the dining room, leaving me shivering with glee – and with disbelieving relief.

It worked! It actually worked! I have my supremely attractive dream spouse still despite so many frauds and shortcomings! And bless her largess, at last my maddest fantasies are also about to be granted! Oh, heavenly Gretchen, my gloriously gorgeous goddess, thank you *so much*!

Twenty more seconds of frantic stubby-rubbing and I’m suddenly spermy-squirting all over the inside of my robe.

Whew! I guess I’d better volunteer to take her turn doing the laundry this time too!

All that day and the next I spend suspended on tenterhooks. Gretchen is still seething over my dishonesty and openly derisory of my admitted perversity. In response I remain meekly obsequious, ignoring the fact that my birthday arrives without any kind of celebration or even acknowledgement of my finally leaving my naïve teens behind. It's not until after we've shared the usual after-dinner clean-up, that Gretchen gives any indication she remembers our agreement.

Hanging a last clean saucepan on the pegboard by the oven, she takes down the big oversized stirring paddle.

This is basically a huge wooden spoon, with a handle two feet long and a wide shallow bowl the size of your hand. Hefting this, turning it over to run an appreciative palm over the polished convex surface, my wife gives me her first real smile since my confession. Still it's a look so full of relishing menace that my legs turn immediately into linguini. Weak-kneed sissy indeed!

"All right birthday boy. Into the bedroom."

I walk ahead of her as if in a surreal dream, listening as she smacks that paddle experimentally against her hand. I'm a convicted prisoner on the way to punishment. Judgment hath been rendered; now the sentence must be meted out. Once in the master torture chamber, Gretchen confiscates my phone. She turns it off, turns off her own and shuts them in a drawer. She closes and locks the bedroom door. Turning to see me fidgeting uncertainly, she snaps at me.

"What are you waiting for? Get your clothes off, you despicably lying no-dick sissy!"

Face burning, disparaged organ suddenly ragingly pulsating, I hurriedly obey.

Something tells me Gretchen is already upping the ante here, and in more than just choosing to paddle rather than merely spank me. While I'm wrenching off my apparel she shuts the curtains, claiming the heavy ornate drapery cords in the process. She starts some Wagner playing, heavily dramatic, even portentous classical music, all about Valkyries attacking warring Norse gods. Dimming the lights, she moves my pillow into the very center of our king-size four-poster bed. Finally she strips the sash from one of her robes and turns to see me waiting there: tremulously naked, shamefaced and as erect as I ever get.

"Put your paws out, cringing dog."

"Yes, my goddess."

The tiniest whimper of submissive thrill escapes me as my increasingly authoritarian wife puts me into bondage for the very first time. Using one end of that sash to tie my wrists tightly together in front of me, Gretchen uses the other as a leash to pull me up onto the bed. I know intuitively what she expects of me and I lie docilely on my belly, crushing my throbbing groin into the pillow provided so that my butt juts most invitingly up.

Goddess Gretchen stretches my arms out, now using that strong silk sash to bind my hands to the sturdy bed frame right under the middle of the headboard. One tug dissuades any fantasy of escape; my wife knows her knots too well. Heaven help me if there's an earthquake or fire though, for next she spreads my legs out wide and uses those drapery cords to tie my ankles to the foot posts. I've now been rendered completely helpless, vulnerable and entirely dependent even unto my very continued existence upon the infuriated female I so unconscionably deceived into marrying me. Can my tiny little tadger, that condemned remnant of my failed maleness, possibly get any more adamantine?

Unable to resist, I use the cover of struggling to hump the pillow under me. Satin over feathered plush, this feels so deliriously stimulating that I moan aloud. The futility of my struggles is more arousing yet; face pressed to the mattress I gasp and writhe and hump ever more openly as I watch Gretchen at last begin to remove her own clothing.

Alas she desists after doffing her shirt, skirt and charcoal-colored stockings. Draping one of these over her shoulder she steps back into her heels. Now wearing just a black brassiere and matching translucent lace-trimmed half-slip, she scoops up my dropped blue cotton briefs and climbs onto the bed. Stilling my wriggling, I'm opening my mouth to praise and thank my most irreplaceable deity when Goddess Gretchen suddenly grabs my hair and uses it to yank my head ruthlessly back. Roughly she stuffs that mouth full of my balled-up, genital-smelling, just-shed-and-unwashed underwear. I'm gagging and goggling in shock at her while she wraps her nylon around my head, binding that wad tightly inside. Her question comes as a sibilant hiss of despite.

"Is the sick little sissy excited yet?"

I nod-nod-nod with emphatic gratitude. She titters wickedly. "What a ridiculously twisted bitch you are! Still I must admit I'm already taking a certain satisfaction from this. I thought I'd just be indulging you. But I'm beginning to appreciate the appeal of humiliating you, punishing you and putting your deceitful ass forever in its superbly-deserved place.

"This 'sham of a marriage' you described may have serious potential after all. Who knows? I might even have to spend some time online investigating this kind of depraved lifestyle myself. But right now my confessed sissy-hubby has a serious spanking upcoming. Twenty swats, isn't it? Plus how about another twenty for your still-infantile dick to grow on?"

Again I nod with frantic gratitude, the insults as arousing as everything else.

Long years of miserably desperate fantasies are finally being realized! Easily reading my manic transport, Gretchen snorts her contempt again. She backs up, reclaiming her makeshift paddle. Then taking position kneeling beside me she tosses back all that glamorous hair and glares, clearly marshalling endless depths of righteous outrage at being duped into marrying a dick-less loser, a cringing impotent submissive.

"Here we go then, bitch. Time to teach you what it costs to defraud *this* goddess!"

Given the staidness of Mrs. Vanilla, I had been dreaming of and praying for just a simple, even unenthusiastic open-handed pants-on spanking. Instead heavenly Gretchen sets herself and begins to beat my bare, utterly unprotected ass with that length of oak just as hard as her good right arm can manage.

Clearly that isn't hard enough. Seeing that I'm gasping in masochistic ecstasy rather than from any physical distress, that I'm truly in the damned's paradise having my twisted craving finally being so spectacularly sated, she begins using both hands, swinging that spoon like a power-hitter in a baseball game. Still I continue to hump my pillow, alternately lifting my ass to maximize the impact and then burying my burning boner deeper with each searing surge of sensation, all while writhing erotically and gag-bleating my bottomless need.

Perhaps predictably, my obvious enjoyment only incenses Gretchen.

Bringing up further reserves of adrenaline she begins padding me so hard that at last she has me weeping and screaming and biting deeply into the soggy wad of my underwear, all while wrenching wildly at my implacably sexy silken tethers. Indeed with the last stroke 'to grow on' my flushed and panting wife hits me so hard that the spoon handle breaks, sending the paddle half whickering across the room.

Sobbing freely yet still writhing with wild arousal, my heart newly bursting with worshipful fealty toward my fearsomely majestic Supreme Being, I suddenly yelp with the keenest of pain-pleasure. She's just used that badly splintered handle to viciously poke my deeply contused gluteus.

“Damn, boy! Once again I have to admit: that was actually fabulously gratifying. Look how black and blue and many shades of purple you are! I even almost had an orgasm on that last killer clout. Though thanks to that it looks as though I now need to buy you a tangible present after all. Perhaps a cricket bat, or even better, a canoe paddle. We’ll drill the blade full of holes and cut the handle down a bit, and the next time I won’t have to stop disciplining you until I *do* come. And here I went and already bought a treat for myself, a scandalously sinful sex toy excused only by your inability to otherwise satisfy me.

“Ah, well. At least I’m fired-up enough to experiment with hate-fucking you now. Something tells me that climbing on top, slapping and choking and crushing you with the most abusive kind of coitus really will be more rewarding than lying around all regretful while trying to endure your useless and pathetic attempts to impregnate me. Funny how I never even considered the idea before.”

And how unforgivable of me not to suggest it on our so terribly disastrous wedding night! Still as wildly eager as I am for the promised abusive man-ravishing, by the time Gretchen unties my ankles, orders me to roll over onto my extensively damaged ass and ties them back up just as securely, I’ve suddenly conceived of a different redemptive expedient. This is something else I’ve been too timid to yet suggest. The submissive frisson involved is so tantalizing though that I just have to bleat pleadingly into my briefs for my deity’s heed. Bless her benevolence again! Gretchen stretches her stocking free far enough to pull the wad of underwear from my mouth.

“You have something to say to me, sissy? It better be fucking important!”

“Please my gorgeous Goddess Gretchen! I know it’s criminally tardy to offer this too. I was afraid your uptight upbringing would forbid it. But the fact is, my tongue is considerably thicker than my dick. And it’s far more reliable. It won’t inconveniently quit on us.

“If you would choose to sit on my face first, I would be honored beyond all euphoria to service your sacred font of femininity to as many orgasms as you can manage. At the very least I could lick your entrance all wet and ready, you know, for more easily mounting me.”

Gretchen laughs nastily, sneering down her patrician nose at this.

“Oh, like I might actually *feel* an insertion this time? Give me a break, pico-penis. Still, I believe you’re correct. I would have slapped your face swollen for offering to eat me out before. But why not? I’m going to be slapping you silly anyways. And you’ve already got me breaking any number of cultural rules and taboos.

“All right pig. Disgusting, germ-spreading oral activity it will be. Let me see what you can do, cunt-sucker. I’ll give you the length of time it takes me to smoke a cigarette. Then I’m going to punishment-fuck my sinning husband like Jesus himself would weep to see!”

Gretchen unhooks and drops her bra.

Oh, the gloriously morphing, limitlessly alluring shapes those usually precisely symmetrical breasts take as she leans down to extract a cigarette from her pack, to bring it to her naturally plump, ruddy lips and light it up! I could sing a million paeans to the appeal of her nipples alone, so big and red, succulent as fresh ripe strawberries... Look how the naturally projecting aureoles just thrust forth their stiff, thimble-size tips! But then my sneering spouse turns her shapely back on me, deliberately facing away. Now wearing only her high heels, her jewelry and that sexy black half-slip, she backs up, swings astride me, lifts the rear of her slip and sits down atop my face – all in the exact manner she settles daily onto the toilet seat. With my nose now buried right in her anus, it’s hard not to notice those associations. I don’t let them deter me however. Indeed the idea of being turned into my goddess’ lowly commode, forced to live off her rejected excreta, adds an additional sick frisson as I begin frantically obeying her order to “Now eat up, piglet!”

Unfortunately it's more than a bit shadowy under that slip. And our positioning makes it impossible to see what I'm doing anyway. Finding the fabled clitoris under these conditions is hopeless. Still I tongue Gretchen's slit and lips with more than manic diligence. Clearly my inept efforts are no more compelling than my cock has been however. Bored already, I feel my deity tap ashes (and a painfully glowing coal!) into the cup of my belly-button. Then she begins using that cigarette to singe off the sparse hairs sprouting around my own pinkish little nipples.

Fresh agony galvanizes me. Each touch of fire to those erogenous buds, each fresh ash/coal deposited in my navel spurs me to lap more urgently away, to push inside and poke rhythmically to the very limits of my speed and reach. Not once is it lost on me that each of those dropped coals means there's that much less left of that cigarette, and thus my shrinking cunnilingual window. When I begin to feel my time is running out without having elicited a single sigh or erotic cry, desperation compels me to shift my head back a bit, so that instead I can lick and probe at her most luscious holy asshole. I might never get another chance...

Too bad. I've barely begun when celestial Goddess Gretchen rears furiously heavenward.

"You disgusting *fuck!*" An enraged deity whirls to condemn me. "What is *wrong* with you? I've never been so repelled by another creature in my *life!* You will *never* kiss me again, piglet! Open your mouth now and stick out that bacteria-infested tongue! I need to seriously sterilize it!"

When I comply Gretchen grinds her cigarette out right in the center of my most densely packed bed of taste buds. Tears streaming, choking back screaming while struggling not to puke, I feel my hard-on straining harder than ever before as my spittle-spraying deity shrieks at me.

"Putrid pig! Maybe *that* 'll teach you to keep to your proper place!" Dropping that stubbed smoke in my mouth she clamps an implacable hand after. "Eat *that* butt, disgusting ass-licker."

Somehow I chew and choke that stinky filter down, my flaming tongue complaining of every gritty bit. Rather than be placated though, my goddess only grows more condemnatory.

"Look at you! I've never seen your teensy weenie sticking up so stiffly! You enjoyed auditioning to be my new ashtray, didn't you, bitch?"

"Absolutely, Goddess," I croak out. "Please use me so at every opportunity."

"Very well. If you insist. Right now however I'm going to give Mister Useless one more try.

"I want and deserve offspring and I want and deserve orgasms, lots of both. And you damn well better provide me all that I feel I'm entitled to! Otherwise this kind of vengeful-harpy hate-fucking will barely be the beginning of what you'll suffer as my husband!"

One could only hope!

From the beginning the experience is so deliriously exhilarating I can't really think but only wallow and respond. Still hiding herself under that slip, Gretchen straddles me and mounts my puny appendage – blithely taking me as forthrightly as though anything other than the missionary position hadn't always been anathema to her. The feral aggression she then unleashes astounds nearly as much as it arouses me despite so many freshly made threats.

Seizing me between my neck and up-stretched arms she leans in and sinks all ten fingernails deep into the meat of my trapezius. Crushing my bruised butt into the pillow considerably set up to elevate it for her, Goddess Gretchen bears down and rides me with the fury of the most psycho sadist-rapist. Lunging punishingly against my restrained body, again spraying me with spittle as she shrieks the most eviscerating epithets, she reacts to Mr. Measly briefly if repeatedly slipping free by each time punching me square in the mouth, hard enough to bloody my lips.

Nor is that the limit of her battery. Back in manic rhythm again, my supposedly devout spouse seizes me not by the gouged and bleeding trapezius this time but right by the neck itself. Slender but powerful fingers cinch like ligatures about my throat; crossed thumbs press my Adam's apple back into my trachea.

Pitiless in her divine judgment, raging with unreleased estrus, my gorgeous wife begins to puppy-shake and hostilely throttle me as she fucks me out of my forever-loving mind. And just as she'd also threatened, Gretchen only stops choking me to rear back and deliver slap after slap after head-rocking, cheek-swelling, roundhouse loud-cracking face-blackening *smack!*

Oh how the pain, terror, and victim-thrill fire my locomotive-out-of-control motor!

In all of my dreams of Gretchen agreeing to ride me, I'd always imagined how fabulously those matchless breasts would look dangling just inches above my face.

Divine wineskins elongated by gravity and gravid with their bounty... How they would dance and slap together, jiggle and jounce and even fling drips of sweat from the tips of their nipples... Oh what a holy show, and how could anyone not ejaculate just watching that? It hadn't occurred to me that I'd be too busy seeing stars, or only an ominously encroaching darkness as I was periodically choked ever more senseless.

No matter however. Every blow, every snarl, every squeezing increase of rhythmic constriction crushing in on my windpipe; every least, last bit of contemptuous abuse only enflames me further. Aroused about to bursting, watching my receding deity rage at me through a narrowing tunnel of dimming awareness, feeling my eyeballs and blistered tongue now protruding through a heavily-congested face, I'm at last wracked by a climax that feels more like a neuromuscular overload, a whole-body-and-mind-excessive-pleasure-convulsion.

Ah, Goddess, you've got to...you got to...gotta...ahhhh...ahhhh...AHHHHHHHHH!

As soon as I finish shuddering and spouting the throttling stops too; the crushing weight on my larynx and butt is relieved. Whooping for air, groaning in super-orgasmic aftermath, I gradually blink away an impenetrable smear of tears. My spinning head settles enough for me to see Gretchen lying rolled up on her shoulder blades. Fabulous ass in the air, she holds her legs folded close as she tries to maximize the chances of conceiving. No sense letting even my clearly substandard seed just trickle out messily...

Holy owner, I did it though!

I actually ejaculated inside of a person, or from anything other than Biblically-forbidden onanism! After a series of painfully hacking coughs I clear my abused throat enough to meekly speak up. Already my bloody puffy lips make my hoarse voice lisp.

"See my queenly deity? I knew this would work for us. Thank you so much for my birthday present, my wonderful beloved. That was undoubtedly the highlight of my entire life. Did you happen to climax too, beautiful? Please say that you did!"

Predictably Gretchen devastates me emotionally.

"You got to be fucking joking! Did you hear any ecstatic screaming? Did that sound like anything other than enraged resentment and the exaltation of vindictive domination to you? I felt like I was fucking some sinful dyke bodybuilder's steroid-engorged clitoris. It's a good thing I finally decided to go ahead and shave my bush for this or I wouldn't have felt even that. From now on you must do that too – no pubic hair for either of us. Every millimeter counts with you."

"Yes Goddess Gretchen. I'm super sorry, my adored deity. I only want to see you as wondrously happy as you deserve to be. If I wasn't so effectively tied up, I'd make you some spiked hot cocoa and rub your feet until you fell asleep – or do anything else you might request to show my infinite devotion and keenest appreciation for your recent pleasing treatment of me."

“Are you asking to be untied already?”

Gretchen continues to rock gently back and forth, then side to side as she encourages my sperm to creep ever deeper. Sensing pressure mines, I tread oh-so gently.

“Not at all. I dare ask nothing of you my goddess, except that you take every iota of pleasure you can from this shabbily-established marriage. Let your guilty subject bear the cost.”

“So be it then, bitch!” Goddess Gretchen just oozes cruelty. “In that case, I believe it amuses me to leave you tied up for the entire night. On the other hand, I also want this bed to myself. Since you’ve proven clueless, both with your lying tongue and that littler-than-a-pinkie penis, it’s time I tried the vibrating variety I just bought online.

“You can listen to me sinning through a closed damn door. And tonight you can spend hogtied on my wardrobe floor. Perhaps meditating on your myriad failures through the lonely cold hours of pensive penance will prove spiritually beneficial. *And* you’ll never have to wonder again what it sounds like when I climax. What do think about that, my useless b-and-d freak?”

“I think Goddess Gretchen knows best. I would never dare to gainsay her.”

Ten minutes later I’m free of the bed but far more elaborately trussed up by those drapery cords. Upper body tightly harnessed and head wrenched back, wrists and ankles all lashed up behind me, my entire spine acutely arched, at least my contortion keeps me off my still horribly-sore hindquarters. Underwear gag stuffed back in place, a thick black scarf bound above this from nose to brow, I suddenly feel the most exquisitely pinching agony in my most pathetic condemned appendage. Goddess Gretchen decrees sternly out of the blindfolded blackness.

“I’d better fucking find that big plastic hair clip still attached to your infant-dick in the morning, sissy. All the time I’m sinning to get the satisfaction your inadequacy denies me, you and Mister Measly in particular should be suffering severely in recompense. Is that not justice?”

Somehow I nod affirmation despite the radical extension of my neck.

“I’m glad you agree. Have a bad night then, birthday boy.” Sexy high heels click across the hardwood. “I’ll see you when I can see you without wanting to puke all over you.”

Gretchen closes the door, locking me in there helpless and bereft.

And thus justice continues to be done. As the previous evening provided the highlight of my life, morning finds me in entirely unprecedented perdition.

Blessed be my goddess, but oh the night’s punishments have been both extreme and legion!

First came being forced to listen to Gretchen masturbating so ostentatiously less than ten feet away in the adjoining bedchamber. “Oh, you’re so *huge*; oh that’s so *great*; oh I can feel every hot hard *inch* of you! Unlike my useless husband you can actually reach my g-spot!”

Whatever the fuck that is. Hearing her talk to her vibrator like it was alive, or even another guy was eviscerating beyond belief – especially while my own crushed nubbin strained insanely to erect again despite being clamped into its compensatory agony. Listening to Miss Baptist moan and shriek out climax after incredible climax for what must have been well over an hour of shedding silly religious inhibitions was even more emasculating. Imagine being able to provide such ecstasy to such a spectacular deity! If I could just make her come like that even once, I’d feel more validated and proud of myself than if I was acclaimed the King of the Universe.

After its rightful ruler Goddess Gretchen retired however, other horrors quickly took over. Without the distraction of my wife throwing me over for a vibrator, physical travails began overruling emotional ones.

My arched back screamed and my ass still sang of its introductory paddling. My inflamed lips and cheeks throbbed on; swallowing hurt my throat. The burns on my belly and tits flamed unceasingly (though nothing like the bigger one on my tongue, thanks to that gag and an ever-drier mouth), and though my pinched penis eventually went numb, if I wagged or bumped (or rolled over!) its cruelly toothed clamp it would wake up shrieking immediately.

Regardless, being surrounded by my goddess' clothes and shoes, enveloped by her smell, reminded me to follow orders. I was in there to use the dark, miserable hours to obsess on my many frauds and failings. Dwelling despairingly on these justified my suffering, helping me to cope and even firm my resolve to serve and worship my beloved deity unstintingly for eternity if that was what it took to be worthy of her. Still this became ever more difficult as the agonies of my multitudinous wounds grew and accumulated – not to mention those of my bindings. Even beyond the unrelenting stress on my bowed spine, popping torso sockets and wrenched-back limbs, my hogtying presented the most horrific of challenges.

I'd always wanted to be put (and even habitually kept) in the strictest of sexually suggestive bondage. Talk about a naïve teen! Extremities growing slowly numb were the least of the unexpected distresses.

Endless enforced contortion led to excruciating muscle cramps, while the hard cold floor underneath me was so unforgiving it forced endless rolling about and shifting position despite this constantly aggravating my clamped failing. Occasionally irrational attacks of panic gripped me too, so that despite my best intentions I wrestled and writhed mindlessly until exhausted. Then it was all I could do not to give up and shriek pleadingly for release.

Of course the noisome underwear stuffed and bound into my mouth would have kept me from disturbing Gretchen. Yet I wasn't taking the least chance of that. Though she'll never know how heroically I struggled for her (and not with her too-damn-expert knots), a peaceful night's respite was the very least I owed her for so generously accepting and accommodating my admittedly twisted fetish. Nevertheless, I would be mendacious again not to admit that as the lonely hours drew so torturously out I began to suffer some downright heretical doubts.

Who couldn't help but worry whether all their efforts would be ultimately worth it? Will I ever be able to truly satisfy such an exceeding superior female? Will she ever again deign to show me any honest affection? Or are my sins so irredeemable that her eternal contempt is deserved? Worse, as stealthy, skittering sounds from without raised paranoid hackles on the punctured back of my traps, I even began to wonder if *any* woman could be worth so much unmitigated misery. How quickly we forget that body-wracking ejaculation, the shapes, oh the shapes her beasts could take and even the unreasoning fealty that overwhelms me at being caught in her punishing clutches, utterly helpless against the infinite potency of her sexual presence...

And so emotional torments fought back against the simply physical, competing to see which could most effectively keep me sleepless. Compelling as wrestling with my obsession could be though, simple, banal bodily processes inevitably ensured that physical considerations would eventually carry the day simply by crowding out everything else.

I hadn't had a chance to pee since just before dinner.

Blindfolded in a benighted wardrobe, I have no idea what time I was locked in, much less when it was that the pressure in my midsection went from noticeable to uncomfortable. I just know that it began to really hurt me long before I heard the first muted twittering of birds. Eventually even the excruciation in my spinal column (a red-hot knife seemed to be gouging between each and every vertebra) was superseded by that ever-increasing abdominal screaming.

Determined not to offend my goddess by soiling her wardrobe floor, all I could do was grit my teeth and sweat it out. Dancing to hold it in was obviously not an option. Soon I could no longer even roll around or wriggle about. To this minute, the slightest movement still not only triggers great glassy bladder cramps, it waggles the big plastic hair clamp still so cruelly pinching off my offensively puny penis. How Mr. Measly shrieks!

Even groaning quickly became a luxury I could no longer afford. Every bit of my being eventually became grimly focused on just two things: holding my urine in and listening desperately, first for the slightest indication of Gretchen waking, and now that she finally has, for any clues to understanding her maddeningly languid movements.

Won't this dreadful suspense/distress ever end? Bad enough that it gets worse by the second. By the time I hear the bedsprings sing and her tread padding gently across the master suite to the bathroom, the sounds of Gretchen tinkling into the toilet, flushing the bowl and running the faucet afterward are nearly enough to break me. Still I have to bite that gag and bide my time, holding to hope while she leisurely brushes and flosses her teeth. Please tell me she can see me without puking on me now! If she steps into the shower (or runs a slow bath!) I'll never make it.

Thank you Goddess a thousand times!

Finally I hear her bare feet squeaking on the hardwood, she's coming! When the lock clicks and the wardrobe door opens I'm ready to sign my soul over to her on the instant. Perhaps understanding this, Gretchen slyly delays untying me. First she merely slips off the blindfold and pulls out the gag. Immediately I burst into devoted blubbling.

"Thank you so much, my divine Goddess Gretchen! Please beloved, I need to pee!"

Somberly she shakes her head at me!

"I'm incredibly disappointed in you, Harold. Aren't you going to thank me for such a wonderful birthday yesterday, bid me a polite good morning and ask me how I enjoyed my repose? I suppose Mister Self-centered's next words will be to claim he's too tired and all lamed up to do his share of work around the house today."

"Of course not, gorgeous! I'm so abysmally sorry!" Hastily I scramble to amend my manners. "I was going to offer to do *all* of your share of today's chores too, in gratitude for the best – and necessarily worst – night of my life! Then I was going to beg-beg-beg that we repeat the entire experience with extreme expedience."

"Oh, I don't know," Crouching Gretchen grins mischievously.

"Maybe we should wait and see. I may have already conceived... I'll tell you what. A week from tomorrow is Valentine's Day. If you can behave unobjectionably until then, and if your observance of this holiday is sufficiently spectacular, then I will discipline you as you wish – and maybe you can even earn another opportunity to satisfy me."

Of course I'm beside myself with blessedness.

"Oh what a heavenly proposal! Oh, no wonder why I love and worship my Supreme Being so extremely! I'm going to pamper you like the queenly deity you will eternally be! To heck with waiting for the fourteenth. Before I start doing your chores this morning I'm going to make you the best damn breakfast you've ever eaten!"

"Very well, my obsequious young peon. I intend to hold you to all of that. Let's see about getting my despicable sissy no-dick hubby untied then."

Whoo-hoo!

D'oh!

What an exhausting, secretly exhilarating yet steadily more unsettling week it is that only gradually passes!

Though her absently dismissive attitude toward me rarely alters, I continue to absorb more and more of Gretchen's chores. As bringing back this big but rather old and moldering home forms our only occupation, this leaves her free to not only pointedly ignore me but to fanatically practice her latest pastime: masturbating ever more brazenly.

To heck with Scripture. Playing with 'Mr. Proper', that eight-by-one inch vibrating hard rubber dildo (molded with astonishing similitude to a real cock in both appearance and texture) allows my goddess to taunt and belittle me terribly without ever even looking my way.

After all, if she's really conceived, what more need has my wife of Mr. Measly or even me? Of course I need no special motivation to want to sexually please my heavenly Gretchen. But you can bet the farm that between working myself to the bone and thrillingly planning all manner of pampering for Valentine's Day, I devote every spare second to researching things like the g-spot, clitoris, and all manner of available tips about performing cunnilingus. Indeed so exciting do I find all my planning, learning and imagining that Gretchen isn't the only one given to casting the pastor's teachings about inappropriate touching to the winds.

Keeping it secret myself, I can't help gleefully relieving my suspense-tension three times before being forced to abstain with the big evening upcoming. Failure to perform on demand is not an option! Kept busy gathering presents and making preparations atop everything else then, I quit running myself ragged only on the eve of the big date. I have to sleep lightly enough to wake up early enough to ease quietly from between the sheets in time to create and serve the most stupendous ever breakfast in bed.

I won't waste time describing all the delicious dishes and romantic frills. Suffice to say that Goddess Gretchen is impressed enough that she allows me to rub her feet while she eats. Sitting up all regally enthroned on specially laundered and plumped-up pillows in the most diaphanous of white lace nightgowns, she might be Aphrodite herself. After blistering my mouth afresh with her after-breakfast cigarette, she even takes giggly fun in permitting me to return to her feet and kiss-lick-suck-scrub their every callus and crevice with my burned yet still giddily sloppy puppy-loving tongue. After such diligently meticulous cleansing comes the pedicure, and so ushers in the most absurdly worshipful morning and afternoon of servicing and pampering anyone could imagine. No detail is too small, no flattery too lavish, until the most sumptuous early evening repast culminates with a bestowal of gifts before the planned massage-after-bath.

"Open this one first, my darling."

Gretchen tears off the paper, revealing the loveliest embroidered pink silk panties I could find. Far racier than anything the former Mrs. Vanilla would ever have purchased for herself, these are received with enthusiasm – albeit layered with a wickedness that gives me pause. The next two gifts take this mix to another level entirely.

Eager to explore beyond paddles, I've gotten my goddess a beautifully long, thick and heavy yet exceedingly supple leather belt. While way too big for either of us to wear, I've suggestively removed the buckle and riveted that end into a handy loop she can easily slip her grip into. Without being prodded Goddess does so, grabbing the other end and cracking that awesome whipping-strap appreciatively between her fists.

"I could use this on you any time, couldn't I? No need to wait for a discipline date. Just pull your sissy-boy pants down, bend you over and whale away anytime I get annoyed by your miniscule dick and feces-licking face."

“That’s the idea, my beloved deity. This one is for shorter range work.”

Gretchen unwraps a beautifully crafted hand whip, its comfortable leather handle separating into over a dozen tightly braided thongs, each eighteen-inch length ending in a bruising knot.

“Perfect for punishing Mister Measly, I think,” Gretchen grins, sending my heart soaring at her easy acceptance of each further step into the kind of relationship I’ve always craved.

“I’m thrilled you like your presents, Goddess. I hope you’ll love what comes next.”

While I clean up the dinner mess, Gretchen sinks into the luxurious candlelit bubble bath I prepared for her. I arrive in due time to find her still contentedly soaking, nibbling premium chocolates and drinking expensive champagne, surrounded everywhere by flickering little flames and huge bouquets of gorgeous flowers, their romantic aromas all mingling orgiastically in the steamy heat.

After a good hour of humbly and redundantly sponging her shoulders and such, I oil her up and perform a thorough full-body massage. Working determinedly despite repeatedly cramping hands, I give every firm and springy bit of lovely womanly muscle the same worshipfully perfect pampering that each toe and inch of her queenly feet received. So sweetly relaxed is my divine valentine by the time I finish with both her back and front sides that the gentlest clever caress is all it takes to convince my limply blissful Gretchen to open up her legs to me.

Oh, Goddess! Such implicit permission to again attempt to successfully service that holy opening fills me with more joy and glory than any language can really convey. Flush with both this sacred elation and fresh information, I’m not going to let the honor go begging.

Despite (again) the new and half-healed burns covering my by-now swollen tongue, I fall to worship with a maniacal fervor. Coaxing open both outer and inner folds I flip little flaps, stroke and poke and delve and lick her into oozing liquid remarkably quickly. Encouraged by what may be amazed moans (certainly her first due to *my* ministrations) and the way my wife lifts up to me and spreads herself ever more widely, I soon dare to begin bringing my fingers in.

First I use just the cautious tips of two. Gently they expose that fabled, glistening little clitoris, allowing me to fasten on and become a rabidly enthusiastic cunt-sucker at last. Between such lip-sealed slurping and further mad lapping and tongue-lashing, it takes me less than ten minutes or so to bring my Goddess Gretchen to climax for the very first time.

Ten minutes! This is no occasion to gloat over marital milestones though. Without pausing to celebrate this hip-jerking, deity-shrieking achievement, I pour on the stimulation instead. Only this time as I suckle so urgently at her clit I’m brave enough to slide my biggest middle digit (the fuck-finger my old school friends had dubbed it) almost sneakily all the way up inside that divinely warm and moist vagina.

With my nails just considerately pared and filed, I find that reputed g-spot just as easily as I did the clitoris. Hooray for the no longer entirely useless sissy! And hooray especially for my adored and gorgeous beloved! Pressing and rubbing that slippery inner nubbin sends formerly limp Gretchen into bucking paroxysms, as second and eventually third orgasms explode through her heavenly body in glorious succession.

Nothing like the benefits of an online education!

Not to mention having an appendage with a more than just measly reach. Again, no words can encompass my delighted validation at Gretchen’s gasping, quivering, unequivocally genuine sexual satisfaction. I could just die from happiness! When my goddess meets my eyes with her smiling expression of sincere surprise, tears of euphoria leak from me. Rather than attempt to remind of her earlier words, I just hold out a hand to help her off our makeshift massage table.

“There’s another magnum of Mumm’s on ice in the bedroom. Goddess Gretchen.”

“Take me to it then, valentine. And don’t forget to bring along my three perfect presents. I need them all to reciprocate the sentiments. My sissy has certainly earned everything I promised him and more.”

Bound to the bed in the same fashion as before, I’m swiftly made to regret that most imposing present.

This time there is no set number of strokes to be endured. And that heavy yet finely finished belt hurts so much worse! Still beautifully nude from her bath and massage, pausing only to swill champagne or coo approvingly while she runs gloating fingers over the damage she’s doing, my heaven-sent spouse straps my ass (and the backs of each thigh to the knee!) for what seems a futilely struggling eternity. Taking my weeping and gagged screaming as cues to always continue, Goddess Gretchen only desists her disciplining of me when her good right arm can bear no more.

“Whew! I’m going to need another massage in the morning.”

Rubbing the overworked limb, she grins and then pulls the underwear out of my sobbing, slobbery mouth. “You’ll see to that for me won’t you, grateful bitch-sissy?”

Never have I been more obsequiously sincere.

“Anything you want, my infinitely cherished Goddess. Your most whimsical wish is my most absolute command.”

I swear she responds fondly with her laugh! “I’ll give you this, husband: You do know how to say what I like to hear. All right then, let’s get you rolled over.”

By the time I’m retied supine atop that waist-elevating pillow, Mr. Measly is straining as insanely stiffly as he ever gets.

Oh baby I can’t *wait*, and thank goodness I’ve abstained for a couple of days! I catch my breath in maddened anticipation as gloriously naked Gretchen climbs back onto the bed with me. Only then do I see she’s carrying a number of items before she drops them by my side.

Holy crap, there’s that new hand whip, her cigarettes and lighter, a bag of clothespins, a ragged feather stolen from a decorative old pheasant tail and even Mr. Proper, the vibrating penis she uses daily now in lieu of mine, the embodiment of my lies. Dragging over the ice bucket and bottle too, she smiles so devilishly for a deity! I just have to risk the impertinence.

“Thank you so much for disciplining me, Goddess Gretchen. I won’t be able to sit for days without thinking of you, and about how much I unconditionally worship you. Didn’t I earn a chance to satisfy you too?”

Tipsy Gretchen, she giggles so girlishly! I’d swear she’s blushing and not just flushed with alcohol and fun.

“Silly sissy! You *already* satisfied me! Quite unexpectedly expertly too. Besides, this is *my* night. If you’ll recall, last time *you* climaxed while I did not. Turnabout is only fair – if a deity is ever even required to be – fair, that is. I think we can agree not. And I believe I’m going to find *this* far more satisfying than any puny pee-wee ride anyway.

“You see Harold, you aren’t the only one who’s been researching things online. Apparently this fetish of yours encompasses a practice known as ‘c and b, t and t’. That stands for ‘cock and balls torturing and teasing’. I’m going to have some serious fun with Mr. Measly here, and for the first time ever I might add! So don’t you complain about the kind of attention he gets unless you want to be gagged again for this.”

“I am your lowliest abject subject, Goddess Gretchen. Do as you choose both with and to me for all of our shared eternity. I swear I will only worship you ever more fervently.”

“So you say! Well, then, let’s begin the first ten million millennia of testing that claim.”

Maybe it’s only a few hours more. But it sure *feels* like ten million millennia. And I can’t really decide which representative ‘t’ I ultimately find more trying. Beginning by clamping all the clothespins that will fit onto my stubby shaft and glans (plus a couple more to each nipple) Gretchen settles into the ‘torture’ part not like a lifelong churchgoing girl but as if she’s in training for the CIA. This is the insufferably staid lady I had dubbed Mrs. Vanilla?

Before even picking up her new whip, Goddess lights up a smoke and starts pressing the glowing coal to my newly-shaved testicles. It takes me quite a lot of writhing and screaming before I realize she’s pattern-branding me: leaving an arcane configuration of blister-scars that will forever mark those baby-making bits as her personal property, however suspect or defective.

Once I’ve dutifully eaten her butt again begins the squeezing, the terrible squashing and twisting, punching and slapping about of those eminently vulnerable agony-bag-and-balls. At last that lovely, lively little hand-whip is added, scoring my entire groin with livid welts. Gushing over its effectiveness and ease of use, Gretchen flails away at me until finally all the clothespins have been dislodged from my incessantly raging, miserably stymied Mr. Measly. Then intercedes the even more sensationally sensuous teasing.

First she uses that pheasant feather, lightly brushing and tickling. Then it’s my wife bringing her fingers in, the deftest of light caresses making me thrash in my bonds worse than any beating. In contrast, when she deigns to brush that straining stub with just the tips of her nipples, or even give it the quickest of licks with just the end of her tongue, I hold myself as motionless as possible, daring nothing that might jeopardize such impossibly exalting, way-too-rare-and-brief visitations of divinity. Then all too soon it’s on to ice cubes soothing my wounds before their rubbing all over stubby freezes it into retreat. And after she’s gigglingly shriveled my penis practically into non-existence, Goddess Gretchen picks up Mr. Proper. Rather than use it on her own sainted genitals however, she presses that soft-over-hard rubber penis against mine. Cock-to-cock she rubs and fondle-buzzes until Mr. Measly is again straining heavenward.

“Naughty, naughty, you wicked sinner’s useless dick! Being aroused by playing with another penis! I think we’re unearthing your feminine side, sissy. That calls for a hell of a lot more punishment doesn’t it?”

And so we return to torturing me.

Alternating these t’s endlessly as she methodically demolishes her second bottle of champagne, my increasingly drunken Goddess is obviously having the time of her life. Discovering a downright evil delight in constantly worsening my derangement, I can see Gretchen really beginning to come into her own as a closet dominatrix.

No longer just catering to my fantasies, she’s developing her own ideas and approaches – or at least finding them on-line. And I have to confess to again being seriously unsettled. I’m not sure where some of these kinkier turns might be taking us. For example, once the champagne is gone and it’s clear my uncharacteristically smashed Goddess finally has to crash, she quite insidiously pays me back for the present left until last. After untying my legs but not my hands, she pulls the former together and slips those sexy pink panties over my feet! Drawing these up my legs, she giggles afresh at my obvious consternation.

“I don’t know what kind of whore you think I am Harry. But I’d never be caught dead wearing these. I do think they’re perfect however for an admittedly shameless sissy who’s just learning to embrace his emerging femininity. Lift your hips now, you slutty bitch.”

Gretchen pulls that frilly lingerie the rest of the way up, nestling my extensively wounded yet still miserably un-emptied genitals in slippery pink silk.

“Wonderful! Now to just get you tied up on the wardrobe floor again. This will be our usual routine, my deceitful fraud of an unworthy husband, so that after punishment and sex you can use the ensuing hours to reflect on the lessons of each of our little revenge sessions.”

Hearing this decree pulls my immediate fear from the future to the present, the general to the specific. I have no choice but to speak up. “Goddess Gretchen, may I address you?”

“Speak, sissy with a useless mini-dick.”

“Leaving me in there helpless like that is dangerous. Last time I nearly peed on your floor. And if I couldn’t free the clip at need my kidneys might’ve backed up on me. You’re going to sleep long and deeply after tonight my dearest, as well you deserve. But that makes the need for some safety precautions more imperative.”

“Good thinking!” Gretchen exclaims, freeing the sash tethering my bound hands to the bed-frame. “You ruin my stuff and I’ll *never* beat you enough. Come in here with me then, sissy!”

This time after ten minutes’ giggly efforts I’m all cruelly contorted up by hogtying electrical cords not on the hard closet floor but the even more mercilessly obdurate porcelain bottom of our big old claw-foot bathtub. Grinning down at me as she feeds fresh batteries into her vibrator, still surrounded by all those flowers, my gloriously naked Goddess seems to tower toward the ceiling.

“There now Harold, you can pee all you like. I won’t even clip closed your dick-hole.”

Instead she pulls the front of my panties down to expose how importunately erect I still am. She clips little black metal document-binding clamps onto either side on the shaft. Then Gretchen switches on Mr. Proper. Slipping this through the leg holes and snuggling it under crosswise between that dually-pinched boner and my badly bruised, welted and blistered blue-balls, she tapes her vibrator firmly in place before pulling the panties back up.

Grinning again at my delirious groaning into my gag – and that buzzing has barely begun! – my triumphant wife can’t leave me suffering for the night without one last twist of the knife.

“You like the feel of my boner burning so hard and hot against your own, don’t you, sissy? Well, I like the way it keeps you squirming so urgently. And I have to say that I was entirely prophetic before. Seeing you looking so wildly deprived and out of your mind with intense carnal need you can’t possibly relieve makes me realize just how much more vastly satisfying than any teensy-weenie ride I found torturing and teasing you tonight.

“No matter how brutal and abusive the hate-fuck, your pitiful little thing will never really measure up. So happy Valentine’s Day, husband. And thanks for such an exquisitely enjoyable and educative holiday and night. Now, spend the next stretch of your endless sentence for tricking me into wedding you reflecting on this lesson!”

So I have. And I’ve certainly taken several matters seriously to heart.

The first is that not everything will be heavenly about my paradisiacal marriage to Goddess Gretchen. As our current dynamic deepens worse will certainly be in store for me than being tied up until I piss my new panties, or stuck in a cold hard (pee-wet) tub with barely room to squirm for twelve straight hours. And I’ve certainly learned there’s worse than sex with an unresponsive mannequin or a face-punching harpy. There’s getting no sex at all while both physical and emotional stimuli drive you absolutely wild. The central lesson in all of this though is that my gorgeous goddess has indeed truly laid claim to the title with which she’s been bestowed.

From appalled offense to reluctant indulgence Gretchen has quickly proceeded through appreciation to enjoyment to relish until she's seized the initiative completely. Now in addition to lying around masturbating for much of each day she spends hours online browsing for implements (a brand new paddle for example) or visiting forums to learn all she can about 'wife-led relationships' and the dominant-submissive lifestyle.

Naturally I've taken over almost all of the housework without a word being said. My pampering has become automatic, my worship compulsory and my obedience to every decree immediate. Still Gretchen has been as good as her word. No longer waiting upon the occasion, she thrillingly straps my ass black at least daily, and for the least or even imagined infractions. And at night... Let's just say that for a lady that refuses to fuck until she sees if she's conceived, my former Mrs. Vanilla shows every indication of becoming a raving nymphomaniac.

When not glorying in her latest pastime (mounting my face to grind me into the pillow while roughly, suffocatingly fucking my outthrust, forever-blistered tongue) Goddess will lie back and demand exhaustive pleasuring of her entrance, clit and g-spot. Using my hands, mouth and even Mr. Proper on her for hours while my own neglected organ tortures me worse than anything else is what most compels me to perfect my servitude. Dreams of ingratiating myself enough for my wife to again allow me inside her sacred body drive my every effort. Still I'm only male. As February draws on in continuing coital denial, and torturing and teasing is all that happens to Mr. Measly, I'm finally driven so deep into derangement that I have to break down and jerk off too.

I know Goddess frowns on this (for me at least), though it's never been specifically forbidden. Still I take care to see that she is fully occupied with her laptop at the kitchen table before I announce my intent to clean the master bathroom. Then I hurry in there and shut the door, my heart pounding so hard I can feel it throbbing in that badly maddened erection.

First I turn the faucet on full, so it sounds like I'm working, not wanking. Climbing into the tub I unbutton my shirt and pull down my trousers. Under these are those unbearably sexy pink silk panties. Gretchen requires me wear these daily, and due to this and so much sink-washing every evening (and because they're a bit small for me) they're already fraying. Still they feel and look incredibly arousing on me by now, whether this is due to my ongoing training, my deprived state or something truly depravedly innate.

Sitting down I merely pull their embroidered front below my beautifully branded balls. Then already panting I take that tiny but demanding tadger between my thumb and first two fingers. Fervidly I begin manipulating. Gripped just as compellingly by memories of endlessly soaping Goddess Gretchen's shoulders here (and then suffering the relentless cock-to-cock buzzing of Mr. Proper all night), I know it'll take only a minute or so to sneak Mr. Measly some desperately needed relief. Unfortunately I don't even get that minute.

Just as I'm moaning hopelessly and wringing that little piggy for all I'm worth, the bathroom door crashes open, almost giving me a coronary. I can tell at once that Gretchen is incensed about something just by the way she shuts off the water. And it's not only finding me secretly sinning in here either. Immediately I begin blubbering.

"I'm so sorry my holy Goddess! What do you want me to do?"

"I came in to get some tampons." Brusquely she rummages in a cabinet. "And to order you into bed for punishment. I know it's only mid-afternoon. But you have failed in your manly duty to impregnate me. And now I see the likely reason why. Maybe you're often impotent because you waste too much semen shamefully playing with yourself. And on the rare occasion you do finish, your potency is probably still diminished. Either way, you'd better never let me catch you like this again, sissy. Not if you want to enjoy any erotic arousal whatsoever."

And there it is: the most dreadful ultimatum of all. I hang my head in humbly dismayed acceptance – though not quickly enough to hide the spark of excitement that leaps up with the realization that at least maybe our waiting-to-see-if-she’s-conceived intermission has finished. If my spouse still wants kids, we’ll need to make love again...

Goddess Gretchen isn’t tricked. Sneering at the eagerness with which I move to finish stripping she rips open the box of tampons.

“Don’t get *too* excited sissy.

“I don’t care how fucking disgusting you are. Nothing’s touching me down there except *these* for the next five days. That means I’ll have to get my satisfaction the new-fangled way: through tons of teasing and torturing. But not until I deliver the worst beating ever in payback for your latest unforgivable failure as a male. I want that new paddle and my belt both placed on the bed. And I want you lying butt-up next to them, naked, ready and waiting to be restrained by the time I’m finished in here. Now move your soon-to-be bruised-blue ass!”

Things are different this time – maybe dangerously so.

When Gretchen emerges she isn’t nude too but wearing a short, incredibly sexy black robe. While thin and clingy this still completely conceals her breasts, crotch and bottom. And although there’s nothing odd about seeing her carrying Mr. Proper, in my state of heightened observation I notice that hideously realistic phallus is glistening, as if fresh from her pussy – or maybe carrying a coating of some other lubricant. This seems confirmed by the careful way she sets it aside before tying me out all spread-legged as usual atop a pair of plump pillows, though without any underwear plugging up my face for once. Nevertheless I do my best to avoid the implications – until my deity makes this moot of course.

“I told you we need to make this latest emasculation the worst ever for you by far. Unfortunately I’ve already been beating you as long and hard as I can. And though I’m already quickly building up my strength and stamina, that’s not much good to us right now. So we’re going to use Mr. Proper here to make things a little more thrilling for you.

“Besides, judging from what I’ve just seen, you’ve really been enjoying exploring your feminine side, haven’t you sissy? Wearing those panties excites you so much you can’t keep your filthy fingers out of them. And since this sanction is for your latest, worst failure of masculinity yet, it seems more than appropriate that we push things further in that direction.”

Push things further! In *that* direction!

The instant I feel that slick but still way-too-giant dick being shoved up my butt I panic and clench right up. Knowing better than to try begging, I still blurt out a pointless protest.

“Are...aren’t you worried about germs anymore? You still haven’t kissed me since I...”

“You will put this penis through the dishwasher and thus sterilize it for me first thing in the morning, bitch. Now loosen up and accept the entry of your wonderfully dominant goddess’ cock. Otherwise I’ll wipe it dry, cram it in as brutally as I can and leave it there for the next twenty-four hours or more.”

Somehow I force my body into compliance. My mind is another matter. It still shrieks and gibbers juvenile epithets at me as Goddess Gretchen thrusts her big, hard, yet blessedly slippery dildo in deep. Every inch, oh every inch hurts so much worse! Somehow worst of all though is the way my own boner throbs even harder.

The further in I'm violated, the more powerful the corresponding response! Hating myself utterly for this ungovernable reflex, I fist my fingers and toes and groan more eloquently than I wish to permit. Still the first sob doesn't escape me until it's all the way in, my Goddess lets go of it – and another bodily reflex promptly pops it right back out. Damn it all!

I'm not the only one cursing.

“Oh no you fucking cunt! Take *that*, you unmanly young slut!”

She rams it back in again, brutally enough to make me yelp – and for my own tiny erection to paradoxically, idiotically twitch harder. Then Gretchen uses a few strips of medical tape to seal that eight-by-one inches tightly in, splitting my stuffed cheeks even wider in the process.

“There you go, ass-bitch. Squeeze on *that* while I beat your slutty butt. According to my online correspondents, it should enhance the sensations admirably – among other benefits.”

Her correspondents weren't kidding.

Each blow across my backside has always caused my crotch to clutch at the pillow under me even as I bury my boner deep. Now that clutching squeezes Goddess' cock indeed, emphasizing the hugeness of its intrusion right at each most affecting detonation of sensation.

I still have no idea why that makes my own teensy weenie strain so insanely, but there's no denying reality. And when particularly well-aimed smacks of that strap hit the dildo dead-on, nudging it up inside me... Well it's still nothing like when she switches to the paddle. Aim isn't an issue then. Each resounding crack across my ass seems to pound that cock-spike in ever deeper. Finally the way I'm writhing and gasping and lifting in the most eager invitation ever betrays my unmistakable appreciation. Gretchen snarls as she swings that two-handed, cut-down-and-perforated canoe paddle even harder yet.

“This is supposed to be *punishment*, slut! But all right. Let's just see how perverted you really are. My online friends have been suggesting things I honestly find impossible to believe. But you've surprised me before, haven't you, secret sissy Harry?”

“Yes I have, my most blessed beloved.”

“All right then. Let's interrupt the beating for a bit. It's time to test just how feminine my clandestinely sinning sissy is getting.”

The paddle clatters down. The mattress shifts with Gretchen's movement. Then she rips that strip of tape off, flaying a layer of skin from my crack and balls in the process. And though the butt of Goddess' cock protrudes out some from its paddled-in maximum, there's no automatic ejection this time. Though my whipped and beaten buttocks burn well in from the hugely bruised surface, way deep inside I've grown not only accepting but shamelessly possessive. When my wife gives her thickly-embedded prick a gentle wriggle I can't even pretend to dissemble.

“So, my sissy slutty hubby, not so terrible being penetrated as you feared is it? What's that? You want me to take this out now?”

Another titillating wiggle-giggle dredges up another too-honest groan. I turn my burning cheek to the weeping-damp mattress and shake my head in the negative. “How about *now*?” Wretched Gretchen suddenly switches the vibrator on!

“Nooooooooooooooooo!”

My drawn out moan is so hopeless! Whatever my wife is planning for me, however ineradicably it further damns me as a man, this initiation is impossible to withstand. That gross stuffing-buzzing must have some direct internal neural connection to my erection, for the response this time is obscenely intense. I mewl and writhe, lift and spread, squirming worse than any other time I've been bound to this bed. Laughing nastily, Gretchen goes from wiggling to gouging, interspersed with quick rhythmic plunging in-and-out.

Of course I haven't climaxed in so long, and I was just stopped short an hour or so ago. That's got to be why my sickly skyrocketing submissive exhilaration triggers such a wracking ejaculation after less than a minute of this insidiously invasive stimulation. Then again I've never even come *close* to coming with only a pair of feather pillows to grind Mr. Tiny against either.

Goddess Gretchen is as omniscient as ever.

"I can't believe it! You just spewed your useless semen! Here I thought they must be joking about the best way to repay your many manly failures.

"I thought, damn, that's so twisted they don't even have a Biblical proscription against it. Maybe these libertines were right though, and about everything else as well. As long as I'm menstruating away your failure, I'll have to do even more research into these 'wife-led relationships'. Not to mention order a few more specialty items online.

"That doesn't abrogate your punishment today however! Spewing into the pillow only compounds your crimes. Let's pick up where we left off then, shall we?"

This time Goddess truly does beat me worse than ever. Then she rolls me over, wipes my sticky issue across my face and tortures my just-so-wondrously-emptied balls until I fear they may forfeit their future function altogether. Deliberately skipping the teasing part, she finally ties me up for the rest of the evening and nighttime (without any dinner I might add) in the cold and lonely tub again. Except this time vengeful Gretchen skips the blindfold. Instead she leaves the bright overhead fluorescent lights on. She also adjusts the showerhead so that no matter how I shift about it always just lightly drip-drip-drips big cold drops of water randomly onto my upturned, bound-so-securely-in-place face from at least nine tantalizing feet high above me. And of course just to make sure I remember today's lesson, this time she tapes her big realistic penis jammed all the way back up inside my swollen ass, the vibrator again thrumming away on high.

Oh what a terribly trying twenty-four hours (and worse) I've earned!

So how does one describe the ensuing week? Days spent appeasing my moody, snappy wife are nothing new to me. Trying to decipher her darkly teasing warning hints about what to expect when we finally have sex again is another matter. Putting them out of my mind isn't easy generally, much less while being strapped across the ass or massaging my deity's feet.

As these are the only kinds of physical interaction we share, I can't help cherishing them more than ever. Still combined with her sly innuendos I find myself almost constantly writhing. Severe as the temptation to try masturbating becomes though, Gretchen's threats are not to be defied. Besides, I absolutely *must* satisfy her this time!

Meanwhile deliveries keep arriving, most of which are kept hidden from me. The two exceptions certainly spur my excitement further however.

First Goddess has me remove the headboard from our bed so I can install a huge new mirror on the wall behind it, reflecting everything that happens there. Then come the handcuffs – real ones, shiny chromed steel with about eight inches of chain linking the manacles.

My key-keeping wife orders me to drive an industrial-size staple through the central link in that chain and deep into the middle of the bed-frame, right where she customarily ties off my hands. Thus when not in use these shackles will dangle unseen behind the mattress, while nevertheless always remaining available for me whenever I'm ordered onto the bed, atop my pillows and into my rightful restraints.

By the time day five arrives I'm beside myself. Gretchen seems to be regaining her playfulness as well. After I finish providing her with my usual impeccably professional pedicure by painting her dainty toenails crimson for her, she orders me to polish and color my own!

Decorating the ends of my ugly male toes a bright shocking pink does little for their attractiveness. It does have me squirming in my panties again though, almost as much as being ordered to clean and polish all of our implements of discipline: belt, paddle, hand whip, even her brand new riding crop. How I pray as I obsessively rub moisturizer into the leather! Oh my most fabulous Goddess, I can't possibly wait for this! We're actually going to have sexual intercourse again! And as my last two orgasms were the best ever by far, I can scarcely dare imagine how earthshaking this occasion might become.

Gretchen still hasn't revealed her exact plans. But something tells me that when she hate-rides me this time, I'll have Mr. Proper stuffed up inside – no doubt even more vastly enhancing our sex than it did that discipline session. And thank you forever Goddess Gretchen, for it seems I might be right. When her period is finally declared over and I'm ordered to pile up the pillows, lie down nude atop them and cuff myself up, the first thing she does is spread my legs out wide (without even tying them!) and shove that greased vibe right back up all the way inside.

Grinning at what she sees of my queer delirium in that pristine new mirror, my wife betrays an unmistakable spark of excitement of her own that's almost as unprecedented as the style of lingerie she's wearing. It's like something out of those Mad Max movies. To start with the bra is utterly cup-less. Made of just thin leather strips linked by steel rings and bristling with half-inch silvery spikes, it's less a bra than a brazen display harness for those beautifully mutable boobs. The matching panties are similarly left open to expose her buttocks, delta of Venus and even that sacred font – though the same spiked strips bracketing that heavenly entrance promise an exquisitely painful, possibly even bloody ride, regardless of anything I might be hiding inside.

Clearly Miss Baptist Vanilla is ancient history, subsumed entirely in this devilishly vengeful new deity. Good for me! And good for our damaged marriage. Now let's just see what the demon I've unleashed can do for our criminally unsatisfactory sex life...

"There you go, Harriet! Just the way you've come to love it. Now that my increasingly effeminate sissy is 'Properly' butt-stuffed, let's have some punishment fun. What do you say? I know that's my favorite kind of foreplay!"

And so together we revel in a brutal belting, a shackle-rattling paddling and the lashing of that stiff-but-limber little riding whip until the suspense is more unbearable than the rapidly accumulating damage. Only when the hysteria in my cries makes this undeniable does my Goddess at last cast that crop aside. With tears still smearing the divine vision in the mirror, I await the order to roll over for mounting with such a keenness of semen-spilling need that I cease to even breathe. Only instead of finally activating that wonderfully deep-stuffing vibrator, my wife suddenly pulls its fulsome thickness right out of me!

Furiously I try to blink the blurriness away from my surely cheated gaze. And what I see when the smearing clears makes me suck in such a sudden huge breast-swelling breath that the whole room gyres about my head. This *can't* be what she really means...!

Along with all of her other new accoutrements, Goddess Gretchen has acquired a replacement penis! Only as dildos go, this is a diabolically double-the-fun kind of one.

Watching my wife slide the cleverly contoured, smaller curved half up inside her vagina leaves the big realistic outer boner jutting up from her spiked crotch as if organic and indeed integral to her original equipment. Wiggling this to test its fit and crying out in delighted erotic surprise, my suddenly intersex deity giggles so uncharacteristically!

For the first time since seeing my own miniscule penis for the first time, my chosen spouse gleams with genuine merriment when she looks up and meets my astounded eyes.

“Still super-excited to have sex with me, sissy?”

“You...you can’t...”

“No, *you* can’t – satisfy *anybody* with that uselessly stunted hubby-stubby. That’s why it’s high time we tried out mine. Besides, read up on it subject: In any proper wife-led relationship it is imperative that the ruling goddess wield the cock, whether as reward, punishment, habitual intercourse or all of the above.

“Dominant-submissive ass-sex like this is known as ‘pegging’, my penetration-craving new buggery-pet. Don’t you even *begin* pretending that you don’t find the prospect of it irrepressibly thrilling! I see the way you keep peeking at me. You can’t wait to take my big new bone. Tell me: just how hard is Mister Measly currently, my grovelingly obeisant sissy?”

What else can I do in the presence of such divine duress but confess?

“Extremely so, my Supreme Being.”

“Then maybe you should quit worrying about your pathetic self-image and well-deserved sexual destiny and just beg me to fuck you already. Consider that for the first time I’m actually looking forward to the prospect. Can you afford not to let your life-partner explore perhaps this last chance at mutually complementary conjugal compatibility?”

Well...when you put it like *that*...my protests peter down into mumbled nothings. Surrender inevitably succeeds such honesty.

“Please, my most glorious Goddess Gretchen. Will you once again take my tender virginity from me? Perhaps this time our marriage will be *properly* consummated.”

“Amen, my fraudulent young husband!”

Though still considerably dilated from treasuring Mr. Proper, my slut-hole has begun to ease closed. And Mr. Reciprocal – so named for his reputed ability to fuck us in tandem – is quite a bit larger than that eight-inch vibrator.

Statuesque Gretchen has been generous with the gel though. And she’s built up a ton of muscle lately. It’s made her strong – oh so magnificently *strong* as she crouches behind me, spreads me wider, seizes me bodily and so slippery-swiftly spears her so hugely eager erection so deeply up inside of me.

“AaaaaaaiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

For shocked screaming sissy me it’s quite the belated epiphany.

Of course the immediate deranged raging of my man-remnant is hardly a necessary referent. All that earlier gouging about should have prepared me for the damned’s alchemy of agony, abysmally deep debasement and the most virulently perverse sexual ecstasy that overwhelms me upon being so deeply, irremediably *reamed*, as in forcibly cored; stretched to ridiculously excessive dimensions.

So submissively exhilarating is this quintessential victimization that I almost miss my deity’s own amazedly, brazenly exultant shriek of sadist-rapist’s lustful glee as she so viciously, victoriously takes that innocent (nay, guilty!) virginity from me. Not that *that* matters. Clearly inspired beyond my experience, filled with passion the likes of which I’ve never even dreamed, Goddess Gretchen rears back and begins hip-jabby ass-stabbing me so ferociously you’d swear she was born to wield such a devastatingly effective goading organ.

“Yeah baby! Who’s fucking whom *now*, sissy bitch!

“Who’s got the only cock in *this* house worth whipping out?

“Who’s got the only genes worth passing on and who the fuck does *not*?

“Let’s just see who comes the first and who comes the most from fucking this disgustingly effeminate little no-dick cock-loving strumpet and then we’ll decide, shall we? And after that maybe we’ll take some belated steps to pay back all your fucking frauds, and get this cheater’s so-far useless union properly on track at last, once and for fucking always!”

All this gloating and degrading is again unfortunately relegated to background sound. I’m too enraptured by soaring on the symphony of emotion-sensation swamping me to pay my deity her rightful heed. Her hands gripping me captive, her hips and spiked panties so briskly slap-spanking my so badly bruised bottom, but mostly of course her savagely stabbing, hugely intrusive erection remaking me by the second are all so intensely, *freshly* compelling!

Who’s the vanilla one now?

Never could I have even conceived of such a bent yet unexpectedly rewarding connubial connection. Now I know I’ll never get enough of such rough ownership, such divinely thuggish buggery perpetually putting me *properly* in my puling peon’s place!

Whoa, and woe unto me!

I had thought being paddled made my mashed-into-the-pillows little loser-boner pulsate and strain! With Goddess Gretchen so dominantly sodomizing me, it rubs that insignificant crushed stub so much *harder*, and with such a deliciously irresistible rhythm too!

Uh, uh, oh, oh, OH! Then when my suddenly magnificently hate-copulating wife grabs me by the hair and yanks my head back to meet her fiery gaze blazing derangement at me in the mirror, the sight of her flushed loveliness maddened by passion is more arousing than the spectacular dancing of her unfettered breasts.

Anything that so successfully inspires Gretchen’s estrus excites me by orders of magnitude more. Her erotic gratification provides my existence with validation like nothing else possibly can. Even if I hated being taken this way (like the most lubriciously complicit little whore-slut-bitch), I would quickly learn to crave such depravity, just to see my transcendent deity panting and shrieking so resplendently.

Of course the evidence is obvious that I *don’t* hate it.

Unmanly or not, being anally cock-dominated arouses me so powerfully that my every urgent cry just eggs my defiler on. Not that this Supreme Being needs such pleading. From squat-kneeling upright she releases my hair to lean forward, supporting herself on palms propped to either side. Then with those dancing breasts drawn down into fabulously pendulous udders she uses her improved leverage to *really* start butt-fucking her hatefully repugnant fraud-husband.

Soon I’m screaming too, practically in an abuse-fugue, my helpless wails broken into stuttering by the way her power-pounding keeps my entire pinned-and-pegged body juddering with endless rhythmic shudders. Thank heavens my ruler is so superbly athletic. From this point on in the deflowering marathon the race is truly underway. Now we’re down to that wickedly consequential question of which of us will climax first – then the greatest number of triumphal times thereafter. Naturally Goddess Gretchen has more than just the technological edge.

“Damn that’s fantastic! Oh, the dyke who designed this dick was a goddamn genius! Every...time I...pound it...into you...” Goddess punctuates her gloating with particularly vicious, gasping stabs, “It rocks against...my clit...and pushes hard...right on...my g-spot! Yes, yes, YES! Take it... and crave it...forever...you lying...slut-cunt!”

It isn’t long before the snarled insults scale off into incoherent shrieks again.

Please, she's drilling into me like she expects to strike some precious reservoir of unlimited power at any second! And that's exactly what my Goddess does of course.

The instant she begins maniacally scream-stabbing her obviously most violent-ever climax into her blessedly accepting receptacle, my formerly free soul is unquestioningly no longer my own. While Goddess Gretchen can wield her divine penis so mightily, I am blindly joyous to be her least piece of property.

Acknowledging this axiom at the very peak of that shrieking, ass-stabby-battering taps so deeply into me that immediately my unworthy seed is released in a come-gusher of indescribably intense euphoria-relief.

For an addictive-submissive sissy like me it's as if my last iota of autonomy is fleeing right along with that demonstrably substandard semen. Of course my omniscient Supreme Being need sneer only briefly in her celebration of victory.

"I was first, first, first! *I win sissy!* And so we've achieved an almost-simultaneous climax apiece. Let's just see how you treasure the pleasure of me running up the score and more on you now, bitch!"

I treasure it like high piles of diamonds, like sunshine in springtime, like seeing a corrupt Republican get his comeuppance.

No, fuck that; even though I've already ejaculated, I surely can't again and I'm growing more horribly sore by the moment, I treasure that pleasure more than all three of those wonders at once. As long as my new soul-owner is glorying in her wonderfully definitive new role I can acknowledge only holy exaltation.

Of course not even a true marathoner could fuck me as ferociously as Goddess Gretchen does indefinitely. With her utter suzerainty permanently assured, she switches from looming leaning over me to dropping right atop me.

Squashing those fabulous breasts against my back (my wife hasn't let me touch these since her wedding night discoveries), she pants more insults in my ear and rides me good and violently, though far more sedately than before. Our nearly naked bodies melded together from the hard cock connecting us to the soft cheek pressed against my head, we rock atop the piled pillows like honeymooners who'll never be able to get enough of each other.

Of course eventually Gretchen accelerates again to stab orgasms two and three into me. After that though, she really has to relax. She even drops into a twenty-minute doze while still obligingly lodged deep inside my squashed and beat-up body. But when she stirs again it's to reveal why she's now leaving my nail-polished feet free.

"Get up mutt! Onto your knees and forepaws. I've wanted to do my butt-licking little bitch doggy-style ever since I first read about this. That mirror is there so I can see every least expression that flits across your dick-slave face as I regularly take my conjugal rights in the most appropriate way – coincidentally the way that *least* stimulates your useless loser's weenie."

"And did you leave the gag out this time so you can fuck my slobbery mouth as well?"

The words escape me before I can restrain them. But apparently germ worries and the pastor's proscriptions against any oral activity no longer apply to me. Rather than the expected condemnatory shrieks, Goddess merely laughs at me, as she grabs back on and stabs back into my already badly abraded back passage.

"That's for me to know and you to discover, sister!"

And so the marathon resumes. And naturally my deity was prescient with her purchase of that gigantic mirror.

Resting on my cuffed-to-the-bed-frame forearms, I can look in that reflection up past my bowed back and eagerly presented hindquarters and gaze enraptured at my deflowerer in action. Even the least arousing parts of that spellbinding spectacle – arm and abdominal muscles rippling as she grips and yanks me back into her pumping hips, wildly jiggling and even flopping tits – make me wish I could record it all to relive each unforgettable bit at leisure later forever. But then like the lady said, it's watching the play of facial expressions telegraphing every physical stimulus, every spike in emotional amplitude that's the truly aphrodisiacal view. What could be more affecting? Even with no more friction or pressure on my genitals than the excited molecules of air surrounding us, I almost think another orgasm might not be out of reach after all. Then together those questions get their answers.

After doing her damned doggy to her own fourth, fifth, and sixth climaxes (running up the score, oh yeah) my immeasurably generous Goddess Gretchen at last bestows the greatest grace of all on her subject. She dispenses with even the intermediary of the mirror. She consents to fuck me not contemptuously from behind like a slave or a beast but face to face like lovers – or maybe even mates.

Beyond being able to glory in the play of facial expressions comes the heaven of close eye contact. Lying back supine with my legs spread above my head while my wife grinningly hammers me into the mattress (quite ironically the staid old missionary position, with only the roles and holes changed) turns out to be the most rewarding fuck of all for me.

Faces only inches apart, our locked gazes serve as the ultimate emotional-erotic interchange. Windows to the soul, they show what's inside us more eloquently and intimately than words ever could. Returning my adoring worship with smugly condescending joy of possession, Gretchen fills me again with vindication.

If I have forfeited her affection forever, at least I have her stern, possibly cossetting ownership in its place. It's exactly what I've always craved, as if I was born to be a gorgeous woman's Scripturally-approved slave. So keenly do I revel in this marital redemption (for despite her continuing insults it's clear Gretchen no longer harbors any regrets about having me in her bed) that by the time she's screaming and spearing me to orgasm number eight I actually manage to meet her at the peak again.

Ejaculating in heavenly simultaneity with my wife while her breath pants accusations in my face and her savaging stabs accelerate insanely yet again is without question my best, most affecting orgasm ever. Though only a few drops spatter our bellies, the exquisite intimacy of the moment fills me with the sweetest brief dream of eventual forgiveness that you can conceive.

It's so euphorically wonderful while it lasts. Unfortunately that makes what follows so devastating by contrast.

After I don't know how many hours my Goddess finally pulls her indefatigable pecker from me to collapse exhausted by my side. Despite such extended ecstatic exertion though she doesn't stay down for long. Watching her pull her purse over, I'm girding myself for ashtray service when my disheveled wife begins teasing me, innocently enough initially.

"So, was that the best night of sex ever or what, my dick-addicted young sissy? Pegging has quite the unapproachable appeal for couples like us, doesn't it? You certainly seemed to glory in exploring being my lifelong butt-bitch."

"Are you serious? This has been hands down the greatest night of my entire life! Losing my virtue to you was just the most *amazing* revelation. Thank you so much, Goddess Gretchen!"

“It was my delight, subject! I’m glad we both agree and approve the *exclusive* use of my beautifully dual erection from now on. And since you are the undisputed loser of our little climax competition, it’s finally time for you to pay the full price for defrauding me into this marriage. Treasure the memory of coming on my belly, bitch. You’ll never get such an opportunity again.”

Gretchen pulls what looks like a small steel ring from her purse. This opens on a hidden hinge to reveal an inside as fearsomely jagged as the outside is polished smooth. Fitting this snugly (smugly) about the base of my spent, shriveled-up little penis, she snap-clicks it dramatically closed.

“W...w...what’s that, my beloved Goddess?”

“It’s called a Kali’s Teeth collar, my shamelessly deceptive sissy. Your vanishing manhood is far too tiny for the traditional kind of chastity device. And this invention has benefits that are specifically tailored to your situation.”

Did she say *chastity device*? All my fears that teensy Mr. Measly might prove unneeded, that my ineffective squirt during that first-and-last supine hate-ride was my final chance to act the man, ripen into existential terror immediately. “Do you mean...”

“I mean it’s time for you to begin doing your lifetime of overdue penance for lying to a goddess. You see, this collar may fit comfortably enough now, while you’re meekly limp like this. Only any attempt by your penis to erect will cause all of those little teeth inside to dig agonizingly into your skin, instantly arresting that sinful tumescence.”

Even as she’s so casually condemning me to impotence, Gretchen is rummaging in her purse again. I’m still trying to frame the words to ask when or how this fetter might be removed when she comes up with a tube of superglue.

“Hold still, sissy. You don’t want me to get messy with this.”

Catching my breath I watch aghast as my lovely wife squirts insoluble adhesive all around the outside of that little metal collar. Then to my even greater consternation she takes off her wedding ring! Stupefied I watch as she slips this too over my cock, then up onto the collar, where it instantly becomes permanently bonded.

Now I’ll never enjoy so much as an erection again, to say nothing of ejaculating. Supremely smug Gretchen can’t help spelling it all out for me.

“From now on this dishonest symbolic marriage gift of yours will form an integral part of the fetter emasculating you forever. Even better, every single time you get aroused by me now, your lies will come back to punish you in far worse and more fitting ways than you could ever have imagined. You see, Harriet, my true revenge on you has just officially begun.”

My head is spinning again as paradise crashes down all around me. Only one incoherent thought finds stuttering utterance.

“But...but you...I thought...what about kids?”

This time my Goddess laughs with an almost creepily maniacal glee.

“WHY do you think you’re the one wearing my wedding ring from now on, you lying loser? A wife-led relationship is by definition an ‘open’ one. Do you really think I’d let you get away with cheating me out of all the super-hung young studs out there, any one of which I could’ve, would’ve and should’ve chosen over you? I told you bitch, it’s payback time for hiding your shrimpy size, lack of potency and sinful proclivities from me before we carried out the marriage ceremony. And that overdue bill is going to be higher than you can ever stand to meet.”

Shackled by far more than those handcuffs, all I can do is listen in increasingly appalled dismay to the future she so cruelly elaborates.

“You’ll be tied-up right here, maybe bound between or just hobbled and tethered to one of the bedposts, while I lavishly enjoy the endless succession of far better men I intend to bring back here and fuck right in front of you. For the rest of my fertile years I’m going to breed freely and gleefully while you witness and assist my every attempted conception. Then whenever I do kindle, you can lavishly pamper me through every gravid moment of my many pregnancies.

“Of course after every birth you’ll be responsible for diaper changes, getting up every burp, all the support and nurturing the children of your genetic and erotic usurpers will ever need. And I think we can agree that in the meantime (and always otherwise), you will live here with me less as a husband and more as a straightforward slave.

“From just being my ashtray you hereby graduate to serving as my fulltime personal maid. Congratulations. And of course as a dick-less sissy you must heretofore also dress and act the part impeccably. So, besides the more obvious requirements of constant immediate obedience to me, assuming any and all housekeeping duties, continuing to provide foot-and-body worship, regular pegging and any and all other sexual services upon demand, you will henceforth be known only as ‘Harriet’. And you will always be as comprehensively cross-dressed and openly feminized as any of these ‘trans’ people the media is always banging on about.”

I’m feebly trying to mouth some kind of protest by now. It doesn’t matter. Gretchen just steamrolls right on over me.

“I want all evidence of your failed maleness hidden or suppressed, so that in addition to licking me both slippery and clean after each time I openly cuckold you, you can do the same for my hunky husky studly lovers, whether they’re admittedly bisexual or not. Indeed besides always prepping and cleaning your betters’ genitals, I expect you to lavish them with all the sloppy yet professionally adept oral sex they request. So yes, that means I’ll be very soon training you to suck my own insatiable cock too, until everyone who spews in or on you acclaims you an absolute fellatio virtuoso.”

God how evilly she gleams at me before continuing!

“I’m going to do more than just that for you though. I’m going to set free the *real* you even as I cure you of your perversion altogether.

“I know that as an admitted sissy you’re far more likely just a latent bi-guy or even a full-on homo in denial. So in addition to sucking off all my beautifully virile young lovers, I’ve been advertising online to find groups of hardcore gay sadist biker guys. You wouldn’t believe how many fetish clubs are all excited by the opportunity to come stay here and brutally gang-bang, double-fuck and take turns fisting you silly for maybe one weekend straight out of every month. I’ve already got the first five of them lined up!”

Laughing again at my now scarlet-faced apoplexy, Gretchen touches my flank with what might even be genuine commiseration.

“Don’t forget about that golden collar now. You might think such twisted orgies the ultimate in sissy heaven. All of those completely real cocks to suck and fuck you, and so many brawny strong fists to take on too! And as a masochistic submissive, perhaps having your attempted erections in unending excruciation might even become sexually rewarding in itself. But I’m afraid it doesn’t work that way Harriet. According to what I’ve been reading, the body has its own priorities. That’s why this kind of collar is so superbly insidious.

“Sooner than you’d think, such constant acute pain in your most erogenous spot will quickly train all the arousal right out of you.

“Whether you will it or not, your own brain will stop generating the necessary chemical signals. Its biologic imperatives will overrule your fetish-insanity completely. You’ll become a eunuch without even losing your ever-bloating, ever-bluer balls, which of course I have branded as mine and could never give up torturing regardless.

“So you see Harriet: from now on you’ll endure everything living in a wife-led relationship requires while no longer enjoying any of the ungovernable passions that drove you to embrace such a painful and degrading marriage in the first place. Quite an elegant element of the perfect divine vengeance I should suggest. Do you begin to *truly* repent of the way you defrauded this gorgeous Goddess yet, sissy?”

Tears are flooding down my flaming cheeks, dripping from my chin.

“Yes I do, my supremely queenly deity.”

“Good. Then squirm around over here and suck my big erection clean. After that I’ll fuck your stupid puppy face for you, just like you asked me to.”

Crazily, hearing these insulting orders makes my own twice-emptied-tonight penis begin to twitch and swell – until the instant agony indeed immediately greets it. Sobbing miserably at this inescapable harbinger, the only thing I can do then is open wide anyway, and begin my lessons in learning what it takes to make a proper sissy cocksucker.

Reviving a Dead Drive

At times it seems divine how things just somehow work out.

A heartbreaking tragedy opens the door to a staggering paradise. The worst of relationship clichés emerges to threaten a dreadful end. Yet rather than serve as a marital death knell, this crisis creates an undreamt-of rejuvenation in its place. A partner somehow progresses from being the bane of your existence to a fawning slave: dependent upon your every whim; subject to your most scourging furies of revenge. All of this happened to me in less than a year. And believe it or not, the catalyst was a cheesy magazine article.

It all began when I was struck by three intersecting tragedies, each specific to women.

That last fact can't excuse the outrageously insensitive, entitled, eventually downright criminal, typically male reaction of Morgan, my young stud of a trophy husband. But there's no better place to begin explaining how and why I've so righteously vanquished him in the inevitable battle of the sexes.

I married twenty-two year-old Morgan because I wanted kids upon hitting thirty. He was the most attractive, virile, well-endowed specimen I could find. As an added benefit he was both dependent upon my fortune and besotted by my voluptuous-going-on-matronly, perfectly maturing red-haired dimpled Irish beauty. Imagine how shattering it was for our nearly immediate first successful conception to end with a disastrous accidental miscarriage – one so traumatic that it left me infertile forever after. Anyone would be devastated!

Unfortunately I was more than just devastated.

Whether it was such a dire womb-wounding, grief for the lost child (not to mention all the others never-to-be), some hormonal fluctuation due to my new barrenness or any of a number of other emotional or psychological factors, once I'd sufficiently healed up physically I nevertheless found myself somehow utterly incapable of feeling arousal.

Everyone's heard stories of wives who turn frigid right after marriage. All the men lament their loss of intimacy as if their mates didn't miss it as well. How I would've *died* for a joyous loving orgasm! Unfortunately sometimes the impulse to couple just repels. So it persisted with me for many miserable months after my miscarriage. No amount of counseling could cure this ennui; I'd simply lost the ability to experience eroticism. And none of Morgan's clueless effusions stood a chance of altering that. They were in fact exclusively counterproductive.

Rather than show any understanding, he was pestering me for blowjobs as soon as I got out of the hospital. This was before my stitches were even out! And it just got worse from there. The moping, griping and arguments never stopped. Even when Morgan pretended to show sympathy for my grief, it was just a scheme to get close to me. Every comforting hug turned into groping, even hands hunting under my clothing. The quickest kiss invited a slobbery lip-lock, or an intruding tongue in return. In addition to the incessant nagging Morgan would leave hardcore porn playing on the computer or TV all the time all over the house, trying to 'inspire' me. He actually began to whack off openly, as if in rebuke of my failing to perform my wifely duties.

You'd think all that would be bad enough. And perhaps I should have realized how lunatic not getting laid was making him when I began waking up in the middle of the night to find my panting husband fondling my admittedly generous breasts while frantically jerking himself to orgasm. I'm a seriously heavy sleeper, and it made me shudder to consider how often I might have slept right through this unwilling defilement. And then to listen to his justifications after!

“How can it bother you if you don’t remember it? What does it hurt to provide for my needs while you’re asleep?” Finally the self-centered bastard went way too far however.

Morgan brought home a bottle of wine to celebrate some dubious milestone. I don’t know if he slipped me something with it or what. I went to bed lying on my side facing deliberately away from him. Later I came to a seriously muddled semi-consciousness to find his hideously big dick was stabbing traumatically into my dry vagina from behind! The son of a bitch was date-raping me! Yet my limbs were too leaden and my head too muddy-befuddled to resist. All I could do was cry and struggle feebly until he finished.

That did it for any last vestige of us as a convivial couple though.

I showed my despicable rapist nothing but cold-shouldered abomination from that moment forward. Thoughts of calling law enforcement, of a divorce that would leave young Morgan alone and destitute, even of sharpening up our garden shears now nagged me continuously in place of all that round-the-clock adolescent pestering.

Which option I might have settled on we’ll never know. Because chastened Morgan, suddenly timidly professing repentance and full of belated placating, finally took to addressing the original issue in a slightly less ham-fisted fashion.

Believe it or not, he saw a magazine at the convenience store checkout line, one of its headlines blaring about ‘how to revive your wife’s lost sex drive’. Well, buying and reading *Redbook* is a whole lot better than asking his dim-bulb buddies’ advice at least. Anyway this particular article counseled a gentler approach than endless relentless browbeating leading up to a drugged assault. Gee, do you think? It suggested instead sharing what sensual intimacies were still available and hoping to nurture such tenuous connections for years if need be in order to finally restore the wonders of sexual pleasure.

Massaging of the feet was specifically recommended as a starting point.

I’m sure neither of us dreamed where this idea would so quickly deliver us. Everything’s so much clearer in retrospect. But at the time I thought Morgan out of his freaking mind.

“You want to do what?”

“Rub your feet for you. They’ve been trapped in those shiny black riding boots all day. They must be tired and sore, especially with all that work you’ve been doing training the new horses: running after them, jumping on and off all the time.”

“How counterfeited considerate of you. Rub my feet, huh? And after that, what? I suppose you’ll want to pump your stinking dick between them until you come all over my toes.”

“Now Elaine, please don’t put words in my mouth – or evil ideas in my head. I really am trying to apologize here, to turn over a new leaf and be more enlightened from now on. I read all about this in a women’s’ magazine last night. I truly do just want to share whatever simple, limited physical connection we still can.” He explained about the *Redbook* advice.

I was on the brink of scoffing. I’d never had a foot rub in my life; didn’t really see the appeal. But damn it, my feet *were* sweaty and sore, cramped and hot after being encased in leather while I ran around the corral all morning and afternoon. Though I had no intention of ever touching Morgan sexually again even if my libido *did* recover (one rape was one too many asshole), what could it hurt to put the condemned to such demeaning work?

“All right Morgan. You may remove my boots and massage my feet, but that’s all. And your own clothes must stay on. Is that understood?”

“Of course, darling. Thank you.”

“Hmph!”

~

My skepticism was one hundred percent genuine. Nevertheless it lasted all of two minutes.

At first I could only smirk at the way my husband sat me down half-reclined in a low-slung lounging chair and almost reverently removed my footwear. Seeing his slacks bulging out did little to lessen my contemptuous resentment. But then with just a surreptitious sniff or two Morgan set those knee-high riding boots aside, stripped off my stockings and began massaging me. And at last I began to understand about sensual pleasures existing independent of eroticism.

Damn that felt so fabulous!

Closing my eyes I slumped into a puddle of relaxing muscle. Not turned on in the slightest, I was still far more kindly disposed toward Morgan after a good twenty minutes of this than at any time since the miscarriage. He really was expert with his hands, and it helped immeasurably that I'm not ticklish. I was even slipping into a bit of reverie when I felt a touch of wetness between two of my toes. Suddenly made aware of my husband's seriously heavy breathing, I barely restrained myself from jerking away.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm sorry darling. But you have a spot of toe-jam I was trying to rub away. A little wetness helps with any cleansing. All I did was touch you with the tip of my tongue."

"A likely story. Are you sure you weren't working your way up toward sucking on my toes or something?"

"No, ma'am. Though I'd be lying to say the urge hadn't occurred. For now I just want to make you as comfortable and clean as you can possibly be. It's your choice whether to permit me to service you more worshipfully."

"You don't say? Very well then."

Tickled at last by the image of my clearly sincerely penitent husband using his tongue to bathe clean my sweaty, gritty feet, I actually giggled a little. "I think I owe a thank you to the author of that ridiculous article. If I'd known what a filthy pervert you are from the first... Go ahead then, Morgan. Spit-clean my entire feet. Suck on my toes. But you keep those goddamn pants on. And no rubbing or whacking through the fabric!"

My husband's only answer was the fervency with which he fell to work. And I have to admit the sight of his slavishly puppyish slathering and pursed-lip suckling struck a response from me beyond mere contemptuous amusement. While still not erotic in any way, I felt an undeniable charge, an immediate sadistic glee that certainly beat my usual despairing ennui.

Seeing Morgan demeaning himself for a change, and in fruitless pursuit of intimacy he'd already forfeited with me, suddenly opened vast possibilities for entertainment and excitement – not to mention a lifetime of revenge. What could be more cruelly punitive, more justifiably fun?

So I let him get on with it. And holy shit! Undeterred by dirt, flaking rings of callous or oily exudations my purportedly remorseful husband scrubbed every square millimeter of me below the Achilles repeatedly, until he'd been kneeling like a postulant at my feet for well over an hour and a half. Still his trousers jutted proudly out. His panting was frantic with happiness as well as that familiar desperate need for carnal release. Honestly, how dare he? Perhaps my wickedest intentions were already stirring as I implicitly assumed ownership over my maybe-repentant rapist's orgasmic activity.

"You seem to be enjoying this a bit too much, husband. Glorifying in your own abasement has you as randy as a rutting old Billy-goat. I mean look at you! I bet you'd do anything at all for me if I allowed you to go somewhere private and discretely pull your pudding right now."

“Please darling, may I have your permission to go and empty my worthless testicles?”

His pleading and little-boy-needing-the-toilet squirming was suddenly as delightful as Morgan’s instant unthinking acceptance of my authority to deny him consummation entirely, should I so choose. Knowing the power of positive reinforcement, I chose indulgence tempered with just the right touch of degradation for that first, most formative occasion.

Punishment would be so much sweeter after being deferred. Still I had to play the role thrust upon me properly if I wanted to see Morgan wrapped permanently about my littlest appendage.

“All right, Morgan. You may ejaculate today. But I want it done out of my sight. Either go out to the stables with the rest of the studs or do it alone right now in the bathtub. You still utterly repel me sexually.”

Amazingly this disparagement only increased his ardor!

“Thank you so much, lovely Elaine. And thank you for letting me massage and clean your feet. I’d be honored, no exalted to do that again anytime.”

“Then quit your goddamn misbehaving! No more whining and pining. No more midnight pawing and jerking. In fact, no jerking at all without my permission. You have to earn your orgasms from now on – that is if you ever expect the least bit of forgiveness from me, rapist!”

Indisputably guilty Morgan hung his head. He didn’t protest or sulk however. And the bulge in his pants was throbbing so hard I could see the rhythmic movement of the fabric. What had happened to all his self-centered entitlement? We were definitely onto something with this...

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So after only one evening’s experimenting, Mister Macho, my hung-like-a-horse young stud-husband had already exposed himself as a bit of a closet sissy. He actually seemed to *enjoy* being ordered around by me, to say nothing of humbling himself before me and treating me with a kind of abject reverence.

Whether this impulse came naturally, was truly driven by rapist’s remorse or was merely some kind of con-job, Morgan’s latest gambit in the endless quest to seduce me, we would have to wait and see. I was going to make the most of the opportunity in any case.

I decided on instituting a carefully rationed routine of orgasms allowed in exchange for ever more florid displays of abasement. About once a week (but usually unpredictably) I allowed my spouse to kneel down before me and service my feet. Only after I’d been massaged and cleansed and then impeccably pedicured would he be authorized to relieve his goatish need.

Since a rapist by definition couldn’t be trusted to control his lust, I took to supervising Morgan’s bathing. And afterwards I used one of my eyeliner pencils to sign my autograph right along the thick shaft of that useless-to-me cunt-bludgeon.

While his clothes might smudge this some over twenty-four hours, any attempt by Morgan to pleasure himself would obliterate that signature unmistakably. Oh how he quivered so stiffly at each brief handling! Holding that twitching club by the glans as I signed him anew each morning quickly became a mutually compelling ritual.

“Who owns this raping penis now, my criminally degenerate young husband?”

“The lovely and voluptuous, incredibly generous lady Elaine does.”

“That’s right. And if you want to keep use of it, don’t you ever do so without permission.”

“I promise I will obey you in this, my wonderful older wife.”

“I mean from now on you even pee sitting down. Don’t touch this guilty organ at all except when I order you to wash it while I stand by and watch.”

“Yes ma’am. I really am terribly sorry I used it on you like that.”

“Not sorry enough. Used it on me? You fucking *raped* me! You’re lucky I haven’t permanently mutilated you – yet. It’s my organ and I eternally reserve the confiscation option! So I think tonight after you thoroughly worship my feet, you’ll get no masturbatory relief. You can either have me bury this sinful stiffy in icepacks for you or you can go to bed all throbbingly horny-hot like this. Make this choice gracefully and *maybe* I’ll let you ejaculate the next time.”

“I choose whichever most pleases you, beloved. Worshipping you is its own reward.”

It was more than just funny.

It was *hilarious* how deranged these little quasi-sexual power games were making Morgan. After months of his thwarted lust turning my life into a nightmare, the same dynamic was suddenly easing me into the dreamiest sort of paradise.

Perhaps he really was driven to atone for his sins. The longer he was forced to abstain from masturbating, the more solicitous and even obsequious my maybe-reformed mate became. And while my own arousal remained consistently if not conspicuously absent, titillating increasingly frustrated Morgan grew so enjoyable I soon learned to appreciate sharing other sensual pleasures with him. And wouldn’t you know it, one of these just led on to another and another even better one – a sequence to be repeated *ad infinitum*.

From watching Morgan shower or bathe, I turned the tables and ordered him to attend me at my own turn in the tub.

Wearing only skimpy briefs he was at the least an aesthetically pleasing spectacle running my bath and helping me into the deep fragrant suds – he really did have a dynamite figure. Shampooing my hair for me he proved as adept as ever, so that I luxuriated in repeats. It was also wonderful to lie back and let someone else carefully and meticulously shave me wherever necessary. By the time I ordered Morgan to don a sponge-mitten to scrub my back and shoulders I was as blissfully relaxed as he was absolutely frantic. My satisfaction was so rich I even reveled in letting him sponge-bathe my big yet still youthfully firm boobs even though his heavily-buffered caresses raised no heat in me whatsoever. Just the sight of that autographed erection raging out of those displaced briefs at me while Morgan whimpered and squirmed and dutifully worked made me want to laugh and clap and gloat and dance. Ha-ha, asshole! It was perhaps our fifth such bath when wicked inspiration truly struck though.

I hadn’t allowed my spouse to climax in over two weeks. Indeed on our last play-date I’d let him get started wanking and even waited until he beat himself nearly to the brink of achieving release before capriciously revoking permission. The look on his face when I kicked open the door and barged in with that ice pack was so priceless! Yet the weepy wimp acquiesced without any argument. By the time he’d finished bathing me on *this* occasion his hands were visibly shaking and that massive prick looked primed to spout like Krakatau if someone merely breathed on it. That’s when it came to me: such a cliché, but so brilliant in its inevitable way!

“Tell me, my guilty young husband: how much would you enjoy putting that filthy penis of yours back in between my legs again?”

“I dream of that continuously, my darling.”

“Well believe it or not, I’m going to allow you do it right now. And after that I’m going to let you try ejaculating. So don’t say a word of thanks to me. Just keep that prick exquisitely hard while you rinse and dry me off. Then remove those silly panties and join me before the vanity.”

Try to picture the mixtures of emotions that played out on naked Morgan’s face when I sat down in the chair where I daily do my makeup and picked up my big tortoiseshell hairbrush.

“Lie across my lap now, Morgan. Slide your erection deep between my naked thighs, all the way in just like I promised that you could. I will use the moist clutch of my crotch to hold and control you while I create a fresh new treasured sensual connection between us. Isn’t it past time we shared another kind of sustainable physical exchange? I know *I’m* really going to enjoy giving my naughty young hubby his very first spanking.”

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“Sp-spanking?”

I nodded with supreme confidence, even queenly complacency.

“It’s either spanking or no more wanking. Or maybe I’ll just divorce your pansy ass and bring you up on penitentiary-offense charges. How many lawyers can you afford? You’ll learn about being raped firsthand. Wouldn’t you prefer accepting that in addition to policing your climaxing and deserving your foot-and-body worship upon demand, I also reserve the right to discipline you and even tie you up however and whenever I choose?”

“You...you mean like a dominatrix would do? A real whips-and-chains, cruel-boot-in-the-face type sadist?”

“I mean *exactly* like that Morgan. Consider this. While I’m not getting aroused yet, I’m certainly enjoying myself during our recent play-dates. Getting kinky was your idea in the first place, my suddenly shameless secret sissy. Don’t tell me you want to back out now, just when it’s getting so rewarding.”

Morgan’s hard-on bobbed unconscionably on. His face flamed ruddy with a rush of flushed blush. His larynx bobbed comically too before the words finally burst from him.

“I’ve been fantasizing about that very thing!

“Ever since I lost my mind and took what you couldn’t provide. It’s the only mutually fulfilling road to atonement I can imagine. Somehow that article changed my whole mindset. I’ve even dreamed of buying you professional outfits and implements to wear and wield while you so ruthlessly dominate me. I’ve been saving up all my allowance for it. May I also call you ‘Mistress’ and pray for your eventual forgiveness every time I jerk off, worship your grandeur or suffer your righteously exciting and exacting chastising?”

“Fool!”

Vituperative derision flayed my impudent mate – just as he no doubt craved.

“Those are *clearly* implicit lifelong requirements – as is your complete and immediate obedience to my least decree. Remember young Morgan, I can divorce and beggar you anytime, even see you imprisoned if I so decide.” Instantly he fell to his forever-subjugated knees.

“I am your adoring property now Mistress! You needn’t worry about any rebellion ever from me!” Naïve blue eyes implored me like saucers, limpid dishes brimming with sincerity.

“I will be nothing if not your most devoted eternal slave, Lady Elaine. Now and always I live to fulfill you in every way I can, in any manner you may demand. Let me place your wholly owned and appropriately autographed organ as you have so generously directed me. Then let my never-ending disciplining commence!”

Hurrying as if afraid I’d so wickedly change my mind again, Morgan lunged forward over my naked lap. Pressing that insistent erection earthward he gasped and even shuddered as it slid in perpendicularly between my maybe-a-bit-matronly thighs. With all my warm muscle and fat clamping onto that hefty handle, I couldn’t help giggling like a giddy little schoolgirl (or maybe a mean old marm) at Morgan’s openly delirious moan.

“Not quite what you had in mind for tonight, but not too awfully horrible either, is it, slave? Having your entire ten inches encased in my oh-so possessive flesh? It feels nice, doesn’t it? Now we’ll just add some rhythmic impetus, and maybe this’ll be the perfect substitute for that fucking you miss so much.”

With that I began giving my guilty property good slow, hard swats with that hairbrush, its beautifully polished sixteen-inch handle and backside crafted of heavy dense reptile shell. Within half a dozen of those carefully measured strokes though, I had the pervert begging me for worse.

“Harder, please! Faster! Oh please, my Mistress, do me so much harder and faster!”

Wow, talk about putting evil notions in one’s head! Later for that however.

Teasingly I paused.

Using my fingers I probed those truly admirably muscled young buttocks. There: quickly I located the twin ischia, the curving hip bones that make up the very base of the pelvis. By concentrating on the areas that bear the most weight, I could ensure that my slave remembered this experience keenly every time he sat down over the next few days. Targeting information acquired, I caressed those twin bulls-eyes with the bristles one last minute before flipping the brush back over and doing just as my slave so abjectly begged me.

Naturally this immediately proved far more rewarding than any amount of body worship, and for both of us. Alas if only that were true in erotic terms.

Not even enveloping that burning-hot fuck-rod with my crotch could get me wet down there, not even with all of Morgan’s writhing, tugging and attempted syncopated plunging. Too bad. Nevertheless I reveled in my husband’s mixed ecstasy-distress almost as much as my own vengeful exaltation as I beat him and beat him and beat that black-and-blue ass relentlessly until even my strong right arm was just too taxed to continue.

Then aw, poor Morgan!

“Ah no Mistress, please don’t stop, I’m so close! Oh god no, please I’m about to come, and just from the pressure of you beating and squeezing me, please, please, *please!*”

Without the impetus of my spanking Morgan tried to openly hump that tight crotch-clutch.

The last thing I wanted was his useless jizz soiling me. Immediately I released my squeeze and shoved the insubordinate lap-fucker off my legs and onto the floor. I was up and rummaging in the closet for makeshift restraints before he even stopped his yelping.

“Perhaps you need enlightening on the difficulties of ambidexterity, slave. Sit in the chair. I told you that you could try to ejaculate afterwards and now’s the time. You’re oh so desperately close, aren’t you? Sit down this instant!”

Morgan’s hesitation evaporated. He took my empty seat, wincing as he came down on that deep gluteal bruising. In a trice I’d tied him there, belts about the seat, waist and torso at both the shoulders and elbows securing him solidly to the sturdy mahogany. Scarves soon bound his ankles to the two rear chair legs and his right wrist was tied off to a slat twisted up around behind his back. Leaving just his left hand free and only below the elbow, I gave my sissy’s short brown hair a contemptuous tousle as I headed back toward the bathroom.

“Let’s see how adept *you* are without a good right arm.

‘You have until I’m done with my evening hygiene and I’m ready to retire. If you can ejaculate before then, congratulations. You get to sleep in my bed. If not you have another choice before you tonight.

“You can keep on beating your meat ‘til you succeed, though you’ll have to spend the night there, sitting up all tied to that hard-backed wooden chair. Or you can graciously accept your failure and spend the meditative hours hogtied up on the floor in the corner. Begin, cretin!”

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Poor Morgan (tee-hee)!

Much as one might snicker however, I'm obliged to give him credit for effort – and for ever more evidence of genuine conviction-contrition.

Despite being in his sexual prime, and subject to so much deprivation-depravity, not even the most frantic of left-handed wanking could trigger young Morgan's orgasm. When I returned ready to bed down, my new slave was beet-red winded and wrenching as ineffectually at himself as when I'd left.

Apparently he just couldn't muster the required dexterity – kind of like me spanking him with the wrong arm. Unaware that another connection was already aborning, I savored the spectacle of his last awkward if furiously jerking flurries as he met my fateful approach and gaze with those last manic gasping grasps at satisfaction.

No one could say Morgan hadn't had his try – or that he hadn't tried with all his might. Nor could anyone impugn his attitude when I reached his chair and declared him a failure.

Without argument he ceased his beating just as immediately as he broke into defeated weeping. So impressed was I by the eager docility with which Morgan then took to being so severely hogtied on the carpet-less floor in the big room's far corner that I doled out one last reward. Seeing my penile property still straining out hopelessly, endlessly, I tossed one of my recently-worn riding boots over to tumble right up against that flagrantly naked necessity.

"Here, loyal slave-boy. Sniff and rub and hump and fuck my boot all night if you like. Just don't keep me awake. And if you're capable of spewing on my boot, you damn well better be capable of squirming around and licking it all as spotless as my feet! Don't you let me find *any* disgusting mess in the morning."

So yeah, I said I was a heavy sleeper.

I drifted off on a half-resentful, half triumphal lullaby of distant panting, squeaking and smothered groans. Glorifying in having the entire big king-size bed to myself, I slept perfectly undisturbed and woke up feeling very charitable indeed toward my new property. Rising to release him for the day, I could see his eyes were swollen bloodshot and circled with purple. His face was slathered with snot and dirt from endless sobbing and boot-slobbering, yet he must have done both quietly, respectfully. The same had to be said for his finally achieving climax – I could see those genitals were flaccid and depleted at last.

All of my kindly disposition fled the instant I reached Morgan to receive confirmation of this however – and to see how he'd so brazenly disobeyed me after all!

While the outside of my boot was truly spit-polished pristine, it was on the slightly fuzzy unprotected rawhide inside where I found the specifically forbidden huge hideous mess. Too deep for any tongue to reach, soaked into a permanent stain and dried above in the most disgusting crusted lumps was the remains of the most gross ejaculation.

"Look what the fuck you've done! You ruined my favorite boots!"

Of course Morgan had his puke-worthy excuses.

"I'm so sorry my darling! I couldn't get any friction on the shiny, convex outside! And thrusting through folds of the velvety inside is always so much sweeter..."

"Well, you keep this up, you'll never be inside of anything again! You owe me a new pair of boots, not to mention another vicious punishment session!"

“I will add the boots to all of your other impending leather presents! For now though, please choose any belt you like from my closet. It is yours, freely offered to perform your second requirement. I’m infinitely sorry for my unforgivable sinning and I await my mistress’ disciplining with breathless penitence!”

Well, my overused spanking arm was considerably stiffened up. But I wasn’t going to let that stop me. Before even beginning to free his bonds I claimed Morgan’s best belt. Then actually proving surprisingly capable with my left I slashed an ungodly number of wide livid welts all over his legs, arms, back, shoulders, chest, belly and even genitals while my rapist rolled and writhed and wallowed in his rightful agony. By the end he was even lifting his reawakened erection up to me, eager for each next direct smash of that supple leather strap. Each exultant paean in response turned what were first suspicions swiftly into certainty.

Morgan had provoked me purposely!

Not content to wait on our next play-date, or even for his first spanking to heal, he wanted to savor this latest sensation exchange at least daily. Even by just this second session it was obvious that nothing had ever made him feel more vibrantly alive. Of course my own retributive rage rose in response until I ended up belting him everywhere I could reach until he could barely crawl. But far from serve as a deterrent that only confirmed the appeal of our latest dynamic.

From that point on Morgan walked a delightfully subtle line with me. While always lavishing me with absolute adoration and worshipping me with perfect service, he also always periodically ensured me a capricious reason to take out my vengeful aggressions on him.

As packages began to arrive with wild leather outfits, handy or arcane bondage gear (but especially disciplinary weapons) our little marital-failure diversion steadily metastasized into a full-time quasi-sexual obsession. While I held any further attempts at orgasm in abeyance after the way Morgan had ruined my boot, factors were working on me inside and out that would soon force me to loosen such delightfully spiteful strictures. Firstly my slave quite valiantly exhibited no resentment whatsoever as the frustration steadily, visibly built up in him again. Could he sincerely find all these increasingly intense sensual connections their own reward?

Why not? I was having the time of my life utterly without any arousal. But then I was the one wielding the whip while he suffered such an obscene surfeit. Yet despite such deranging lust Morgan scrupulously managed to refrain from begging or even seeking hints as to when he’d be allowed to relieve his foul goat-needs again. What was that if not admirable? In any case I was being prodded toward leniency by more than just pleased indulgence at irreproachable demeanor. Asexual forever or not, thinking of Morgan shamelessly jacking his insolently big pecker led me on to an unexpectedly affecting succession of memories.

From the first time I’d seen him do it as a rebuke to me, then as part of a creepy prelude to midnight rape, I’d become so repelled by the spectacle I’d banished it from my sight. By the time I’d decided to barge in with the icepack though I’d discovered a real sadistic kick in interrupting him. Then while walking across the bedroom toward Morgan as he flailed despairingly away toward failure, I’d felt our locked gazes exchange yet another unprecedented sensory connection.

Though passing mostly unrecognized at the time, this less tangible reaction preyed on me as further weeks began again to pass. Finally I realized how much fun it might be to discard that original reflexive distaste and see where certain supervisory possibilities might lead. Of course the answer was to ever more inspired celebrations of female domination.

“I think I’ll use the lungeing whip now,” I mused, choosing its stiff yet limber five-foot shaft over the riding crop, flogger, or cat o’ nine tails. I looked back at Morgan, standing bent way over at the waist with his neck and wrists trapped in the heavy oak stocks I’d so recently had him install right beside the bed. “How does that sound?”

His voice, hoarse from screams and weak from the stress of such a torturously prolonged posture, still conveyed proper enthused reverence in its reply.

“Simply divine, Lady Elaine.”

His sexy young butt and thighs, comprehensively contused and welted from paddle and belt, could still use an overlaying lattice of incisively thin new whip wounds. An emerging virtuoso, I felt like an Old Dutch master selecting among paintbrushes. All this creative/destructive fun was still only foreplay for my living medium however. Tonight, after all this time...

“Afterwards, if I still think you’ve properly earned it, I just might let you sexually pleasure yourself. How divine would *that* be, my unbearably blue-balled boy?”

“Definitively divine, Mistress. It would prove Lady Elaine to be the most benevolent of gorgeous goddesses.”

“Would it? Well, goddesses are supposed to be all-seeing and all-knowing. I guess that means from now on I should look down upon your disgusting masturbatory habits, and monitor your every profane stroke as you beat and bleat and squeeze out all that unneeded seed. If you can even get it up for a goddess like me, that is. Would you feel too inhibited to perform right in front of your Mistress, sissy?”

Morgan goggled at me giggling, bending that long stiff whip between my fists.

“Oh, I would so love to!”

“If I could only gaze upon your magnificence, cower under your judgment, endure your slaps and spittle, generally just suffer such a humiliating exhibitionist thrill as I performed my horniest homage to beautifully looming you... Oh, I’d surely *burst* with such submissive blessedness! Please, *please* tell me you’re not just teasing me, Mistress!”

“Well, we’ll see how you behave, slave. For now let’s just get you good and whipped.”

“Do it then! Oh, do me so mercilessly my wonderful deity!”

Of course my decision was made. I just didn’t foresee how the eventual spectacle might affect me. Anyway, by the time I finished with the whip Morgan needed medical attention, if only of the amateur variety. So I just took a few restraints with him into the master bathroom.

Standing my muscular young stud in the tub I cleaned and disinfected all the crisscrossing stripes of broken skin I’d inflicted before forcing him to crouch subserviently down. Kneeling there while I bound his flexed legs ankles-to-thighs, Morgan was hard as a hammer and panting so heavily I expected him to whistle like a teakettle. When I bent his left arm behind him rather than the right this time he nearly melted with gratitude. Then I slipped the noose over his head.

Oh the look on his face and the bobbing of that cock as I snugged the rough hemp loop closed about his throat, pulled the knot around to the nape and tied the slip-line to that wrist wrenched up behind his spine! He quickly *did* begin to whistle then, struggling not to choke himself as I pushed his torso back flat until his head rested against the end of the bath. With his bound legs under his butt suddenly thrusting that outrageously raging boner desperately up, I made my naked slave’s eyes bulge even without further strangulation by pulling off my new thigh-high boots and stepping into the remaining open quarter of the tub. Wearing only a skimpy leather miniskirt and open-cup halter top that really displayed my boobs at their ballooning best, I pulled up my skirt, sat on the porcelain rim and spread my legs wide so that Morgan could see all of me, my still resolutely desiccate, forever forbidden pussy especially.

“Okay, slave. Take hold of that big ugly thug’s club. Let’s see if you can make it squirt as far as your purpling face before I have to rescue you from asphyxia. Jerk off, exhibitionist pig!”

~

Though I allowed him to use his good arm this time, the handicap I’d inflicted instead was in its way more insidious. While Morgan had plenty of dexterity at his disposal, he couldn’t just whack away with his habitual mad abandon. Too much movement would inexorably tighten that noose. He had to pace himself or else risk getting choked unconscious before finishing.

Of course if he timed it just right he’d get the most intense climax of his life. Forced to go carefully while he gogglingly ogled me sitting there splayed out wide just above him, Morgan’s excruciatingly sedate pace gave me all the time I needed to explore this new kink: eye-to-eye supervised onanism.

Grinning down at his awed adoring, I quickly began to enjoy a bit of exhibitionism of my own. Tauntingly I jiggled and wiggled my titties, a treasure he’s no longer allowed to plunder, or even handle without the buffering sponge-mittens.

“Remember fondling and suckling on these?” I cooed. “Remember burying your face between them, or even your rock-hard dick? Think about how wonderful that felt, and how you’ve forfeited that ecstasy forever by raping me. And ooh – what else do I have here that’s now off-limits to you?” For the first time in long months I touched myself in a manner unrelated to normal hygiene. Using my fingers I spread first one set of labia, then another, exposing that velvety entrance. I even un-hooded my remarkably big clitoris, knowing how my slave would barter his soul to spend hours slavishly sucking on it once again.

“There you go, husband. Who needs porn? This is live action. So go ahead and disgrace yourself, you sick sissy. Blow that load right up against the rope circling under your jawbone. Maybe if you crane some you can even hit your tongue. It’s already starting to swell. Tell me slave, is jerking while choking as good as they say? You certainly look suitably crazed.”

Beyond the obvious effects of incremental strangulation (congested complexion, protruding eyes and tongue, flaring nostrils and tortured wheezing) Morgan burned with a mad transport. Steadily accelerating his jerking as his indeed crazed gaze blazed delirious need up at me, he barely squeezed his answer out between sips of air.

“Best...ever! Degrade...me! Or you...play too!”

Those were *orders*, ‘topping from the bottom’. That offended my feminine sensibilities. I thought about making Morgan truly sorry for either suggestion. Then I reconsidered the second.

Why not try? Forcing it on myself hadn’t worked before, but that was before. So I did it. I sat splayed above my slave and diddled myself, using my always splendidly adept digits to try to coax a response from my glands. Of course the attempt was a failure. Rather than generate any sexual need in me even a fraction as potent as that enrapturing my now wildly-wanking and quickly asphyxiating rapist-mate, my efforts only turned my theatrical anger into genuine rage.

Once again, how *dare* he? It seemed so impudently incondign that his easy arousal and orgasmic ability should so openly mock the dual loss of my lust-less barrenness. Though I knew my husband was blameless in this at least, did he not now exist to fulfill my every wish? And I so wished to avenge my horrific losses on him, whether it was justifiable or ultimately restorative for me or not. Frantically gasping and jacking, his face as purple as his paddled-black ass, Morgan was clearly moments from ejaculating. Tempted at first to revoke my permission, I instead remembered his other insolent order. My slave wanted me to degrade him, eh?

Naturally that demand inspired the next, perfectly delicious new secondary sensory exchange established that day. I even conceived of it as a test for my un-shriven subject. Would being baptized into this goddess' eternal servitude trigger that long-denied climax or disrupt it at the penultimate moment? Filled suddenly with more than just vindictive fury, fingers only stimulating that overdue need anyways, I quit diddling my improperly responsive genitals. Instead I leaned back, took a hugely deep breath, opened up and let go, arcing a glittering stream of pee up and out of me to splatter down all over my frantically jacking and strangling husband.

~

I hadn't visited the facilities in quite some time. So I achieved some serious force and reach. Add to that the ideal trajectory and when my heavenly rain came down again it began by soaking my slave's six-pack belly, his broad and manly chest. Tilting back and pushing on my swollen abdomen with my free hand gave me even greater range. Then as fanatically rapturous Morgan went totally jerking-berserk at this surprise divine defilement, my parabolic arc of pee poured its beneficence all up his neck and chin to at last patter down directly into his crazed-beatific face.

Holding forth that choked-out tongue, shuddering galvanically against his restraints, my guilty sissy rapist squalled mindless transcendence at this. Simultaneously his frantic-manic pumping paid off in prodigious propellant.

Semen spurting *nearly* to his chin mingled with all that golden chrism, coming and coming from his frenetic chicken-choking until it was an open question whether my bladder or his balls would be emptied first. In the end I was able to outlast him. Before my divine stream petered out completely it even washed most of the ejaculate off him. And though I still felt resentment over our orgasmic disparity, my unreasoning rage seemed to have drained out of me with all that nasty steamy pee. And really, the exquisite relief after such a copious voiding served as kind of a compensatory sensual pleasure as well.

"I guess you've passed *that* test, slave. I wasn't sure if it would jigger or trigger you."

Belatedly I helped Morgan free the noose; he was seconds from succumbing to anoxic unconsciousness. Whooping for breath and sputtering through piss-dripping lips, he at last managed to express his ecstatic gratitude.

"Oh I love you so much, my Mistress! You honor me so far beyond my merit! I just got to experience having my beyond-best-ever, brink-of-extinction apotheosis while simultaneously being baptized as your eternal disciple! For a timeless bit I thought I was ascending into the infinitely punishing paradise that hopefully awaits me as your spiritual chattel. Oh, I'll never forget how incredible that felt!"

"I'll make sure to refresh your recollection regularly."

And you can bet your bursting bladder I did just that.

Of course I didn't let Morgan choke himself or even jerk off every time, nor did I allow him to climax every time that I did. In fact I became so expert in stopping him on the very brink that I truly did 'ruin' several orgasms for Morgan, so that though his suddenly released penis twitched spasmodically, the semen ended up just dribbling from him rather than be expelled in so many urgent spurts. In any event, our regular play-dates aside, this latest ultra-personal sensation exchange immediately became as much a part of our daily routine as capricious unscheduled whippings. Always our morning hygiene began in the bath, with humble supplicant Morgan treasuring my dewy blessing. And again before bed I employed all my recycled wine to scour my wicked sissy raw with the hot acidic waste I sprayed right straight into his grateful face.

Permitted to pull his pud or not, Morgan remained beatific throughout each noisome scourging. Always he burned with that euphoric rapture. And I actually seemed to have discovered my own most physically and emotionally fulfilling connection so far. It wasn't anything particularly sexual really. But it was the closest thing to it. Finally there was something undeniably cathartic going on.

As my resentment over our orgasmic disparity continuously returned to haunt me, I found the same profoundly stirring outlet for my rage in each such wickedly explicit defilement. When I took to binge drinking and holding it in until the pressure was a badly cramping agony before letting it all gush so super-forcefully out of me, the prolonged sense of release/relief was nearly orgasmic on its own. Unfortunately (for Morgan) this cycle of resentment, rage and contemptuous degradation quickly became addicting. And like all such dependencies, mine eventually fell afoul of the law of diminishing returns.

After a time it always takes more kick (kink) to deliver the same thrill.

Morgan managed to postpone this a while by increasing the degradation level himself. Seeing him soon waiting gaily agape, trying to catch and funnel in as much of my heavenly nectar as he could kept me satisfied a few more weeks. But before long the need to see my beaming piss-sissy demeaned ever further drove me to begin cross-dressing him first.

Initially I just forced him into cheap lingerie, old worn-out nightdresses that I didn't mind ruining. Damn that big macho stud looked absurd! Making him shave off all body hair, I soon had matching sets of bras and panties, stockings and garters, girdles and tiaras plus all kinds of other ever more feminine ensembles for him to model – cruelly tight spike heels included.

Makeup came next, wigs and gaudy costume jewelry. Sometimes we'd take hours getting Morgan dolled up enough to satisfactorily beat, demean, and finally scourge and fill with hot frothy pee. Still my irrational anger always returned, my need for some kind of indefinable apotheosis grew while true eroticism remained stubbornly elusive. In the end it was another one of Morgan's unsolicited suggestions that led to both the ultimate inevitable connection between us and the truly crucial sexual breakthrough.

I had my by-now superbly trained and instinctively subservient sissy-slave all outrageously feminized and hanging from his usual overnight hogtie. He'd recently installed a power winch in the ceiling right above our bed. After trussing my punching bag up exquisitely tight I'd hooked the descending cable to his bound-together hands, elbows, knees and feet and hauled him up to dangle agonizingly swaybacked just a few feet above the mattress. Taking a break from hours of beating and degrading him, I was lying on my back right below, idly pumping on that big, always desperately erect cock with my very own hand.

I'd certainly come a long way from the days I couldn't bear to even look at it. Angry-amused by Morgan's tortured moans, I couldn't help once again rubbing in our history a bit.

"There was a time when I just loved to play with this impressively manly thing. Jack it madly, pump it between my tits, lick and suck it until it fountained out all hot and spunky against my face...I even loved to mount it and ride, ride, ride. Remember those days, wastrel rapist?"

"Only too despairingly vividly, Mistress."

Unexpectedly I matched him sigh-for-sigh. "I couldn't get enough of it. Now this big old thing does nothing but amuse me a little – or a lot, if I'm torturing or teasing it like this."

Jack-jack-jack-jack-jack-jack!

Morgan's only response was a groan packed with so much lonesome woe. Again my ready temper flared. "Now don't start acting like you're the only one who misses marital relations!" I snarled. "I'd give anything to feel the urge towards intercourse again!"

“Have you never heard of the phrase ‘fake it ‘til you make it’?” asked the impudent sissy somewhat slyly. “It works pretty well for some assholes. I could lick you all wet first, or even get some lube for you. Maybe once you’re back in the saddle it’ll all come back to you.”

“I didn’t find any miraculous recurrence of lust from being drugged and raped!” I snapped, giving that offending erection a fierce twist and potentially dismembering yank. “That’s the kind of conniving crap you used to blab!”

The perhaps accidental dual mentions of assholes and lube however recalled to mind that fiendish idea his eager pleas had surely just as inadvertently planted in me on the night of sissy Morgan’s very first spanking.

Talk about the ultimate in degrading emasculation!

And it was also true (from a certain perspective) that lust didn’t necessarily have to be the only motivating factor – for certain kinds of intercourse at least. For certain roles rage, or maybe just victorious contemptuous vengeance could suffice just fine. Why not try giving the ever-pestering Mr. Rapist a taste, if only for justice’s sake?

“All right, Morgan,” I eventually went on, resuming my cruelly sedate manipulations. “We’ll make our next scheduled play-date the most elaborate and memorable occasion yet. And at the end we’ll take up your suggestion. You and I will have sexual intercourse once again, whether either of us enjoys the experience or not. Now where exactly were we?”

Ignoring my slave’s astounded outpouring of thanks, praise and worthless promises, I quit pumping on his damned prick and went back to twisting, pulping, punching and batting about those dangling, woefully bloated black-and-blue balls.

~

Finally it was *my* time to do some discreet shopping. And I have to admit, merely modeling my new purchase privately gave me the wickedest thrill to date.

Sheer anticipation had me tingling all over as I stroked my new extrusion in front of the closed closet’s full-length mirror. Whether I rediscovered lust or not, I was going to fucking *glory* in exploring this most promising possible prospect – and in punishing perpetuity too.

I was also so going to enjoy springing my big surprise on giddy sissy Morgan.

Flouncing around the house in indecent glee at the prospect of finally having sex with me again, my now constantly cross-dressed femme-boy spent his every breathy second counting down the hours. Oh I couldn’t wait to see the look on his habitually pissed-in face!

That face was more heavily made up than ever before when we finally got down to it. Morgan even submitted to having his eyebrows all thinned and reshaped without complaint. Of course even with that ineradicable transformation, all those cosmetics, his best platinum-blond pageboy wig, shocking pink fishnet stockings and the rest of his elaborately lacy, racy lingerie, my square-jawed, broad-shouldered young stud-husband still looked like nothing so much as some kind of hopelessly mixed-up trans-fag in drag.

That was the whole point though, right?

Feeling pretty giddy myself, I couldn’t help giggling repeatedly at Morgan’s outrageously blatant degradation as he went more fervidly than ever about undressing, bathing, pampering, foot-massaging and finally so meticulously tongue-worshipping me. Then when the time came that I could contain my gut-splitting, day-long liquid golden hoard for not a groaning moment more, he obediently sealed himself completely to me.

For the first time then I received my queenly relief without the least drip of spillage – and only the slutty smudging of my toilet-boy’s matching pink lipstick to show for it. Once the ridiculous piss-sissy put that right (now it was *his* belly swelling out in a grossly bloated dome!), it was finally time for me to begin the always rewarding bondage and beating.

These were two delights we unfortunately couldn’t exceed previous heights in achieving.

I needed some mobility in my soon-to-be bitch. That meant no crippling him with excessive damage and no binding him up into severely twisted contortions – or with bulky medieval contraptions. Instead I chose only two stout ropes when I ordered Morgan up onto the marital bed. And when I was finished with the last expertly fashioned knot he was merely bound bowed down kowtowed in the middle of the mattress.

With a spiral lashing fastening each forearm to its corresponding shin from wrists-and-ankles to elbows-and-knees, the helpless bondage bitch could fall to the side or roll about perhaps. But failing that he could neither lower his upraised hindquarters nor lift his shoulders and humbled head from where they were pressed by gravity against the bed.

Locking him in the stocks aside, what better position could there be for a celebratory butt-beating? My own outfit all black leather straps and brilliantly shining draping rows of chromed-steel chain, I gave my shamelessly avid masochist an extended taste of every implement in our ever-more extensive collection, finishing in the end with the superbly incisive new seven-foot single-tail bullwhip. But after that I could delay *true* gratification no longer.

I didn’t even bother to dress all those trickling welts. The old beach towel I’d put down would keep him from bleeding too much on the sheets, tender young virgin that he was. I just slipped my splendid new thing through the big steel ring that my domme’s lingerie left open over my interminably desiccate and way-too-long deprived vagina. Perfect! What a fit, with the base pressing right against my clit! Girded for my permanent new prerogative then I rolled my still gratefully groaning slave over onto his back, to finally lie there tied out wide all sissy-spread-limbed. It was also time for him to find out just what kind of gorgeous new organ his Lady Elaine had acquired in order to push his despicably undisciplined sinner’s prick into its long-overdue obsolescence.

“You...that...what...?”

‘Stop your sputtering, sissy. You had to know this ultimate new connubial connection was coming. I picked up on all your little Freudian slips. And you were right. One doesn’t need arousal for certain kinds of intercourse – rape for example. Isn’t that usually about power rather than lust? About who has it and who does not?’

“But...I never...I didn’t...want...this...” Morgan’s protestations faltered as he finally tore his horrified gaze away from the ten-inch silicone dildo I wore strapped about my crotch. His eyes magnified by fearful tears, he looked up at me beseechingly. “It... it’s not just this one time either, is it, Mistress?”

“What do *you* think?” I jeered back. “What if we discover that buggering you really does arouse me again? Haven’t you so often promised to endure *anything* that might return the joy of sexual pleasure to my life? Or earn my provisional forgiveness, you disgusting fucking rapist?”

His lower lip quivered until he bit it before the admission.

“Anything you like, my irreparably wronged wife.”

“And even if doesn’t succeed for the first few decades, we’ll just have to ‘fake it ‘til we make it’, right Morgan?”

“Whatever you decree, my deity.” Mascara-tinged tears at last over-spilled and Morgan’s chin quivered like that of a scolded child. “I love you so much, my powerful gorgeous owner.”

“Then prepare to get fucked and shut the hell up. On second thought, open your owner’s commode all the way. I was just going to dry rape you and see how *you* liked taking it that way. But since you’ve so meekly succumbed to your sexual destiny, I’m going to allow you to wet my weapon after all. Besides, what kind of sissy doesn’t *live* to suck on big hard penises? Show me your most obeisant techniques, femme-boy. I taught you all I know. Now you can teach me.”

Straddling his neck, I thrust that exact similitude of an erect prick unavoidably upon him. His wincing face suddenly flushed brick-red under all that rouge, Morgan gave just the tiniest despairing moan as he opened to accept the egg-sized head. Then within the limitations imposed by posture he went dutifully to work.

~

I should have known from the way he just loved to suck on my two biggest toes.

Of course Morgan used to spend forever sucking on my clit too (it really is that large) and he could never get enough of my nipples, which while also abnormally oversized are beautifully protuberant too. But the way he went after my two greatest digits once the rest of me was placed off limits should have clued me in to what Mr. Latent *really* needed.

After a tentative beginning, Morgan took to sucking on my erection with an ardor that embarrassed all his earlier worshipful servicing. Slurping sloppily up and down, unabashed by the slaver sheening his chin, he even emitted an eerie gleeful keening once he really got going. When without any conscious intention I found myself pumping in tandem, gently sliding more of my shaft in and out of that eagerly engulfing mouth, Morgan whimpered with such submissive bliss at this that I had to laugh aloud.

“That’s right, bitch-boy. You’re a slutty young cocksucker now. How’s *that* for the latest and tastiest of nasty degradations?”

Naturally the sissy just blushed redder and redoubled his efforts. And at the sight of those thickly painted lips pursing in the servile circle of the iconic erection-pleasurer, I finally did feel the faintest, almost-forgotten stirring inside.

Of course when I reached around behind to find Morgan’s defining offense straining up rigidly and quivering like crazy, all the old irrational rage came crashing back. Again without thinking about it, I released that insult and grabbed my husband’s head instead. Then my gentle joyous pumping exploded into the most ferocious frenzy of hate-filled face-raping imaginable.

Oh lord, I was fucking born for this!

Never having imagined the role or attempted the mechanics, I proved quite unprepared for how ideally they suited me, both physiologically and temperamentally. Even as I was so savagely battering the back of my slave’s helplessly retching throat, abusing his uvula and sending the drool *truly* flooding down from his mouth, I was discovering just how sadistically exhilarating forcible penetration of the powerless deserving could be. From sensory stimuli to emotional transport, the benefits were outlandishly satisfying. They even began to open a window of way-too-belated understanding.

The progression suggested by *Redbook* was nearly complete, if not quite in the way the article had portrayed. From amused indulgence to honest enjoyment, from growing obsession to outright addiction, outrageously degrading my once appallingly entitled rapist was incrementally making me passionately involved with life again for the first time since the horse riding accident that had caused me to miscarry.

Whatever inner barriers were now breaking down, whatever knot was unraveling, I at last began to realize that I shouldn't be trying to relieve my perhaps irrational rage at my mate. Instead I should accept, embrace, even embellish it. Why not? Let my instinctive sadism *really* run rampant! Who could lay any blame? And the more I poured on the ultimate in aggressive degradation, the more likely that faint, maybe-reawakening spark inside was to bloom into the most glorious of redemptive conflagrations.

There certainly was a sudden glut of freshly compelling new sensory stimuli to process, even appreciate. Every time I so viciously drove that boner home, Newton's third Law of Motion guaranteed an equal, opposite reaction. And the rhythmic pressure on my clitoris felt just as good as its new extension no doubt felt traumatic to Morgan.

Unfortunately his position made it impossible for me to ram more than half of that splendidly connecting new cock inside of him. Suddenly angrily eager for the deepest possible reach and the most delightfully resistant squeeze, I pulled abruptly out. Long thick prick just dripping with glistening spit, I shifted down until we were more or less in the missionary position. Then reveling in every squeal and groan I brutishly forced that awesome fuck-organ right up my raping husband's defenseless asshole.

~

"AH! AAAAAHHHHHH! OUCH!"

"Again: not quite what you had in mind, is it? But not *too* terribly awful either!"

My fully inserted prick pegging him to the bed, I grinned down into Morgan's face, a slutty-smearly mess of saliva, snot, seven kinds of makeup and continuously trickling tears. He choked out a horridly woeful groan.

"It hurts, Mistress. Oh my goddess, it hurts so horribly invasively *terribly BAD!*"

"Well that's excellent, bitch! Fucking *should* be punishing for an admitted rapist. Every single time since his crime should hurt the bastard worse. And you so *truly* do enjoy paying down your infinite debt of pain to me, don't you slave? Besides, I like this kind of intercourse. I haven't even really started yet and I can already tell it's going to be successful for me.

"The power of positive thinking, bitch. No matter how long it takes, I'm going to use my indefatigable erection to fuck your tender sissy-cunt until I learn how to come once again. And you're going to take every hideously degrading inch, every viciously vengeful thrust. You're going to learn to love and exult in them all Morgan. Either that, or you're going to have a terribly distressing sex life for the next sixty or so years!"

"So...so be it then. Do...do whatever you must to me, my cruelest beautiful Mistress."

Already blubbing, Morgan tried to turn his ashamed face away. I caught him by the chin and swiveled it right back front again.

"Oh no you don't. I want to see every bit of the humiliation and suffering in your eyes as you get this first virulent taste of your own raping medicine. And I want to see to the very second just how long it takes for my perverted husband to find some kind of sissy's sick enjoyment in being my forevermore forced-femme butt-bitch!"

If Morgan thought I was rough when fucking him in the mouth... Well, I guess I can understand why he never really *did* seem to develop any appreciation for being so violently anally reamed so agonizingly wide and deep all the goddess-damned time.

Too fucking bad for him though.

Ever since his despicable sin against all femininity, my vengeful rage-joy and personal fulfillment have been all that matters in this fatally-tainted marriage. And with every demanding, domineering drilling of my rampaging dildo I was being reborn in glory, emerging by the moment from a long, insupportably forbearing nightmare.

How can I describe the sheer savagery of the exhilaration that overwhelmed me once again? Being the one wielding the sex-weapon was so much more fabulously gratifying than even the most punitive of hair-pulling, face-smacking, talon-gouging, lip-biting, woman-on-top rapist-riding. It superseded the runaway sadism of physically disciplining my prisoner combined with inflicting an utterly emasculating degradation that put even pissing through the sissy's willing lips in the shade. And with our faces only inches away, I got to gloat nonstop over his unprecedentedly tremendous excruciation and shame.

Of course I was so busy ramming my organ so breathlessly into him that I had to let my eyes and that pounding prick do my communicating for me. And while Morgan's continuously streaming, utterly raving orbs conveyed that we'd finally found a kind of pain he couldn't *begin* to crave, my own victorious transport soared euphorically on toward an overdue apotheosis of the most divine sort. Finally giving free rein to all the rage being raped had created in me, I suddenly also had the ideal vehicle for expressing it. And as much as the explicitly sexual violence enflamed my formerly repressed depraved hatred, the long-delayed *true* suffering of my masochistic husband seemed even more instrumental in freeing that caged or crippled part of me. As the sight of my lipstick-smeared sissy so enthusiastically sucking on his first ever cock had inspired that original spark of eroticism, the ever-growing extremity of his ongoing degradation soon began amplifying that into an electrifying current.

Oh heavens yes, arousal *was* coming back to me!

Juices actually began to slicken my infertile insides. Yet who needed a womb when a cock was so much more rewarding? And as stimulating as that relentless pressure on my clitoris was, as carried away by the joyously furious exertion of lunging and plunging down into that guilty squealing pig as I became, what really began coaxing that long-forgotten current into shockingly intense life again was extrapolating upon that engendering mental suggestion.

Without really intending to, I found myself obsessing on that iconic image of cross-dressed Morgan suckling me. Painted lips pursed, rouged cheeks hollowed, heavily decorated eyes alight with greedy need: oh it made me want to pound the bitch to bloody fucking sissy-jelly! While the ceaselessly whimpering wimp would clearly never learn to properly cherish being so punishingly buggered, the unholy thrill of subserviently suckling me had captivated my new slut-boy instantly. How, I began to wonder, would he react to sucking on a flesh-and-blood boner?

Such a surge of predatory lust accompanied this supposition! And with that my long nightmare was over at last.

I'd found and seized the key within me. The more I fantasized about ever-worse turnings for my raping sissy cock-gobbler, the more my rightfully roaring arousal was restored – and the more incredibly frenzied my triumphantly punishing fucking became.

Each new inner picture spurred me on worse.

I saw Morgan renamed Morganna, and not only totally permanently feminized in appearance but forced to affect the most openly slutty of female mannerisms at all times as well. I envisioned him cuffed hand and feet and kneeling before an endless line of the scruffiest of lowlife thugs, each of them impatient to pump their noisome spunk all over his already heavily plated face, or even better, down into his grossly over-bloated belly. Damn how pneumatically I hammered my former man against the mattress!

Then the image changed again; the studs were all gorgeously hung bisexual gigolos.

They were taking turns fucking me right in front my jealously weeping husband, and making Morganna both suck them up hard first and then take the whole load at the end before licking us both completely clean. Look at how his cheeks bulge as he sucks on their balls! And boy howdy, I was *really* making up for lost time, taking cocks on two and three at a time, wallowing in a gloriously interminable orgy while my formerly appallingly entitled rapist-mate was relegated to just enduring my regular pegging – and servicing all of his unnumbered male usurpers. What could possibly make a ruling owner more horny?

I know the mere idea sent me into my own sadist-rapist's most insanely deranged fuck-fugue yet. Embrace the righteous rage? I found myself engulfed by it, carried along like flotsam by the power-surge burning so purely through me.

Hearing Morgan shrieking, feeling his useless struggling under me, suddenly cognizant that his own ever-present erection had shriveled back until I could no longer even feel his penis between us just stoked my out-of-control fire for domination even further. And at the same time it provided fresh impetus to my limitlessly malicious imagination.

Even as I accelerated my anal depredations I was celebrating the reversal of our recent lust disparity. Who was building up to the climax of a lifetime and who felt the very opposite of arousal now, asshole? Who was going to revel in orgasmic excess forever and who was going to go eternally without such pleasure? Suddenly the endlessly buggered (and fisted!) cocksucking cuckold Morganna cavorting in my mind's eye was wearing an inescapable chastity device too.

Let the bitch learn what it's like to go without fulfillment!

Rearing and plunging maniacally away, climbing inexorably toward orgasm after so very torturously long, I reveled in planning the ultimate revenge upon my rapist. Yet would even locking him up and throwing away the key really suffice for the level of offense against me?

Hell, even forcing transsexual surgery on 'poor' Morganna would only transform that arrogantly guilty organ into a customized faux vagina. It would even be providing the bitch with pleasure again in the place of his far more appropriate punishment-pegging. No, as that enraged-deranged rampage reached its apocalyptic peak it was the prophetic vision of my rapist's penis completely severed from him (and kept as a trophy!) that kicked me over into shrieking climactic hammer-stabs at last. And since that absolutely fantastic, miraculously emphatic, multi-orgasmic erotic rejuvenation I haven't once looked back.

~

"Hey there, DeWayne baby! I've still got a hole without a pole! Bring that big black husband-fucker back over here!"

"You be payin' da bills, Lady Elaine!"

"And you, Morganna! I want you to watch how I accommodate that monstrous cock (and so much more) without bawling like a buggered little baby every time. You really are pathetic!"

Strings of slaver swinging from his chin, my frantically gasping husband is in no condition to waste his breath uselessly protesting. Bent below level at the waist, blubbering as he's butt-bludgeoned into submission by yet another hulking hunky hired stud, it's only the stocks that would choke him otherwise keeping the desperate sissy on his locked-wide-apart-by-a-bondage-bar, spike-heeled, pointy-toed, shoes-two-sizes-too-small feet.

So yeah, I guess you could say it's all worked out splendidly in the end for me.

Nearly every detail of that breakthrough orgasmic fantasy planning has come delightfully to pass. From being a hopelessly repressed and consequentially frigid victim, I'm now a raving nymphomaniac who rules her very own harem.

It's gotten so I rarely leave the bedroom, or even my incredible new bed itself.

This custom-made, giant-size cuckold's paradise is specifically designed for hosting orgies. And with the stocks now built right into the oaken footboard, Morganna can be kept restrained in perfectly torturous position to observe the worst as I habitually cheat on him right in front of him. Locked bent way down, with that permanently feminized face always waiting to assist in lubricating, to take the next hot defiling come-shot or to serve as our living chamberpot, my husband's out-and-up-thrust butt also remains eminently available.

Whether it's taking one of our hundreds of implements of discipline, or of the dozens of cruelly configured dildos I've collected, or the hot hard animate meat of all the men I'm forever inviting in (or their brawny big fists), the ass of the man that raped me knows even less respite than his habitually pink-painted sewer/sucker.

It's been over five hours since the latest four studs I hired arrived. And still they're going remarkably strong. Goddess bless Viagra! But suddenly I'm feeling *really* greedy. And even if I'll soon be too involved to watch and appreciate Morganna's utterly hopeless jealous despair, I want to make sure the ever-bloating blue-balls bitch has an unobstructed view as I triple-cuckold him for the umpteenth time.

Black as an eggplant and big as a linebacker, DeWayne turns from his brutal gullet plunging to where I'm engaged with his two friends. Riding supine Jayson as he sucks the balls of Ricardo (who's kneeling astride his head facing me) I hesitate before indicating to Ricardo to resume his fucking of my own eager gullet. Not until DeWayne kneels behind me and rams that spit-slick ebony prick up my ass do I open to reaccept my third huge cock.

Determined to get at least a glimpse of Morganna's super-degraded extremity before being triple-fucked into oblivious ecstasy, I snatch a quick peek at him. Still being pounded against the stocks by the giant cock so horribly goring his widely dilated rectum, I'm piqued at first to see my slave-mate isn't even looking at me. Then I get it.

Heavily threaded through with red and circled black by smeared mascara, trickling tears and screaming of unmitigated misery, my one-time rapist's eyes are fixed above and directly across from his accustomed place. There atop the headboard, swimming in the built-in tank of liquid preservative that serves as my trophy case, still exists the arrogantly big dick that dared to broach my holy body unbidden. It certainly won't ever do so again!

Rock Bottom

It was supposed to be only temporary! But as the renovations to my mother-in-law's basement receive their finishing touches, I wiggle the shackle welded through and all about my reproductive organs, tug again at the connected steel chain and sob hopelessly.

Curled up defensively on a dirty bare mattress, on what once passed for the marital bed, I can't ignore the ghastly truth any longer. I will never escape this makeshift dungeon, or this insanely twisted life, this hideously painful and revolting new 'career' that has somehow replaced my former dream-like existence.

Just a couple months ago I had everything!

Married at twenty to my high school sweetheart as soon as she reached eighteen, I'd already published several short stories and had a plum job with the local newspaper. The two of us had our own apartment in town, daily great sex, and with Jody working overtime too at the local mall, we were doing well enough financially that forgoing college seemed wiser all the time – until the recession hit.

The newspaper went broke. Retail sales were dropping everywhere, and Jody's hours were cut back. Unable to find another salaried position, I tried working free-lance but the earnings proved paltry. Nor was I built for manual labor, being slender and smaller than most men, as well as clumsy and un-athletic. Once we could no longer afford both rent and food, there was no easy option. Jody's disreputable mother Irma had a basement 'crash pad' at her rural house where we could stay until we were back on our feet. It was that or homelessness. How naïve my agreement seems now, given what I already knew about my downright scary mother-in-law!

A former wild child runaway who'd had Jody at fifteen, spent considerable time in prison and emerged a militantly bisexual biker, heavily-tattooed Irma was as hardened and domineering at thirty-three as she was still fearsomely attractive. Despite carrying at least two hundred-fifty pounds on her six foot four-inch frame, this was distributed so enticingly amid thick muscular limbs, bountiful breasts, heroic hips and an enormous yet shapely-supple ass that it was impossible not to imagine being buried under all her amplexity, her brazenly randy demand. If only such had remained but a mad fantasy!

Irma wasted no time capitalizing on my emasculating predicament. With my wife supporting me while I leached off her mom, I was forced to live by 'Mother's' rules as though back with my own abusive parents. And since profitable writing soon proved impossible while being constantly browbeaten, I found myself quickly bullied into earning my keep by performing menial chores.

While Jody was at the mall every day, Irma began supervising my cleaning not only of our own laundry and minimal basement suite (closet, bed and bathroom) but her entire house and property. Within a week I was my mom-in-law-I'd-like-to-fuck's household slave in everything but name. And as hideously exciting as she's made it, everything she's done to me since has forever damned me as a man, leaving me not only a transformed and degraded torture-toy but an indiscriminate sexual receptacle fit only to be shared and sold nonstop. By now vengeful beauty Jody has even joined in helping her progenitor irredeemably pervert, punish and exploit me.

There's justice in that I suppose, since it was my own weakness that ultimately entrapped me into disloyalty. But at first I honestly did all I could to resist my mate's mother's ever more insidious seductions.

Though never any good at housekeeping I tried my best. There was nothing deliberate about the laundry shrunken or discolored, the dishes misplaced or the obvious streaks of grime overlooked. I was just pathetically inept. Chastisement was always swift nevertheless. And berating me like an errant brat was barely the beginning. Yet this beginning is where I have to confess my own unsuspected proclivities' sick complicity. For some fucked-up reason, it really turned me on when this big hot 'Momma' began hitting me.

First it was just a smack on the shoulder or butt to hurry me up or a clout upside the cringing midget's head – Irma's so much bigger than I'll ever be. But then came the day I broke a prized ceramic beer stein. I'll never forget how it felt when she wrenched me around, still clinging to the offending feather-duster. How effortlessly she overpowered me! With another implacable grip on the back of my neck she forced me to bend down over the arm of her living room couch.

"That does it!"

Gravelly from decades of smoking and shouting over motorcycles, Irma's voice grated hard as granite with her grinding contempt. "Such a useless bitch I've never yet met!" Suddenly her hands were yanking down my shorts; cool air caressed my spasmodically clenching butt, my suddenly raging-awake crotch.

"What are you doing?" I squeaked, a mouse clutched in her tigress' claws.

"I told you to address me correctly!"

"What are you doing to me, Mother?"

"I'm punishing blatant misbehavior, brat. I'm whipping your guilty backside for the crime of the wanton destruction of my property. If you'd rather be punished with humiliation, say so. You can spend the rest of the day cleaning house while wearing your wife's lingerie. Decide now, sonny, because I'm taking off my belt."

Dumbfounded, I could only bite my lip at the image she'd evoked – such a horrifyingly overt manifestation of my ever-worsening emasculation. So why did Mother's threat make my cock throb so much harder? Too in turmoil (not to mention weak and timid) to resist or even protest, I pressed that inexplicably intense erection hard against the couch and submitted to my first adult whipping wordlessly.

Mother's belt was heavy black leather, perforated with patterns of diamond-shaped holes and glittering with the same chrome spikes and studs as her matching vest, biker's boots and fingerless gauntlets. She beat me relentlessly with this deadly weapon, and the rhythmically delivered, ever-accumulating pain in my baby-bare ass somehow spiked that bizarrely nostalgic arousal until I humped the armrest in tandem, cried out at last and ejaculated against the side of the couch. And though Irma kept on whipping me until I was sticky-limp and bawling like a baby, that original frisson proved irresistibly addicting. I was forevermore defenseless before Mother's erotic authority.

"Look what you did, filthy pig! You spewed on my furniture, you incorrigible bitch! You got your rocks off on a simple beating! That's as bad as cheating! At the very least it proves that you want to fuck your own mate's mother! Wait until I tell Jody, and show her the stain!"

"P-p-p-please don't!"

Face aflame with shame, I fell to my knees and blubbered obsequiously. Mother scowled imperiously down. Right in my face she rubbed the crotch of her stretched, threadbare jeans. The scent of her pungent wetness wafted out.

"What will you tell her about your whipped-black fanny?"

"The unabashed truth: that you beat me for breaking your beer stein. That you were totally right to do so and that I'm trying harder to learn my lesson about always honoring your rules

while under your roof. That I will always accept your correction gracefully, even gratefully whenever you deem it necessary. And that I will likewise accept her correction as well. As long as they shelter and support me, the women of this roost rule it absolutely.”

“Well said, Mister Writer! That’s a very good boy – or bitch, I should say. You’re certainly no real man, with that wimpy body and tiny hair-trigger penis. Can’t even support your family! You’re just a little sissy house-bitch now – *my* house bitch. And if you don’t want Jody to learn what a filthy secret pervert you are too, you’ll live to lavishly satisfy my every whim.

“Now, since you obviously enjoyed your whipping, you’ll have to suffer the threatened supplementary punishment too. You’re going to clean the rest of this house wearing only my daughter’s sexiest negligee and stockings, her highest heels and sluttiest lipstick. Leave the rest of your clothing here while you go change. And hurry up unless you want her to walk in and discover the true, Mother-lusting sissy you, before you can change back into a phony man!”

How I hated that! Having my lips all plated up thick and sticky, my tiptoes intolerably pinched as I teetered precariously about on them, shivering half-naked in gauzy-thin ruffled silks, constantly terrified that someone might come to the door – I hated it *all*. Yet later in bed with Jody (who’d ruefully approved all my black-and-blue), that ordeal was all I could think about, and the memory of my flaming humiliation inspired me to a wracking climax despite having wasted one earlier on the couch. And though shame, guilt and anxiety continued to torment me, every time that Mother henceforth ordered me to ‘drop that guy-disguise’ or ‘assume the true you’, I grew as hard and breathless as when she prepared to discipline me.

Willingly I costumed and cosmeticized myself ever more elaborately. Mincing and swinging my hips, I affected a breathy voice and became a caricature of extravagantly effeminate mannerisms, all the while detesting myself as virulently as I felt intolerably aroused. Oh how insatiably my stiffness strained all cradled in silken lace! Then whether I ejaculated or not from whatever additional whipping, paddling, or other corporal punishment Mother invariably inflicted, I always performed admirably, extravagantly for Jody later that night.

Perhaps that’s when she first suspected some carnal connection. And soon enough Mother and I were justifying her suspicions. Because with her blackmail leverage indisputably established, Irma promptly began extorting far more personal services from her private house-bitch, her secret transvestite son-in-law. Ever deeper her scheming and my own unexpectedly deviant needs sucked me into the quagmire then.

“Get in here, Christine!”

My given name is Christopher, though Irma was already rechristening me as ‘Sissy Chrissie’ as well. In any case, gartered and girdled and feminized to the nines, my stubby jutting up like only on the sluttiest of sub-hubbies, I hurried into her room despite my too-tight high heels and the cheap nylon panties hobbling my ankles.

According to Mother these were ‘training me to move daintily’ for when I might get to graduate to actual shackles. Already freshly afire from this first taste of bondage (I couldn’t wait to explore more!) I stood no chance whatsoever against my overbearing mother-in-law’s authoritative allure. Seeing her sitting on the edge of the bed she shared with a rotating succession of biker friends, fresh from the shower and wearing only the thinnest of clinging robes, made me yearn and despair and quail all at once. Only briefly gleamed relief.

“I need you to rub my feet. Kneel here and get to work, bitch!”

Never having given a foot massage, I still fell meekly and eagerly to it.

These were big feet, weathered and hard with callus, like the rest of this formidable woman. Fervently I worked over every square centimeter of their surface and all the underlying fiber

until Mother's moans of appreciation rewarded me so warmly! Finally we'd found something I was acceptable at! When I began humbly scrubbing her with my tongue and sucking on those wonderfully knobby toes too, my only regret was that those feet were fresh out of the bath and not her sweaty biker's boots.

Naturally this would be rectified regularly later. In any case Irma approved my initiative. And she raised the betrayal stakes without hesitation.

"Nicely done, slave! From now on you'll tongue-bathe them on demand, as well as similarly polish all my footwear. In fact, you're going to shave and lotion my legs for me every day too, and even my hot 'n' hungry crotch. Do you suppose you might be as unexpectedly handy at slavishly worshipping my sloppy momma's vagina as my horny old feet? If not, I'll have to strap a big black cock-gag about your head and ride that all morning.

"It's high time I got to climax too, and how else could you get me off without violating your vows to my unbearably vanilla daughter? Actually, maybe you shouldn't ask that. Maybe you should just suck and tongue out my clit and cunt, little bitch, before I lose my patience and smack my secret sissy giddy!"

Open flipped her robe and open flopped her legs, those majestically hefty hocks I'd soon learn to cherish so soothingly grooming. Below a gracefully domed belly Mother was already coaxed open, wholly exposed with her inner lips glistening and dripping. Two fingers bared a reddening and stiffened clitoris. What else could anyone have done to resist? As long as I kept my cock clean I was still just performing a required chore...

I licked and sucked my monstrous mother-in-law until my jaws ached, until she gushed in my face, made me tidy her up and continue on through the next succession of screaming, flesh-quaking climaxes. As expertly and inexhaustibly as I lapped, delved, slurped and serviced her however, Mother refused to pronounce herself satisfied, even after bucking and humping my tongue and face to a raw, lipstick-smeary mess. Inevitably she dug through a trunk to produce the threatened prosthetic.

"Here, let me strap this gag-harness about your head. Once the ball is filling up your mouth, this ten-inch rubber prick will jut beautifully out. Your tongue just isn't sufficient. Here, suck this up good and wet for me, sissy. Practice for the coming decades of taking the real thing."

Before I could credit the implications (of that threat or my instant sweaty-palmed response), Mother was shoving her exquisitely molded dildo deep into my sore, sloppy mouth. "Suck it, slut! Make Momma's big cock all ready for her to ride!"

The shape my lips made, oh the way they stretched around the rubber, the slipperiness with which Mother's prick slid in and out, the way it aggressively occupied the intimacy of my oral orifice...even when it invaded my throat, gagging me until the drool overflowed, spilling down my chin... How can I describe how humiliatingly exhilarating it all was without sounding gay? I've never lusted after anything but women yet suddenly my runty little stubby burned as hard and hot as diamonds being forged at the Earth's core.

"That's right cocksucker, you were born for this role! Don't be greedy now though. I have no intention of stinting my secret sissy of all the penis she could ever dream of receiving. First we satisfy *my* eager holes however. And you get to learn a bit more about bondage, just as you've so submissively wished."

Hooray!

All those buckles cinching face-wrapping straps about my skull fired my excitement indeed, though the ache in my suddenly sprung, stuffed-up mandible grew worse than ever. And when Irma used old pantyhose to tie my hands behind me I nearly swooned at the rush of blood to my

prick. Still I wasn't truly cheating as I knelt again before splay-legged Mount Momma and used that far larger cock of rubber to penetrate the cunt that once bore my wife, the love of my adolescent life. This was hard work all right.

In and out I plunged, until my neck ached as woefully as my jaw. Irma's insistent grip soon assisted, slamming my head up and down on her pubis. Still nothing satisfied like riding, as Mother inevitably (again) delighted in demonstrating.

"Here, sit down on the floor. Turn around, lean back and rest your head and neck on the edge of the mattress. I know you're gagged and your hands are still tied behind you, but try to give some sign if you're about to die. Smothered by Mother would be a pathetic way to end even a useless sissy's services prematurely. Now, savor the scent of my wonderfully mature cunt and bung, dick-less one."

I took more pleasure in sight than smell, at least while I had it.

Once she had me positioned as she wished Mother turned around and shed her robe completely. She backed toward me, that mythic, magnificent ass looming ever larger in all its lovely enormity. So huge yet perfectly curvy, smooth and supple as they descended, those exactly matching halves parted at last to allow my waiting dick-face entry.

Onto that out-thrust cock Irma's cunt slid, eagerly devouring every inch. Ever closer it approached until my nose was indeed nestled in her anus. Then Mother's entire eighth of a ton settled on me, crushing my harnessed head into the bed and depriving me of even the most tainted wisp of oxygen. Distantly her gloating groan goaded my goatish grunting.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh, yeah that's good! You're enjoying it too, sissy. I can see your little fraud of a phallus twitching again. Let's see how much you love a good suffocation-fuck. Pass out on me though and I'll have to whip you back to life!"

Luckily Irma proved as expert with her timing as any smother-lover could hope for. Though she used my pinned-in-place dick-face for hours, she always altered her rhythm, angle or method of riding just enough at just the last second to allow me just enough scanty sips of air to stay barely conscious.

From lunging and grinding, crushing and smothering to bouncing or even sinuously undulating, from facing away at first to turning and straddling and finally moving me completely onto the bed for an endless sixty-nine (featuring testicle torture in place of fellatio), Mother brought me to the panicked-ecstatic brink of anoxic swoon too many times to count.

Between this mortal struggle and the helplessness of my bondage, the sense of victimization I felt was as thrilling as the crushing pain of her abusive head-fucking or the degradation that accompanied it. Yet even throughout the worst throes of that first long day bound in her bed, I could still claim to be honoring at least the spirit of my marriage vows.

Despite everything only my tongue ever penetrated Mother, and even when I ejaculated my aberration remained completely untouched.

From inventively torturing my testes Irma eventually slipped two spit-slippery fingers up my bum. Ignoring my smothered squeals of distress, she rubbed me inside in some obviously well-practiced way that quickly quieted my qualms. Before long I actually climaxed, though in a strangely pleasure-less fashion. Nevertheless soiling my negligee earned me the caning I so craved while setting an ominous precedent for the next fortnight or so.

As soon as I saw Jody off to work (my spouse pleased but a bit perplexed by my new openly doting attitude), I emerged as mincing Sissy Chrissie and then prepared and delivered to dozing Mother a splendid breakfast in bed. Luckily that bed was lately being kept empty, so that

afterward she could discipline me, torture my regretfully anomalous sex bits, wallow in toe or cunt sucking, ride my ball-gagged dick-face or any combination thereof.

Like a body slave of old then I attended my mistress at her bath: scrubbing, rinsing, shaving; applying lotion, massage and oral services; finally assisting with her primping and dressing before reverting to my original role of housemaid. With ever less time to perform those more mundane chores however, and hampered soon not by hobbling panties but the promised shiny steel shackles (and handcuffs!), my domestic work only deteriorated further, earning me ever more chastising thrashings. Even Jody noticed – and took advantage.

Mistaking the wear and tear from sharing her lingerie for my inept laundering, she finally followed her mom's exasperated exhortations and whipped me with that deadly belt herself. When I then chastely performed hours of the most expertly penitent cunnilingus until my exhausted mate fell limp from orgasmic excess, my fate was probably sealed. Yet though she quickly took up this new whipping-as-foreplay/oral-sex-only regimen, lovely, beloved Jody remained remarkably oblivious as my transformation from normal husband to shamelessly fawning sissy-slave victim relentlessly progressed.

"Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty!"

Mother slashed the last three blows of her dressage whip across the tender junction of my thighs and buttocks as fiercely as the first three. Sneering at my miserable sniveling, she shoved me off the chair I was folded over to grovel on the mopped-but-streaky kitchen floor.

"You call that earning your keep? You get continuously worse as a domestic servant! The only training you've mastered so far involves embracing your innate sissy and performing like the sleaziest whore. If that's the only career you're suited for, then crawl on into my bedroom. I warned you there were ways a dominant Momma could get her rocks off without usurping her innocent daughter's prerogatives. They start with truly turning you into a shamelessly greedy young cocksucker. Now go!"

Why did I hurry so?

Shackled wrist and ankle and crippingly whipped raw, I paused only to kiss her feet euphorically before scuttling and squirming my frantic, wormlike way into Mother's bedroom, my heart outracing me the whole way. Kneeling up before the bed, keeping my eyes demurely lowered as Irma removed her clothing, I caught my breath when she delved in her trunk and then rose up with yes, a big hard cock curving from her crotch!

No longer able not to stare, I could see this was fake, but just barely. Part of it fit inside of her, so there was no harness or anything. And the color, texture, and formidable size all looked natural enough to make my palms and mouth wet, and my own rigid stiffness insist upon its obsolete significance. Of course I knew my mother-in-law landlord was militantly bisexual. I'd seen her with any number of lovers both male and female. I'd heard repeated tirades about how everyone was on the omnisexual spectrum whether they recognized it or not. Now she seemed keen to prove the theory with me, at least vicariously...

"That's right, slutty-hubby. I told you I'd never stint my sissy, keep her from getting all the penis she needs. You'll see. The more hard cock you learn to love servicing, the less you'll miss the use of your own intolerable little aberration. So suck me off, sissy. Pleasure my meaty male member. Make me scream and shake and squirt like you do eating pussy!"

Mother sat in front of me on the bed, her organ jutting judgmentally up. Bigger than the one I wore on my face (and slavishly practiced on), it didn't daunt so much as taunt me with its thick vein-wrapped shaft, the sharply flared curve of the glans. *Cocksucker*, it called to me. *Midget*

sissy with a doomed dick, worship the god destined to hurt you worse than any whip. Take and eat of me in endless gluttony, propitiation against the horror/wonders still to come.

Already I was awash; as soon as I opened my mouth the drool drizzled out. Despite my near frenzy to perform the sissy-epitome I began appropriately reverently, taking in just the big egg-sized head and suck-savoring it like the most sublime lollipop, one that could only grow harder rather than dissolve. Slurping and worrying it with my shiny pink-painted lips, scrubbing with my loving tongue, moaning joyously over my maximally-emasculating mouthful, I soon lost all decorum whatsoever however. My own midget tidbit as hard as any teenage time when Jody used to service me so, I fell into that threatened frenzy of fellatio with a greedily gleeful obsequiousness that made Momma's gravelly laugh ring with derision.

"Talk about a natural-born spew vacuum! It's like you've been both desperately avid for the chance and yet sucking on schlong for centuries! Go on then Sissy Chrissie! Show me how you take it all. Prove how ready you are to support your spouse, my only child and dearest daughter, in the only manner you'll ever be fit for. Filthy little cocksucking sissy-slut-whore!"

Further inflamed by the accuracy of her insults, I flung myself ever more enthusiastically into this new chore. Luckily all that practice wet-prepping my dick-face had trained me to tolerate having large foreign objects thrust down my throat. Soon I was bobbing sloppily away, taking steadily more shaft until my stretched lips kissed those of Mother's cunt at the end of every gullet-stuffing plunge.

Again her big hands and strong arms gripped my head and reinforced my rhythm, slamming my heavily made-up face down into her up-thrusting crotch. Just as before though being sexually brutalized only thrilled me further – especially since being the penetrated one was so much more punishing. By the time she'd fucked my willing gullet to gushing on me, I was in such a slutty little sissy-tizzy that resistance to the next inevitability would have seemed silly. Still I was naïve enough to be shocked by the mere concept before succumbing so shamelessly.

"Okay cocksucker." Mother's panting moved the whole mattress. "I'm convinced you could provide blow jobs for a living. You're better than any first-timer I've ever had, even in the can. But once they're broken in, such submissive little prison bitches have to give up more than their slutty slurpy suckle-holes, you know. If you're going to play the femme for this family, get ready to do it properly. The time will soon arrive when such pleasures are all that are left you. So switch places with me now. Kneel here and bend over the bed. Present your wickedly-whipped ass for its first owner and eternal master to enjoy!"

Enjoy...my ass? Did she really mean to...? But that thing was so big, while I'm so tiny! And a little secretive playing at sucking was one thing. To actually be the butt of brutal buggery would be taking pain and degradation to places one might never recover from. I was still hesitating, spit slicking my chin, when the choice was taken from me – along with so much else.

Moving with eerie speed for such a big woman who'd just climaxed so extravagantly, Irma lunged up, seized me and spun-shoved me down as she'd ordered. How my heart pounded afresh at being so effortlessly manhandled! Victim-thrill had me in its grip then and terror was equaled out by eagerness. My prick pressed the bed with manic insistence and a flush rushed over my skin in waves of gooseflesh. Mother's words as she loomed over and pulled down my panties made me moan out madness before the sodomy even got started.

"Here it begins, bitch! The end of your sissy virginity is upon you. Let your destiny as my prostituted property get underway properly! Aside from the constant cocksucking, this will soon represent sex exclusively for you. Learn to love every repudiating thrust or suffer in shame forever slut. Either outcome amuses me immensely."

Before I could more than curl my toes, my cheeks were pried wide. Big and blunt if slick with spit, Momma's cock pressed inward.

Of course I clenched defensively, but only until the simultaneous throbbing throughout my groin demanded otherwise. Before Mother could even reprimand me I exhaled, relaxed, took a fold of the rumpled covers between my teeth and submitted to my ravishing meekly. Why not try for that first outcome, or better yet both together?

She was big all right, HUGE, and not really too lubed. The pain as Momma rammed her inconsiderate way in made me shriek through clenched teeth. It made me sob like a disconsolate toddler. Yet the violation-degradation was so indescribably delicious that I lifted up into it, relishing that acute anal agony even as it horribly worsened. By the time Mother had me fully spiked I was crying out as much with perverted fulfillment as unendurable pain. And then eighth-of-a-ton Irma began pounding brutally away.

Who can explain how so much savagely excruciating intrusion can be so ecstatically gratifying? Maybe a psychologist, or a better writer than I am. All I know is that the longer and harder Mother ream-rammed me out and in, the more ruthlessly she used me for her dominating violation, the more validated I felt as her worshipful slut-slave. Every feral gasp, urgent grunt, cry of pleasure or excitement she uttered turned me on further. My weeping became filled with pleading for Momma to fuck me ever more pitilessly, to never slow down until it killed me. And of course when she cycled up to hammer-stab-scream out her fantastic first orgasm I came so convulsively in sympathy it seemed my balls would never finish emptying. Try to imagine a more effective, more affecting deflowering, a more addictive introduction to slut-bitch slavery! All I could do was blubber affirmation at each sneering admonition of Mother's afterward.

"I know you never came like that with young Jody. You've never had better intercourse in your pitiful life. You couldn't care if your wife never touched you again now, as long as her big hard Momma keeps pounding your simpering little sissy-pussy for you. That's all you live for now: being feminized, being bound, being beaten and humiliated, but most of all being brutally butt-fucked to ecstatic destruction! Now, beg me to see that you get all the rock-hard penis you need in helplessly weeping perpetuity!"

Of course I had to obey my sodomizing Momma. And so that gloating authority still does.

For at least a week she fucked me end after greedy end, morning and afternoon or all day long, before she was done glorying in the ease and release of this most imperative stage of my training. But then came that morning of ultimate horror, when all the fantasy and fun turned into worse than dung. I arrived all elaborately feminized, mincing in cuffed and shackled as usual and carrying her breakfast only to find Mother no longer unaccompanied in her bed. And she had not one naked lover with her but two!

"Put that tray on the table, Christine. I'll want to eat while I watch this."

"While you watch what?" I timidly, stupidly simpered.

Mother climbed off her big king-size. She knew by then how much I liked her physically overpowering me. She just grabbed me, picked me bodily up and literally threw me into her recently-vacated, still warm place between the two big hardcore ex-con bike gang enforcers she'd just spent hours stroking teasingly, desperately erect.

Laughing at the appetite with which these cruel, heavily muscled older men grabbed for me in all my shiny-shackled, nearly teenaged sissy she-male finery, she finally bothered to explain the obvious.

"While I watch the last stage of your training as my bisexual whore, of course. Be sure to satisfy Brad and Zeke here as slavishly as you can, slut. They miss having their own prison

bitches, and they know enough other gay sadists to keep your new career as busy and fulfilling as your most twisted sissy dreams. Give them excellent recommendations to carry across the country, my delectably reluctant little slut. Make me rich selling your homophobic suffering to every torture-and-rape gay BDSM gang I can locate.”

Skinny and wimpy limbs versus chromed-steel chains, I struggled mindlessly in panicked revulsion. Not this! I was just playing! Please no, Momma, save me!

Momma just laughed evilly on.

Swiftly my omnipotent new masters bitch-slapped me into cringing submission. Pitilessly head-locked, the cocksucker *truly* sucked on cock then, gagging miserably on the hot fleshy actuality despite so much practice on rubber and plastic. One after another the hugely hung thugs plunge-fucked my choking throat and weeping face, until froth ran foaming down my neck and burly Zeke was rearing up more than ready to spit me and split me. Then into my humiliatingly gay-raped sissy-pussy he violently stabbed, beginning a morning of insupportable torture as the two brutes enjoyed using me every way they pleased between them.

Each inexhaustible stud finally finished by pumping his sticky spunk all over my flaming face – but not until long after I’d reflexively ejaculated myself. Trapped in some deepest abyss of humiliated self-hatred, knowing that Mother was not only watching and laughing uproariously still but also recording everything in high definition video on her phone, I just had to grunt and spasm and spout the last of my manliness out.

“There!” my owner triumphantly crowed. “All the proof I need to convince Jody that not only are you completely complicit in your new career, and in your true persona as slutty little Sissy Chrissie, but that you’re treacherously disloyal to her as well. Just wait ‘til she gets home after watching *this* show!”

Smugly Momma emailed her innocent offspring everything.

Well, after watching my performance Jody wouldn’t listen to a word of explanation from me. She just hung me from my cuffs and whipped me worse than anyone ever, until my entire body was wrapped with incapacitating damage. As deeply personally offended as she felt unforgivably defrauded by me, my cherished wife immediately decreed that if I liked being a sissy-slut homo whore so much, I could subsequently remain so twenty-four-seven forever. Only since I demonstrably couldn’t be trusted to control my swinish origins, my legal mate was taking Mother’s advice about fitting my vestigial genital-remnant with a state-of-the-art chastity device. And since I liked being kept in sexually suggestive bondage so much, that neutering device would remain tethered to the frame of the basement bed with a chain, one with just enough slack to reach the closet and bathroom facilities. Let someone more competent clean house. I was far better suited for prostituted slavery and permanent subterranean imprisonment.

So it’s been ever since. The way my penis has been both pierced by and embedded with the metal of the tiny titanium cage that so tightly encloses it, only mutilation or Jody’s key can possibly free me, and not only from my attached steel tethering chain but from endless torturously imposed impotence. Unfortunately, though Jody openly wears that key between her delectably sweet young breasts, she seems daily less likely to ever use it.

Making me suck and take the cock like Momma and everyone else does is far more appropriate and rewarding. And my pleasure-less impotence is as deserved as every beating, every iota of emasculation and degradation, every repulsively dominating and hideously demeaning gay gang rape.

These orgies above all it is decreed I must never escape. Thus it is that when she inevitably begins to regularly cuckold me (even as she and Mother pimp me out constantly), Jody always

comes down to my dungeon to fuck her lovers right in front of me. She likes to make me prep and cleanse (after often finishing off) my many usurpers' big urgent boners for her.

Now that I'm finally earning enough to support my family and she's been able to quit her own job, newly nympho-maniacal Jody has all day and night not only to cuckold-fuck recreationally like this but to help Mother orchestrate all of my endless abuses and appointments. In fact she's the one behind most of the basement renovations just being completed. Now that torture devices and restraining apparatus line all the walls and even hang from the ceiling, I need never leave my lifelong brothel-cell again.

Dusting hands briskly over a job well done, the latest two hulking bruisers hired to totally soundproof the underground walls and roof put down their tools. They turn to where I cringe in despair, grinning and swiftly unzipping. It's time for them to receive their agreed fee. The rest of this day and night they'll be treated to enjoying me as a freebee...

Benevolent Developments

Things have certainly turned perverse. So it's fitting that for her birthday my wife means to invert tradition and give *me* a present rather than receive one. Jill says this gift will be bestowed during our next intimate episode.

From nearly disappearing these have returned with a vengeance – if not in a manner I'm eager to admit. Early last year Jill developed some feminine medical condition, one that makes vaginal intercourse prohibitively traumatic. Within weeks our sex life dried up. Finally in order to relieve my needs I was forced to resort to masturbation via computer porn.

Unfortunately Dr. Jill abominates both pornography and self-stimulation as inherently sinful. A church-trained psychiatrist, she steadfastly refused to satisfy her own (formerly extremely demanding) appetites and began to retaliate for my 'insensitive and pathetic weakness' in covertly persisting. How little either of us dreamed where such priggishness might lead! When supervising my computer use and assigning extra chores failed to deter me, my always imperious spouse began confining me to the house, mentally manipulating and finally even beating me. Classically controlling bully's behavior or not, that's when the perversity appeared. And our faltering marriage amazingly gained not just a second wind but its perpetual refreshment.

Even before that initial vicious whipping, both of us could tell we were onto something. I know I'll treasure/remember the occasion forever – and in excruciating detail.

Jill was supposed to be out shopping and having lunch with a friend. I was supposed to be vacuuming the whole house from end to end. Instead I was sitting on the foot of our marital bed, opened pants and underwear around my knees while watching 'extreme fellatio' videos on our sixty-inch TV. (Jill also snarled down any hints about oral.) As for the vacuum cleaner, the disconnected head and wand lay ignored on the floor. I had the soft, flexible hose sealed tightly to my pubis, my aching-raging erection stretched ruthlessly through its industrial-strength suction while I rubbed and pumped my balls and root like mad. Oh it hurt my naughty manliness so fabulously! Between my guilty-thrilled, agonized-ecstatic absorption and the roar of the motor it's no wonder I was never alerted to the lady of the house's early return. Jill was staggered, repulsed and instantly livid when she walked in on me.

"Jesus save us, what is *wrong* with you, Richard? It's nasty enough you can't keep your hands off your filthy little sin-bits. But using the Hoover too? You're like some twisted arrested pubescent! How am I ever supposed to cure you? Not even hypnosis could cope with such irredeemable deviance! I've tried every method of correction so far but the old-fashioned kind, haven't I? Are we reduced to such crudity at last? Physical discipline? If so, then let's get it begun and done with before I have to vomit on you."

Briskly Dr. Jill yanked the vacuum plug, leaving me cringing in humiliated chagrin – and shivering with inexplicable excitement at the sentence being rendered.

"From now on, every time I catch (or even suspect you of) touching your genitals, watching pornography or even gazing lasciviously at some other woman, even if it's a total stranger on the television, I'm going to do to you what your slacker mother should have done every sleazy, evil day of your self-indulgent teens. Now shove away that befouled machine. Later you will see it replaced. Right now you will kneel in contrition and bend over the end of my bed. Clearly you need the churchly virtues of abstinence and obedience belatedly beaten into you. No arguments now, or you will never see the least bit of intimacy or even affection from me again, *husband*."

Supposedly I should have fled Jill then, rather than succumb to such sexual and emotional extortion – not to mention accept the inevitability of recurrent violent battery. Instead I hurried to appease the alluring harridan, my still-tingling prick swiftly stiffening beyond anything ever achieved with mere machinery.

Crazy as it may have been, the largest, most desperately deprived part of me suddenly couldn't wait to be painfully, blatantly subjugated by this all-powerful paragon, this gorgeous goddess that I held most dear (feared). Perhaps the experience might relieve (defeat) that ceaselessly pleading primal need in me...

Ravishingly redheaded Jill draped her jacket dramatically over a chair. She unbuttoned the cuffs and collar of her azure silk dress blouse, rolling up the sleeves and exposing a tantalizing canyon of cleavage when she leaned. With one swift snap she freed my best leather belt from the loops of my drooping slacks. Her condemnatory sneer seared me from on high.

"Will you accept my feminine correction with humility and penitence? Now and every time I deem it meet? And will you graciously embrace any and all constraints (or restraints) my condition (or whims) may impose upon our carnal relations, selflessly and without complaints? Answer me immediately, my incorrigibly sinful soul-mate!"

Just the strutting spreading of her stocking-sheathed legs in that black slit skirt; the sheer superiority inherent in her fists-cocked-on-hips, arrogantly demanding stance was more than authoritative enough to utterly unman me. I could barely meet that icy-blue yet laser-hot gaze. Sandwiched manhood throbbing madly between my belly and our (excuse me, *her*) bed, I tremblingly gave my suddenly unbelievably domineering life-partner the confession (and total acquiescence) she required and yes, deserved from her henceforth meekly obsequious subject.

"Sexual expression aside, you know I can't possibly live without you, Jill. I'll never find anyone so irresistibly desirable, so mesmerizingly magnificent, so compellingly complementary and compatible. Besides, I'm a marital parasite. I depend on the support of your fortune. Yet emotionally your favor means even more to me than that, more than food, bed, a roof over my head or even the breath of life itself. So whatever it takes to make this union beautifully fruitful for you, I'm on board with it until my doom. Just let me prove that truth."

Elegantly arched brows had narrowed in a frown. At this effusion they climbed inquiringly.

"From now on I rule you absolutely?"

"From now on you rule me absolutely."

"My spousal slave until death do you escape me."

"More, my soul-owner – I am yours throughout any possible domination-damnation beyond this world as well. Let me be shackled to you as chattel in implacable perpetuity."

Such a flawless visage; such a searching scowl as she judged my dubious worthiness for this intensely personal perdition. Suspense tortured me worse than whips and scorpions until...

"Very well, chattel. I hereby affirm my eternal possession of you: your hopelessly beholden heart, the responsive tissues of your body, your meekly subservient psyche, your infinitely malleable sexuality and in the end your everlastingly enthralled ethereal spirit. You shall be mine in sublimely blind obedience until the end of all time."

A brilliantly shining smile of triumph reverted right away to that menacing frown.

"Of course you are not blindly obedient yet. We must instill that long-overdue virtue in you through constant thorough correction, no longer just mental but physical as well. So prepare to call out the stroke count now. I must chastise my pathetically un-chaste chattel for the sin of gawking at naked women – to say nothing of cheating on me with the forever-damned vacuuming machine!"

Gulp!

I had never even been spanked while growing up. My late mother certainly *had* been a slacker in the area of sparing the rod and spoiling the boy. That first *smack* of a momentum-heavy leather belt impacting the virginal surface of my baby-bare buttocks exploded through my entire being in a devastatingly divine detonation of revelatory sensation.

Fan-masochistic-astic! Oh, I was *made* for this! Face suddenly flushed and flaming with a fierceness mirroring the far greater conflagration raving from my superbly-strap-striped ass-cheeks, I could barely croak out my rote reply. God, my cock was just so *fucking* hard!

“Louder, Richard! And stop grinding your crotch against my coverlet. I won’t have you spewing while I’m so cruelly denied my own climaxing! Hold still for your rightful whipping or I’ll be forced to tie you up; bind you so firmly in place you’ll never escape. Now, I didn’t hear you that time so that stroke doesn’t count. Let’s begin again.”

Swish-CRACK!

“ONE!”

Every iota of my guilt, pain, euphoria, thwarted desire and desperate feelings of fear and inferiority all vibrated through my shrieking cry.

“That’s better!”

Swish-CRACK!

“TWO!”

Merely holding my owner’s body rigid for each incredible strap-slash took torturous (too much) discipline.

Crotch-grinding aside, every fiber of my being wanted to rub and wriggle and writhe in an excess of emotional intensity, of implacably-bridled erotic energy. Oh that erogenous-area agony was so electrifyingly evocative!

By the cry of “Three” I realized how much more natural and satisfying it would be to just give in and struggle deliciously-submissively on against whatever resultant amount of restraints my insubordination earned me. So by “Five” Mistress Jill had to interrupt that fundamentally formative first whipping while she yanked off the rest of my clothing, shed some more of her own and used those sexy charcoal-gray stockings to bind my hands and feet each tightly together behind me. (“Provide me with plenty of rope next time!”) Her already damp and pungent panties she jammed into my mouth. Wrapped about my face and nape, her garter belt secured this gag.

“Keep counting now, vacuum-cleaner cheater! Becoming my bleating bondage bitch absolves you of none of your earlier obligations. I want to hear the heart-rending sincerity in your every strangled scream! Let me hear you *learn* from being pitilessly bound and beaten.”

Oh, I’d been so correct!

Being tied up so helplessly defenseless amplified the victim-thrill astronomically. I had no trouble convincing Jill of the honesty of my wildly erotic, instantly addicted response. In the future I would supply her with plenty of ropes indeed, as well as tough leather belts of varying lengths, all gauges of chain and enough strapping tape for her to cocoon me completely at need. In the meantime I struggled and shrieked with exhilarated excrucia-glee. Compulsively I rubbed my raging erection raw, so wracked with arousal I was leaking pre-come as freely as tears.

Swish-CRACK! Swish-CRACK! Swish-CRACK! Take *that*, chattel!

By the time Jill reached thirty-five strokes endorphin overload had so added to my addled exaltation I was keening almost deliriously with the need for ejaculatory relief. Thank heavens (I think) my new goddess-wife proved so cleverly benevolent then.

Panting heavily and rosy with her own lovely glow, Jill dropped the belt on the bed at last.

Gloating over the black and purple-blue of bruises and abrasions, the spreading redness of dozens of overlapping tender-swelling welts, she kicked me over to sprawl awkwardly on the floor. Spotting the intensely twitching rigidity of my ravening manhood, the sticky liquid smearing its tip, she smirked her self-evident suzerainty.

“Well Richard, I have to admit that you took your first whipping like a man.

“Like a wimpy sissy perhaps, one who wallows in the pitiless dominion of women. But you endured your introduction to correction in at least partially manly fashion nevertheless. I guess you’ve earned the right to at least partially act the part.”

Jill reached out oh-so gingerly with one bare foot. She used the very tip of her littlest toe to stroke (oh-so gently!) just once down the stiffly quivering shaft. That’s all it took. Orgasm was triggered automatically.

Sissy-sperm spouted!

Yet since she instantly snatched away even that slightest touch of friction, Jill left me writhing and crying and groaning worse than ever as what should have been a spectacular ejaculation was ruined, petering off into a sticky stream of barely-felt dribbles. Without any further stimulation, my erratically spasming sin-thing emptied its vesicles only slowly, partially, and with the most maddeningly anticlimactic draining sensation imaginable. And wicked Dr. Jill actually giggled at this!

“There you go, chattel! You’ve had the minimal amount of pleasure your impure service has earned you. But now *I’m* the one who’s intolerably turned on. So after all of your bestial begging for oral sex, you’ve finally won me over to the practice. Only *you* will perform the role of provider. I intend to tear out that underwear and sit on your helpless face now, my wimpy submissive bitch. And you’re going to suck my engorged clitoris until I spew my dominant defilement all over you.”

Correction successful!

Despite desperate disappointment obedience came eagerly to me. Though I found performing fervent cunnilingus revolting at first, exhausting and sporadically terrifying as I was repeatedly suffocated to the brink of unconsciousness before being nearly drowned in hot ejaculate, all this simply aroused me afresh.

Chafed lips and cheeks sticky and red, cheated penis likewise yet once again importunately erect, I entertained no objection when thrilled and fulfilled Jill at last re-stuffed my abraded face and secured her soggy panties in place. Knotting together the stockings that manacled my wrists and ankles hogtied me, and the gorgeous dominatrix I’d just pledged my allegiance, sexuality and soul to lit a fire of affirmation in my breast with the breadth of her doting grin. She stroked my mussed hair back from my brow like that of her most cosseted kitten.

“Today made for such a heavenly epiphany, didn’t it Dickey? And here I’d feared I’d never experience sexual gratification again! All it took was taking unconditional ownership of my marriage. And of course taking your advice: who could have ever dreamed that rough-and-forceful oral sex could feel so goddamn fabulous?”

Beautiful Jill shivered in recollection before giggling anew.

“Now that I consider it, there are probably any number of fitting ways a ruling lady could enjoy using her marital slave that I don’t think even the Old Testament would prohibit. Perhaps before we explore instilling the further virtue of abstinence in you, we should see where these exotic practices might lead us.

“In the meantime, you did splendidly as my new twenty-four-seven crotch-sucker. So as long as you can’t actually touch yourself, you have my leave to rub that vile stink-stub against the rug in here – at least until I decide it’s time to free you to prepare my evening bath.

“So spew your slimy goo again if you can, Dickey. Why not? Tomorrow rather than vacuum you will shampoo every carpet we have. And from now on while you’re awaiting my carnal invitation you will behave appropriately, respectfully *chastely* toward me and the rest of the superior sex. That is, unless you want to repeat what just happened today.”

Of course that was the trap, and the richness of Dr. Jill’s grin relished it. Of *course* I wanted to repeat what had happened, as often as possible. So as dire as it might be to provoke further correction in pursuit of unattainable virtues, I was promptly more driven to ‘sin’ than ever.

Though I indeed eschewed all pornography, stayed home and kept my eyes timidly lowered in the presence of her friends and colleagues or any other females, I couldn’t very well ignore my chosen owner, my irreplaceable Supreme Being. Massaging her feet, shoulders and back as ordered (to say nothing of constantly sucking her clit and slurping out her cunt), helping her to bathe, shave, dry, lotion, pee, powder and dress; lying next to her in bed or even admiring her strutting around the house or heading out all fabulously glamorized for an important meeting or girls’ night on the town turned me on more powerfully by the hour. How was I supposed to not ogle her, not get erect in her presence nor surreptitiously touch myself?

Regardless, at least twice a week I peeked or sneaked or stroked my ever-growing need in a way that made Jill deem me guilty of ‘filthy pubescent male depravity’. And so we’d both have another excuse to wallow in the kind of quasi-sexual excess we found so much more rewarding by the session.

For months thus we established and expanded our perverse new dynamic.

Ignoring me physically, Jill would distantly yet deliberately titillate me into sin. After passing judgment she would tie me up in ever more inventive fashion, often incorporating clever new incidental tortures, like pinching clothespins. Then I’d be so blessedly whipped, paddled or caned again, until our mutual arousal could barely be contained.

Still Jill invariably moved on to abusing my hugely tumescent genitals awhile, further teasing and tormenting them until once again the barest feather-tickling touch would be enough to at last both induce and ruin my miserable piddling mini-climax.

While allowing me some necessary testosterone depletion and just enough biologic release to tantalize me ever more maddeningly, this regular Lisa-pulling-the-football trick was to eventually prove so frustrating it began to condition me into thinking maybe total selfless abstinence might be easier to adapt to after all...

Inevitably then I’d hurl myself into servicing my possessor, driven to use all that unexpended sexual tension to make her scream and jerk in turn, and to ejaculate more extravagantly than ever each succeeding time, all in compensation for my own ecstasies denied.

Here too we made truly priceless progress.

In addition to supplying endless slavish oral sex, I was soon trained to use a curved ivory toy on her pussy too, one Jill acquired specifically to stimulate her g-spot. While the overfilling and friction of penetrative sex remained too painful for her (not that I’d entirely quit begging for this), having that secret inner nubbin rubbed seemed to make my beloved come more easily, powerfully and repeatedly than anything else in our experience. How she bucked and shrieked nonstop, and without resort to oral or filthy onanism!

So much for her disability crippling her libido, or forcing us into an eternity of mutual celibacy. Such rigors were only to be for me it seemed.

While Jill's orgasmic reawakening saved our relationship, her regular fulfillment enlivening her again with happiness and affection for me, much of that day-to-day joy was rooted in the casual exercise of contemptuous cruelty, and in relishing the total control she now wielded over her worshipful eternal property. Still piqued over my earlier insensitive and undisciplined pestering for her to endure a nightly fraught trauma-rutting, Jill now found delicious justice in instilling in me the virtues of abstinence.

No longer was it enough for me to behave chastely in the face of simple daily temptations. Soon she was taking every opportunity to punitively arouse me.

Taunting me by flaunting her sensational physique before me, requiring me to personally hand-assist her toiletry – and to always wear her skimpiest silk panties like a proper admitted sissy – was tormenting enough. After catching me sneaking out of bed and then trying to toss one off in the bath, Jill began hogtying me up overnight. A light sleeper, she quickly took to regularly rousing me then, habitually teasing me exquisitely erect at every stirring, only to leave me lying bound and throbbing plaintively on in the dark.

“Don't worry Dickey,” she'd murmur, fingers skittering lightly over painfully turgid genitals not properly emptied in seemingly forever and giggling at my shivering whimpers. “Things won't be so *hard* for much longer. After my birthday you won't need obedience *or* discipline to keep you behaving chastely whenever this filthy little namesake isn't needed by me. *Then* you'll learn to appreciate how it felt for your unlucky wife to be rendered involuntarily celibate!”

One could understand how I'm facing the occasion with more than the usual trepidation.

This is a momentous celebration anyway. So we aren't even bothering to pretend that Jill's attentions are any kind of punishment for anything other than her husband being a disgustingly fuck-hungry, turtle-jerking male pervert.

In that light it's hard to imagine the gift she has planned for me could be any true boon. It's quite demonstrably too late for foolish regrets however. And the skin-rippling thrill that courses through me when my soul-owner suddenly orders me to strip off my panties and get my sissy ass into the 'whipping wardrobe' is more compulsory than any total loss of autonomy.

A converted closet off the master bedroom, this nicely spacious punishment place has been equipped with more than just a wide assortment of restraints, paddles, canes, riding crops, razor strops and all manner of nicely crafted whips. There's a power winch set into the ceiling, a St. Andrew's cross on the wall and a multiply-adjustable 'queening' chair designed for my facial confinement (and the enthroned matriarch's comfort) throughout our endless sessions of enforced crotch-sucking.

Today Jill hooks the winch to the belt binding my ankles together (there's another of these about my knees). Then she hauls me into the air to hang dangling head-down, my face near the level of her waist. Toothy clamps are affixed to my nipples and all over my pulsating erection. My balls bulge above the rope tying those testes tightly to the hands bound behind me. Grinning so sadistically it makes me shudder with arousal-fear, Jill selects a particularly effective seven-foot single-tail bullwhip. Look at the way her blue eyes glitter as she shakes it out!

“Would you like me to inflict pain upon you now, my beloved chattel? Do you crave my chastisement for your unforgivably un-chaste behavior during my current medical ordeal? Shall I correct your mind and body until you finally learn the virtues of sympathetic abstinence?”

“I exist for your correction, Mistress – and for the sating of your most wanton cravings. Use this flesh as cruelly as you choose. It belongs to you. Your every gratification is my own now.”

“Now and forevermore!” Goddess Jill affirms. Stepping back to make room for the lash, she flings herself into flogging my suspended helplessness like never yet.

Ankles to chin all around every side of me is soon inscribed by an overlapping intaglio of thin livid welts. Struggling madly throughout keeps me yanking torturously on my gonads, keeps my savagely clamped hard-hard-hard-on flopping wildly about and adds more than just the usual victim-thrill of being my wife’s ultimately-vulnerable bondage bitch. Impotent in every sense until she decrees otherwise, I wallow as much in head-pounding self-abnegation as agonized ecstasy from that first curling lash about my belly and flank through all the crisscrossing overlays that cover me so intricately within the hour.

Still I’m always as aroused as exalted. And when equally urgent Jill subsequently moves to lower and maneuver me over so that my shoulders, neck and head can be secured in her heavy mahogany queening chair, I’m as manically eager to extensively service my goddess’ sacred center as I am to suffer the usual hugely gratuitous abuse of my own increasingly obsolete yet still super-sensitive, grossly swollen fuck-organs. Bless her forever, I get both together, and for what must be several further hours of brutal sexual subjugation.

Often Jill will sit facing away, leaning back against my inverted torso so she can relax, read, idly vape weed and/or scroll about her phone while I tirelessly service her from below. Only at the beginning and/or finish of each crotch-sucking session does she generally seat herself straddling my immobilized head so that she simultaneously confronts my own dangling, invariably bound and copiously pinch-clamped, insanely raging sex flesh.

This time my owner gives me back in agony every bit of ecstasy for the entirety of the time she’s astride me. Though she’ll still only use her mouth to bite me, or give my tip the briefest of teasing licks or kisses, Jill’s pinching, twisting, punching, nipping and gnawing idea of sixty-nine still exalts me beyond what I probably deserve. It keeps me squirming irrepressibly even as I slurp and suck with mad, half-smothered abandon. Of course even with torture serving for pleasure this can only head in one direction. The *real* torture arrives when Mistress Jill is sated at last and deigns to continue my abstinence training.

Usually she’ll merely leave me hanging there all tied up, raging with a need I can do nothing to relieve, until despairing humility finally cools me back flaccid. But just often enough to keep me always desperate to please her, my body’s owner will again grant me just that tiniest touch too much. Then out might pump one small spurt of come, propelled barely an inch on its own.

If I’m lucky, this could be followed by another, weaker twitch or two as the rest just drains out of me in a piddling drizzle, my bound-and-bloated blue-balls emptying themselves reflexively – and almost entirely without pleasure. For her birthday though, after our most exhaustive chair-sex marathon ever, Jill makes sure to move aside, to climb off her sturdy padded face-seat before obliging me with this most insidious of conditioning.

I soon learn why she’s moving, and it’s not just so she can look me in the eye as she yet again imparts the unspoken lesson: that maybe living in meekly emasculated impotence entirely would be easier than having every ever-rarer orgasm ruined even as it was allowed. For some reason Mistress wants to degrade me especially aptly today.

Looming over me in breathtaking nudity, Jill jiggles breasts I’m now allowed to touch only while bathing her, and never barehanded. Nipples I once so unappreciatively suckled look bigger and pointier than ever, and nearly as hard as my pulsating pig-prong (as she calls it these days). Mistress giggles with irrepressible glee.

“It’s almost time for our birthday gift, Dickey. Would you like to have your hormonal balance adjusted first? You know how too much testosterone can cause unacceptable levels of aggression in domesticated sissy-men. How about a particularly special testicle emptying to make this momentous occasion extra memorable?”

“I want...” Hanging all upside down, I have to clear my throat and pussy-gummy mouth before I can croak aloud. “I want whatever excites and delights my glorious owner the most.”

“Good. Because suddenly I want to see how my husband looks with more than just my hot dominant woman-spew smeared all over his face. I want to see my shameless sissy wearing somebody’s disgusting semen.”

One at a time Jill removes the dozens of alligator clips clamped to my erection – which ironically hurts far worse than their original placement. Oh, that’s so fucking arousing! By the time the last one is twisted off, agony/need has me squirming on the brink already.

Looking straight up my inverted torso (the clips are still digging into my nipples) at that swollen, seeping stiffness pointing accusingly down at my restrained face is like starting up the barrel of a loaded howitzer – one with the barest hair trigger. God, I haven’t even had the chance to secretly wank in well over a month! Grinning as if reading this thought (or over some other private triumph), my gorgeous wife reaches in again. This time she uses a single shapely scarlet fingernail to scratch most delicately at a certain nexus of nerves seated right at the junction of my quivering shaft and glans. Once again that briefest tickling touch is just enough.

Pointing directly downward, I hardly spasm at all. Orgasm consists of an quick internal twitch, hardly noticeable amid the flaming pain raving all through my tortured groin. Then my substandard seed is running out of me. Like blood from a cut it goes: no urgent arterial spurts but only a steadily weakening leakage.

From my meatus under a meter away it pours directly into my immobilized face. Nose, cheeks, chin; even my pressed-together lips and eyelids are all generously spattered with warm slimy slave sperm. Jill laughs and claps her hands.

“That’s it! That’s the look of a properly humbled house-husband! If only it was your massively muscular cuckold’s come, right my cheating sissy bitch?”

No way can I let such blasphemy pass.

“I have *never* cheated on you!”

“You cheated right in front of me with the goddamn vacuum cleaner, and with any number of computer sluts. You cheat on me every time you wank behind my back, or look at another person with lust. Don’t you think such disloyalty should be repaid as well as punished?”

“Whatever you say, my credentialed professional. I cannot presume to dispute you.”

“You continue to lie, lust and cheat on me, Richard. Period. So I’ve decided I need to collar my errant property, to ensure my chastised chattel’s chastity whenever it’s not occupied satisfying me. This is the gift we give each other on this, my best birthday ever!”

I’m trying to figure out how wearing some kind of dog collar, delightfully degrading as that may be, might punish and prevent my incorrigible sinning. Then Jill opens but a tiny jewelry box, disclosing a kind of wide, shiny steel ring.

Before I can grasp what’s happening, she smugly closes this snugly about the base of my limply dangling namesake. A tiny key is turned, which Jill hangs around her neck from a fine-linked golden chain. How alluringly it twinkles between her tits!

“Congratulations, bitch!” My wife-for-more-than-life brightly declares. “You are now my collared property. And I am officially your formal keyholder. Does that corrective metal fit comfortably enough darling?”

“Yes Goddess.” I’m too busy trying to blink an errant trickle of semen away from my eye; the rest of that load is slowly crusting dry. What had she said about cuckoldry? This is all too much to cope with suddenly.

“Well, it won’t always fit so well. That’s called a Kali’s teeth collar, Dickey. And as the name suggests it has all kinds of sharp little teeth inside. Any attempt by this disobedient penis to swell up erect when it’s not currently needed by me will cause those teeth to dig right in and punish the sinful process into stopping.

“So, there will be no more illicit onanism, cheater. Finally you will be *forced* to refrain from sinful behavior. Even better, the pain will soon train you to eschew all lust, to live as purely in thought as in deed. Won’t that make things simpler? Are you not grateful to be relieved of so much irresistible temptation my perverted young impotent?”

“Terribly grateful, my benevolent goddess. Thank you for taking custody of my virility from me. I am not to be trusted with it.”

“That has been obvious from the beginning of my difficulties. So from now on you will experience no orgasm, no erection, nor even any feelings of arousal that I do not approve and allow – or at least you shall suffer exquisitely for the last.”

Alas it is the latter that mostly proves true, though that collar works exactly as advertised.

Every increment of swelling brings proportional pain, until even though I masochistically relish such erogenous excruciation, I’m physically incapable of erecting any further. That doesn’t stop me from trying however. Simple conditioning may be effective enough to quickly keep me from touching myself, peeping or thinking improperly during the normal run of things. But just daily bathing and massaging of my Supreme Being (to say nothing of constant fervent crotch-sucking) keeps me keening with half-hard need regardless.

When we have our roughly bi-weekly punishment sessions the excruciation is truly endless, whether I have any hopes for a brief draining-release afterward or not. As this occurs with ever increasing infrequency, and Jill’s inability to withstand deep vaginal friction/penetration continues indefinitely, I find my now cruelly-enforced abstinence more torturous than ever – yet as she’d said, also paradoxically somehow easier to accept. With no other option I truly find all my fulfillment through worshipping Jill.

I live for the thrills of bondage and torture, and to hear her euphoric screams as she shudders and floods me with yet another fresh gusher of hot dominant come. Even her low moans of savor as she engulfs and sucks sweet seepage from my two-thirds hard head (how quickly she developed this oral appetite after seeing me safely collared!) inspire me more than either the pleasure of her moist lips and tongue or the excruciation of those deeply gouging steel teeth. Eventually I even begin to (perhaps deliberately) forget what a full-fledged orgasm and ejaculation exactly felt like, to say nothing of actual fucking. Only in my unguarded dreams do I relive the feeling of a hot slippery cunt sheathing me completely, even squeezing me as I drive myself maniacally into it. Yet even in deepest sleep the preventative pain persists, waking me up well before the dream can turn wet, leaving me weeping quietly hogtied in my cruel owner’s bed. Finally one night that nevertheless compassionate, benevolent deity takes me into her arms and rubs my collared agony with genuine sympathy.

“What troubles you, my precious Dickey?”

“That useless little penis!” I sob. “I miss having intercourse so *damn BAD!*”

“And you think that I do not? For shame, inconsiderate bitch! I’d give *anything* to have penetrative sex with you again, my self-obsessed soul-slave. I am the opposite of a masochist however. Pain spoils the sensual experience for me.”

I sigh and then whimper as Jill fondles me insidiously on. Oh that hurts so superbly! I speak without even thinking.

“If only I could suffer it for you. Pain just turns me on even more. And what is a marriage without at least some kind of coitus?”

“You know my owner, at one point you were contemptuously dismissive of all oral sex. Remember? Have you considered maybe having some liberally greased-up anal intercourse? We could at least try that instead of giving up altogether. Anything to be able to couple again!”

Timidly cringing, I await the expected explosion, the denunciation of an unforgivable suggestion. Yet mystifyingly enough my owner giggles instead, pinching my throbbing glans wickedly between her long, sharp, heavily-enameled fingernails.

“I actually *have* considered that, slave. In fact, I was waiting for you to get desperate enough to request it. It certainly took you long enough; we’ve made it almost all the way around to *your* birthday by now. Why don’t we give it a try on that special night? What better present could my property expect, than for me to start fucking him once again?”

I am flabbergasted by the ease of this. “Oh my priceless goddess thank you so incredibly damn much! I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to stand the wait!”

“How about spending this part of it by sucking my clitoris, bitch, since you’ve got us both so wide awake? Roll over so I can smother your sissy face.”

I spend the next fortnight or so soaring on euphoria.

Jill’s going to take my collar off! She’s not only going to let my entire hard cock inside her holy body again, where I can at last truly climax and ejaculate properly, she’s going to squeeze me into her tightest hole of all!

It seems too fabulous to be true, and I spend the sloooowly diminishing interval pampering my deity more lavishly, slavishly than ever yet. Finally the decreed time arrives. And in truly romantic fashion my gorgeous owner doesn’t even bother with the queening chair, cross, winch or the whipping wardrobe at all.

It’s my special day at last! Yet I’m still responsible for all the housework, naturally, which Mistress now insists I perform not just in my usual frilly panties but in some combination of the girdles, garters, stockings and high-heeled pumps she’s recently replaced nearly all my former clothing with.

I even have a little lace maid’s cap, which she likes to see her shamelessly pliant sissy wearing over such a decidedly androgynous new hairstyle. With a lot of lipstick, rouge, eye makeup and my just-plucked brows, my nails all grown out and daintily painted, I feel outrageously degraded yet almost pathologically aroused while coquettishly swinging my hips and mincing all girlishly around. If only I had real, big curvy titties to torture! Luckily Mistress says the estrogen I’m now on...

I’ve just finished cleaning up after dinner when my goddess comes for me. Draped in only a sheer black robe of her own and with that tiny key still glittering tantalizingly deep within her cleavage, Jill is carrying two brand new sets of shiny steel handcuffs in one hand and her favorite leather-wrapped riding crop in the other. And oh her smile is so richly inviting that the penile agony begins instantly!

“Finished with the dishes Dickey? Let’s go into the bedroom then, birthday bitch. We’ve got promises to keep, and a whole new future of constant sodomy to embark upon. Are you properly anticipatory, my pretty sissy bondage-loving fuck-toy?”

“Absolutely, my beautifully dominant goddess!”

“Then remove your panties and go kneel in the center of my bed. Leave the sexy heels and everything else on.”

I know exactly how she wants me: kowtowed down with my face pressed to the mattress and my bare ass raised invitingly high up for battery. Mistress affirms this by unsnapping my garters and pushing the pastel fishnet stockings down to expose the tender undersides of my freshly shaved thighs. Of course before the foreplay can get properly underway we need the promised bondage. And the clutch of cold steel bracelets as each wrist is manacled and pulled down to be shackled to its corresponding ankle makes the similar fetter savaging my attempted erection impossible to disregard.

Indeed I’m straining so insanely I’m amazed not to be bleeding freely. Oh, how long could it be until Mistress uses that tiny but so hugely significant key? Not until after I’ve been ass-beaten worse than ever before, certainly...

But no... Clearly Jill is as eager to begin fucking again as I am. Though she kneels next to me and whales away with all her customary viciousness, striping me from knees to hips, she spends a mere twenty or so minutes at this. Then in an act of loving solicitude as rare as her recent penis releases, the owner of my abused flesh pulls a bottle of soothing lotion from one of the pockets of her robe. Gently she begins to rub this into the dozens of wounds she’s just inflicted. My quiet sigh is more eloquent of devotion than any strident peroration.

“That feel nice, my darling?”

“Yes, Mistress, very nice.”

“I’m so happy for you. How about this?”

More lotion pours down the upraised junction of my buttocks, pooling in the hollow of my hole. A firm touch rubs it all around and in, that exquisitely sensitive flesh-cup drinking it up. My moan is immediate and unselfconscious this time, making me arch my back and lift against that slick circular pressure rimming around and around and inward until...until a horrid realization hits home!

“Oh NOOOOOOO!” goes my moan as a strong thumb rubs insistently against the vulnerable portal of my bung. Mistress Jill’s giggle couldn’t be more sadistically evil.

“Oh yes my silly sissy! You couldn’t possibly have expected otherwise! Did you not just volunteer to endure the pain of penetrative sex in my place? Didn’t you aver that it would only turn you on even further? How often did you insist my condition shouldn’t inhibit us? And after all, what’s a marriage without regular loving, vigorous coupling?”

Turning all my badgering back upon me, Jill has me dead to rights. As dread and dismay pitilessly eviscerate all the idiotic delusions of recent days, my wife’s coy voice proves as seductive as her probing of my opening.

“You convinced me to try and enjoy oral sex, it’s true, my sinful sissy sodomite. Precedent has been set. If you expect me to try anal now, little Dickey, you’ll have to provide the service first this time as well. Though I expect this permutation might prove so ideal for us we won’t be bothered with trying much of anything else for any number of ecstatically gratifying eons.”

How am I supposed to resist even this?

Already my semi is responding to that wonderful bung-rubbing, screaming despairingly as those teeth sink in ever deeper. Then almost reflexively weeks of aping the most effeminate of affectations as I excitedly played the sissy for my smirking owner’s entertainment return to me. Suddenly that imposed caricature overwhelms me, birthing a yearning, surging, burning urge for a far more personal sort of sexual subjugation than mere cross-dressing, regular ass-beatings and endless super-rough crotch-sucking. What could be more perfectly worse than...

“That’s right,” Mistress coos as an interrupted reflex lifts me back up. More lotion drizzles in, more caressing coaxes forth a deepening dilation.

“Who needs a naughty, cheating, justly-collared penis when a virgin, sweetly eager sissy-pussy can’t wait to be broken in? Tell me now: Shall I erect my own eager organ for you, my sinful little sodomite? Do you wish the emasculating damnation of becoming my simpering butt-bitch as well as my unwittingly transformed bondage-and-torture toy, my cock-collared, crotch-sucking everlastingly enslaved soul-chattel?”

“Please grant me that agonizing honor my irreplaceable owner,” I groan.

Utterly absent is any considerations of indignity or the effects on my nearly-banished manliness. Without volition pleading poetry pours forth from me.

“Give me my best-ever birthday present, I beg you. Give me a subjugation extreme enough to make up for all the naturally manly pleasures you’ve insisted I sacrifice. Give me whatever miraculous member you’ve generated as violently as you can. Give it to me right in my tight, defenseless little whipped-to-ribbons ass!”

“Into your sweet, succulently seductive sissy-pussy, you mean.”

Rub, rub, rub...

“That’s what this orifice is now – your most erogenous spot, the overriding focus of your intolerably cock-craving nymphomania. Or so says all that hypnosis, and the bound overnight subliminal conditioning you’ve lately been getting. Right, subject? So here’s your present then, my now irrevocably feminized property. Learn to love and live for this, Dick!”

Blunt and bigger than anyone’s possible finger, some avenging appendage nudges rudely for entrance. It’s not going relent, so why repent? Aching insanely for the worst violation I know of I lift and spread again even as the resistance in my nether tissues gives. Hands grabbing my hips pull commandingly back even as that brutally huge protrusion skewers in. YAAAAAhhhhh! Mindlessly I cry out the kind of craven consummation only a passionately masochistic sissy submissive could ever comprehend.

So horribly-gorily intimate, so abysmally ego-killing, so sexually electric and erotically excruciating is my overdue deflowering that orgasm can scarcely hold a candle to the neural fireworks skyrocketing about my cock-conquered psyche and body.

Even the tearing agony in my own collared-off, wildly straining sin-thing is but a secondary symphony in the shrieking of over-stimulated synapses. Every inch, oh, oh, oh yes! By the time my goddess’ hefty hard erection drives in to its very deepest reach, my weeping is as much from amazed/ashamed extreme ecstasy as hideously invasive excruciation.

So fucking *stuffed UP*! What was that prophecy about the agony only intensifying my ardor? I’m spiked like the most petite teenaged dyke – or battle-captive catamite! Still even in this ignominious delirium it’s impossible to ignore the victorious euphoria in my glorious goddess’ complementary response.

“INCREDIBLE!” she shrieks.

“Damn that’s so fucking *awesome*! It’s just like my lesbian friend said! Not only is this beautifully realistic boner big enough to really brutalize a bitch with, the way the corrugated connecting saddle and contoured inner handle rock against my clit and g-spot feels better than anything else *ever*! Way better than wasting my time riding your despicable pig-prong, little Dickey-ding-dong. And with no deep friction my condition isn’t a problem either. I’ll be able to bludgeon-fuck you with this perpetually erect, never prematurely-spurting prick *forever*. So let’s just see how incredibly thrilling drilling a wonderfully subjugated husband-slut can be!”

The answer is more thrilling than winning any lottery, and for all involved.

Money comes and money goes. Discovering heaven in the bedroom means a perfect conjugal eternity together however. Never has there been a more exquisitely reciprocal exchange of viciously sadistic female demand for infinitely grateful masochistic male provision.

How this perversion epitomizes everything between us, and how elevating to know that never again could ennui threaten our sex life! The longer and harder Mistress drills in and pounds out her passion for punishing and degrading me, for cruelly inverting, thwarting and undermining my most fundamental drives, the more madly/ecstatically I welcome the transformative culmination of such sissy-pussy-savaging agony.

Her constant enraged/aroused/gleeful shrieking exhilarates me equally. Such a contrast in cadence to the soft, lulling tones my expert wife uses whenever she ‘puts me under’ for further mental correction! Yet it must be just as effective in addicting me to my intended destiny. Just listen to her ululating her rampant mastery! But of course in the end it’s the cock, the cock, the monstrously dominating cock plunging so brutally in and out nonstop that truly so beautifully proves this responsive body’s optimal use. Yet if Dr Jill drilling me interminably doggie-style cements me unquestionably into the eternal role of nymphomaniac sissy-slut that she’s expertly instilled in me, when she finally shoves me down prone to fall atop my back and *really* start ram-slam-hammering me to breathlessly sobbing bitch-jelly is when my formerly utterly normal manhood at last gets its inevitable death-knell.

Oh, I can’t believe it, but fucking is so much better like this! I’m crushed under her weight, with an already strong arm grown further muscular through so much whipping clamped across my throat, levering my chin up to choke me even as it anchors my frame against her deeper, ever more pitilessly insistent rhythmic drilling. Hot panting scorches my ear. Having our entire torsos and hips melded flesh to naked flesh is so paradisiacal after so bloody long that I want to weep my poignant appreciation, while the interlocked rocking of our bodies in conjugal congress is just as timelessly primal and utterly essential to mated hominids’ marital health as I’d posited.

With spots beginning to blot out my vision and Mistress’ piercing screams drowning out my thinning wheezing, I’m not sure I can survive through the whole string of shattering climaxes I can feel my owner relentlessly escalating toward. Yet hadn’t I claimed to value her favor over the breath of life itself? And anyway the insulting assault of my anal impalement as she pours it on in her shrieking peaking holds me far more captive than my owner’s inescapable cuffs and clutches. I’m even peaking sympathetically somehow right along with her – or seriously high on endorphins and oxygen depletion. Because at the utterly transcendent summit of Jill lunging and coming, screaming, reaming and throttling me, I distantly detect some sticky wetness spreading under the throbbing, nearly fully-hard head of my still ceaselessly keening collared-off anomaly.

As yet I have no inkling what this might cost me. I’m too caught up in excruciating ecstasy, in the wrenching, strangling, screaming and stabbing succession of female orgasms wracking our cock-linked and entangled forms. This is filling me with such shrilly-thrilled fulfillment-bliss that I almost mistake my addled transport for an accidental passing into my soul-chattel afterlife. But no, that powerful arm finally releases. The encroaching blackness slowly retreats. Mistress Jill pulls out and rolls off me. And for a wordless nirvana the two of us just companionably bask in the heavily gasping aftermath of the best fucking sex any couple ever could have ever hoped to expect. Finally my beloved rolls me over to cuddle – and exposes the puddle of seminal wetness sinking into the coverlet.

“Look what you did, sissy!”

“I’m so unforgivably sorry my goddess. I swear I didn’t man-orgasm. It just came out, and I hardly felt it at all.”

“I know sissy Dickey – or should I say sticky dickie. Relax, this is fabulous.”

“You’re not mad?”

“I’m ecstatic. You see what happened? The pressure of my cock on your prostrate squeezed the seed from you without you even erecting fully or coming at all. You can be kept testosterone-empty and free of aggressive tendencies much more easily from now on. Not even perineal milking will be needed. Congratulations, my lucky little Dickey!”

Mistress kisses my cheek but briefly, trying to avoid the mess of my cosmetics.

“Pardon me, darling, I have business in the lavatory. After that we’re going to fuck like a newly-joined couple – or a loving Mistress and her sissy-wife: traditional missionary style. I want to see every fleeting emotion in your eyes as I celebrate taking your virtue this time – after ensuring others are preserved impeccably and in perpetuity from now on.”

“I want to wallow in your dotting, gloating gaze as well my owner. I wish to share with you the windows to my timelessly beholden soul, let you see the unabashed worshipful truth of me as you have the brutally sadistic use of me.”

“Then prepare for transcendence again, slut. You’ll get it just as soon as I return to you.”

Truly giddy about so many wonderfully benevolent developments, gloriously sore, I use Jill’s brief absence to wriggle my back comfortably into the mattress. The manacles shackling each wrist to its ankle force me to lift and splay my legs out wide, brazenly displaying my wickedly welted buttocks and thighs, my now perpetually eager sissy-pussy, those no-longer-blue-bloated balls (grossly unfit for but beating and bondage) and of course my properly collared little man-sin. Still half-swollen around the serrated steel circlet keeping it so excruciatingly arrested, this is bobbing gently at both the interminable/appropriate agony and the spectacular sex prospects ahead. Seriously, beyond just the sweetly loving missionary coming up, how many other positions for fucking me nutty are there to explore? An entire eternity’s worth for sure...

The toilet flushes. Gorgeous Dr. Jill emerges, her diaphanous black robe left behind. Smiling a supremely gratifying triumph, aglow with success and enlivened by unlimited new even crueler intentions, she’d be divinely glorious and erotically terrifying even without the hermaphroditic genitalia. The way that shockingly realistic, intimidatingly big boner curves up in front of her (with no straps or harness!) though makes it impossible to tear my rapt gaze away. What a devastatingly sexy-hot fuck-goddess!

More than anything I want to humbly kneel up and suck her like the most insatiable slut. Forget servicing her clit! Mistress must get this craving from the compulsive way I’m licking my lips. She giggles fresh wickedness as she rejoins me on the bed.

“Soon enough, darling. You’ve got ‘til the end of all time to suck on erect cock for your goddess. I’m still having too much fun breaking my little virgin bitch in.”

And oh I’m so wallowing unreservedly in the breaking!

Dr. Jill was correct as ever: fucking me face-to-face, our locked eyes inches apart, is heart-burstingly affecting. And beyond even such a deep emotional correction is the wildly enticing spectacle of those lately withheld breasts. Dangling tantalizingly just above me they dance madly to the impetus of Mistress’ fanatically thrusting hips. Between that deep-plunging rutting, those steel teeth biting, our soul-sharing communion and the mouthwatering view of such animated, pointy-nippled boobs, it takes me until my owner is really escalating into a frenzy again to notice that the gold chain flying about between me and that sumptuous cleavage no longer carries its tiny key. A dim charge of alarm forces a gasp of inquiry from me.

“Where...Mistress...the key...?”

Jill’s doting turns gloating indeed. Even as she pounds down in ever harder she revels in and reveals the scope of her victory.

“Not needed, sweetie! Fucking milks you sufficiently, didn’t you see? So no more nasty man-orgasms for my untrustworthy sissy. I flushed that useless key – after I peed on it, along with everything it represents.”

“But...but...”

“But what, my succulent slut?”

“What about your time to try providing anal? What if your vaginal condition clears up?”

How she laughs in my infinitely degraded face!

“Useless Dickey, the second my condition clears up (or I even feel adventurous enough), I’m going to begin repaying your unforgivable infidelity by bringing tons of other men here to enjoy doing right in front of you. That’s right, my porno-viewing voyeur, my soon-to-be shackled-up, permanently impotent hypno-nympho constantly cuckolded slut. Don’t worry though. You might be all torturously tied up to watch the show up close, but you’ll still get to generously lip-lube us both, take your cuckold’s spurting hot load and of course suck us both all pristine clean after and in between all our wonderfully enjoyable fucks.

“Hell, even if I never heal, or accept deep penetration again, I’ll surely want to advertise online to find lots of other big muscular studs. We need some hugely hung hired hunks, maybe steroid-crazed gay sadists, just for you to suck the delicious or decorative spooze spews from while I endlessly hammer in your tender helpless sissy-pussy. Won’t that be so fabulously sinful, bondage-bitch? Forget about sucking me! Soon *you* can be the blindly indiscriminate vacuuming machine! And I will have my perpetual revenge on you for daring to get aroused without me.

“So let’s fuck, husband-slut! Your correction is turning out heavenly for us!”

The Ring

Ever since we met, my wife has controlled me like a marionette. You've heard of being led about by the nose? Deena has led me about by the penis so expertly it's become much more than just a running joke. It's the defining idiom for our extremely unequal marriage.

By withholding or lavishing her 'special' sexual attentions, this Machiavellian manipulator could always get whatever she wished from me. Eventually she decided to make this metaphor manifest. She insisted I get a ring piercing the head of that meager manhood.

She wanted to literally lead me around on a leash, among other things so kinky she couldn't bear to reveal them prematurely. I wasn't about to argue. I've never even considered wanting anyone but this rangy, bosomy Latina diva. No one could arouse me like Deena does. In fact no one's ever had the chance. Our first fuck spoiled the young-and-naïve me for anybody else.

Besides being a six-foot, big-tit knockout with that buffed-up body and a vivacious vitality, Deena was just so staggeringly aggressive it left me breathless. Two inches taller and demonstrably stronger than me, she demolished my clothes, wrenched off her own, shoved me down into a hard-backed chair and mounted me growling.

"You are *mine*, white boy. I've heard you're a virgin. Despite all your wealth, you've been tenderly sheltered until now. You have no idea what a wicked vixen like me is capable of. Shall I teach you all you need to know about getting righteously fucked out of your adolescent mind?"

What she taught me was that no one could do it like fiery Latina Deena.

Whether other guys might be excited by so much roughly slapping, hair-pulling, fingernail-digging, titty-face-mauling, backside-bruising, rude-and-crude-and-lewdly-abusing, older-woman's-educative-young-man-ravishing I can't imagine. I only know it addicted me instantly. Well before my flabbergastingly spastic climax I was eternally cowed and conquered. Who could ever be so unforgettably deflowered?

Ever afterward, even seeing Deena flash a referent grin at me infallibly flips some submissive switch she's somehow installed inside me. Any will wilts while an overpowering yearning for her erotic domination concentrates in my insanely straining erection. Why not? Every time she agreed to repeat that irrevocable claiming of me, the sex got incredibly better.

Deena began handcuffing me to the chair.

Ever more aggressive, she left necklaces of love-bites, lattices of claw-scratches, and always both of my cheeks and lips all swollen from breast-mashing and repeated random bitch-slapping. Even when I groveled my way into her bed by sucking clean and tongue-scrubbing between each of her boot-sweaty toes, she still insisted on always being in the superior position. At a measly four inches of maximum stiffness she sneers that I'm inadequate to satisfy her otherwise.

Habitually demeaning me so pitilessly, Deena infallibly proceeded to put me in bondage before riding my face as ruthlessly as she eventually (grudgingly) did my erection. And all the while, in the heat of passion or not, tied-up helpless or otherwise, she continued to matter-of-factly smack me around, especially when I climaxed before allowed (in other words every damned time). Once in thoughtless mid-spurting she even blacked my eye. Yet each rabidly randy afternoon or evening fuck-session together only made me more desperate for the next.

Gorgeous Deena knew what she was doing. She saw me socially often but rationed these 'special' trysts until I cast aside everything else in my life in pursuit of them – and her.

I quit my idiotic job. I rearranged all the investments I'd inherited in accordance with her prenuptial demands. I agreed to reverse the usual convention and take on her last name, forsaking my own. I even begged to be allowed to sign over everything and become legally dependent on her forever. Only she could make me happy, and paradoxically by making me suffer so much psychosexually. And oh how we celebrated when she finally said yes!

Instead of meeting at her uptown penthouse, Deena took me to tour the mansion I'd also inherited from my recently deceased parents. I'd only just had it renovated for us to move into according to her instructions. As it would soon all belong to her as irrevocably as my body and soul already did, Deena gloated over the glorious new master bedroom suite. At the same time she introduced the next dimension to our unbearably intense domination obsession.

"My word, look at the mirrors covering the wall and ceiling! And a bed that gigantic could hold the prize-winner of all husband-fucking orgies, couldn't it?"

"I bet it really could, lovely Deena."

"I *am* lovely. Very lovely. Don't forget to tell me that regularly. But I don't like you calling me so impudently by my given name."

"Forgive me, my worship."

"If we're going to become a formal couple, we need to agree on a new protocol, at least in private. From now on in the bedroom, or basically whenever we're alone, I am to be respectfully acknowledged as your Mistress. Like I decreed when I claimed your innocence, you are *mine*. Your sexual expression belongs to me absolutely. Do you understand me boy? Any discord, any disloyalty, any dishonesty, any lack of acceptable effort to satisfy me and you will immediately be punished accordingly. Bet your rapidly vanishing manhood on that!"

After I nodded timidly she quirked me an inquiring eyebrow. "So answer me truthfully, the least if most devoted piece of my newly acquired property: do you enjoy it when I hit you?"

Squirming on the spot of another manliness concession, I tried to dodge.

"Feeling the damage afterwards really turns me on. The suspense beforehand does even more. The pain when it strikes reminds me to always fear and cherish and blindly obey you, and to service you with mad abandon whenever I'm allowed the chance. And since I truly do most reverently adore you, somehow the even more poignant emotional hurt and humiliation make my eventual ejaculation feel incredibly more intense."

Ebullient Deena beamed at me, making my beholden breast want to burst with her approval.

"Splendidly said, my succulent young catch! And there are plenty of other ways to achieve *that* reaction, believe me. I will show you one of the most effective directly. But first we must formalize our punishment protocols as well.

"We can't have you parading about on our wedding day with a black eye and two fat lips, however pleausurably puffy they are to kiss. People might not appreciate the degree of your complicity. We'll have to save the facial rearranging for special occasions – or until my intent next calls for it, when it no longer makes any difference."

Deena grinned so evilly at me I shivered, feeling of a visibly lumpy jaw.

"One day I'll knock your teeth out properly, white boy. For now, get your stinking clothes off. Turn over your tie and that nice leather belt. Then go kneel over the foot of that magnificently accommodating marital bed.

"I want to see how you react to being whipped before I'll deign to allow you to take on my sainted name. I expect you to accept a lifetime of the strictest matriarchal discipline with not just humility and willingness but truly penitent gratitude for each necessary correction."

"I can't wait, my omnipotent Mistress."

I knelt and bent tremblingly naked while my wife-to-be bound my hands behind me. Oh, my cock was so importunately hard! "Please beat me at your least whim. I certainly deserve worse. Of which innate sin shall I repent first?"

"Now and always, you must repent the sin of being immeasurably inferior to me, particularly in the matter of your laughable male inadequacy.

"That pathetic deficit defines our differences and must be perpetually addressed! Let tonight's correction begin with two dozen belt-lashes across the ass. Then, speaking of that skinny little lily-white ass, I'll share some older woman's wisdom with you about *really* accentuating the sensations of ejaculation."

Both lessons carried indelible messages.

Being formally disciplined was far more rewarding than random slaps, smacks, kicks or knees – though these would naturally never cease. The solemn drama of specifically calibrated sanctions being gravely sentenced and inflicted sharpened the suspense and humiliation remarkably, which so keenly accentuated the ever-greater levels of distress.

When over the ensuing weeks and years Deena added hairbrushes, paddles, riding crops, canes made of Space Age Kevlar through primitive Far East rattan along with all manner of floggers, quirts and whips to her collected implements of discipline, I obsequiously welcomed each in their assumption of marital mastery over me. Still that which my Machiavellian Mistress introduced me to after that wonderfully formative first ass-thrashing proved more unexpectedly effective and affecting yet. Just try to appreciate *this*:

Rolled back onto my bound arms, I lay with my knees splayed wide, my feet on the floor and my throbbing, belt-welted buttocks hanging just off the edge of the bed. Kneeling down before me in an almost heretically servile fashion, Mistress Deena proceeded to deliver my first-ever exposure to fellatio.

Are you fucking joking? And I needed my orgasm accentuated why? Just the feel of her hot moist mouth working on me was too heavenly to be credited. And her simultaneous manual manipulations were equally expert. I was already squirming wildly when this oral-and-digital sorceress surprised me by suddenly slipping a spit-slickened finger up my unsuspecting anus.

I suppose the natural reaction would be to clench up defensively. Out of some inexplicable twisting I just as reflexively lifted and stretched receptively instead.

Fuck me, why I was inviting her in further?

Immediately Deena obliged, sliding in to the limit and rubbing some inner nubbin in a way that made me literally lurch up toward her and cry out sharply.

She stopped her urgent slurp-sloppy bobbing on me.

Using one hand to jack me madly still, and the other (TWO!) fingers now last-knuckle-deep up my bum to firmly, insistently rub-rub-rub, Mistress Deena gloated some more over my obliviously moaning rapture.

"Told you I had some tricks yet to teach you, boy! Didn't even know you had a prostate gland did you? They call this the sissy equivalent of the g-spot. It responds most evocatively to stimulation, no? Oh... oh... oh, yes I think it does!"

My semen spouting out like a geyser was answer enough.

Never even in my wettest dreams had I imagined such powerfully wrenching ecstasy! And the fact that it came from such an acutely shaming invasion was the perversity most to be savored. Prostate gland, you say? Damn, my overheated face just blazed! At the moment it seemed the submissive in me had discovered the ultimate in degraded ecstasy. Of course such naiveté looked silly indeed after our wedding night.

Thrice more we got together before then. Each time Deena eschewed her usual thrillingly abusive riding of me. Instead by my own begging she ass-whipped and sucked-jerked me off again – and used her fingers even more insidiously inside of me. Back and forth, twisting around, swiftly smoothly slippery-sliding relentlessly in and out... In fact the last time she hardly even needed to jack me, much less suck. Just that wildly humiliating-thrilling jabbing and rubbing made me come within a few frantically bound-out minutes.

Wondrous as this degrading revelation was it gave me pause.

Deena was being suspiciously generous to me.

From blackening my eye for not holding out until she could climax a third time, she hadn't satisfied her own needs at all recently. When I timidly offered her oral servicing in return, she replied that she was saving up her prodigious requirements for the honeymoon. Then I would learn what *truly* turned her on.

And so I unavoidably did.

Thank heavens I again proved eminently receptive, wallowing in an immediate reciprocity of uncontrollable erotic depravity.

To my dying day I'll never forget lying there tied spread-eagled in our nuptial bower, oh so painfully erect after the seriously extended whipping she'd just gifted me. Wearing only a black silk blindfold and the matching bowtie from my tuxedo, I listened shivering to my new Mistress-for-life getting ready to deliver my introduction to wedded sex right next to me.

"It is traditional for at least one partner to come to the bridal bed still a virgin. And although I've already emphatically eradicated your virginity in the traditional manner, you're still ripe for plucking and luckier than any other guy alive. I'm going to prove that to you all over again now by taking your vanilla virtue in a far more meaningful, enjoyable and consequential fashion!"

Huh? Sensing my perplexity, Deena elaborated.

"They say sex changes once you get married. In our case they'd be correct. Welcome to your new name and your new (and hugely improved) sex life, Slut-boy!"

Deena stripped the blindfold from me.

At first all I could see was that she was more ravishing than ever with her raven hair, exotic dark eyes and dusky skin so contrasted by all her gleaming white lace bridal lingerie: stockings, garters, bustier, even the headpiece and gauzy veil were impeccably in place. But then I saw that in lieu of matching panties she had a big black silicone cock jutting up from her crotch!

My scandalously watering jaw dropped. Derisively Deena sounded my own patently inadequate manhood's death-knell.

"Your puny worm isn't worth using, Slut-boy. It never has been.

"Why do think having to ride it made me want punch you out every time? The only way I can get satisfaction from that insult to all femininity is to rage-fuck you, and that's not long-range sustainable. Let me introduce black master. He's three times as big as you, he never goes limp and he even extends equally inside me, so every stroke I take with him will fuck us both.

"Don't pretend you're not ideal for this exquisitely degrading role. Remember how avidly you reacted to my exploratory probing? You were *born* for brutal buggering, Slut-boy. Now it's time for you to earn your new names, both of which I've bestowed on you today. Honestly, how long do you think it'll take you to spew with my domineering womanhood hammering your infinite defeat so undeniably into you, you pathetically weak failure of a male?"

“I hope not until I treasure it to the fullest,” I croaked.

What else could I say? I was so damn frantic at the sight of that mouthwateringly menacing erection! And unless I lusted for the belt too, honesty was always the default policy.

“Please release my feet first, Mistress, so I can lift and spread them out even wider and higher for you – or better yet, lovingly clutch them about your vengefully lunging hips, my gloriously endowed new goddess. My body and honor and eager-for-agony fuck-hole are yours to abuse as you choose. Teach me what it means to be your husband, or failing that your bride, or your blushing little Slut-boy butt-bitch! I can’t wait for whichever it is!”

So after my demeaning renaming, Deena once again taught me all I ever needed to know about being righteously fucked: that no one alive could do me like her. Once again my deflowering was so unforgettable that my sexual will was forevermore forfeit.

I’d never dreamed such ecstasy achievable from so much hideously intimate agony and shame. But that was the paradox at the darkest heart of my compulsion. Nothing evoked my arousal like submission to emasculation. And what could be more emasculating than helplessly ejaculating from the violently violating ass-stabbing of a superiorly sneering female?

In truth it took only a matter of minutes from first insertion for Deena’s snarling vigor, hip-slapping impetus and deep-frenzied rectal rubbing-and-stuffing to make me come. Then I came twice more over the next eight hours, if that helps to explain how hopelessly addicting I found Deena’s incessant ‘pegging’ of me to be.

Oh, I couldn’t get enough of my punishing ‘black master’ (as she demanded I always call it)! I hardly even noticed that I never got my own member into her during our entire wedding night. It was almost as an afterthought in the sore and weary morn that my imperious new wife decreed those too-brief days were over and to be regretted forever.

Deena had no intention of propagating my substandard seed. And birth control was such a hassle! My penile size and stamina were also self-evidently unworthy of a spectacular biracial beauty like her. Fucking that puny pink stubby was worse than wasted effort and sucking on it was disgustingly beneath her. I should be grateful I loved being buggered so much; didn’t I come from her pegging as often as physically conceivable and so much harder than before? And wasn’t I allowed to masturbate freely, as long as I did it in front of her so she could whip me, cross-dress me, ridicule and otherwise demean me so excitingly? What more could a sworn submissive expect of his Mistress? Nothing!

And so we settled into our wonderfully (woefully) unequal union.

In our rare public appearances we maintained a required façade. At home without the servants around I swiftly became a slave in all but name. Whipped or otherwise beaten daily, taught to tongue-worship, massage and pamper every inch of her, butt-fucked to screaming delirium at every opportunity, Deena treated me as cruelly or contemptuously-affectionately as the current mood moved her. Always her Latin volatility kept me on titillated tenterhooks, constantly attendant to her every slightest whim.

Life was as secretly exciting and amazingly fulfilling as it could be for one so rife with capricious punishment and constant uncompromising sodomy. Still after several sensationally intense years of this I inevitably grew to miss Mistress’ former, oh so brief interest in my long-dismissed dick.

The closest she ever came to purposely touching this was with a punitive knee, fist or kick to the nuts – which I perversely began to seek to elicit. That’s really why I initially welcomed Deena’s idea about a penis piercing. Maybe having that promised ring to play with could reawaken her interest, get me some stimulation again. What could it hurt, beyond the initial needle, I mean, and I was obviously such an appreciative masochist...

Woe for my unending naiveté!

Sure, the piercing itself was exquisitely excruciating, wildly arousing and well worth it just to see Deena’s glee throughout the process. And when it was finished and healed I had a brand new wedding ring! About the same size as the deposed old, this was titanium instead of gold, and welded closed through the new hole between my urethra and the sensitive underside of my glans.

How exhilarating it looked! And so for a while everything seemed to be proceeding as planned. Delighted Deena found no end of entertaining ways to play with her modified property. Meanwhile my long-neglected little ‘slut-worm’ gloried in all the attention.

Leading me about by an elegantly crafted leash-chain was indeed the least of it – though this occupied us exclusively for weeks.

At first Deena just took to locking her six-foot length of chromed steel links to my ring for simple strolls about the bedroom. The way her tugging and even twitching kept me constantly, uselessly erect was evilly gleeful and frustratingly exciting for us respectively.

Her control over my movements and the agony she could inflict on my ultra-tender tip with just a yank of her fist were both so intoxicatingly arousing! They grew even more so as Deena continuously added new challenges.

From cuffing my hands behind my back and hobbling my ankles with my yanked-down underpants, she made it harder and harder for me to keep pace with her. Before long I was also teetering behind her in ever higher heels.

Deena had for years enjoyed humiliating me by only allowing me to masturbate if she could dress me in ladies’ lingerie for the occasion and ridicule me throughout. Adapting this kink for our ‘Slut-boy walks’, she eventually had me completely ‘petticoated’ – her term for feminizing me from elaborate makeup, hairstyling, eyebrow-plucking, body-shaving and nail shaping-and-polishing, to a nightgown, balloon-stuffed bra, girdle, garters, stockings and the whole works. All this was exceedingly discomfiting. But those six-inch pointy-toed stilettos were the worst.

Towing me by the penis with black master jutting up and eagerly leading the way, a whip in her free hand and my radically extended ankles linked by an ever-shorter shackling chain, Deena minced me exhaustively about the room, haranguing me for an inexcusable (and unattractive) lack of fitness while periodically beating and pegging her petticoated pet wobbly. Finally even that expansive master suite was too confining for her though.

Down the long halls, one tiny tiptoed step at a time she dragged me by the dick-tip. Right into the gym and onto a treadmill I went. Oh what torturous hours I spent keeping slack in that chain! Or she’d lock her leash to a cable on a workout machine, forcing me to hold up heavy weights or be ripped open and free. Deena even appropriated a little rolling mechanic’s trolley from the motor pool. Instead of walking me about like a cross-dressed and shackled-up pooch, she took to posing me on that little wheeled platform: bound to it all decoratively tied up in outrageously compromising contortions. Dick-tip-toeing me around the house and grounds she was like a prideful tyke with her favorite toy displayed in a wagon. Even at night I got no respite.

After endless pampering, tongue-worshipping of her toes and cunt and bung and however much brutal pegging she felt like giving me, Deena would lock me up for the evening.

First cuffing my hands and feet all together in a classic hogtie, she linked that locked-on leash chain first to the crossing shackles just behind my butt before securing the loop-handle to a ringbolt recently set in the side of the bed. Every restless shift of quickly cramping arms or legs then would tug at my piercing. Every twitch toward erection tormented my back-stretched tender-flesh. Best of all from Deena's perspective, that penis-leash kept me tethered to within a few feet of the edge of the bed. The rest of that vast mattress, easily big enough for a dozen more, was left for her to sprawl out over.

Still I could make no complaints. Such suffering was what I lived for, and if I couldn't get Deena to pleasure my penis, all this torture of it was the next best thing. That defining deficit must be addressed after all. Unfortunately a predictable problem soon popped up. And as much as I should have foreseen it, I could never have dreamed where its solution might lead me.

Word began getting around our conservative, high society social circle.

There was too much staff at the mansion to keep a lid on things and Deena had grown increasingly careless around the help. I'd lost count of accidental sightings of me *en flagrante delicto*. Stories of transvestitism, beatings, bondage and buggery forced me to completely cease my remaining few public appearances and permanently withdraw to within the ignominious seclusion of what was once my familial estate.

Of course this meant Deena could henceforth keep me so humiliatingly feminized around the clock – not to mention disfigure my face again. Fabulously happy to be able to keep my made-up cheeks and lips all slapped up puffy, or to sock me in the eye or bloody my nose anytime she chose, I had to suspect she'd let the word about me spread on purpose. This seemed irrefutable after she next seized the excuse to replace the entire 'gossipy' household staff.

Screening for far more than merely discretion, Deena did serious diligence winnowing out applicants. It wasn't long lost on me that she was also filling every position with men, all black or Hispanic and all very well-built and attractive. The exception was the brand new security detail she insisted on.

These black and brown-skinned bruisers were all huge, scarred and tattooed like bouncers, ex-cops and convicts – hideously intimidating bullies by the bunch. Naturally they sneered and leered at the resident sissy Slut-boy, and laughed uproariously at the way Deena discarded any last attempts to shield my outrageous deviance. She in turn flirted brazenly with one and all, even allowing them to gather and catcall while she paraded me through my daily paces – and openly fucked my paddle-swollen ass. Despite my most fervent if idiotic wishes, anyone should've known that cuckoldry wouldn't be overlong in coming.

Deena's interim kink consisted of cramming a giant butt-plug up my rectum day and night.

She wanted me to be forever dilated and ready for her, gaping to take my big black master at any moment's notice. Of course on the fateful occasion in question I'd just been jab-battered to jelly by that thing for over an hour or more. But still I groaned at the way my erection strained afresh when she forced that giant plug back in so deep.

I'd already come twice that day, once in front of a derisive crowd around the disarrayed dinner table. So I couldn't possibly spew again. Still I remained miserably unfulfilled, writhing in my hogtie before she could chain me up all back-bent again, so that my flagrant need-stub thrust forth that wedding ring pleadingly. After so much torment, wouldn't she *please* put me to pleasurable use at last? Mistress read the request in my expression and laughed.

“You have *got* to be kidding! That is the *last* cock in this finally fully and properly staffed mansion I’d want to fuck. But thanks for putting the notion in my head. It has been way too long since I’ve had a real live penis inside me. As yours doesn’t begin to count, that’s at least since the day before I claimed you. And while nothing expresses justice like bugging a forcibly-feminized, failed-male sissy every day, no Mistress can be expected to go forever without the brutish pleasures of far more worthy men. What properly devoted submissive could ask that?”

At just that juncture her cell phone chimed. As soon as Deena answered I knew it was her personal bodyguard, the biggest, baddest and blackest of the scary new security crew.

“Abdullah! You naughty voyeur! Were you watching us on the monitors? I know I said you guys all could. As long as you keep complete recordings for me! I want to post the best stretches in high-def on the internet. Let everyone in the world see how shamelessly this formerly privileged deviant takes it. But what are you doing, hanging on my every word in there?”

As she listened Mistress idly twitched the chain she still held, sending sine waves propagating down it and wagging my long-neglected erection unbearably.

“Oh, you just wanted to know if I needed anything, huh? Like what? A magnificent big blacksnake with the three hundred-pound gorilla attached to hammer it savagely into me? What the fuck, I thought you’d never offer. Get that giant dick down here and show this useless Slut-boy how a REAL man performs.”

Deena ended the call. Deliberately forgetting to chain back my accusatory erection (knowing who’d it be accusing soon) she left me un-tethered on my corner of the bed while she arranged herself provocatively nude nearby. A glance askance confirmed I remained fiercely straining.

“Might as well enjoy the show, Slut-boy. You’ll never get that useless thing inside living flesh again. Those few weeks with me were far more than that piddling worm deserves.”

Oh, cruelest Mistress!

Of course I still hadn’t fathomed a fraction of the cruelty that lay in wait.

As always, Deena liked to spring each successive step of my inexorable emasculation only after unsuspected depths of humiliating suspense. And always each appalling development was heinous enough alone to make even the most deluded fool hope it might be the worst of what could come. And of course it never was. Take that first night, and all that has befallen me since (at least, alas, so far).

It was torturous enough watching my infinitely-worshipped wife make love to another guy. To be in the same bed with them only a few feet away, shackled up hogtied and mortified while they went at it and laughed at me, made me want to die.

After all, this wasn’t just any other guy. This was a giant black monster-man covered in gang tattoos, a gorilla of a brute for true with a stallion’s cock that made mine look appropriately tiny. And the way he used it indisputably proved the justice of my subjugation-damnation.

Deena didn’t need to ride this guy at all.

She not only allowed huge Abdullah on top of her and then took it brutally doggy-style, she shrieked and thrashed and accepted every companionable slap on the ass. How many times did she climax before Abdullah rudely threw her back down, flipped her over, lifted her legs over her head and (just as requested) savagely ram-ram-rammed her through the most extravagantly wracking convulsion of all? I honestly lost count.

Oh such eviscerating jealousy and betrayal should have been fatal! The way the stud grunted like a rutting bull pumping his superior genetic material into her at the end was the very worst – except for what happened next, and next and next and next ad infinitum of course.

Pussy-slathered Abdullah pulled out, slightly drooping and dripping. He fell panting into my wife's embrace. Both of them were gasping and shuddering in a glorious ague of aftermath. Still they managed to point with scorn and laugh.

"See, Slut-boy: I knew you'd enjoy the show. See how hard you still are?"

Only then did it register that the entire time they were fucking, I'd been writhing and humping and desperately rubbing my own raging erection maddeningly, futilely against the unfortunately frictionless satin sheets. *I* was panting raggedly too, flushed and burning and far more turned on than when Mistress first locked me up for the night.

"You *loved* it. We all loved it." Mistress smugly shifted her hips and spread her legs out wider. "Now you useless worm, worm your way over here and tongue-worship your rightfully cheating wife. Clean out my wonderfully-just-fucked, forever-off-limits-to-loser-husbands cunt!"

Somehow I did it – and I don't just mean the torturously laborious hogtied worm-squirming part. I licked and sucked and slurped the entire mingled mess of their combined ejaculates out of my spouse' sacred fount, dutifully ingesting every slimy string and smear. Damn it was fucking disgusting! Still my face and cock raged ever hotter as my wife crooned derisively.

"That's right, my nice white transvestite, eat up all the yummy Afro-come. Dinner and dessert for one! All done? That's good, you revolting fucking cuckold. I'm glad you're so black-semen-greedy. Now show me your little wedding-ringed slut-worm again. Still pitifully frantic I see. Well if *that* job turned you on, you'll love doing Abdullah now. You heard me bitch. Start at the balls and lick those entire incredible genitals glisteningly clean-pristine."

Gulp! How can I justify this part? I am *not* gay, okay?

Men repulse me sexually. But I have this even more overriding compulsion to submit to my Mistress' erotic wishes. She controls my capacity absolutely. That can be the only reason I burned and quivered and uselessly humped the sheets again, writhing with excesses of irrepressible excitement even as scalding tears of shame sheeted down my freshly slapped-swollen cheeks. It's got to be why I kept slavishly lapping around the succulent plum-bulb afterward too, while my wife and her new lover giggled and cuddled and leisurely recovered.

Could I, should I, would it even...? The giant testes did, at least separately... Maybe, yes, oh yes, oh that velvety glans fit in wonderfully comfortably! Mmmmm...careful with the teeth now! Oh my skin crawled horribly all over me as I suckled, suckled and felt it begin to incrementally swell. Already? After coming such a hugely lumpy gush? Only as I was starting to drool and moan and tongue and greedily bob on that soft-but-hardening knob did it occur to me that I'd just voluntarily become the most disgusting kind of cocksucker. Yet willing or not I couldn't stop. I had to show my devotion by rendering that enormous organ ready for her again...

For over half an hour I did everything I'd ever dreamed of Deena doing for me, until I even learned to take that whole rigid pole without retching. Down to the root and back again, over and over so twisty-slowly... Damn how it stank as it filled up my pipe! Still I felt compelled against the most virulent self-loathing to abase myself disgracefully. A part of me knew my Master when I met him. When groaning Abdullah finally rudely shoved me off so he could cuckold me again, I was still more insanely hard and frustrated than when I'd started.

Too...damn...bad, bitch!

My raging lust-shame-jealousy and vicious self-despite persisted all night, even after they'd fucked exhaustively right in front of me once again. How it hurt to see them fall asleep all lovingly entwined – another heaven I was forever denied. I think I silently sobbed until dawn. And of course that was but the first night of the rest of my horrifically jilted new life.

Each evening proceeded similarly. After newly traumatic days spent being trained as a housemaid (Mistress considered my fitness improved just enough to finally begin to work for a living), I body-serviced queenly Deena however she required. I reveled blessedly in my usual before-bed pegging until she finished with me, after which I licked any spilled spunk from the sheets. Hogtied helpless then I paid humble homage to Mistress and my monstrously manly usurper as the latter enjoyed all those unfathomably precious marital prerogatives I'd only ever heard about. God how he fucked her with that club! And after emphasizing my place in the order of things by accepting my usual oral ablutions, I was occasionally allowed to enjoy performing the most servile slow fellatio for a good long lip-smacking while.

I think my transparent wish to coax out a load of my own amused both Mistress and Master considerably. Still suspense dictated that I be just as often shoved aside, spurned and ignored to suffer the most damaging of all new tortures. Romance, pillow talk, pair-bonding, snuggling as one, endless giddy kissing and playing with those fabulous off-limits-to-me titties...clearly such blessings were not for the likes of this husband.

Despairing as I felt then however, imagine how I pined when Deena's increasingly serious new dalliance led her to begin neglecting even my pegging!

No longer did she lead me playfully about all day, beating and bugging me at whim. I was now under the cruel supervision of Arthur, the intimidating new majordomo.

Extensively shackled and petticoated in a complete French Maid's costume, I minced about on swollen ankles and pinch-pointed toes torturously performing endless unpleasant menial chores. Now fed separately (and far more poorly) standing in a corner in the kitchen (and wondering how much the smirking cook had spit in my pureed lima beans) I hardly saw Mistress at all unless she passed by a toilet (or right across a floor) that I happened to be painstakingly scrubbing. More demoralizing yet, before long our previously set-in-stone private pre-bedtime sessions together began to suffer as well. Ever briefer, they also grew considerably less intense.

Neither of us even approaching thirty yet fucking me was already becoming perfunctory!

How I would have welcomed a punch in the eye just to be the object of her undistracted passion! But then I began actually going days in a row where Mistress couldn't be bothered to even don black master at all. She was just too busy enjoying taking cock herself after all this wait, or overseeing the lavish estate she'd effortlessly maneuvered out of me. Finally after pining for a whole week, I had to broach the matter, if only obliquely.

That evening Deena merely caned me.

She allowed me to treat the resulting dozens of welts and use the toilet. Ordered back onto the bed, she cuffed my hands behind me and shoved me down over a handy stack of pillows so she could re-insert my twenty-four hour butt-plug before finishing my overnight hogtying. I felt her flipping up the filmy, frilly little nightgown I wore and tried not to sound too whiny.

"Mistress? Do we really need to keep me so dilated all the time? It really hurts me terribly, especially after being in there uninterrupted for so long. It gets agonizingly dry. And it's not like you do me at the drop of a hat all the time. Not like you used to..."

"What are you suggesting, Slut-boy?"

Deena began rubbing lube into me as I arched up in an openly groaning plea. "Haven't you been getting enough of your big black master lately?"

"I miss it terribly, Mistress. Enough so that I'm begging you for it."

“I see. Well, my indiscriminate bitch, since I notice you said you missed ‘it’ and not me, you obviously don’t mind who you get your vicious butt-fucking from. That’s actually an immeasurable relief. Because you see, sometimes after a while even the most committed wife can grow a bit tired of sex with such an unworthy husband. Especially when far better options abound for all. She needs an extended, perhaps even permanent break from such obligations.

“But then of course, compassion requires that such a wife provide a suitable substitute source for the fantastically emasculating sexual subjugation such a sleazy little slut of a house-husband so desperately craves and deserves. That’s why I made sure all the new staff here were either gay, bi, or just sadistic rapists used to a rough trade in punishing prison-bitches.”

Deena smeared on one last huge glob of lubricant and tossed aside the tube. What she didn’t do was jam that uncomfortable plug back in. Instead she gave me a derisive ass-slap and a wickedly gleeful laugh.

“In truth, they’ve all been chafing to get at you from day one, Slut-boy. All those videos we’ve been posting of your progress toward this transformative moment have got them primed to blow like volcanoes. But of course I promised your gorgeous and unbelievably patient new Master that he could be the one to batter-ram you to your manhood’s doom first.”

Mistress archly snapped my garters as she called back over her shoulder. Looking up suddenly bug-eyed into the big wall mirror, I saw who’d entered unheard: already naked, grinning sadistically and stroking himself up fearsomely steely.

“Abdullah darling? Slut-boy here finally broke down and begged me for a butt-fucking from his big black Master.

“Perhaps I misunderstood, but I believe that refers to you from now on. In fact, if you can make the shameless slut here come I may just give him over to you altogether. Are you ready to introduce your lily-white sissy-bitch to his exciting new life of exclusively homosexual and interracial penis-service?”

“Thought you’d never offer!” The giant stud roared like a Nubian warrior.

Fired with three-hundred pounds worth of rapist zeal and more (*who* made him wait through so many frustrating weeks of cock cleaning and teasing?), huge Abdullah had bounded onto the bed before Mistress even shifted aside. I was still gaping my staggered horror and betrayal at the absolute owner of my sexual expression when she turned her smirking back on me.

“I’ll let you new bugger-mates get adjusted to each other while I go alert Security – and round up everyone else who’s available. I think it’s finally time this giant bed hosted the ‘prize-winning husband-fucking orgy’ I prophesied the first time I saw it.”

Before she was out the door, leaving me bent all asshole-up vulnerable over that pillow-stack, handcuffed alone with my habitual cuckold, the huge brute had a hold of my stocking-clad thighs and was prying me wide. Thank heavens Mistress had lubed me, because cruel Abdullah wasn’t concerned with my comfort. Before my involuntary scream (“Please, Deena, NOOO-OOO-O-O-O!”) finished turning into harshly sobbing agonized groans he’d rammed himself all the way up to those big, black, purple-veined balls in me.

Had I actually been whining about that relatively benign plug?

This fever-hot, bone-hard meat-club I’d so obsequiously loved to naively lick and suck was suddenly tearing me excruciatingly up! Oh, my new black Master was fantastically harder to accommodate than the original! So much thicker! Longer! And no artificial wobbling, it was real-real-real-REAL- *REAL*! Plus the power with which it was pounded so much deeper into my unprepared intimacy was orders of magnitude beyond anything I’d endured before.

Even the hands so pitilessly gripping my hips were like those of an NFL lineman. I was less than a rag-doll in the strength of his grasp. Between the behemoth's heavily rasping respiration (punctuated by grunts and commands to "Take my cock, honky-cuck!") and the hugely eclipsing bulk of all that hard-muscled, vein-marbled, eggplant-black flesh burying me in its tattooed menace, I felt like a maiden raped by the Minotaur.

It was all unbearably traumatic beyond description, the most anti-serendipitous epitome of my innocently developed obsession with anal stimulation imaginable. Yet what could a Slut-boy do but grovel and endure; take it, that's right, take every rectum-reaming, body-flopping, savagely goring stroke after stroke after stroke after str-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-ke! Oh! Call out for help? Fat chance of that. Everyone would just laugh. I could still hardly even believe my beloved Deena would do this to me.

Believe it, bitch!

Master Abdullah was still escalating his fantastically violent, brutal, furiously abusive hammering of me down into that pillow-pile, even building recognizably up toward his always sperm-splurging monster-spawning, when Mistress sailed back into the room. And naturally she was trailed by what must have been over a dozen other hooting, whooping, gleefully skipping and unzipping men.

One of her hands held up a smart-phone, filming. That was my last tear-bleary glimpse in the mirror before my enormous rapist suddenly quit being considerate and dropped bodily atop me. Before I knew it his sweaty hugeness was mashing me into the mattress (and those crotch-clutched, rear-end-elevating pillows) and burying me under his musky suffocating crush.

All that immense weight compounded the power and passion with which he continued to lunge and ram his rampant REAL man's sex weapon so unrelentingly up my overmatched ass. Squashed so flat I couldn't even inhale, I watched dimly as widening spots blotted out the pillow I was still biting down on. Gritting teeth for dear life and sanity, I clung just as fervently to my worship. But at last rampaging monster Master Minotaur gave that rutting-bull grunt again.

Before I could think to steel myself for the defilement, his pneumatically pounding plunging became accompanied by a sudden squirty-crawly-wet-warmth being injected even deeper up into my previously most private body cavity.

The gay-cornholed white-slave cuckold-slut had just taken his first direct load.

No more need to slurp my daily sperm out of my goddess' holy goblet at all, though that would always remain a treasured privilege too.

Having so emphatically established his now unquestioned, new-and-eternal ass-mastery over me, Abdullah at last heaved off my crushed-bug sissy-sobbing and pulled out – to the raucous applause of a jeering crowd. With Mistress moving her camera in for a close-up he grabbed my slutty pageboy haircut and pulled me up. Pitilessly I felt myself wrenched back around to face my latest taker so he could once again thrust his enormous befouled manliness all the way down my abjectly kneeling throat. Lording it over my bawling revulsion, Master made me clean him off as impeccably as always. His big commanding hand even slapped me until I saw stars, until I swallowed that last most noisome mouthful of all. When I then turned my flagrantly shamed and anguished gaze on the wife this pitiless black bastard had so rightfully taken from me (and now me from her!), she only raised an amused eyebrow.

"Well? Is he yours now? Did Slut-boy spew his yucky goo too?"

As if! When it was confirmed the pillowslip was clean – and that I was limp as I'd ever been – Mistress only grinned again.

“That’s all right. We’ve got more than all night. This prize-winning husband-fucking party is just starting. And who says the house-orgy ever has to end? This famous old southern estate is all mine and yours now, Abdullah my darling. So let’s have some revenge-fun with this contemptible slut, the last of his despicable lineage. She’s all ours too!”

Whooping men bounded on the bed, surrounding me as Master and Mistress turned into each other for some celebratory kissing. Cringing in my cuffs I tried to resist but this only fueled the fun. Laughing hands slapped and smacked and poked and pinched me from all sides. I could see a new, bigger mound of pillows being arranged for me out in the bed’s middle. Soon enough the jeering slaps turned to incapacitating punches.

The last one to the pit of my gut dropped me struggling not to vomit. Someone was undoing my handcuffs. All these Security bullies who’d jeered at me for weeks – how they reveled and reviled me now as they tore at my lingerie and manhandled my helpless body around! By the time I had my rebelling belly settled I was stretched out supine atop that cushion mound.

Legs all dead-frog-splayed like the incorrigible slut I am, head tipped so far back I had an upside-down face also just waiting to be raped, I kept up my feeble struggling only until someone’s punch nearly ruptured my nuts. Then I wept and choked and miserably submitted as two new big stinky black-man boners shoved their unstoppable way into my colon and throat.

Oh Deena save me, I was taking all of them both!

Everyone just cheered again. Yet hardly had these two new violators begun to drill out my opposing holes when I learned why the cuffs had been allowed to come off. Two more new black masters boxed me in. Hands grabbed mine and pulled both to the sides to feel more impressively large erections pushed into my grips.

“Jack us, honky-slut! You can service four masters at once. Otherwise Mistress be right: this cuck-fucking party won’t nevah get to its end!”

How they all guffawed! And how they should have. Because in truth it still hasn’t.

All that interminable night they kept up doubly-sodomizing me that way, eventually pumping my belly and butt so full of their sickening spunk it was amazing they also had enough to almost completely cover my thickly encrusted face.

After seeing the first load pumped all over my cheeks and nose, Mistress had decreed this to be the ideal decoration for me. Under no circumstances was anyone allowed to wipe anyone’s ejaculate off my voluntary cocksucker’s features, ever. It must trickle its way to drip off on its own or dry there like stuck globs of jelly, and only gradually flake off naturally.

Perhaps whenever fresh cosmetics were necessary, Master might agree to grant a humbly kneeling prayer for him to whip out that huge ebony horse-hose and scour-scourge me off with a good long periodic six-beer hot-piss slave-baptism. In any case, even my girdled-in midsection ended up similarly soiled. Despite the trauma of my endless sequential dual facial-and-anal use, I’d somehow pulled off a number of successful hand-jobs in the process. Oh my terribly aching arms! That was not (by far) my most improbable accomplishment however.

Occasionally after enduring one of those hotly-squirting loads, during a switchover between laughing face-rapists, I’d catch a glimpse of Mistress in the ceiling mirror. She’d long since given up filming with her phone, trusting to all the new ‘security’ monitors. Instead she too was being fucked from both ends, and absolutely glorying in it! Always my fatal weakness, seeing this goddess in sexual ecstasy may have been what truly cemented in my destiny.

Think of me what you want. It doesn't matter anymore. But I began to get turned on, okay?

I knew what it could cost me. But as always I just couldn't help myself. Dusky Latina Deena was down on elbows and haunches, straddling and riding somebody. That lucky bi-guy was teabagging the balls of another fellow kneeling atop his face, while Mistress simultaneously serviced the up-thrusting cock. Yet not even two black pricks in her body were enough for *my* cheating wife. Looming up behind them all, Master was now fucking *her* in the ass!

Who'd have dreamed she'd allow such a thing, much less wallow in it? I was helpless against the image. Just the ongoing sounds and occasional glimpse of this adventuresome foursome was enough to stir the ineradicable erotic connection between Deena and me. That switch she'd installed inside my soul flipped. Adoration, emasculation, unreasoning fealty, that instinctive bitch-dog urge to roll belly up for the alpha, all these compulsions reawakened. Even in my infinite revulsion and self-loathing despair, several hours into my ceaseless tag-team gang rape, my little wedding-ringed slut-worm somehow awoke from its slumber.

Perhaps there was even a devious secret defiance about my sudden plunge into the most irredeemable deviance. After all, I was damned to this destiny regardless.

For some reason I couldn't fathom my wife was hell-bent on taking our once thrilling if harmless fetish to its most harrowing imaginable extreme for me. Defying her by not spewing would never save me. The only way to truly taint Deena's victory would be to somehow find a way to honestly enjoy the worst that her infinite thirst for seeing me subjugated might inflict.

Whether this logic was sound was moot. This was the interpretation I seized on in my delirium when I could no longer resist the excitement raising its titanium-ringed head.

Or maybe I could still claim that what all these brutes were doing to me just constituted Mistress dominating me by proxy. Either way my weakly whimpering misery gradually gave way to erotic writhing. Four never-more-desperate inches of pathetically vestigial equipment announced the unmitigated abysm of my complicity. Beyond just pursing dutifully about the latest huge penis driving endlessly through my lips, I found myself becoming the disgustingly voluntary cocksucker again at last. And there was much rejoicing, not to mention leering jeering.

"Look at the slut-worm! Suddenly it's a slutty-stubby!"

"What'd you expect?"

"Did someone give the bitch a Viagra on the end of their dick?"

"Ha! She the only one ain't taken some! Sucking me like the bitch wish she had though!"

"How many hours did it take her? Seven? Eight or later?"

"Better question is: how many cocks?"

"How many big black beef-bludgeons had to feed the bitch how much hot conquering nigger-jizz to convince little sissy-whitey here it was all there was left to live for?"

"Who gives a tin shit?" Finally Mistress' voice cut through all the party's hilarity. "All that matters is that it seems my loving husband is finally ready to embrace his latest descent into depravity. He wants to prove how eager he is for a new, far more demanding owner to take over responsibility for his sexual expression.

"So fuck him again, Abdullah darling. Just you, all by yourself. If he blows his load this time, I'll turn over his penis-leash to you for good."

Cocks pulled out of my hands and holes. Rough grips lifted my legs. Up, way over my head they went, rolling my torso until only my head and shoulders remained on the bed. Pillows wedged me that way, with my ass raised receptively toward the ceiling and my betraying hard-on pointing its stiff finger of accusation straight back down at my extensively spew-decorated face. You love every bit of this and you know it, the single eye winked with Mistress' mind to me.

“Pile driver! Pile driver!”

A gleeful chant began. Towering over me like a basalt monolith, the black Master about to own me forever suddenly squatted and drove that colossal boner home. And even after so many hours of excesses this new position afforded penetration as painful as it was degrading. Once Abdullah’s engine got up to speed his down-pounding rhythm began badly compacting my torso, driving lil’ stubby ever closer to my mouth. If it hadn’t been so culpably puny I almost could have sucked myself off...

No need, pervert. Even without a single person touching my dick, the suddenly acute new pressure rubbing against my sissy’s-equivalent g-spot must have been enough. It couldn’t have been any secret glee at being the center of attention. It could hardly have been my pathological need to please Mistress, when doing so was going cost me her forever. The fact that it was suddenly fantasizing about Master answering that prayer to hot-pressure-wash all the layers of caked ejaculate off my face that finally tipped me over into adding my own fresh contribution was just too disturbing to consider. Physical stimulation of the prostate, that’s all it was.

Try telling that to Mistress Deena though, or any other members of that jubilant crowd as the splatters of my last-ever climax defiled my flaming little flushed-faggot face. In any case, it was all downhill from there – precipitously so, with ever-deeper levels of hell the promised destiny.

“There we go!” Gorgeous Deena triumphantly blared. “Climax implies consent!”

“Though always my legal husband and personal property, slave Slut-boy hereby accepts that his sexual expression will now forevermore belong to his black Master Abdullah, the true mate and new life-partner of my heart. Furthermore since Master has only this one glorious prick, and since I’ll no doubt be constantly monopolizing it, Slut-boy will henceforth be available to the rest of the staff on command as well. Any man here may serve as Master by proxy and penetrate his either end at whim. That is the fitting function of a slut!”

Oh my Lord, how long had it taken to truly come to this?

Cheering, stomping, and palm-slapping drowned out my latest wracking sobs. Before I could fully, properly process all these newest appalling prospects though, the even more horrifying doom promised Master earlier by my wife was upon me.

Abdullah bent down, a shiny little thimble or something glittering in his huge fingers. I couldn’t see past those massive grappler’s hands. But I felt him fitting that over the head of my just-emptied timid bit of flaccidity. Somehow he was dexterously fiddling with my wedding ring. Then he finished. Master stood and revealed that Mistress’ ring was now an integral part of a glans-enclosing chastity cage.

There was no key needed, no penis sleeve, no attached belt or testicle fetter. Neither piece of matching, interlocking titanium jewelry could be freed from me without either mutilating my most sensitive flesh or breaching a material with the highest strength-to-density ratio of any metal. Weren’t space stations made from titanium? The ‘vanishing manhood’ I’d bet my marriage on had just been swept off the table and pocketed by the victor.

“Sissy-erections are inherently offensive!”

I could barely hear the rumbling grumble of my unbelievably cruel Master over all the celebratory gloating. Part of me could hardly bear to listen.

“No subjugated honky I know of gets to spew, or even behave the least bit butch. I need me a properly effeminate she-male bitch. See that the cooks feed this sissy lots of estrogen every day. And everybody pass the word: Make sure to fuck this Slut-boy extra-punishingly every time you see that see that little silvery thimble twitching!”

That was the problem of course.

Only the pierced head of my cock was contained by that cage – just enough to cripple it. I could still get about three-quarters of the way tumescent (and agonizingly/frustratingly stay that way) despite being rendered forever impotent. Of course as days and weeks went by without orgasm, the more turned on I continuously got – and by things it still kills me to admit to.

With no way to achieve physical release, the only avenue of fulfillment open to me remained my compulsion for subjugated sodomy. Such cyclical pressures soon drove me into wallowing shamelessly in anathema no matter loathsome I found both it and myself. Why not? Two truths had surely been proved. Taking cock was all I had left to live for and the orgy here was never about to end.

There must have been over two dozen men regularly employed on the premises, all compensated out of what was once my inherited wealth. Ever since Master permanently locked my cock down I've had to repeatedly service every raping one of them. I can no longer scrub a toilet or load a dishwasher, much less bend over to vacuum under something, without being interrupted by a butt-fucking – or without someone adding to the latest semen-mask stuck so thickly coating my features.

Hell, not a day goes by that both impositions at once don't eventually devolve into my communal household use. Daily tag-team gang-bangs administered by the entire staff keep my hideously aroused impotence at an unbearable pitch. No matter how punishingly they all use me, or how strictly my wife and Master choose to chastise me, sexual subjugation has always infallibly excited me. That's why I have to find another excuse for the way I played into Mistress' next ploy.

I blame all the conflicting hormones.

Without a chance to empty my ever-bluer balls, testosterone began to build up, fostering aggression and rebellion – forbidden 'butch' traits. At the same time all the estrogen being slipped into my diet (enough so that I actually began developing breasts) threw me further into an unpredictable emotional stew. So unbalanced was my mood that resentment even occasionally crept in. I began to grow careless while being so continuously face-raped – not with Master of course, but with some of the unnumbered others. Still word of scraped organs made their way to the Mistress of the estate finally. And with that Deena leaped at the chance to keep another of her almost forgotten promises.

One day a private ambulance pulled up to the service entrance. As more disquietingly similar men brought in a gurney, I suddenly found myself confronted by my wife. At the same time Master seized my shackled and feminized form from behind. Those big hands painfully squeezed my freshly emergent breasts as he restrained any possible struggles. When Mistress spoke I could feel the rumble of assent through his chest.

"You've been naughty, Slut-boy. Clearly your wedding ring and fealty fetter aren't enough to keep you properly compliant. You still cling to scraps of a shredded identity. You need more body modification to ensure your future service will be faultless and pure."

Mistress Deena was fitting on a set of brass knuckles.

"No more impudent nipping of penises, for starters. Do you remember me telling you that someday I'd knock your teeth out properly? Well you've earned this from me, I've waited forever for it and today's the day!"

I knew better than to even try and duck away. That would only ensure that she botch the job. I held my miserable face up and steady as the only woman I've ever touched or loved grinningly smashed me repeatedly in the mouth with her weighted and armored fist.

From canines to canines top and bottom she shattered or knocked out all of my front teeth, though I was unconscious after the third punch. And when I woke up half-drugged in an exclusive plastic surgery clinic with my grossly swollen mouth too heavily sewn up to properly speak, I knew immediately the loss had been offset by some unwelcome augmentation.

My estrogen-created breasts were now ballooned out by implants. More silicone rounded out my hips and butt, I was at least half a transsexual! But what about my...

Before I could investigate, the door opened and Mistress slipped inside. She approached me and ran a gentle finger over my hugely puffy lower lip.

"Almost squishy enough to kiss," she smiled. "If only I had a real cock, I'd be tempted to break a pledge or two and fuck your empty gums too.

"Your suck-hole will be just as smooth as silk now, Slut-girl. Abdullah and all the others are lucky fellows. Of course they've earned the privilege, haven't they, waiting on us all this time? You see, Slut-girl, Master and his gang are actually the ones that arranged your parents' car crash for me, leaving you all alone, so young and rich and vulnerable to my subjugation-seduction. I'm afraid your destiny has been in the works even since before then.

"I don't know if you're aware of this, white girl, but all of your family were notoriously brutal slaveholders back in antebellum days. You are their last living descendant – the last ever, I might add, thanks to me. And Abdullah and I are both descended from slaves that worked your fields and filled your beds so long ago. Isn't genetic testing wonderful?

"This is called revenge in the age of Trump, bitch, or at least your chance to make reparations. Every day from dawn to bedtime you will work hard and provide coitus on demand for your jailors-slash-overseers for the rest of your impotent existence. And not only will the fortune your evil family gained from our stolen labor provide for all those salaries. You will also be supporting the spawn of your usurpers."

A hand went to her belly and Mistress was suddenly radiant.

"Your Master's first child is kindled within me, my constantly cuckolded husband. Soon your chores will include changing diapers for us too, and getting up every last bit of gas. And with such a vast fortune on hand I intend to have as many such children as I can, none of whom will carry your vile line forward. All will grow up raised to revel in your slutty disgrace. So how does it feel to be so thoroughly defeated by me, she-male slave?"

Maybe it was the drugs befuddling me. But hearing this challenge upon so many successive, immensely distressing new revelations answered at least one question, and for both of us. I learned I still had my genitals when my still-caged penis responded to Deena by trying to swell up into its usual stunted salute – the emasculated masochist ecstatic to the last. But suddenly an acutely tearing excruciation intervened. Agony arrested the attempt immediately. Oh, this was the cruelest cut of all! Mistress laughed as consternation dawned.

"It's called a Kali's teeth collar.

"Locked about the base of your shaft it fits comfortably enough. It's equipped with tons of sharp little teeth however. Any attempt to swell and stretch and they dig right in. You feel it now, yes? The body cannot help itself. Soon that pain will train away any future inclination toward erection altogether. Like a eunuch (but with hugely bloated balls still to kick), you will have to learn to live without arousal. You will toothlessly suck endless cocks and take them up your sissy ass not out of excitement but miserable duty, because submission is your only option.

“So heal up swiftly, Slut-girl. Everyone back at the mansion can’t wait to enjoy the new you. Plus all the videos we’ve been posting have attracted thousands of offers and requests to join in.

“ We’re going to begin whoring you out to the most horrifying sorts soon. There’s an endless train of meat or two waiting for you, all the riders hot to try out your silky soft suck-hole, along with your anus and the rest of that sexy, curvy, half-trans body. Now, don’t you wish your wicked forbearers hadn’t been nicer to one of mine?”

So surely this is the absolute worst.

Then again I’ve said that so many times before. And I’ve only just turned twenty-five last month – perhaps I’m young and naïve still. After all, who knows what else my Machiavellian wife might just decide to spring on me over the next half century?

Filthy Billie

“Hello? Anybody home?”

Oh shit! Fuck an unlucky duckling!

The sudden loud hammering on the door of my new apartment startled me so much I jumped and lost the handcuff keys. Away they tumbled, bouncing off the bare hard mattress to the floor.

That was bad enough. The source of the boisterous voice hailing me simultaneously sent such a contradictory mix of panicked shame and excitement surging through me you’d have thought I’d caused the horrifically humiliating situation deliberately.

After all, it was this same cousin Amy who’d imbued me with my bondage obsession in the first place. Without her I’d never be lying here chained naked to my spare little metal-frame bed, just as she’s returned to startle me silly after four long years.

At least it’s not the landlord or someone worse. But talk about a compromising situation!

Elaborately wrapped in shiny steel shackling chains, eying the keys now gleaming well out of my reach, I mouth the big ball-gag I’ve harnessed about my head and still have to hesitate before trying to gain my savior’s notice. As I said, it’s Amy’s influence that landed me in such an outrageous predicament in the first place. Where might things finish if she seizes this chance to cement in our old submissiveness symbiosis?

“Billy? Come on, our moms said you’d be here. Let me in this instant! I’ve got a housewarming gift for your happening new bachelor pad.”

You’d think my onanist’s stiffness would be shriveling into cringing chagrin. Instead just the familiar commanding/teasing timbre of Amy’s voice makes it ache up harder. I know she’s my own close kin but I can’t help it. I haven’t seen her since she left for college at eighteen (my own naive age) but she was ravishing then and social media has shown her only growing hotter.

Thick auburn hair, striated emerald eyes, her face as haughtily lovely as her big-breasted body is athletic... Such freshly mature allure would torment anybody despite the cultural taboo. Add to that an unbelievably fraught history together and you have the potential for a seriously unhealthy relationship. Dare I risk permanent enmeshment?

Born four years apart to twin sisters, each of us the only child of single moms who’d left abusive men, Amy and I grew up together. She hovered over my cradle, insisting on ‘assisting’ with the baby to the point of regularly changing my diapers – something I’ve never been allowed to forget. Later she ruled our shared playpen, house and yard. Domineering from day one, she turned even the most innocent childhood rituals into powerfully affecting ordeals for me. Wildly aggressive by nature, Amy liked to chase me down and tickle me giggly. Belly-raspberries, wet-willies, slapping and pinching came next, even twisting of my ears, nose, nipples and lips. I don’t know how old we were when she first started using her old leggings to tie me up but it came about as an ordinary part of fantasy play. Still things were never the same.

Cowboys and Indians, cops and kidnappers, terrorist and hostage, Amy was always the villain and I reveled in being the victim.

For some reason, struggling uselessly against my bonds excited me uncontrollably. It made my face flush and my breathing speed up. Before I had the faintest inkling that sex even existed I sprouted a fiercely hard, madly compelling erection at the first knotting of those stretchy stockings. Nor did that yearning ache abate throughout my entire incapacitation.

So shamefully thrilling did I find this primal stirring that I eventually begged Amy to make tying me up (and then tormenting me while I struggled) an enduring diversion all by itself. She of course delightedly obliged. After a while finding ever more inventive ways of restraining me engaged us daily. And believe it or not, our amused mothers hugely approved.

My passion for bondage did more than keep me conveniently out from underfoot.

Fed up with toxic masculinity, the twin sisters heading our combined family were determined that I would grow up to be a living repudiation of the banished assholes who'd spawned us. That I was being shaped to embrace submissiveness while learning a pre-erotic fixation with omnipotent women was ideal as far as they were concerned. Child of a despicable rapist, never would I grow up to perpetuate the hated patriarchy!

Truly obedience was soon so reflexive that as we grew older I was left in Amy's total charge ever more often. She was admirably confident and responsible. And how challenging was it to supervise someone who only wanted to be tied up?

Let our twin moms maximize their earnings while saving on child care. Eight to ten hours straight spent sequestered together every day... The liberties teenage Amy began to take as my babysitter continued to shape me irreparably.

Inevitably that playmate/babysitter noticed my erections.

Ridicule and belittlement were her first reactions. Then she condemned me as 'nasty', 'filthy' and 'worse-than-naughty', a true spawn of my assaultive father. Our mothers would *never* let her tie me up again if they found out. Terrified and ashamed beyond bearing, I eagerly agreed when Amy proposed to keep the secret of my inexcusable deviance in exchange for punishing me for it herself.

So was established the self-reinforcing dynamic I still fear remains inescapable.

Every time my beautiful 'big-girl' cousin tied me all up I got so incredibly hard!

And her powerfully charged sanctions for this insistent affront only made me harder still. This forever deepened the linkage between arousal, shame and guilt in me, each feeling reliably feeding upon the others. Yet that was but the beginning of my twisting. Because in addition to the usual tickles, pinches, wet-willies and titty-torture, Amy escalated to gleefully inflicting the schoolyard worst on me. This was of course the dreaded 'wedgie'.

Grabbing the waistband of my bathing suit in back (all I wore during our long Southern summer days playing bondage games together) she yanked it savagely up the crack of my ass.

For long stretches then she'd wrench up and all around until she seemed to be trying to saw my body in two up the center. Then leaving all that wadded fabric wedged so deep and tight between my cheeks she spanked those exposed buttocks a stinging cherry red. Soon she was using a hairbrush to spare her hand, so she could keep on disciplining me as long as necessary to satiate our dovetailing cravings. After that I'd be locked all bound up on the floor in her closet, ignored while she watched TV, played on her computer or communed with all her friends online.

Though I was always hogtied or cocooned up so securely that dislodging my wedgie was impossible, at least that radical separation and stuffing up of my fanny-crack had the effect of pulling down the waistband in front.

My hideously shameful yet utterly irrepressible need-spike slipped easily free. Outward it strained for uncounted hours of writhing and rubbing of its urgent stiffness against the carpet, the baseboard – or my cousin's many sneakers, shoes and boots, maybe even some of her used underwear left purposely lying about. Locked there in the dark smelling her evocative feminine scent everywhere (or with the light on so I could watch myself in the full-length mirror) was where I spent the most formative stretches of my pubescence.

It's there that I discovered the unsettling development of body hair. It's also where I exhausted myself daily, driven wild by futile struggling combined with stirrings too potent to cope with. Heavily bruised butt-cheeks gladly clenching my wedgie, I squirmed until rug burns made masochism as compulsory as all my rubbing. On the floor in Amy's wardrobe, in a fragrant pile of her shoes and used laundry was where that thing that sometimes happened overnight when I dreamed of her domination at last hideously humiliated (exhilarated) me while awake – if depravedly crazed. Oh it felt so nasty (fabulous), spouting out of me like that! And oh how fittingly Amy punished me upon finding my slimy disgusting boy-mess pooled in the cup of one of one of her 32-DD bras!

Before even untying me, she shoved that stiffly curved lace in my face and made me suck my vile spunk from the fabric. She wedgied me again, worse than ever, and used one of her belts on me for the first time. Pitilessly she whipped me until I cried, cried, cried. Then she hung me from a pair of coat-hooks.

With one stretching my bound hands painfully up behind me toward the ceiling, the other was snagged in my wickedly distended waistband, suspending me there helplessly. Clothespins pinched all over my exposed genitals highlighted the cause of my culpability. Not until our moms were due back was I allowed down. And such became the default sanction for every succeeding incident of supremely shameful spewing – perhaps a couple dozen of them?

So to the addictive frisson of bondage, and the fusion of guilty humiliation with arousal, was henceforth permanently wedded the strangest craving for the most painful anal stimulating.

Beyond the sheer excitement of having big bullying Amy wedgying me personally, this new habit of hanging me for hours from the stretchy fabric so incisively bisecting my dangling hindquarters (oh how writhing worsened my exquisite clothes-lining!) further encouraged such perverse inculcation. From this nascent awakening all through my early teens, these increasingly submissive impulses provided my only context for so much burgeoning eroticism. And oh how completely those compulsions controlled me! Eventually my obsession grew so total that by the time Amy abandoned me at fourteen to go off to her college in Hawaii I couldn't even imagine developing an ordinary sexual or romantic life.

Who else could I ask to tie me up and punish me, to wedgie me and let me rub off on their smelly old clothes? Besides, being raised exclusively by women had left me with certain unconsciously effeminate mannerisms. Short and slight and underdeveloped, way too bookish and shy, I was no one's idea of a desirable boyfriend. In Amy's absence I stayed home and played by myself in her nostalgic closet, steadily accumulating bondage gear while fantasizing endlessly about her punishing me for all my unspeakable cravings.

How miserably lonely yet thrillingly titillating...

So now that I finally have my own place where I can play without the embarrassment of my mother and aunt constantly catching me, and my luscious cousin has suddenly returned with intentions I hardly dare speculate upon, why do I hesitate? And who else could there be to rescue me from that dropped key? My feet are shackled to the tubular metal bed frame and my cuffed hands locked to the chains wrapped all about my crotch and waist. I have only enough loose slack to jerk my puny yet fiercely persistent penis.

I could easily die of thirst here without help, a most grisly lingering fate. Yet some last scrap of sanity in my irredeemably perverted psyche suggests to me that this actually might be more merciful than succumbing to whatever bizarre destiny my many unhealthy fixations seem to be arranging for me. Amy's next blithely shouted-out accusation highlights this.

“I *know* you’re jerking off in there, you filthy sissy! Don’t worry, that fits perfectly with the gifts I brought you! *And* with everything my sorority taught me about humbling the butts of lust-filled naughty-boys! So don’t bother pulling up your damn pants, just open the fucking door!”

A jingling of shackles alerts me. I’m jerking myself without realizing it!

Doing so saws a chain against my crack and sensitive anus: a pathetic substitute for being brutally wedgied – to say nothing of hanging by that wedge for several hours more. This is the recognition that finally rips a yipping yelp for help from me.

My bottom has missed her whipping and splitting far more than my cock has rued the opportunity to rub off on her freshly worn clothes and shoes. And what might her sorority have taught her about humbling naughty-boys’ butts? Suddenly it is this question more than the threat of a terrible lonely death that overrides all other considerations. I begin howling against the tightly-fitted ball-gag, rattling my shackles and even bouncing the loud springs of my thinly padded twin-size bed. Though garbled, my calls for assistance must be audible.

“I’m coming kiddo!”

From rattling the knob Amy goes to hitting the door with her shoulder. No soap. Luckily there’s no deadbolt. When she steps back and kicks it, the flimsy lock pops and the door flies open. In that big girl bounds, a large purse over her shoulder and a wooden paddle cradled in her arms. I see this has a bow tied about the handle, while the flat blade is decorated/perforated by a pattern of three Greek letters formed of closely drilled holes.

Amy’s wearing knee-high spike-heeled boots. Tucked into these are tight jeans, heavily ripped and threadbare. A white silk blouse is molded beautifully to her braless breasts by the shiny black belt that cinches in her svelte belly. Crimson-tinted fingernails filed into long pointy talons tip newly muscular limbs that boast of serious recent devotion to a gym. At the same time I’m taking in this vision of intimidating beauty though, Amy’s likewise seeing me across the tiny apartment: shrimpy, wimpy and shamefully naked, my head harnessed into a ball-gag, wrapped in chromed shackles with the keys glittering meters away on the rug. And let’s not forget my cuffed hands trying to conceal the hard-on (draped in the frayed remains of a pair of her panties) that I’ve indeed been guiltily jerking. Her goggle of shock gives way to shrieking derisory glee.

“I knew it! Not only jerking off but playing games with chains! Are those your dropped keys I see? Dear me, they do look a bit out of reach! Did I startle you, filthy Billy? Is that what took you so long to answer? Or were you afraid of what might happen once I came in?”

Somehow I convey the accuracy of both sallies.

“You *better* have been afraid. Move your hands. Those are *my* panties. How much of my underwear have you filched over the years, you disgusting, cousin-lusting degenerate?”

Face flaming as fiercely as my erection continues to throb, I shrug and eye-plead my apology as she shuts the door and moves in on me.

Glancing casually around the studio apartment, Amy hikes her purse strap up her shoulder. She shifts the paddle to one arm and bends to pick up the keys. I don’t know which I find more alluring, the rich fall of her shimmering auburn hair or the deep, deep cleavage exposed by the bell of her low-cut blouse.

“Nice place. I like the spare little loser’s bed. Not even any sheets? It reminds me of prison cots and psychiatric wards – places where dangerous deviants are rightfully restrained. I see that you are more fitting of that description than ever after growing up without my supervision these past few years. Whatever am I going to do with you, filthy little Billy?”

Set me free?

Amy translates my mute plea and again laughs fit to split.

“You know damn well that’s the *last* thing you want from me! Both metaphorically and as an immediate practical matter. What you secretly want is to be extorted, demeaned and punished before you’re released from your predicament. Nor do you wish me to ever surrender the more universal psychosexual power I wield over you. That fealty defines you after all this time. It has since the cradle and it always will. Indeed its exploration is in its infancy.”

Who am I to argue with someone holding a brand new university degree? Surrendering in turn, I nod instead (with shameless anticipation) at the sorority paddle Amy still holds. We both know why she brought it. What is she waiting for?

“Oh no, naughty child. Not yet, anyway.” Amy sets the paddle on a handy table. Grinning and toying ostentatiously with my handcuff keys, she sidles nearer.

“Of course, I’ll be beating you to bawling soon enough – and all the time forevermore afterwards. Clearly your need for discipline is effectively infinite. That’s exactly why just the paddle won’t suffice. We need to institute a new kind of retribution, one even more rewarding and appropriate, for your kind of unforgivably filthy sinning.”

Amy sets her purse on the bed, next to my shackled ankles. She slips my keys into the pocket of her jeans and takes off her belt. Rather than order me to roll over for a whipping however, my now wholly adult older cousin astounds me by next unbuttoning and shrugging off that thin silk blouse. Too bad her nonchalance suggests she only wants to spare it getting sweaty.

Of course I’ve always taken any opportunity to sneak a brief peek at a barely revealed arc here and there. But never have I *dreamed* of seeing those glorious jahoobies all at once like this! Oh they’re so big and round, so projecting and symmetrical, the thimble-tipped nipples so succulently red! My moan is worshipful, woeful, and absurdly hopeful all at once.

Jingling chains betray me jerking my silk-wrapped erection again; I just can’t help myself! Insanely sultry and seductive Amy poses, jiggles, cups, rubs, tweaks, shakes, caresses and displays that fabulous forbidden fruit for me. A disdainful eyebrow arches.

“Nice jugs, huh swine? Wait ‘til you see my supremely adept, beautifully juicy pussy. You desire me so damn badly, don’t you, baby brother?” This old nickname twists the knife of my shame, making my aching boner burn harder, hotter in my manipulating fingers.

“You want nothing more than to stick that stinky little piggy into me. You want to mate with your own flesh and blood, your first fucking cousin, your mother’s identical twin’s daughter! You realize that means we share half our genes filthy boy, just as if you *were* my little brother. Still you desire me above any other individual in the entire world.”

My nodding is as fervent as my jerking. Just look at those incredible tits! Even as she flaunts them enticingly Amy’s sneer is evisceratingly sincere.

“Well, drool over them all you like, you sick pervert, because you will *never* enjoy them!

“I find your lust appalling and worthy of the worst suffering. That’s not to say though,” Amy suddenly grins mischievously again, “That I don’t delight in hopelessly provoking it. That rather thrills me in turn. It always has. So in that spirit, I’m actually prepared to meet you halfway, baby bro.” She gives me the most sisterly-sexy wink imaginable.

“I’ve discovered how we can fuck after all. No taboo, no risk of conceiving a freak. Even better, this way perfectly epitomizes our eternal dynamic. Tell me, my little tie-up toy: did you miss having me wedgying you as much as you did writhing around in my bondage closet?”

Of course I’m pop-eyed with ecstatic disbelief if still a bit confused. There can be only one answer to that question though. My blush deepening further I nod and bleat eagerly again.

“All of that rough, physically domineering manhandling combined with what it does to your vulnerable young butt – you loved that more than spanking, wanking, *anything*.”

Nod, nod, nod, nod, NOD NOD!

“Excellent. Then you should adore this even more. Especially since it represents about the only kind of intimacy you’ll ever experience, with me or anyone else.”

Amy opens that commodious purse. And of course (oh you’ve got to be kidding me) she pulls out a fake rubber cock, what they call a dildo. Flesh-colored, this is at least three times my own erection’s current maximum size. Like my gag, it trails a bunch of buckling straps. Am I supposed to... Oh fuck no! Within a minute Amy harnesses it about herself, right on over her ripped-up jeans. Look how it juts out from her crotch so accusingly!

Amy’s grin widens at my crestfallen crisis.

“That’s right, baby brother. Now that we’re all grown up and I’m home again for good, you’re about to become my full-time simpering little sissy-bitch.

“Naturally you can never be allowed to penetrate me, whether we’re living together forever or not. That’s just too vile. But there’s nothing stopping me from brutally butt-fucking you all your life, is there? Especially when you deserve it so much. And for you it’s far better than wasting away your days without sex altogether, yes? Think about how your especially sensitive and appreciative wedgie-crevice is going to get a splitting and stuffing like it never dreamed of!”

Disappointment and horror recede at this. Instinctive submissiveness responds with a fear-guilt-lust thrill that suddenly reminds me how much I really did *love* being wedgied. Amy is (as always) so insightfully right about me. This kind of bum-humbling slut-punishment should prove even more overpoweringly evocative...

Jingle-jingle-jingle – I’m jerking frantically already at this new opportunity to do the taboo. My eyes keep flashing between her equally arresting tits and prick as Amy looms up and yanks away the two pillows propping up my head and shoulders. She piles these by my side.

“Stop masturbating, filthy maggot. I am your sister-mistress, your soul-owner, and from now on I forbid you any such pleasures without explicit permission. I want you to roll over onto these pillows right now. Let your beloved cousin take your sissy-virginity from you. Learn what life as her righteously suffering ass-bitch has to offer!”

What choice is there? Chromed-steel chains cocoon me and Amy has the keys. Yet even if she didn’t, my obedience is so ingrained and my worship/lust so compulsory that I would submit to her wishes if this goddess ordered me to sacrifice myself to her by rolling over into a roaring volcano. In *this* case, I don’t begin to hesitate.

Though my feet remain chained to the frame, I twist that tether until my bound body is bent butt-up over that pillow pile. My gagged face presses against the bare hard mattress. Nestled still into Amy’s old panties, both my erection and cuffed hands are crushed into the plush so invitingly elevating me. Booted Amy breathes sweet victory as she climbs aboard my bed.

“Mine forever: this body, this butt-hole, this beautifully submissive inferior! You’ll see. I changed your diapers, baby-boy. And oh how I pinched and pulled your tiny pee-pee until you screamed! That’s all right, though. This time you’ll be given every opportunity to beg free of me and my evil needs. And each time, I guarantee you’ll embrace even worse pain-emasculatation-slavery instead. Because you’ll just be too addicted to *this*!”

Amy grabs the chain between my legs and savagely wedgies me with it, inducing a delirium of nostalgic-ecstatic rapture. Even as the links saw at my separation they wrench at my crushed erection too. Oh how I’ve missed such heaven! But of course what was childhood erotic nirvana is only foreplay now. After but a minute or so that chain is yanked aside. Amy is rubbing something soothing and slippery into my already abraded anus.

This feels so fiendishly arousing that my pucker opens up to her like a flower. Kneeling Amy straddles my bound bend. Something big, blunt and ovoid bumps and probes that suddenly madly yearning hole. As if I don't know! Then incremental development blends inevitably into irrevocable destiny as my soul-owner's earthly intentions for me are finally superbly realized.

In the two quick seconds it takes for sister-mistress Amy's big stiff penis to ram all the way into my desperately receptive rectum, all of her past preparations reward us both by instilling in me that promised addiction of which my future will never be free. The pain-shame-guilt-lust-fulfillment-thrill is so extreme I choke on my exultant scream. Mistress Amy giggles wickedly.

"See filthy Billy? And I haven't even started pounding you yet!"

Her talon-tipped digits pinch handfuls of cheek and pry me wider.

"Did you know I used to finish cleaning this shit-soiled behind by wrapping my entire index finger in a washcloth, inserting it and twisting it, sliding-scrubbing redundantly with it in and out and all up around inside your tight little baby-boy's bung-hole... How you used to squirm and squall! Now here we are: adults at last, enjoying the culmination of our wonderfully symbiotic obsession. Aren't you just so grateful that mom and mom encouraged me to always dominate you? Just think of submitting to *this* at my every whim for the rest of your days!"

Amy pulls briefly back only to begin stabbing pneumatically away, fucking me in the up-thrust butt like a bitch, a slut, a violated little innocent more eager for the corruption than any insane sadist's most arcane tastes could contemplate.

Compared to being wedgied, the agony, indignity, the sheer ignominy of my wallowing response are all magnified a million times.

Oh, the power, deep reach and speed with which my lovely cousin's cock goes into me seem like all I'll ever need indeed. Immediately Amy can read this in me – or at least in my frantic reactions. How she gloats as she punches her defiling truncheon home!

"That's right: love it, you slut! It's what you were created for. What good is dating, romance, coitus, marriage or breeding to a detestable little sister-lusting sissy? Who could ever desire such a contemptible creature? Suffer your just punishment and love/lust for this as you do that unattainable owner rather. Devote your selflessly submissive entirety to gratifying her least and last sadistically exacting whims. Since it's obviously all you're fit for, why not make this your defining passion, the overriding excuse for your otherwise despicable existence?"

Oh my Goddess, it already is!

Reveling in everything (her coercive grip on my hips, the chafing of my ball-stuffed face on the drool-wet mattress, the utter futility of my struggling; the rhythmic slapping of Mistress Amy's hips spanking my can even as she spears so exceedingly deeply), I can't imagine more rewarding virginity-wrecking sex. I even get to watch the action in the mirror over the dresser.

The way those matchless melons dance is the most arousing vision I've ever beheld. At least, that is, until I see the flush of excitement spreading up from them to suffuse my cousin's gorgeous face. Her lush lips are parted with panting; her constant little cries are no longer orders and exhortations for me to 'take it, slut-boy, take my cock' but just unconscious expulsions of exhilarated passion.

Holy hottest of brother-buggering deities, Goddess Amy is as aroused as me!

This isn't just a game. Believe it or not, I'm finally providing my soul-owner with coital enjoyment! The proof that we're truly reciprocating this ecstasy, actually making mutually rewarding love together in the only way appropriate, is like a glorious infusion of undeserved worth that fulfills me more than a million lonely orgasms.

Naturally so much euphoria added to the rhythmic sliding pressure on both my silk-encased erection and prostate gland inspires me toward that climax regardless. I can only praise feminine providence that my deflowerer seems equally urgent to barrel on toward biologic simultaneity.

Again easily reading the pitch of my bleating, Amy responds by somehow increasing her already devastating power and pace. At the same time her divinely generous blessing is issued hissing from on high.

“So, sissy loves sex so much he wants to come, huh? Can’t wait to celebrate this inception with a filthy ejaculation? Do it then, butt-bitch! Prove your sick willingness by spewing! Sister-mistress Amy wants to smear your face in it like a piddling little puppy. It’s never too late to begin house-training an incorrigibly filthy slut-boy!”

For the first time in my life there’s no need for fantasizing.

Just the extreme sensations and emotions running rampant as my beloved older cousin so viciously butt-fucks me is all the affirmation-stimulation I need and then some. Even as Amy begins jab-stabbing-shrieking through her own obvious peak I shudder and succumb to runaway lubricity. Out pumps my spunk in the most wrenching, affecting ecstasy!

Ah, Goddess yes-yes-yes-yes! Still Amy pounds out her own screaming throe, punishment-fucking me into bloody young boy-jelly. And even in my spent-inert, weepy-weak, sticky-limp-dick aftermath I relish every wonderfully demeaning, savagely agonizing, pitilessly demanding ass-stab, until my ravishing mistress has at last had her current violent fill of me.

Oh, and I was afraid to let my savoir inside? What an idiot of a silly little slut-boy am I!

At last Mistress Amy withdraws, gasping and laughing triumphantly. The greatest time of both our lives! Rising up, she rolls me back over and extricates her gooey panties, using them to mop up every bit of spilled semen. Then as she’d threatened she smears this all over my features, gigglingly giving me a hot-spunk face-glaze.

“There. Now you look like a proper slut. It’s just the source that’s unfortunate. We’ll fix that though. Today we’re only eradicating your sissy-virginity, welcoming me back as your mistress and establishing some parameters for going forward. So let’s talk about that now, baby brother.”

Still wearing those boots, jeans and that fabulously effective cock, Amy straddles me again.

This time she sits right down on my chest, so her soiled prick juts into my come-covered visage. With a few swift movements she expertly unbuckles my head-harness and tears it off, wrenching that big ball from my sloppily drooling mouth. Oh, her jiggling boobs are just so spectacular, that penis so madly captivating! Still I try to keep my eyes on that unutterably lovely countenance grinning down.

“Darling cousin, my tender young bugger-lover, you are a lucky slut indeed. You will never have to get a job, worry about a career, bills, a car, voting or so many other tiresome societal adult obligations. Instead you will be sheltered and supported by me. In exchange for this generosity you will be my secret sissy stay-at-home housemaid and bondage slave. We will have a dreadfully chaste yet unbelievably perverted relationship my dear boy, one more extreme than I think either of us can yet dare to suspect. Does this prospect excite you at all?”

Somehow I make my creaky voice audible.

“Terribly, Mistress. I mean ‘exceedingly so’.”

“Good boy. I already have my own new house picked out. Right now it’s being renovated to my rather exotic specifications. Soon we will move into it. But I promised that you would have your chance to beg free of me first. So here is the deal. Over the coming weeks I will visit you here. And each time I will tie you up and do whatever I choose with you. There will be no safe word. Only if you have regrets at the end of each visit, merely lock me out the next time.

“Stay here in your little loser’s crib and live whatever miserably drab life you can by yourself. Or welcome your soul-owner in again, and again and again until finally our new home is ready. Then you can move in with me, the most priceless of my personal possessions, the pet that pampers *me*. Once there however you must submit to me absolutely, unstintingly and for the rest of our delightfully intertwined lives. I will allow not even a hint of defiance under *my* roof.”

My voice quavers this time with incredulous hope and awe.

“You mean I can be your personal property, your obedient ward forever? And I’ll keep getting fucked like you just did, I mean regularly?”

“Forever and ever amen, to both silly questions.”

This time I’m practically blubbering with euphoria.

“Thank you, Mistress! I love you so embarrassingly much! I know I’ll go with you anywhere. I can’t wait ‘til we can do that again, and again and again. Oh, I enjoyed it so!”

“First I’m going have to paddle you for masturbating.”

Mistress Amy smirks sternly at me. “Self-pleasuring must henceforth be strictly supervised, and is only to be allowed when appropriately earned.”

“I understand, ma’am. I promise I’ll behave myself from now on.”

“Good boy. In that case I will beat you now – right after you suck my penis clean of course. Look how grossly you’ve befouled it!”

*

And so goes my first ‘date’, my first at least quasi-sexual exchange with another individual. And to my lasting shame and chagrin I have to admit it proves the most exciting afternoon and evening I could have ever conceived. After making me her irrevocably addicted butt-bitch, Mistress Amy teasingly turns me into her slutty little cocksucker too.

It isn’t enough for me to clean her penis of all my filthiness. (I won’t even try to describe how or why I find this horribly noxious job so face-flamingly titillating. Some things are better left unconsidered.) After that she also schools me in every nuance of my newly obligatory oral performance. From how best to tongue-tease the ultra-sensitive tip and trace every curve of the rim all the way through taking every heavily-veined inch to the limit in an unconscionably brutal, epiglottis-clogging face rape, I spend hours diligently training. And though this could never measure up to the exaltation of being tightly bound and helplessly butt-fucked, I quickly grow to appreciate fellatio for its own sake. In a way providing such servile ministrations is even more debasing, requiring active agency rather than just passive rapture. Eventually becoming an accomplished cocksucker fills me with so much guilty pride that I glory unreservedly in every agonizing smack of that perforated maple paddle afterwards.

Punishment is so much more rewarding when *truly* deserved! And how I’d missed my gorgeous ‘big sister’ disciplining me!

The nostalgia stretching back to earliest infancy is so poignant and acute that I weep more out of worshipful gratitude than in reaction to the ever-escalating agony. Then when Amy fucks my slutty butt again at last, and again and again more viciously yet, I’m unabashedly ready to not only die for her but to burn forever in any requisite hell, to suffer whatever I must for my sister-mistress, my cousin-Goddess, my divine provider of judgment, punishment and ecstatic carnal redemption all at once. Shut her out? I’m devastated when Amy finally uses those keys to release me and leaves. How cruelly long it seems until I get to welcome her back in again!

It's actually nearly a week – no doubt by design. The wait makes me frantic to please, and eager to endure anything to get to the 'pegging' (Amy's word for our ideal kind of coitus). It also makes the outrageous transformation that 'anything' represents somewhat easier to accept.

From the moment I open the door to her Amy's latest intentions begin to take shape. With that paddle already hung handy on the wall by the bed and her cock stored in my dresser drawer, she has a new present for me.

"Here, no more thievery!" Mistress Amy sneers. She pulls a gaily wrapped little package from a large shopping bag and thrusts it in my hand.

She's wearing those same killer boots, this time with a matching leather miniskirt. Her sleeveless v-neck shirt is only a loose draping of black mesh that clings and accentuates while revealing more than it conceals. Her protruding nipples could punch in elevator buttons.

"You may as well have a pair for your very own."

I unwrap the package to find (naturally) brand new panties.

As shiny and pink as just-exposed pussy lips, these are skimpy yet sturdy nylon and excessively frilly, with lots of little ruffles and ribbons and a lace-up split in the middle of the crotch. Embroidered with tiny purple and white flowers, they're a hell of a lot more 'girly' and yet slutty than anything I ever found to filch from Amy's wardrobe before she left. Still I don't begin to recognize the enormous cost of this most portentous gift until my divine owner sets the bag down and gestures at me peremptorily.

"Of course they'll look ridiculous on you with all that gross body hair. If you expect to be tied up and fucked, you'd better get in the tub and shave all that off before you put on my generous gift. Groin, armpits, legs, even your rear end – I want you as smooth and bare as a baby brother's powdered-and-diapered bottom for me from now on."

Whoa, wait – what exactly is happening here? Whatever it is, it's too late to back out now. Perhaps it always has been. Arrogantly at ease ruling over me, Mistress Amy saunters into the bathroom right after me, where she supervises the entire procedure.

My body has held no secrets since her first ministrations in the cradle. She tosses me a bottle of lotion once I've scraped myself doubly naked under her smirking gaze. It's clear my deviance exceeds all reason. Sick exhibitionism has my impatient erection pulsating with adamant demand well before I'm finally rubbing that soothing cream into the stingingly stripped skin of my pubis. What I'd give to drizzle more all over that burning prong of urgency and jerk-jerk-jerk...

"Don't even consider it, bitch."

Mistress always reads me so effortlessly.

"You haven't even begun to earn a bugging yet, much less the chance to humiliatingly spew yourself for me. Put your new panties on, since you're not about to thank me for them. No, too late, ingrate. Don't speak; do it now. It's high time you graduated from just fondling and humping my lingerie. Time to emerge from beguiling dreams into lurid reality, my succulently seductive, superbly subservient, twisted little sissy slut-boy."

Gulp! This is all happening so fast, and it's nothing I've ever considered, much less dreamed about. Nevertheless, fresh off the humiliated thrill of supervised shaving, stepping into those panties and pulling them up my still tingling legs nearly makes me swoon.

Blood flooding one head or another, the sense of coercion or some dreadful foreshadowing – whatever the reason, this doesn't result in any lessening of my erection. Quite the contrary. Modest as it is, this is obviously never going to fit inside. Without instructions from Amy I manage to unlace that opening to allow both prick and my bare balls to protrude through. Nodding a commendation that thrills me silly, Mistress picks up a pair of my handcuffs.

“Lovely, my delectable young lad, my timid slip of a wimp. Just look at you! So slender, so shallow in the chest and narrow in the shoulders; no flab anywhere yet truly minimal muscular development – you’re going to be just such a mouthwateringly vulnerable and so exceedingly fuckable little she-male when I’m finished with you. Get out here now and sit down in this chair – right by the window there, where the whole street can see and the light is the brightest. You may not have been dreaming of this moment all your life but I certainly have.”

The chair is a simple straight-backed variety, armless and un-cushioned. I dare a hopeless impertinence as I sit down in it.

“What have you been dreaming about, Mistress?”

“Giving you a makeover, silly, at least to begin with.”

Amy cuffs my hands in back, securing me to the chair. Now I am at her mercy again. There is no safe word. Her voice fills with visionary vivacity.

“What girl doesn’t want to play dress-up, and trowel cosmetics all over her pliable baby brother? And what could be more fiendish fun than coerced transvestitism? The only reason I haven’t indulged in these delights until now was because you were too young, and this was never going to be just a childish fancy. Better to let your boyhood be unambiguous, so your eventual emasculation is so much more demoralizing. And far better to wait until your failure as a male is unmistakable, even to you, before beginning your permanent, always-destined if forced feminization. Now be quiet slut-boy while I enjoy this adventure to the very fullest!”

I certainly have plenty to silently think about as Amy pulls another chair up next to mine and plugs in an extension cord. From that shopping bag she withdraws a portable music player and hair curler. Both are powered up, and while the latter heats Amy sets the former to blaring some pop music, mindless drivel that’s anathema to anybody but dance-crazed teenage girls. Knowing she’s torturing me aurally worse than any medieval rack could manage, my epitome-of-femininity soul-owner grins smugly before going to work on me with her hairbrush.

Rather than spank me as I’d far prefer, Amy merely draws those bristles through the mousy brown locks I’ve never been allowed to cut. After forever trimming only the ends, this is almost waist-length by now – the better for inventive bondage of course. Still I have to wonder how long the planning for this transformation has been going on. And how involved were our moms?

Perhaps it’s safer not to guess. Humming happily and even singing along at times, Amy pulls all that hair up into a knot at the top of my head before letting it cascade down the back in a ponytail – the signature style of Arianna Grande, the teenybopper performer currently assaulting our ears. Then using that hot curling iron she styles that entire horsetail into tight ringlets that she decorates at the ends with colored beads. Giggling often with delight, Amy finally begins to drop comments when she pulls a makeup kit from that bag and starts transforming me in earnest.

“Soon you’ll be doing all this for yourself. Every morning, slut-boy. I’ll leave the kit, so study how on-line. Right now I’m just having too much fun. Your face is fine-boned enough to pass for a girl’s, which is good. Who wants to fuck an obvious fag in drag? No one I hang out with. Hold still now! Squirm and I’ll stomp your nuts flat. We’re just getting to the good part.”

Wielding some little tweezing-tool, Amy begins to re-shape my eyebrows. I’m turning over the permanence of this when she casually describes deciding to make me a platinum blonde soon rather than dye my long hair a more exotic shade. Each painful little pluck at my brow seems to excise a bit more of my autonomy with it, and it is this sense of victimization that arouses me throughout the beginning of my systematic emasculation, not any natural affinity for the feminine. Humiliation, domination and helplessness keep me achingly erect and breathing heavily even when Amy finally proceeds to ‘trowel on’ the cosmetics – and for well thereafter.

It must be close to an hour that the divine sculptor spends daubing, drawing, brushing and painting upon the timid living clay of my face. By the time my supreme being finishes by thickly lacquering my lips up the same glistening, labial pink as my panties, the Amy-created new me is practically unrecognizable.

Good thing, since undoing such extensive changes could be nearly impossible. As if to ensure this, Amy follows by painting all twenty of my finger and toenails the same blazing shade. Blowing my toes dry, she laughs with satisfaction.

“Next visit we’ll pierce your ears. Until then I brought some clip-on’s and other cheap costume stuff. Let’s get you all beautifully bejeweled. Then we’ll finish the cross-dressing!”

Soon heavy pendants swing from my pinched lobes. Rings adorn my fingers and bracelets jingle against the cuffs securing my wrists. A wide choker suspends a gaudy fake opal in the hollow of my throat. Then Mistress Amy delves in that bag again.

“Lift your left leg up, slutty. Time for some shockingly pink stockings!”

These honestly do feel incredibly sexy clinging to my just-shaved thighs. When Amy forces my feet into shiny red, pointy-toed shoes with three-inch spike heels however I can’t help but give a whimper. She laughs more sadistically than before.

“Get used to it, bitch. These are easy ones, chosen for training.

“If fashion demands that women torture themselves to look attractive, then that goes a hundred-fold for sissy she-males.” Smugly trusting that I can’t run away screaming, Mistress Amy removes the handcuffs. “Now stand up and find your balance. Move about a bit. Don’t worry, we’ll have you tied back up soon enough.”

Indeed. But the cuffs aren’t reapplied until my relentless feminization includes a girdle pulled so tight I can scarcely breathe, garters connecting this to my stockings, a matching brassiere and gauzy little gown over all that stops just past my armpits and panty-clad ass. And rather than bind my wrists, Amy uses those manacles to cuff my elbows together behind me, leaving my hands groping about free if awkwardly. This also bows my socket-straining shoulders painfully while thrusting my flat little boy-tits forward. Clothespins pinched onto my nipples then tent out the empty cups of my bra.

“Estrogen!” Amy grins. “I’ll get you on a regimen soon enough.” With that cryptic threat she suddenly grabs my panties and viciously wedgies me, nearly toppling me from my teetering.

This is why she bought me sturdy nylon.

After breathlessly yanking, bouncing and wrenching-suspending me by the crack of my ass (and blessedly savaging my protruding genitalia too), Amy hooks that deeply-wedged fabric through my bra strap by way of an elastic cord woven into my ponytail. The effect of this is to enforce an even more upright posture, with a ramrod-straight spine and chin held proudly high.

Instead of my complicated ball-gag I’m fitted with a simple metal ring on a single strap, so the only threat to my cosmetics is the drool that soon begins to overspill my lower lip. Still this can be fetching in an acknowledged cocksucker. Once my (already sore) ankles are shackled by a short hobbling chain, forcing me to mince about in tiny steps, Mistress finally considers me enticing enough to want to beat and fuck. Unfortunately these are joys I still haven’t earned.

“Now sissy Billy, we both know you aspire to spend your entire life in bondage. Yet that doesn’t free you from other obligations. Let’s see how you do at restrained maid’s work.

“We’re going to have quite a big place soon and you’ll need some serious training before you’re liable to be able to keep up with all of your chores. Hell, just look around here, you slovenly little slut. Why didn’t you anticipate my visit by cleaning house? There will be no carnal pleasures for you until this entire pigsty is straightened up low and high!”

She's not joking. Clean house? I can barely move without falling over. Still Amy is delving in that bag again. And this time she comes up with what looks like a fireplace-style butane lighter – at least until she touches it to my tender, up-questing tip.

YOWCH!

A spark flares; a puff of smoke wafts up and electric agony galvanizes me. Before she can shock me again I mince carefully to the closest dirty shirt, squat on trembling legs, feel around until I can pick it up, then somehow fight my way back to spike-heeled upright. This alone seems heroically laudable. Still Amy shocks me twice more before I make it over to the laundry basket. Meanwhile practically half the clothes I own remain scattered across the floor.

So the afternoon creeps torturously by: painstaking drudgery regularly interrupted by sizzling jolts of current. I'd never manage to finish such an Augean job even without all the constant shocking. Luckily Mistress is too excited by this latest, long-anticipated culmination to keep up the active harassment. She finally sprawls sideways on my bed, reaches under her miniskirt and falls to masturbating while watching me work. And as much as I'd love to ogle that incredible spectacle in return, the opportunity to clean without interference is just too priceless to waste. Even when she escalates to using that big dildo on herself I try to keep my peeking to a minimum. Her wild cries are arousing enough and I'll never get fucked if I don't finish up. As it is, I'm still laboriously cleaning the toilet when Amy finally runs out of patience.

"Okay, filthy. You got to see me playing with myself. Now it's my turn to watch you.

"Of course I've been watching you masturbate daily over the cameras hidden in my wardrobe ever since I left for school – all my friends have too. But now you're going to perform in person right in front of me. So get out here and settle yourself on the bed. For taking to your irrevocable feminization so graciously, for not fussing, despairing or resisting destiny, I'm going to allow you an orgasm."

Mistress Amy un-cuffs my elbows. I'm still gaping at this revelation about cameras and friends when I see her reposition the phone she's been using to record video of me all day long! How did I not notice, and how does this change things now?

Naturally the answer to that last question is not at all, at least in regard to the needs of obedience. Face flaming, cock throbbing ever harder, I mince over and take Amy's place sitting sexily on the bed. Still I hesitate before her relishing grin, imagining the public ignominy both preceding and proceeding from this watershed evening.

"Go on, bitch! Use it before you lose it. I'm within my rights as your owner to take that filthy toy away at any time. Test me too much and I promise I will."

Why does this hideous (and all too credible) threat suddenly ignite my foundational shame-guilt-lust like little else yet? Am I already acknowledging the inevitability of that ultimate emasculation? Let's just assume I'm still hooked on the thrill of my gorgeous older cousin-playmate-babysitter dominating me and hopefully leave it at that. Set aside the unsettling fact that it takes me immeasurably less time than ever before between gripping on and spouting out under Amy's supremely scornful patter and gaze.

"That's right, jerk yourself slut-boy, filthy little deviant with all your inner wires crossed. Simper for the camera and all your fans. Now stare at your luscious big sister's titties. Wouldn't you love to suckle these nipples? Pump your pathetic nub through that sweet ripe cleavage?

"Sorry, bitch! Wank your teeny crank and obsess on me fucking your ass instead! That's right... Faster slut...come on you twisted sissy... There you go! Coming, isn't it? I can tell. Bend it down at me! Catch it in your other hand now...that's right: spurt it all out into your palm: first issue as a brand new she-male! Don't lose a vile drop. Good girl. Now smear it all on here."

While I've been shamelessly jacking for owner and camera, that sister-mistress has removed her miniskirt. Over a skimpy scarlet g-string she's strapped on her own eager cock. Now she looms up and thrusts that magnificently proportioned organ upon me. Before she can jam her way into my spit-dripping suck-hole I wipe that palm full of spunk off onto the realistically contoured head. That's all my blessed bugger-lover is waiting for.

"Slurp that up and lube me too, you!"

The giant ring gagging me is barely big enough for her prick to fit through. At least I don't have to wear my incriminating slime smeared all over my face all day. And thankfully I don't have to wait long for my *real* reward either. After ingesting that disgusting mess I only endure Amy plunging my gullet until that big hard prick has picked up a viscous coating of spit. Then she pulls out, rolls me over, tugs the bunched panties from my crack and stabs that glorious boner exultantly home.

Oh it was all so worth it! Sister-mistress Amy fucks me until she comes not once or twice but thrice. In fact she keeps ram-reaming me so long and so deeply that the only reason I too don't spew a second time is that I've been a naughtier little slut-boy than I've dared to let on.

Of course trying to conceal guilt from my owner, who knows me better than I do myself due to how long she's been deliberately molding me, is always going to be futile. Panting in gloating aftermath, her breathy voice tickles my ear. She's lying atop me; only that mesh shirt and my gauzy gown separate the skin of my back from the heavenly breasts mashed against me.

"You cheated on me, filthy Billy. You jerked yourself off without authorization this week. Otherwise you'd have spewed again. You just couldn't wait for me, could you? Admit it now and I'll go easy this time."

"I'm sorry, Mistress." Amy's weight makes it difficult to breathe or speak. Still rammed to the balls in my ass, her cock makes it impossible to lie or defy her. "I couldn't help myself."

"Well, you're going to get my belt *and* a paddling for that."

"Thank you, beloved goddess. It's the least I deserve."

"Agreed. And since it's clear discipline doesn't deter you, I'm going to offer a different incentive. Obey my standing masturbatory decree and next time in lieu of paddling I'll pull your pudding for you. I'll take matters into my own expert hands and empty your woefully bloated-up balls myself. Would you enjoy that enormous honor, baby brother?"

"That would be the best thing to ever happen to me – aside from becoming your butt-bitch of course. I could just take your fabulous cock around the clock."

Mistress Amy giggles. "Sounds like I need to recruit some proxies then. Hear that everyone? Well, let's get you whipped and paddled good so you can finish cleaning up in here before I go and post all this latest video. Then we'll see how well you can hold out for me!"

Never do either of us suggest that I might not let her back inside. How could I even dream it? The prospect of a hand-job makes even being turned into a transvestite seem a cheap price to pay for this new life of intimacy with my deity. That's not to say however, that it makes abstaining any easier, or even more possible.

Despite (wildly arousing) appearances, I'm still an adolescent male after all. Just catching a chance glimpse of my slutty new persona shames me into hardness nearly every time. Bathing, shaving, reapplying my makeup and donning both lingerie and shoes every morning while imagining Amy's approval-coercion is downright maddening. How am I supposed to last the entire five days until she returns? She should have left a camera on me, even established comprehensive electronic surveillance in order to stiffen my spine (along with that insistent vestigial manhood). Luckily it seems my soul-owner is a forgiving deity – at least initially.

Amy doesn't even question me when I let her eagerly inside, all dolled up just as she'd left me. Perhaps my eye-shadow is a bit more flamboyantly applied. In any event she exchanges my shoes for new ones with locking buckles securing the straps and considerably higher heels. And in the process my possessor sits me right down in front of both her recording phone and the street-side window again to begin what promises to be some unsettlingly extensive body modification.

Mistress had mentioned piercing my ears. She'd said nothing about doing each one in four separate places, or about performing each puncture without anesthesia of any kind. Neither had she mentioned my belly button, or let on that both of my nipples would also be pierced twice, to accommodate crossing studs handy for any masochistic bondage fanatic.

The fact that my genitals are so far spared is slim comfort under each slow stab of that needle. Nor should it be. The next needle my modifier wields progresses from simple impalement to the meticulous injection of pigment. As skilled with a tattoo gun as her makeup brushes, restraints, stiff prick and many implements of discipline, Amy seeks neither my opinion nor permission as she changes me more indelibly than ever. Using fancy script inside an ornate heart-shaped border she inscribes what is obviously my also newly-modified name, right on the side of my neck for everyone to see: Filthy Billie. Then within a simple rectangle on my flank, as starkly labeled as livestock, I'm declared 'Slave of Mistress Amy'.

"There we go, my sexy little sissy-sister. Let no one ever mistake you as available except through my agency. Now, I'm leaving this big jar of titty-growth pills with you. Take one every morning and night, my soon-to-be burgeoning she-male."

I'm still wondering what else taking female hormones might do to me when Amy breezily proceeds to more immediate alterations.

"I see you've cleaned up this time. That's good. That means we can concentrate on other aspects of your training. Let's get your ankles and elbows cuffed together so we can begin."

This time I'm incessantly shocked and whipped not just to keep me diligent but to enforce straightforward behavioral modification.

Just moving functionally about while transformed and shackled isn't sufficient anymore. Any affectation, mannerism, body positioning or carriage, whether in movement or at rest that my owner considers insufficiently 'sissy' is punished with swift agony. Mistress is insistent that no one must suspect my erroneous born sex without a direct genital inspection. And of course all the while I'm attempting to slink and sway, simper and vamp and adopt the sluttiest posture possible, her phone is avidly recording me.

Despite the pain of two fresh tattoos and a baker's dozen of piercings, I'm forced to establish and practice this new daily training routine long past the point of exhaustion. Still my delightfully cruel owner appears to assume our agreement from before remains viable. Finally deciding she's eradicated enough of my manhood for this visit, Amy has me once again settle sexily sideways on my bed. Then she actually sits next to me, pulling on a pair of white latex surgical gloves.

"You've been quite a good girl today, Filthy Billie. You continue to accept destiny without protesting. Are you ready for your promised testosterone emptying?"

"Absolutely, my beloved cousin. Will you truly lay your sainted hands on me?"

"In a manner of speaking. Lie back upon these pillows."

Inclined by about a quarter, my cuffed arms contorted and cushioned both, I moan in near-delirium the instant my owner's rubber-gloved fist grips me. When she begins squeeze-pumping deliberately I cry out uncontainable exaltation.

The only reason I don't squirt immediately is that I'm guilty, guilty, guilty. Mistress Amy knows this of course. No doubt everything occurring remains as choreographed as any pansy-ass ballet. Her skills and manipulations wring whatever she needs from me easily.

"You ought to be ejaculating uncontrollably, Filthy Billie. This is the first time anyone's ever caressed this embarrassment to maleness but you, my terminally virginal little loser. How could you ever withstand the stimulation? Remember, I've watched you beat this mini-meat a million times. I know your rhythms, your facial expressions, every little squirm and blush. Beyond the tone of your moaning, the way you're breathing so heavily but not clenching your wedgie is a dead giveaway to me."

Oh that featureless smoothness feels so sublime as it picks up speed! Lovely firmness encased in latex wrenches the confession out of me.

"Forgive me, Mistress Amy! I couldn't help but cheat again! Everything you've been doing to me turns me on so wildly! I'm pathetically weak and sinful beyond description."

"Perhaps instead of offering incentive this time, I should punish you in the worst way imaginable – by withholding your pegging. How'd you like me to leave here without satisfying the needs of my own ungovernably greedy penis?"

"Please, no! Oh Goddess I'm so sorry! Anything but that!"

Mistress' expert rhythm is accelerating still. Now I'm writhing and clenching and lifting my hips up involuntarily. I'm swamped by the memory of her drilling me so brutally into the bed, lunging and plunging ever deeper-harder-faster... Oh Goddess, I'm seconds away from spouting!

"Very well, darling. You will still get fucked this evening. I will even keep my promise to empty you out. Too much boy-juice buildup breeds rebellion when what you need is endless amounts of estrogen. But you will forfeit actual orgasm until I can trust you!"

How well does Amy read my every reaction? So precisely that she can control my bodily responses to an astounding degree. Just as I'm on the hair-trigger brink of ejaculating, my prescient deity snatches away her madly-jacking hand to hold up her camera.

Too late/too soon/too late/too soon what the fuck!? Oh, oh, oh...no! What is this? I'm not coming yet somehow I still am!

Though my raging-red erection slumps a bit and twitches erratically, spasming like a dowsing rod, the semen being released doesn't pump forcefully forth from me but only overflows its hole and drizzles out. It's like a gentle upwelling of lava compared the usual explosive volcano. Believe it possible or not, I'm somehow being relieved of my genetic material without the ageless reward of orgasm!

It's the creepiest sensation ever, the living definition of 'anticlimactic'.

Unexpended primal energy trapped within me makes me toss my groaning head and writhe against my shackles. So much hotly pulsing excitement ready to peak is only slowly leached away, feeling like lifeblood leaking from a wound as it goes. Finally the testosterone draining stops, leaving me lying there in a whimpering and confused lassitude. I'm empty all right: the contents of my balls are now pooled in Amy's white-gloved palm. What the fuck just happened?

"That's called a ruined orgasm, slut-boy. After all, there's more than one way to drain a disobedient she-male. Just as there are endless ways to fuck one as well.

"I'm still taking my time enjoying doing you from behind. The day you get to look me in the face while we fuck is a ways away just yet – especially while you keep cheating on me. So here: lick up all this despicable sperm, sissy. Ingest every slimy cell. Savor it like the insatiable little spew-vacuum you are. Then roll your slutty ass over for me!"

*

Elbows cuffed back, shackled ankles crossed, bracing knees spread wide, bum cocked up invitingly high, my chafed face pressed to the bed like a tripod's unreliable leg, I wallow unreservedly in the purest expression of my existence then. And again former babysitter Amy makes everything she's taken from me worth it a hundred times over. Indeed each time she finishes one of these 'training visits' by bitch-buggering me to weeping limping sissy-jelly it merely leaves me more desperate for the next emasculation session.

I have to confess there's a new compulsion complicating things too though. And once again it's something I could never have foreseen.

Who could expect to be so affected by such an arcane effect? I don't know why it keeps me up nights (and drives me to repeatedly cheat) but the way Amy denied me the relief-ecstasy of climaxing preys on me. It's like each sensory-emotional excess compels a compensatory sexual concession. Though such a progression cannot possibly end well for me, I continue to commit the necessary treachery.

After three more visits I'm a stunning platinum blonde. My nicely-growing nails have lovely acrylic extensions and my misguided 'boy clothes' are all gone. These have been donated and replaced by a rapidly expanding wardrobe of the most outrageous lingerie available. I've learned to mince and slink like the sleaziest minx, even with only eight inches of chain linking my six-inch stiletto heels. Cuffed elbows hooked directly to the back of my panties keep me perpetually wedged, while those bowed shoulders thrust my also nicely-growing, tender-to-the-touch titties proudly forward, their nipple-pierced newness mutely begging for abuse.

Of course by now I have to hide inside, marked out by more than just those freshly swelling breasts. Voluntary or not, the stigma associated with my transition is severe enough to make me eschew all society but my (naturally celebratory) family. Yet this isolation serves as a good transition to the approaching future where I will soon disappear into Amy's demesne entirely, seeing only those of whom she approves for me.

Anyway, unsettling as all this is, the way my divine owner always pegs me at the end of each visit keeps me reliably pining for more. Yet now this competes with my bizarre new need to repeat that feeling of my climax being denied me. Not only do I keep cheating between visits in order to earn this 'ruining', I begin trying to time my own onanism to produce the same effect. Finally Mistress Amy runs out of indulgence.

The moment she arrives for our latest visit – one I've been anticipating particularly rabidly – my alluring close kin scowls knowingly at me.

"You still couldn't stay chaste for me. Could you Filthy Billie? Knowing that today's training involves finally seeing and maybe even tongue-touching my sacred center drove you to cheat on me yet again. You continue to test me. What am I going to with you?"

Guilt has my remnant boyiness saluting her power over me so fiercely!

"Whatever you must, Mistress. Whatever you have planned for me anyway. I'm in no position or of any inclination to resist divine justice."

Amy is smirking at me. This look is so knee-weakening in her imperiously superior beauty!

"Very well, baby brother. In that case we will institute two huge new changes for you today rather than just one.

"I suppose it makes sense that we hurry matters along. Incurable cheating aside, your transformation has actually been going more smoothly than expected – rather like the renovations to our future home.

“These are very nearly complete – those to the master bedroom and bathroom both. With that in mind, put on and lock in your ring-gag. Then turn around for your usual wedgie-ass-to-elbows-and-ankle shackling. Then you will daintily precede me in to the bathtub. Your primitive facilities should at least suffice for this type of training.”

I actually love my admittedly ancient claw-foot tub.

It’s deep enough for me to fully submerge, or even for a couple to crowd into, if say, the option ever arose. Still I’m a bit mystified at being directed to clamber my way into this while still wearing my locked-on stiletto heels and painstakingly made-up and coiffed, jewelry-laden and perfumed, elaborately lingerie-clad slut-boy costume. Once I clumsily achieve a kneeling squat in the bottom (my anomalous stub still plaintively straining), Mistress’ nimble booted bound up onto the high rounded rims makes a mockery of my bondage. Catching her balance effortlessly straddling me, my cousin grins seductively down.

Wearing only a skin-clinging mini-dress of latex patterned to match her alligator-skin boots, Mistress has hiked this up to splay herself wide. Perched there bare inches away she displays that sainted center to me in its mouthwatering entirety for the very first time, just as promised.

Oh heavenly femininity, what a glorious vision of the sacred center!

Could there be a more perfect pussy? And yet from my subordinate perspective here cowering beneath her towering, it’s also impossible to miss the obvious, bowling-ball bulging above that sublimely sculpted vulva. It’s like that entire abdomen, usually so slim, is bloated up from bingeing on coffee, beer and watermelon, in the immortal lament of Homer Simpson.

A staggered horror-lust-shame-subjugation-compulsion begins to dawn as my omnipotent sister-mistress slowly, significantly strokes this gross distension. Admirably ambidextrous, her other hand smooths back my brow.

“I see you perceive why you’re finally being permitted to see the holiest part of me, my worshipful subject. If I am truly your goddess, then baptism is woefully overdue. And if your persistent sinning indicates anything beyond unforgivably treasonous indiscipline, it’s that my simpering little creation is still far too butch to exist as a proper she-male.

“If I must continue to drain off your testosterone, then we also need to supplement your daily intake of female hormones. Luckily these are present in not insignificant amounts in a mature and fertile woman’s urine. This is an all-natural blessing your revered goddess is only too delighted to provide for you. So, my indescribably Filthy Billie, from now on you are in training to become my own personal mobile commode. I’ll leave you to discover yet how my home suite design incorporates all kinds of exciting bondage possibilities with this and your more onerous new ‘duties’. Suffice to say now that at all other times I’ll require you forever standing handy, ready for relieving and/or cleaning me wherever I feel the briefest need to excrete.

“If I call out for my ‘toilet-slut’ you will hurry eagerly over. You will kneel thus reverently before me and open up to imbibe my sacramental chrism, my dewy heavenly nectar. Or if it’s crudity you prefer, your gullet will henceforth serve as my sewer. Your tongue is now my tissue paper and all-around cunny-and-bung scrubber. And to quickly instill fastidiousness while you’re still in your own sty, every bit of swill you spill, you will wear until it dries. So my little piggy, school yourself now in swallowing my pee as swiftly as you did my big erect weenie.”

The palm stroking my brow suddenly presses my forehead firmly back. She’s tipping my ring-gagged gape up to receive her sacrament. I’m still ricocheting between horrified incredulous revulsion and exalting degraded shame-lust when my mother’s twin’s older daughter squats down lower. She thrusts her smooth-shaven pubis upon me until we’re sealed up hole-to-hole. My head is clamped fast in a two-handed hold. Her last warning gloats over a groan.

“Ooooooooh, I’ve been holding this all in for soooooooo long! Four large lattes since this morning have filled me with more than just caffeine, baby! Once these floodgates open I’m going to be sluicing into you all afternoon, and most of the evening too. Ready yourself, sewer-slut. Hold your breath and open your throat or it’s inevitably going to overflow.”

Of course it does just so.

Despite so much seduction-instruction I’m still unprepared for the staggering actuality of all that hot and frothy, salty-stinging acidic nastiness sizzling into me. Eyes suddenly streaming from the ammonia that invades my sinuses, I panic and fail to follow instructions.

Rather than relax, stopper my epiglottis and let my gullet serve as a funnel, I try to swallow in gulps. Of course this only makes me choke and overflow, just as foretold. My inconvenienced owner has to break our seal and rise up a bit. She has to messily expel most of her waste in a drenching golden spray that thoroughly scourges my guilty-ashamed-already-horny-hot face. It’s sadly near the end before I can catch my breath, align my gape again and accept the last pint or so of my deity’s initial christening.

Even that much noxiousness swirling down inside and sloshing around my belly makes me want to vomit. And since I failed my baptismal miserably I’m not allowed to lick Mistress clean. Instead she bends me over the sloping end of the tub and canes me mercilessly. Then as threatened I spend the interval until she’s ready to pee again practicing all my old training rituals, from cleaning house in bondage to massaging her feet to humbly sucking her cock, all while hideously stinky and soiled with her urine drying into my hair and lingerie and skin.

An hour or so later I do much better. Only a middling runnel of overflow floods down my neck and between my freshly-welted breasts. It’s enough to earn me another caning of course, and still the prize at the end is withheld. But by my third attempt to become a proper sewer-slut I finally overcome my body’s instinctive revulsion enough to master the task at hand.

“Wonderful, voiding boy! Finally not a hint of spillage! By the end of this evening I’ll be able to trust using you anywhere, no surface or circumstance too risky. And now you get your reward! Lick me good and clean, blessed bitch. Use that beautifully versatile toiletry tool to tidy up any errant drips. Just don’t you dare to penetrate me! No part of Filthy Billie will ever know the lusciously welcoming warmth of the inside of a woman. Instead once you’ve finished I will drain you of your own unneeded fluid. I bet that puny bit of vestigial sin is again sticking up like the worst kind of slut-affront.”

On the contrary!

It’s raging urgently in the most fervent homage to its owner. It proffers strident testimony to how wildly this latest honor/success has aroused me even before I get to lap and slather the last foul taint from her. Just to touch Amy’s sacred center with my tongue, to say nothing of hearing her moan in response makes me giddy with holy rapture. By the time I’m finished that accusatory stiffness declaims that I’ve already come to crave my owner peeing in me despite the terrible taste, smell and upset to my system. Perhaps in recognition of this Mistress Amy is quick to keep her promise once again.

She sits me right down in the empty tub, slouched back against that slope with my cuffed elbows trapped underneath and my hands poking out to wriggle uselessly by my sides. Then my legs are doubled all the way up so that my shackled ankles can be chained above and behind my head. Already gloved up, Amy grins at my contorted form and insistent sinfulness. Rather than grab that maddened piggy-spigot and jack it so expertly though, she lubes her first two fingers and jams them up my ass.

Normally I'd be the last to complain about that, especially when she begins massaging my prostate. But how is this supposed to...?

Mistress quells my mutely quivering query with a quirky little wink.

"Patience, slut-boy. We'll get that useless slime out of you. Then you'll learn the *true* benefits of this clever new emptying method."

This time my raging remnant doesn't get handled at all.

Merely by rubbing relentlessly on my g-spot, with those two fingers from the inside and an occasional external thumb on the perineum, Amy somehow eventually coaxes all the come in me to rise up and dribble out onto my belly even without any erectile twitching.

'Milking' me as she calls this proves even more demeaning, weakening and maddeningly anti-climactic than having my orgasm ruined. Again I can only weep and writhe uselessly as my iron-hard urgency slumps into meekly defeated flaccidly without ever getting pleased.

Weirdly compelling as this emptying is, neither such exquisite victimization nor the required anal violation can be the 'true' benefit Mistress mentioned. This becomes clear once she finishes smearing my semen all over my ring-gagged features – from which her scalding pressure-wash has scoured much of the makeup. Still handling my so-called manhood with hygienic gloves, my blindly-worshipped sister-mistress smugly fits a chastity device over my genitals and locks it on. She adds the tiny key to several others that jingle on a charm bracelet.

"There: that's what I call divine justice!"

"I said there would be no unearned penile pleasures for my she-male slave and I meant it. Regular jizz-milking will suffice for the likes of you until I decide otherwise. Filthy weak cheater, your naughty erections are heretofore as forfeit as your orgasms! From now on you live only to satisfy and provide mine!"

Lording over my horror, Mistress Amy straps that prick right on. She puts a folded towel down to protect her knees. Then she climbs into the tub with me, pulling the top of her dress down too so that those incredible breasts pop free. Then finally after weeks of teasing my beloved older cousin fucks me face to face: another promise faithfully and wondrously kept.

The way those tits dangle and dance only inches above my eyes is mesmerizing. The inverted angle at which she spears into me makes for an intensely thrilling novelty. Best of all though is looking my defiler in the face as she has her lusty way with me.

Every smirk acknowledging her dominance is an acute humiliation thrill. Every glimmer of affection sets off a sunburst of breast-swelling love-warmth. Most potent of all though is the way every least evidence of arousal in my sister-mistress magnifies my own unimaginably.

Being the source of her sexual pleasure fills me with an exaltation that enhances every least sight and sensation more keenly than I could have possibly dreamed. Getting to gaze openly upon my goddess' glory while she screams out savagely sadistic ecstasy at the orgasmic peak of her man-damning ass-hammering of me is so spectacularly validating I could almost ignore the fact that my own climactic capacity has just been so cruelly curtailed. Alas the exquisite pain in my stunted runt-stub as that confining cock-cage kills every fresh attempt to erect will never let me forget my original sin.

Being so in lust with my cousin justifies suffering her unlimited punishment. So it is that when Amy follows fucking me by tying me up into an even more contorted knot and leaving me all stinky and chilly in the tub to serve as her urinal while she drinks beer after beer and busies herself with my computer all night, I spend the cramped, miserable interludes between piss-swilling belly-swells relentlessly testing that chastity device.

Erections are reflexive wherever bonds are involved. And my devotion to my soul-owner knows no bounds. How to describe my feelings when Mistress finishes such an extraordinarily transformative evening by implying that my time for escaping her ultimate claiming of me is indeed fleeting?

“Enjoy the next fortnight, toilet-boy!

“My key and I will be away for awhile, finalizing things with the fabulously talented interior decorators who are busily readying our prospective sex-heaven. I won’t see you for nearly two weeks probably. Then for my final visit before you move into my bedroom forever we’ll find out just how much of a shamelessly insatiable slut you *truly* are!”

Yikes. Sorting out my dueling emotions, assigning each their relative sway while weighing their various valence variances is a fantastically tricky task. Tackling this over the ensuing sleepless evenings is made all the more ‘hard’ by the deranging effects of that chastity device.

Promises be damned. Never have I had to go more than a couple of days without jerking off. Now it’s cold turkey time. Imagine a crack addict trying to do advanced mathematics. That’s me fondling my caged pain as day after celibate day drags by while I try tallying up losses and blessings both ahead and behind.

Each visit Amy eradicates more of the former me. Yet each time her pegging gets so much more rewarding! How much worse-but-better could things eventually get? How much more extreme? And will I be able to endure that worst once I have no other option? For that matter, what’s with all the video Amy keeps taking of each stage of my transformation? She makes it sound like all these friends of hers are busy turning me into an internet celebrity. I don’t dare go online to find out. I have all I can grapple with wondering whether I’ll ever be allowed to have an orgasm (ruined or otherwise) or even an unfettered erection again. This fucking cage is driving me crazy! What if I have to put up with such torturous impotence forever?

By the time I’m nearing a week of chastity I’m entertaining heretical thoughts.

To heck with locking the door. I could buy a bus ticket and flee across the country. Stop at a machine shop to free my cock...cut my hair and fingernails, score some cheap clothes... I could use whatever money I have left buying hookers to fuck until I forget all about my beguiling cousin, my butt-fucking, gullet-pissing, diaper-changing sister-mistress. Start life over again...

Even flirting with such apostasy makes my gut churn guiltily.

Squirming to the pit of my traitorous soul, penis screaming unceasingly, I dig out Mistress’ cock and try to relieve my frenzy by sissy-masturbating for the first time. Of course this only torments me more. Driven to extremity already, suspecting that my owner will emasculate me utterly in the end regardless (while accepting my inability to ever leave her anyway), my weakness arrives at a fatalistic compromise.

Let me at least experience this brief week of ejaculatory ability.

Use it before you lose it, my goddess recently advised me. Contemplating ultimatums, maddened by frustration to a desperate inventiveness (and aided by my tiny size), I have to try. First I use an ice pack to shrivel my genitalia into the most extreme state of retreat. Then a generous lubing with vegetable oil and a high tolerance for agony somehow enable me to squeeEEEEze-slip free of that accursed cage. Whew!

So how many times over those brief remaining days do I work my filthy sissy-piggy into squirting? How intensely does the fear of my owner’s censure for slipping free of her fetter add piquancy to the usual shame-guilt-lust thrill of flailing that mini-male-failure? Goddess no doubt knows. Omniscient as she is omnipotent, I’m sure she’s also going to make me pay for it all.

*

“Well, now! Look at this beautifully turned-out teenage she-male, one who’s clearly eager for the last big challenge of her transition!

“Makeup, lingerie, jewelry; hairstyle, fingernails and eyebrows all seem perfect. And those sissy-titties have grown appreciably in only two short weeks. Mmmmmm... I like that fruity perfume. No panties, just as directed. You’re moving on from wedgies, dear. And of course no butch behavior or male mannerisms of any kind. But what’s with this filthy little piggy sticking so offensively up? I thought I had forbidden any erections, and taken steps to prevent them.”

“I’m abysmally sorry, my gorgeous goddess.”

My guilty squirming has a distinctly coquettish quality in all my outrageous costuming, on my painfully high heels. Oh, she looks so hot, all buffed up and with her hair braided back!

“I have no excuse to offer you, ma’am. I freely admit that I’m the most despicable sinner in existence. My weakness made me cheat on you worse than ever before.”

I wait with lowered gaze, upright self-damnation and bated breath for Mistress Amy to decree my man-doom. Her words are hardly heartening.

“Then as your owner I must punish you worse than ever – not to mention take far more effective corrective measures. That’s no problem. Your goddess can easily provide – that and so much more. On your knees, sewer-slut. Your beautiful, bladder-full deity needs relieving.”

At least she doesn’t seem to be angry with me. And when I treasure every drop of her sizzingly acidic liquid gold, my smug piss-mistress actually smiles benignly. Even more astonishingly, she proceeds to strip down completely. For the first time ever my divine ‘big sister’ is getting totally nude right in front of me! What kind of absurd punishment could this be?

“Punishment comes later, my eternal personal property. This final training session is all about incredible sex. So let’s get my succulent young cousin all trussed up like a proper genital receptacle.”

As always Amy begins by cuffing my elbows tightly together behind me, bowing my shoulders so that my silver-studded tits stick invitingly out.

Once I’ve knelt in the center of my narrow little bed, facing the rest of the apartment, she spreads my stilettos out wide and cuffs each ankle to the frame on either side. After tying a sturdy rope to the short chain linking my elbows, Mistress tosses this over a pipe running conveniently just below the ceiling. By pulling this taut and tying it off, she secures me hanging helplessly tipped over forward.

I’m suspended between splayed knees and strained shoulder sockets, with both orifices optimally positioned for penetrating. In goes the ring-gag, while a tube of lube is tossed onto the thin hard mattress behind me. Oh, if only my goddess could miraculously separate herself into identical twins, like our equally hot moms! Together they could dominate me twice as humiliatingly excitingly!

Alas it doesn’t take long for me to learn the opposite impends – not two goddesses to fuck the lucky slut but none. Rather than go to the drawer for her cock, Amy goes to the closet.

She spreads a thick down comforter on the floor and adds a pile of pillows. When next my naked Mistress picks up her phone I expect her to just continue recording my training. Only this time she appears to send a text message first. Because by the time she finishes re-positioning it, the door across from me is suddenly crashing open. Three large men barge in, laughing and clapping. In my appalled shock-panic all I can guess is that these must be the ‘friends’ Mistress keeps referencing. Swiftly she disabuses me.

“Filthy Billie, I’d like you to meet Eric, the contractor who did such perfect work preparing the most fabulously invidious new bondage-lodgings for you. And these are Trevor and Ramon, the interior decorators I already told you about. I promised to tip them all for their outstanding work – not money but a far more rewarding gratuity. They’re here to collect.”

A hugely burly and barrel-chested fellow, bearded Eric is already shucking off his carpenter’s coveralls. Good Goddess, look at the size of that cock! And the familiar way Amy grabs for it while Eric pulls her into his herculean arms makes it obvious they’re already lovers. Giggling as she dick-tugs him toward the fuck-stage set up right in front of me, Mistress confirms my supposition and breaks my heart both.

“Get used to viewing this, Filthy Billie. I ain’t had a man with this kind of size and stamina ever! Even after doing me all these weeks I can’t get enough of it. Watch the way Eric satisfies me and try to deny the justice of your eternally impotent virginity. You’re a cousin-lusting, cocksucking, miniature-dick piece of ass-slave sissy shit. *This* is how real men fuck!”

Ouch! So is this to be my last and most testing training challenge? To watch other guys get to enjoy what I never will; to see my goddess ravished and defiled while remaining pitifully chaste on the sidelines? Well why not? What could possibly devastate me worse?

Naturally I find out, and before they even begin fucking.

Mistress Amy is still pumping on Eric’s club and licking it around the rim when Trevor and Ramon shed their own clothes. Rather than watch (or join) the show though, they begin to kiss and fondle each other up hard! Yikes; puke; spare me, queers. Though I suppose gay decorators shouldn’t be a shock. Belatedly I see those stroking hands are wearing matching wedding rings.

Uh-oh. Partners both business and domestic or not, these two clearly didn’t come here just to do each other, or even to gang-bang Amy. While she’s sucking Eric up all good and ready, both homos turn grinning upon the bound-and-suspended she-male waiting helplessly secured to his own bed. I’m still shaking my head in disgusted denial-dismay-dread as they close in on me.

Wait! Whoa! No! I am *not* gay! Zero percent consent! Safe word! Safe word! *Safe word!*

Of course the ring-gag garbles my cries. The cuffs restrain my struggles. And everyone just laughs at my frantic panic. Trevor bounds onto the mattress. After dislodging my bra and rudely molesting my dangling new breasts, he grabs my beribboned ponytail and yanks back my head.

When I try to avert my heavily made-up face he slaps me demandingly, again and again. At last, tears streaming freely, I surrender to the inevitable. Oh, how my face flames, hot enough to broil a steak, as Trevor rubs his throbbing-hard manliness all over it, contemptuously wetting it everywhere with tears even before he drives it through that ring and all the way into my throat.

“There you go!” he gloats. “Use your tongue like a pro. Your lips may be locked open, but you can lick me nice and slippery before I ram it up your ass. Show us what Amy’s taught you about pleasuring your every next master, you indiscriminate trans-slut!”

Somehow as that hot, infinitely stinky and repellent cock thrusts in and out I manage to slather its bumpy underside. Closer to puking than when Amy’s first deluge almost drowned me, weeping miserably in the infinity of my revolted demeaning, I truly can’t believe my own cousin could do this to me. When Trevor at last pulls back, making way for Ramon as he moves to put that just-lubed extrusion to even more impugning use, I cast my flagrant gaze at Amy. Meekly I beseech my deity for clemency. I may as well ask to have been born again as a *real* man.

Mistress Amy faces me directly – surely on purpose. Socketed regally astride her chosen stud, she’s riding his magnificent body and prick with madly passionate abandon. The way she beams gleeful triumph at me, at this hideously extreme emasculation-epitome, makes it all too obvious that it’s this very culmination that fuels her unprecedented fervor.

Inflicting this ultimate nightmare on me is exactly what excites her to supremacy. Forcing me to watch her fuck others while she watches me get perpetually gay-gang-raped has likely been her intended lifelong revenge since she first saw me getting erect in her presence.

Perceiving this admittedly fitting justice is spirit-crushing – and a tiny bit arousing in turn. So it's not only the eviscerating jealousy and despair that make me rather relieved to lose sight of the copulating couple on the carpet just as Trevor slides that big slippery flesh-spike so easily and deeply up into my always so uncontrollably receptive (if still nicely tight) sissy-pussy. Who wants to find themselves excited in any way while a gross grown (groan) older male holds their flaring, girdle-accentuated hips in his big strong mitts and begins savagely stabbing agony into their helplessly spread-out hindquarters? Even if the brutal power is so much greater, the living meat-pole so much more humiliatingly (stimulatingly) personal than any fake invader...

Before that madness can progress any further, my view and devolution are interrupted.

Instead of Mistress and her mount I suddenly see only the tapered torso, washboard abs, Latino-brown waist and legs and suddenly humungous-looking erection of impressively sinewy Ramon. And he doesn't care that my entire body is bouncing about as I dangle from my cuffs and suffer that viciously emphatic stab-battering. Perhaps aware that his exceptionally thick prick may not fit even through that two-inch ring, my second prospective gay-rapist strips that gag from my slobbery mouth. Hands grip my head with pitiless insistence then. And another demanding new master has his forcible way with me.

“Suck me, slut-boy!”

Despite the nauseated horror-shame, the noisome reek and taste of unwashed penis, I honestly try. All the little tricks and skills I practiced upon Amy are wasted through. He's so big and Trevor is – oh! oh! oh! – fucking my other entry so forcefully it's all I can do not to scrape off skin. Then when Ramon lets go of my head to pinch, pull and twist my cross-studded nipples the difficulty worsens dramatically.

So wildly am I jostled about that even such a giant cock slips constantly out of my mouth.

Roughly it rubs its coating of viscous spit all over my weepy-bruised-flushed features, my neck and jaw before ramming its urgent way back home. Often it plunges in crookedly then, punishingly bulging out one cheek or another from the aching inside, before finally finding the straight route back down Mistress' sewer-chute. But finally that extravagantly violent butt-fucking accelerates so maniacally that any kind of engagement on my part becomes impossible. Ramon can only move in even closer. In to the very limit he forces that enormous boner. Then he holds me thus all pitilessly pinioned and gullet-spitted for his rapacious husband to pound my bound body relentlessly against that shaved, braced-in-place pubis.

Goddess help me, I'm being compacted between faggots!

It's like they're trying to compress my spine, make me even more diminutive. Plus I'm so esophagus-stuffed with throbbing hot cock I can scarcely breathe! And oh that incessant pinch-pulling-twisting is killing my nipples! Ouch! Ow! But what the... what's that...? Every hip-smack against my ass keeps my own prick slapping up against my abdomen. How can it be so goddamn hard? Stop it, stop it, please stop, oh, oh, ah, ah... AH! Oh, oo, OW! Goddess, please, how much longer can this dual-brutalization possibly go on? Feet away I can hear Mistress Amy shrieking out her most glorious victorious climax ever. All her life has been building up to this Olympian summit. Meanwhile Trevor's agonizingly aggressive asshole-stabbing is peaking so insanely too... Ow, ow, ow...eeeeeeew! He's fucking injecting me with gay-seed! I can feel that hot slimy squirting irrevocably soiling my insides! Ah, goddess, no, sooooo gross! But at least... please... he's pulling out; can't it please be over now? Or...or is Ramon too going to...

Inchoate dread of taking another hot homo-load, this time in the tasting hole, soon seems idiotically naïve. Long before that can happen, Ramon too withdraws his huge, throat-choking boner. Not even close to sowing yet, he merely wants to take his own turn plowing my more rewarding back forty.

Before that so-sore orifice can even begin to ease closed, I'm once again stuck like a suckling piglet on an oversize rotisserie spit. In that truncheon pitilessly plunges. *Waaay* wider and deeper I'm weepingly reamed, worse than anything previously even dreamed – though for the moment at least Ramon postpones the surely astoundingly confounding pounding.

More considerate of/than his husband, he holds my penis-impaled sissiness steady for Trevor to come around and confront my hopelessly moaning, drooling, still lipstick-lacquered suck-hole. While less imposing, the organ being forced upon me now is unspeakably befouled. Mistress Amy laughs her admonition between gasps of satisfied basking.

“Clean it up, toilet-boy! You soiled it; you succor it, That's the ‘duty’ of every shameless pervert she-male belonging to me.”

Again it's all about expediency: getting though this nastiness as rapidly as possible.

The fact that I always found cleaning my mess off Amy inexplicably thrilling has nothing to do with the urgency with which I now go down on my first ever (if heavily resented) homosexual ass-master. Gagging as much at the way my erection twitches as over what I'm forced to taste, smell and ingest, I slurp and suck and swallow and finally start to obsequiously bob on that spit-shiny cock even after it droops all limply pristine. I'm just trying to delay Ramon, okay? Unfortunately by the time Trevor pulls out and away I find I have a far more disturbing audience than even just a moment ago.

I don't mean that recording phone, or whoever might be seeing such an appalling video. I still can't even consider that. I mean my post-coital owner and virile Eric. Finished fucking, they too move in to taunt and toy with me while yes, sinewy hung Ramon zealously begins hammering me into shrieking subjugation with that way-too-big-to-be-a-gay-guy's prick.

Mistress is even careful not to obstruct the mirror.

She wants me too to bear witness, to see every second as I'm so excruciatingly, mortifyingly, horridly demoralizingly faggot-fucked into the indiscriminately slutty new identity that she, my divine creator has decreed for me.

Oh our hot twin mommas, just look at my face!

Smeared makeup, runny mascara, snot and spit slathered everywhere: none of these can disguise the hectic flush to my features, or the outraged derangement in my heavily-reddened eyes. Shoulders nearly popping from their sockets with each jerk of my elbow-suspended, ass-battered body, flopping about at the impetus of my most pitiless ever sexual-rectal assault, pathetically helpless against absolute cis-male anathema, I make an undeniably enflaming sight.

Slender-limbed, girdled-in and bare-breasted in all my elaborate lingerie and flagrant distress, I truly do look like a teenage girl several hours into being repeatedly raped – and maybe finally giving in to the relentless excess of it all. This impression is both implied and belied by the reflection of my naughty little erection, still straining and slapping vigorously against me.

Oh I'm such a terribly guilty, filthy, unforgivably shameful sinner of a slut! I can't stand another instant of this but – uh – uh – uh – uh – oh don't you even slow it down now! Who needs to be wedgied ever again when you can be pulsing-hot sausage-stuffed and split practically in half? And what greater degradation-thrill could there ever be than finally willingly succumbing to such revolting male-on-male ass-mastery?

Omniscient as ever, Goddess Amy knows what I now need. To both distract me from what I'm becoming and to revel in it at the same time, she and her gay angel and macho mount finally join in actively tormenting me.

Naked Amy takes over afflicting my tits.

From the old piercing-assisted pinch-pull-twisting of my nipples she goes to using a pointed, limber little switch to poke and whip at their tender depending swells. Of course she always leaves room for Eric to hit them with her shock-wand. He's busily zapping me everywhere else, especially my balls and slap-happy hard-on. And how welcome is all this?

As welcome as what Trevor does is nauseating.

Knowing it's worse for me than cleaning his shitty penis, he braves my jouncing-about face with his own so he can lick my tears and tongue-kiss me, forcing that organ in deep. After all these years a loser, I'm making out with somebody for the first time – and it's another goddamn guy! Ugh, goddess, how do I keep from vomiting in his mouth?

Thank heavens Ramon gets either jealous or aroused enough by this to increase his pneumatic hammering so substantially as to disrupt our disgusting slobber-swapping. In response Trevor moves to hold and fondle my balls and even my erection, so that the violence of my buggery now pumps it through his grip rather than slapping it at my belly. Then with both fags working together to over-stimulate the permanent vaginal-virgin into an unabashedly frenzied sissy-tizzy, Mistress Amy leans in whispering wickedly.

"How do you like it, baby brother? I told you this visit was all about incredible sex. I said we'd find out just how filthy of a slut you truly are. And since no woman could ever dream of touching you, why not learn to love servicing an endless succession of brutal gay masters? Especially since 'turning' you both excites and fulfils me immeasurably?"

Big sister goes on and on this way, describing the orgasmic intensity of euphoria she gets from the sheer power rush of seeing how she's been able to twist me completely into her own corrupt creation despite nearly every natural inclination. Witnessing the extremity of my emasculation-degradation-transformation is the ultimate aphrodisiac for her. Possession of my pathetically malleable self fills her with contemptuous affection for me, which in return I can only treasure like every drop of her heavenly nectar...

All so true of course. Every hint of love she shows me I requite a hundredfold. And any arousal in my sister-mistress, my domme-from-birth, is compulsorily contagious. Even though I've masturbated at least twice daily for a week, it doesn't take long to expose my complicity in all this. Between being so insanely butt-bludgeoned, constantly shocked and expertly hand-jobbed, with my beloved deity dirty-talking to me like some phone-sex girl, shame-enflamed beyond bearing, I begin sobbing hopelessly even as I suddenly ejaculate out the best ever (last ever?) orgasm of my lonely loser's longing-filled life. Teasing shrieks immediately condemn me.

"Bad Billie! Naughty slut-boy! Who gave you permission! That is truly the last straw, you filthy little too-butth bitch. Trevor, make the undisciplined sissy lick every drip from your palm. That's her dinner tonight. Ramon, give her dessert and then finish all over her teenage face."

Again I ingest my inarguably unworthy issue.

Again I clean a real man's real live hot-blooded penis, filthied by my secretly joyous agony. Then with no brutal bugging bouncing me all about (only Trevor forcing a fist into me to hold and control my captive body) I finally have an opportunity to prove my bona fides.

After all, what kind of sissy-slut isn't an accomplished cocksucker? Though I'll never know the pleasure myself, that's all the more reason to find excitement in providing it. And thrilling as it was to go down on my deity's dick, that phallus was fake after all.

This gigantic thing can feel every nuance of my slavishly eager servicing. Its intrinsic heat and stink, its salt-sweat taste and silky-skin texture reward my senses amply in return. And when it inevitably begins punishingly gullet-fucking me, it's so much easier on my throat than rubber or silicone despite its greater size. Finally, with that prodding fist twisting renewed excruciation inside me, Ramon fucks up a fabulously frothy frenzy before at last pulling out gasping. Grasping hands immobilize my head unnecessarily.

Squirt! Squirt! Squirty-squirt-squirt!

All over my flaming face and questing tongue the hot jizzum pumps. Everybody's cheering lustily while Amy holds the phone up close, recording me taking the first (of eventually how many?) infinitely degrading homo-loads. Aware that I'm crying again even as it splats and clings and trickles, revolted and ashamed and yet hideously excited by that very state, I want nothing more than for that arm up my ass to sledgehammer me excruciatingly to the most dreadfully demeaning death ever. Instead it pulls abruptly out.

Leaving me dangling there all weepy and dripping with semen, Amy and her associates take a break to order a pizza.

The delivery boy's shock at seeing my slut-slave bondage turns to disgusted scorn once Mistress has me admit my willingness to him, and even offer to suck him off too in lieu of the usual gratuity. Mommas come save me; I'm actually disappointed when he flees from the need in me. And why shouldn't I be? It's another hour at least before the triumphant foursome finishes their pie, a couple bottles of wine and a fat reefer blunt. Only then are they ready to have their sadistic fill of the resident sissy-bitch again.

More whipping, piss-drinking and inventively titillating torture ensues. More taking two cocks at once while watching my goddess getting gloriously ravished.

This time Eric does Amy rudely doggie style, both of them smirking superiorly at me the entire time. In the end both gays rub their erect organs all over my face, forcing me to suck each together or in turn until I'm tea-bagging Ramon with Trevor's second load freshly warm in my belly – all this just at the instant Mistress quickly quits her hand-jacking just in time to ruin my own second climax of the evening.

Ramon finishes all over my face again and with that icing on the cake exhaustion demolishes the last of my defenses. Still with the time now arrived to irrevocably accept my destiny, I pathetically can't help trying to bargain.

"Congratulations, Filthy Billie, I'd say you've surpassed this last challenge rather handily. Are you ready now to move in with me? To fall back into the bosom of your family and embrace your new life as my she-male slave without any argument or pointless regrets? There will be no hope of appeal for you once in my clutches. As a supreme being, I rule my universe absolutely."

"Goddess Amy, I will submit to you limitlessly, in the most fervent of subservience for all eternity. Only I beg you: please, if you love me, don't make me wear that chastity device any more. My poor penis can't stand that."

My gorgeous sister-mistress grins with *such* insidious wickedness.

"You have my promise, slut-bitch. Your poor little pee-pee will never again need a key."

Tears of surrender stream from me.

"Then I submit. You may take me at any time. I can't wait to enjoy my new confines."

"Well rejoice then, bitch! It's going to seem like only seconds!"

Amy is decanting something into a soft, absorbent cloth.

"As soon as you wake up, in fact."

She presses that cloth to my come-dripping face, covering my mouth and nose. The cloth must be soaked in chloroform, because I hear only one thing more before all awareness goes.

“You’ll sleep right through the surgery.”

And so I do. When I next come back to reality my breasts have increased immensely! They almost rival Amy’s in size! Offsetting this unbelievably sexy augmentation however is the truly disastrous subtraction, the forever inevitable one I’ve been too timid to imagine. Because Goddess Amy has kept *all* of her promises.

My poor little penis needs no more key. That’s because that filthy, incorrigibly naughty toy has finally been taken away from me. No more undisciplined sinning! That last vestige of my defining offense now floats in a framed tank of preservative embedded in the headboard of my owner’s enormous bed. Orifices aside, only an ugly sac of testes remains between my thighs.

Handy for bondage and torture purposes, and for filling me with urges I can’t ever relieve, these still require regular milking at least. Beyond that methodically joyless emptying, the only fulfillments available to me are of the submissive, masochistically receptive variety – of which I naturally suffer/revel in an unending excess.

Cleverly decorated in a tastefully elegant yet fully functional dungeon décor, the gigantic bedroom suite I’m imprisoned around the clock in has been insidiously designed and equipped completely around my cousin’s intended revenge on me. Tracks built into the ceiling run from over Mistress Amy’s twenty-five foot square bed to and between any number of cages and devices for bondage and torture before finishing in the lavishly appointed bathroom.

Forget about all that housekeeping practice. That must have just been for the experience. However inventively I’m suspended from the slings, harnesses, bars, trapezes, hooks or winches of this elaborate system, I nearly never need to be completely released.

This goes for whether I’m suffering lonely deprivation, voyeuristic jealousy, infliction of excruciation, personal or communal sexual use or have been head-locked into my ‘queening chair’, a face-containing-and-restraining toilet-slut-seat where I ‘doody-fully’ repay my ‘big sister’ for all of her childhood hygienic efforts. And though she squats atop and full-fills me this way exclusively these days I know I’ll never get ahead of her on personal stool disposal. Because now even those diaper changes can be nostalgically repeated without releasing me.

Often I’ll be left suspended unattended so long it’s necessary to swap my sissy-undies for adult-size continence pants. This is to prevent me befouling the bed, cage, pillory, rack or other restraint under and/or containing me – especially when I’ve been heavily, deliberately, richly overfed, costumed up as a puling newborn, gagged with a pacifier and then wickedly overdosed with harsh-acting laxatives.

Factor in a chronically over-stretched sphincter and the results are enormously predictable. Then however long I may have to spend hanging loaded down all plastic-satcheled-up, repellently stinky-sticky-squishy-smelly-mushy-messy, eventually I can be conveniently conveyed along that elaborate track-way. Past both the expansive shower and whirlpool tub is a purposefully installed and equipped changing table – everything covered by the glittering lenses of constantly recording cameras.

Naturally these also broadcast my unmitigated humiliation live at all times for the gratification of anyone in the whole world who wishes to follow the viral video sensation that my lifetime sentence of unremittingly restrained and emasculated slut-and-toilet slavery has become. Mistress Amy got her degree in business entertainment after all. And her sorority (and all its chapters) are affiliated with all kinds of fraternities nationwide...

Beginning with all those college friends, Mistress has made sure her myriad lovers all bring along enough others to her never-ending orgies to keep me so constantly and comically and appallingly subjugated-degraded that these daily escapades ever circulating online generate ever more clicks and visitors (virtual and actual) resulting in ever increasing advertising revenue.

Meanwhile here in the real world, ever bigger and more outrageous parties featuring kinky strangers from everywhere eager to take a public turn enjoying me quickly devolve into unofficial (if expensive) but undeniable prostitution on my part.

So many gross homos have come on my big tits, all over or in my face and sissy-pussy already I can neither keep count nor become the least bit aroused. Still the parade is unending. It could even be claimed (in a timorously heretical way) that as the indispensable attraction here, it is really Amy's 'baby brother' slut-whore human-toilet Filthy Billie who has become the one supporting this goddamn family.

Our still very hot twin moms, just forty-one and always hugely approving, naturally have their own suites of rooms in this expansive new mansion. And often their friends and lovers will drop by to steal a quick titty-fuck/blow job or even mix right in with the endless rampant ass-hammering. But only recently have mom and mom too begun to intrude.

Usually this is when they're too drunk or high to resist, it's too dark to tell them apart – or most often when they're caught short while regularly cleansing and I simply happen to represent the closest available commode.

So the true breadwinner here or not, to whom do you suggest I should I turn for redress?

It seems now that this unendurable destiny was all planned out for me from before day one, when the restrictive Republican crusade against all abortions forced my rabidly-resented carrying to term. Since that blighted birth, my entire existence has been solely devoted to repudiating the abuse of the despised patriarchy, personified by the rapist who violated and damaged my mom and spawned me as an animate reminder.

Thanks a lot for that, Dad. Whoever it was that castrated and killed you did me (and the entire world) a big favor. They must have been some Machiavellian women to get away with it. As for me, I *knew* I should have stayed quiet, and just died tied to the goddess-damned bed!

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