

Slut Boy Mega Collection Volume 1

by Lance Edwards

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Chapter One

Birthday Boy

It's nine forty-five a.m. when I step from the shower and towel off. Naked, I comb and shake out my better-than shoulder-length curly-at-the-ends sandy blonde locks. Being fair-skinned I seldom need to shave, so I merely brush my teeth. Then I'm reaching for my robe when my wife barges right into the bathroom without knocking.

"Good morning, Birthday Boy!"

"Hi, Kori."

"You don't need to worry about that robe. You won't need it."

"Huh?"

"You're not going anywhere today, and you're not going to be wearing any clothing either. I just called in to work for you. I've got the most unbelievable birthday surprise in store for you today! I've got everything meticulously planned out, and I can't wait to get started. Come into the living room with me."

"Okay."

Slender, petite and willowy, her golden-blond hair a shade lighter and twice as long and wavy as mine, lovely Kori is as effortlessly gorgeous as always despite being ruffled and tousled from sleep. Her stunning beauty renders me absolutely powerless, and throughout three years of marriage she's always worn the pants in our relationship. As always I obey her without question. Naked, I follow her through the house until she directs me onto the narrow, glass-topped steel coffee table by the TV.

"Here, sit down on the end of the coffee table, straddling it. Then lie back."

"Okay." Curious, excited, and even a bit unsettled I do as directed. Surely something extraordinary is in store, and I'm already getting an erection as I lie back on the cool glass table. Kori smiles sweetly, kneeling next to me, and then she takes my arms and pulls them around underneath. Before I can properly credit her intentions, she's snapped a pair of handcuffs on me, locking me down on the table with my hands behind my back.

"What—" I begin, but she silences me right away.

"Shush! I told you this was going to be an unbelievable birthday surprise – a whole lot of surprises, actually. But first things first: you didn't know I was into bondage, did you?"

"Um...no dear."

"Well I wasn't – until I started studying your hidden computer files, you sicko. Then I started getting into all kinds of kinky things. I had no idea you were such a sick little pervert! Well, unfortunately for you, I'm also a total pervo now. And this is going to be a birthday you'll never forget, my secret-sissy closet-cuckold ultra-submissive husband. I'm going to make your most disgusting dreams come true – in spades, as they say!" She giggled richly here at some private joke, and then continued. "And if all those desperately compelling dreams of yours turn out to be nightmares in reality...well, all that I can say is that's often the case with sexually deviant dreams like these."

I'm so stunned and complexly affected by all this that I can't seem to catch my breath. I barely register it as Kori spreads my knees out wide; then bends my shins back around the steel legs and underneath the table, where she shackles my ankles together. Then she links these restraints to the cuffs on my wrists, effectively hog-tying me to the living room table. Laughing

merrily again at my goggle of alarm, my blush of shame, and most of all at my ridiculously urgent erection, she looms over my spread-out supine body.

“Ha-ha, look! Someone here agrees that you’re a sicko pervert deviant!” She points at that throbbing, bobbing monster, then slides a pillow under my head, propping my face up to confront it. I eye my accusing penis unbelievably, almost appalled at the length, thickness, and steely color I’ve somehow attained. But unfortunately, my current transcendent state of arousal is the very least of what Kori intends to confront me with today. Once she’s satisfied with my positioning, and my complete and utter helplessness, she pushes the television stand even closer, right over next to me, where it’s nearly impossible to look at anything else. Then she slides a tape into the VCR.

“It’s going to take me a while to shower and dress myself, and to round up the rest of what I need for your big day today. I don’t want you to get bored in the meantime. So I’m going to play this very special birthday tape for you. I made it after I read your diary, you see, and saw your picture collection and all the web sites that you’ve been visiting. I hope you enjoy it, pervert-boy. I had an absolutely *fabulous* time making it.”

“But...but...but those were just stories, fantasies, harmless jerk-off stuff!”

“Not anymore Birthday Boy. Watch the tape and you’ll see what I mean.”

Kori turns her back on me and leaves. Chained to the table, riveted with horror, I watch her disappear down the hall to our bedroom. Yet no sooner has she vanished than she suddenly reappears before me, naked and ravishing and entering that very room. Yet this time her image is on the screen before me, as the tape in the VCR begins.

It’s Kori all right, her hair a shimmering treasure and her pale skin as smooth and flawless as ever over her entire tight little body. Yet she’s not alone here. Two large black males follow her onto the screen, as naked as she is and already tremendously erect. Without delay, Kori leads them right onto our big king-size bed, where they both fall upon her at once.

One brutal big stud grabs her by the hair and begins fucking her eagerly compliant face, while the other enters into her from behind, stabbing his enormous club into her cunt and pounding away. Before my aghast face, they begin a feverish biracial ménage à trois: two studs so black they seemed almost eggplant purple, and my sweet little lily-white wife between them, all of them fucking each other in my very own bed with a savage abandon unlike anything I’d ever dreamed. While Kori slowly showers and dresses for whatever other illimitable outrages she has planned for me today, I lie there chained to the coffee table and watch her cuckold me with a passion she’s never displayed throughout our entire rather vanilla marriage. Grunting and squealing like a rabid animal, she lifts her ass up high and spreads her cheeks out wide so that one after another these hulking black bucks can batter their enormous organs into her anus in the most degrading manner imaginable. Again and again she comes herself, screaming like a banshee with release, and then finally wallows in a rapturous baptism. Working one in each hand, she jerks both of those huge cocks together, until they finally spout out simultaneously all over her greedy tongue, shiny wet lips, chin, and flushed little china doll features.

Grinning up at her defilers, Kori rubs their softening cocks against her face, smearing the semen all around and taking turns sucking it off their big thick pricks. Despite my bottomless shame and outrage, my stunned disbelief at what I’m seeing, my own cock continues to throb, betraying me even worse than my cruelly unfaithful wife. As the scene on the tape comes to a close, another similar one immediately starts: Kori leading two more well-hung dangerous-looking black strangers into our bedroom, where they immediately begin to wallow in the most extravagant sexual excesses. Yet still my erection strains skyward, accusing me more eloquently

than even Kori, when she at last passes back through the living room on her way to the front door.

“Still hard, Birthday Boy? I knew it! You disgustingly contemptible little specimen! Well I’m going out for a while, to round up the rest of your birthday presents. But don’t worry. That’s a six-hour tape. If you’re still hard when I get back, we’ll see if we can’t find an appropriate use for you. Until then, enjoy the show!”

Indeed. On the screen the orgy continues: Kori with two black studs in my bed, sucking and fucking for them like the skuzziest slut in creation. They brutally double-team her, slapping her around a bit, spanking her ass and tits and using all three holes in the most humiliating manner imaginable. And when this pair is finally finished jizzing all over her abysmally degraded face, the scene cuts straight away to an even worse one. In the shower, on the kitchen table, over my cluttered workbench, but most of all in the grand marital bed, an endless progression of muscular, well-hung black men punishingly dominate and violently fuck the ever-loving *shit* out of the gloriously beautiful woman I’d thought was mine and mine alone. For six long hours this torture continues; the entire video is filled with scenes of my screaming, creaming wife double-cuckolding me again and again and again and again. Yet no sooner does the interminable tape finally end, and the clock on the wall strike four p.m., than the front door suddenly crashes open, and Kori comes breezing back in. And of course she’s not even close to alone.

Fully half a dozen big black men – most of whom I recognize from the tape – follow her right into the room. Right away they begin to strip off their matching gang jackets and other clothes, leaving only holstered weapons strapped about their muscular bodies. As Kori starts setting up the camcorder, and the first rapidly swelling blacksnake appears, I finally fight through my horror enough to gasp up at her.

“No! You’re not going to do it all again right in front of me, are you?”

“Of course not, Slut-boy!” Kori laughs maniacally. “At least, not right away! No, all these cocks are for *you*, Slut-boy! First I’m going to tape them raping you as badly as they’ve been abusing me! Of course, at some point, I’ll surely join in the fun myself, but I think by that time you’ll be far too full of other concerns – shall we say big, hard, black, throbbing concerns – to worry about what’s happening to me. So here’s your birthday present, Slut-boy: a new name, a new job, and a whole new sex life – in fact, soon it will be a whole new sex and a whole new life! But let’s not get ahead of ourselves here. First your fondest, most desperate secret wish is about to be granted. Guys...he’s all yours, as promised! Have at him!”

Right away the biggest, baddest, blackest of the bunch steps up, buck-naked but for a bunch of heavy gold jewelry and a monster .357 mag in a shoulder holster. “All right!” he rumbles. “I ain’t had no virgin sissy-pussy since my last big stretch in the slam. And I ain’t *never* had no pretty-haired high-class white-boy shit like this! Little Kori, this Slut-boy of yours is *mine*!”

His incredibly thick, purple-black prick juts up like a club, putting me in mind of the prodigiously endowed porn star John Rambone. I struggle violently, helplessly, begging for Kori to call this off, return to sanity, but she just laughs deliciously at me, filming my every whimper and squirm as the big naked blacks converge on me from all sides.

“Here, somebody catch on his head and have a go at his face. You, Ramone!” The big buck kneeling down at the end of the table calls out to two of his underlings. “You and Sticks take that end. I’ve got this one!”

Immediately he moves into place, aligns that enormous tool with my vulnerable virgin opening and starts forcing his way in. For a moment that awful invasion is everything to me, pain

and shame and degradation and blackest, unholy lust, and my involuntary cry is miserably lost. But then another pair of pungent pricks and dangling balls are pushed into my helpless face.

They rub back and forth all over me, just as they'd done to Kori in the video, until suddenly the supporting pillow beneath my head is yanked out, and my face tipped all the way backward. Upside-down, I watch one of those giant cocks approach and I clamp my lips shut. But immediately the big buck raping my asshole grabs my balls in his fist, and issues me orders.

"Open up, Slut! Start sucking cock like a pro or lose your balls right now!" He squeezes them pitilessly, working his enormous member deeper up into me all the while. With a bleat of agony I open up, and right away Ramone thrusts himself through my lips, mouth, and right into my opened throat.

Gagging wretchedly, I struggle to breathe as he starts fucking my face. But the main Master between my legs finally finds his own rhythm, and suddenly I find myself suffering the exact same fate as my wife on the tape: being brutally skewered from both ends by big violent black men. And dimly I perceive that Kori has indeed also joined the fun. From somewhere nearby I can hear her being dick-slapped around, abused and ridiculed by the other men, and then she's groaning and choking herself, as they get serious about double-and-triple-teaming her.

Thus begins an interminable gang-bang, all six hung studs rotating around, spanking, slapping, whipping and raping the two of us for hours. All of the ejaculate is saved for me; indeed, whenever one of the bucks fucks himself to the edge in one of Kori's gorgeous holes, by the order of the boss he pulls it quickly out, swings over and then spurts his stinking hot load straight into my constantly cock sucking face. Only after I wear the evidence of nearly a dozen ejaculations on my abysmally degraded features (and carry nearly as much black sperm in my belly) does the slut-fucking party start to peter out.

Most of the blacks are kicked back, resting and sneering contemptuously at me sobbing all come-covered in my bonds. But suddenly my evil wife Kori steps up over me again, with yet another outrageous present in hand.

"Good, Slut-boy. Your erection is finally gone. Now I can apply this penis cage!"

Before I can grasp the enormity of this, it's a *fait accompli*. Kori has locked my cock and balls into a tight, confining little cage, preventing me from having sex or even erections. Then, horror of horrors, she straightaway snaps the key off in the lock, and casually tosses the rest of it away.

"There! No more erections or orgasms for you, Slut-boy, *ever*! And no more going to work every day at the office! When I called in for you this morning, I tendered your resignation. From now on, you and I are both members of the oldest profession! We're gang-sluts: come receptacles for these all these beautiful black men and willing prostitutes in their flesh-peddling organization.

"Now I'm already quite beautiful and valuable, but you're going to need a lot of work. So starting right now, you're going to be quickly and completely sissified: body-shaved, dressed, painted, perfumed, and exclusively used like a slutty little female. You'll receive powerful hormone treatments, be given hip and breast implants and eventually even be ritually unmanned and castrated. I'll be keeping your cock and balls in a jar, hubby of mine. And of course, it goes without saying that you and I will never *ever* have sex again. Your orgasms are over, Slut-boy!

"At best, we'll probably be used and sold together regularly, where we can watch each other get brutally fucked and degraded just like we did today. Now swallow this estrogen pill! I've got to start shaving you. Our Masters want us ready to entertain again in an hour. The rest of the gang is on its way over!"

Laughing crazily, Kori starts sharpening a long silver straight razor.

Chapter Two

Birthday Precedent

I came home from work to find my two housemates – lovely lesbian lovers – were waiting there for me. To say their amazing appearance shocked me would be the understatement of the century. Both of them wore shiny black vinyl corsets that covered them from the tops of their breasts to the junction of their legs. Aside from these were only matching knee-high boots and bicep-high gauntlets, leaving their thighs, hips, buttocks, upper arms and shoulders bare. Most appalling of all, identical shiny black rubber cocks were affixed to their crotches, curving up almost ten inches out.

“Happy Birthday, Barry,” grinned Beth, the ravishing redhead. “After today, you’ll never be the same.”

“We’ve been checking out the browser history on your PC,” added beautiful blonde Trina with a superior smirk. ‘Girls Pegging Boys’? ‘Female Domination’? ‘Simpere Sex Slave’? ‘Endless Chastity’? ‘Enforced Feminization?’ You’ve got some interesting tastes in masturbation material boy!”

“But...but...” Mortified beyond belief, I was reduced to just blushing and stammering, my knees quivering weakly and my bowels turning to water. “But that’s just harmless fantasy stuff!”

“Not anymore!” avowed Beth emphatically. “From now on it’s going to be daily reality. We’re going to make you into the perfect roommate-slave for us, and allow you to live out all your wildest dreams at the same time. Now strip, bitch! Get your fucking clothes off! We’ve been looking forward to this all month!”

Still in a disbelieving daze I began to slowly unbutton my shirt.

I tried to tell myself that my hands were shaking with trepidation rather than excitement. But it couldn’t have been fear that was making my balls tingle and my stupid member stiffen. Burning even hotter with humiliation, I soon found myself naked and shamefully erect before these two incomparably intimidating women, who smirking approached me carrying several coils of stout cotton cord.

“You see, Slut-boy?” teased Trina, as she knelt and used one end to bind a tight rope harness all about my grossly swollen genitals, “Look how hard you are! You’re going to love this. This is going to be the experience of a lifetime for you. Then it’s going to be a lifetime experience. Now get your ass in gear and come with me!”

She stood up, and using the rope as a leash began pulling me by the cock and balls into the living room. Beth fell into step behind me, lightly scratching my goose-pimpled buttocks with her fingernails as we went. In single file we moved to the sturdy coffee table in the middle of the room.

This was highly polished maple about a foot and a half high, two and a half wide and four feet long. As we approached it I noticed that the couch had been pushed back against the wall to make room for a tripod-mounted video camera. The TV had likewise been pushed back, and it showed an image of the room centered on that table. As Beth went to push ‘record’ on the VCR, Trina ordered me onto it.

“Lie on your back there, Slut-boy. I want your head hanging off one end and your ass just off the other. Your new life as our slutty little slave is about to begin.”

Head swimming with dismay, chagrin, and yes, arousal I obeyed. Together my new Mistresses then began to bind me in place.

First they wound the rope on my genitals around and around my waist and under the tabletop before tying it off so tightly that my red, turgid erection jutted straight up at the ceiling. Next my legs were spread out wide with my knees off the sides, where my ankles were hooked around and then secured to the table legs, rendering me incapable of closing my thighs at all. Finally my arms were pulled around under and my wrists bound together. With my head hanging uncomfortably back over the edge then I watched upside-down in the television as my two vinyl-clad, cock-sporting housemates picked up instruments of discipline: Beth a riding crop and Trina a wide leather belt. Grinning with promise they took up position on either side of me, careful not to block the camera angle.

“Now you naughty little Slut-boy,” said Trina, “We need to punish you for your filthy, perverted ways. Rest assured we’ll be doing this and worse every single day!” With that she swung her belt down overhand, cracking it across my belly even as Trina slashed her crop sidearm against my cock.

It was impossible to say which hurt worse. Gravity and momentum gave the belt added impetus, while the erogenous flesh of my erection proved far more tender. Both women laughed with sadistic excitement at my wounded cry, and immediately swung again. Together they beat me, groin to neck, cock and balls for nearly fifteen minutes before trading implements and areas of attack. Then they resumed, laughing all the while at my screams and sobs and pitiful entreaties. By the time they finally relented I was welted red and bruised black and blue all over, and wondering incredulously how I could have ever dreamed there could be anything erotic about such pitiless punishment. True my cock stayed stiffly upright, but only because of the rope harness tightly cinching it so. And then they proceeded to punish that wicked organ even more insidiously.

Beth broke out a brand new bag of fifty stiff wooden clothespins. After clamping two apiece to my swollen nipples – sharp, exquisite pain! – they began fastening the rest of them to my badly abraded balls and penis. All up and down and the shaft they stuck out in every direction. All over the thin, sensitive skin of my scrotum they pinched agonizingly into me. And worst of all of course were the ten or so that soon festooned the tender purple head of my erection. The very last one they used to pinch closed my pee-hole at the very tip, leaving me squirming uncontrollably in sobbing excruciation. Then they clapped high-fives in triumph, and kissed and caressed each other with celebratory glee before turning back to gloat over me.

Beth: “Yeah Slut-boy! How do you like your new life so far?”

Trina: “I bet you never dreamed that filthy thing that used to give you so much pleasure could conversely cause you so much pain! Well you’d better get used to it! From now on pain and even worse frustration are the only sensations your penis will ever be supplying you with!”

“Not to worry though,” cried redheaded Beth in response. “It’s finally time for your exciting new sex life to start! Soon you’ll forget all about your poor little cock in favor of mine and Trina’s!” Giggling deliciously she produced a bottle of baby oil, which she used to lube up her big, black, hard rubber monster. Then she knelt between my legs and proceeded to take my anal virginity from me.

This of course was the secret, forbidden pleasure I’d been dreaming of forever. And of course it proved instead a nightmare of epic insanity.

Beautiful Beth wasted no time at all. With a long-time lesbian’s practiced professionalism she pointed the head of her penis at my hole, grabbed the ropes about my groin and slammed her hips forward, stabbing herself effortlessly up into me. Laughing delightedly again at my squeal

of agony she began fucking me, driving in and out of my tender tightness with a manic glee. Trina meanwhile circled the table to its other end, where my head hung back upside-down.

“Open wide Slut-boy!” she sang. “You’ve got two holes, two urgent Mistresses and two eager cocks to take!”

Helpless to do otherwise I complied. And in a trice I was taking twice the amount of fucking: ten long thick inches from either end. Gagging on the erection that was plunging down my gullet I still managed to squeal at the one bludgeoning into my butt. Spitted between these two stiff rubber rods, the helpless play-toy of two cruel lesbian lovers, I suffered like no other man ever. Pitilessly yanked on by Beth’s grip and rhythm, my agonized erection flopped faster and faster backwards and forward, and every time a clothespin was knocked flying free renewed circulation caused another spike of agony. For hours they fucked me thus, pausing only in double-teaming me when they wanted to switch ends after orgasms. Then right away it was back to hammering away at my opposing holes, until at last every last clothespin was dislodged from my body, and exhaustion finally precluded any more such violent activity. Then it was time to put the terminal touches to my terrible transformation.

Trina at last untied my genitals, peeling that rope from the angry red furrows it had dug in my most tender flesh. Immediately I slumped into humblest flaccidity: perfect for what they next intended. A tight metal chastity cage was locked onto my cock and soldered shut forever, with the key then ceremoniously destroyed. Next an enormous plug was forced deep into my rectum, and a hard rubber cock gag locked into my mouth. Then while Beth stood guard with a threatening taser Trina comprehensively cross-dressed me, from coquettishly coiffed hair and made-up face though shockingly-hot pink lingerie and sexy stockings to the six-inch heels locked onto my feet. Shiny steel shackles hobbled my ankles, and matching manacles gripped my wrists, the connecting chains giving me barely a foot of play. Then together they laid down the new house rules.

From now on I would be dressed in lingerie and restraints at all times, and remain thus stuffed and plugged around the clock. Naturally I needn’t worry about going out: first thing in the morning they intended to send tonight’s tape to my boss, getting me fired from my job as a teacher. Not to worry though: they would keep me plenty busy earning my keep right here. I will now do all the cooking, cleaning and other housework, while endlessly submitting to their daily and nightly rape and discipline. Any attempt to shirk or escape them would of course result in the many other videos they would soon have of me being posted wide and far on the internet forever.

“Now get out in the kitchen and get started on dinner!” Beth ordered at last. “Us pitiless Mistresses need to keep up our strength! We all have a long night of buggery and brutality ahead of us!”

Whimpering piteously, moving awkwardly, painfully and precariously what with my stuffed-up butt, debilitated body, unfamiliar footwear and clattering shackles, I bowed with obedience and moved hopelessly forward into my endlessly limited and submissive new future. Behind me, my eternal owners laughed and snuggled and kissed and lavishly congratulated each other.

Chapter Three

The Birthday Present

Last year I completely forgot my wife's birthday. D'oh! Was I ever in the doghouse! I think I slept on the couch for a month. So this year I swore to make it up to her. She could have anything in the world she wanted, I promised her. Anything at all...

Melinda's eyes blazed. She grinned unsettlingly, and immediately took me up on this. Oh, how she took me up on it! She demanded that I not only turn over my wallet to her, so that she could go shopping, but that I also agree to serve as her slave for the entire day. I would have to do absolutely everything she ordered me to, all day long, with no argument. Wanting desperately only to please her, as always, and atone for my thoughtlessness last year, I acquiesced. How bad could twenty-four hours servitude be? Little did I know it could stretch into a lifetime!

The night before her thirtieth birthday, I went to bed beside Melinda a bit uneasy and already urgently erect. Whatever would the morrow bring? She'd been full of sexual innuendos all week. What exactly would she want me to do for her? This volatile mixture of horny anxiety only got worse when she once again rebuffed my timid overtures. "I'll have plenty of use for you tomorrow, my delicious little birthday present!"

Indeed. Melinda woke me at seven a.m. by suddenly sitting on my face.

We'd had oral sex before, but always with the servicing partner on top. All of a sudden I found myself crushed beneath her hundred and fifty pounds, clamped between her hard thighs with my mouth buried in her crotch. Fists gripped my hair and her voice dripped contempt as she snarled down. "Eat me, slave! It's the first day of the rest of your life! Let's begin it in appropriate fashion. I want your worthless tongue in my ass and cunt!"

I couldn't believe this was my loving wife. She was the same big, bosomy blond, with long, reddish-gold locks. She had the same piercing blue eyes, heavy orange freckling and rose-petal pink nipples, labia, anus and clit. But her entire attitude had completely changed. She was supremely forceful, confidently domineering, and more than a little bit scary. Shocked and cowed immediately, I obeyed her without even thinking about it. Somehow an early-morning erection was straining up as urgently as ever from my groin, and my heart was pounding like a kettledrum. Breathlessly I performed the most sustained and vigorous cunnilingus of my life, lavishly servicing Melinda's vagina until she screamed and humped herself against me and ordered me to, "Fuck my butt with your tongue, slut!" Naturally I obeyed her, though I had never done anything of the sort before. Somehow I made my tongue into a pointy prong of hard muscle and jabbed it repeatedly, ever deeper up into her dilated anus. Soon my slavish ministrations had the desired effect. Melinda came in my face, ejaculating messily on me as she screamed and groaned and thrashed ecstatically. Then at last she climbed off me, kneeling next to me on the disheveled bed. She gripped my straining erection, squeezing and pulling it deliciously hard. Then she started laying down the new order of things.

"Today, my slave, you will address me only as 'Mistress' or 'My Lady'. And as agreed, you will obey me completely at all times, without argument. In fact, you will only speak when given explicit permission. Is that understood?"

Head swimming, my fondled erection throbbing, I nodded up at her.

"Speak, slave!"

"Yes, well understood, My Lady!" Dazed at the depth of what I'd somehow gotten myself into, I felt my cheeks burning with shame as my big strong wife loomed above and cruelly dominated me. Yet somehow my consequent arousal at this treatment was unlimited. I squirmed

and groaned under her gaze and grip even as she began laying out an absolute horror of a day for me.

“Now then, slave, you are going to clean the house from top to bottom, while I am out birthday shopping. I had better not find a single speck of dust when I return, or you are going to pay like no disobedient slave ever did! Not that you won’t certainly suffer an awful lot for me today anyways. I’ve been in need of a wimpy, compliant little whipping-boy slave for a long time now. So today, you’re finally going to give me everything I’ve always wanted: the gifts that just keep on giving! But first you’re going to bathe us, dress us, and make me my breakfast. Don’t expect to eat yourself at all today, of course. Now let’s go, slave! Follow me into the shower!”

We have an enormous shower, a steamy rectangular cubicle eight feet by twelve, complete with two hand-held adjustable massage units and padded benches. Once inside, with the sliding door shut behind us, and the hot water blasting full out of both heads, I received and cherished the sublime honor of bathing my incredible mistress.

Melinda is fully six feet tall (over three inches more than me), strongly built and statuesque. She spent several years in the army, and still has the muscle to prove it – although lately her breasts have swelled, and her washboard abs have softened a bit. Still, her body remembers combat and her mind clearly recalls her basic training. She critiqued my technique in a most abusive fashion as I scrubbed her, not allowing my fawning hands to linger over her truly tremendous tits for more than a minute or two. Indeed all her glorious muscles and curves were mine for far too short a time, until at last I had to move on to double-shampooing her long, thick, red-tinged golden-blond locks. Yet even when I’d carefully combed out this luscious glory, the hygiene job was just beginning.

“It’s time for you to shave me, slave. Everywhere. Here’s the lotion, and the razor. Don’t you dare give me the slightest scrape or nick either. I’ll be keeping track for later.” Very carefully I lathered and shaved My Lady, first beneath the arms. Oh how beautifully toned her biceps and triceps, as she raised them overhead! And how round and upswept her bulbous breasts as they were thus lifted and spread! Then I moved on to her long, well-defined legs, and finally what lay above and between.

Concentrating like a laser despite my arousal, I managed to strip her clean everywhere without inflicting the slightest wound. At last I finished, and she allowed me to rub a variety of lotions into her treasured flesh. Then Mistress Melinda ordered me to thoroughly bathe and prepare my own body while she left to dress.

Just as I finished – or thought I did – the shower door slid open. I looked up, and gasped with shock. Confronting me, dressed in just a tight black corset that emphasized her muscles and breasts, perched on stiletto heels that gave her an extra four inches height, Mistress was the glorious epitome of female impatience and scorn.

“Where do you think you’re going, slave? You haven’t even shaved yet!”

Not daring to speak, I felt of my chin and cheek. Then I noticed My Lady holding several more articles of clothing: lacy, frilly, pretty-ribbon-trailing lingerie. She noticed my noticing, and her scorn turned gloating. “That’s right, darling! Legs, crotch, balls, nipples, underarms, everything! Then you’ll put on this underwear. Today you play the sissy, my submissive little birthday slave! Your mistress is now the man of this house!”

Unnerved by that, unbearably humiliated yet still unbelievably aroused by my increasingly demeaning subjugation, I quietly complied. Under my mistress' derisive instruction I shaved myself completely bare, then began donning female undergarments as she handed them to me.

First came a pair of silk, split-crotch pants that I had quite a bit of trouble pulling up over my erection. But then once through the split, both my rock-hard penis and tingling-bare balls bounced freely, while the rest of the sheer, elegant material clung lovingly to my shaved groin and butt. After that I pulled on hot pink nylon stockings, frilly little lace-trimmed garters and belt, lace gloves, a cup-less brassiere and finally an almost diaphanous nightgown.

I felt terribly ridiculous, mortified beyond belief, and yet hornier than ever. Melinda poured on the derision, mocking my appearance by calling me 'Mary', 'Sissy', 'She-male', and finally 'Slut-boy', which she at last settled on as my new name. "Come on now, Slut-boy! I'm going to show you how to do your hair and face."

When Mistress was finished with me, my hair was coquettishly styled, my finger and toenails shaped and painted, my brows plucked, my face heavily made up, my body powdered and perfumed and laden with jewelry and I was as transformed as it was reasonably possible to get. Teetering on pink three-inch high heels, the only anomaly was the insistent spike of my erection, which still refused to go away. Mistress wrapped both it and my balls up with a long string of pearls then, both decorating it and giving it a constant weight to pull up against. Then she ordered me down into the kitchen to make her breakfast.

In my heels and pearls and outlandish outfit I prepared her favorite morning meal with equal care and clumsiness. She ate it without acknowledging me; then rose and buttoned up a stylish black jacket on top of her heels and corset. She picked up my wallet, and headed for the door.

"Remember, Slut-boy, not a speck of dust! I want this house absolutely spotless when I get back. Then we'll enjoy all my wonderful presents together for hours on end! In the meantime, you will neither eat nor change, understood? Not even your shoes. In fact, I expect you to be walking perfectly in those heels by this afternoon, and completely comfortable in your brand new persona as my slutty little sissy-maid househusband foot-slave. Because your servitude has barely begun!"

With that she swept off to go out shopping. Missing her already, I sighed, hung my head, and tried to ignore both the grumbling of my belly and the throbbing of my disappointed prick. Then I began to clean up the breakfast dishes.

All morning long I performed my chores shamefully made-up, perfumed, and cross-dressed, all the while dreading an unexpected visitor at the door. Unwilling and now even scared to disobey my mistress on this her special day, I nevertheless did a meticulous job on the housework, using her many warnings to distract me from my discomfort. But then shortly after noon the phone rang, and my worst fears were nonchalantly superseded.

"Hello?"

"This is your mistress, Slut-boy. I'm downtown at a rather unique boutique. You've just purchased my first gift, and I'm about to have it delivered. You will greet the deliverymen at the door, and show them into the master bedroom. Don't forget to sign for delivery, and don't you dare forget to tip them! I've got several other stops to make now, so I'll see you in a while."

"But...but...I don't have my wallet!" was all I could come up with. Mistress snapped right back.

"I did not give you permission to speak, slave! And if you have no money, then you'll just have to find some other way to thank Bull and Rod here. They're both bisexual of course, and I've been talking to them for an hour now about how cute my little Slut-boy is. So who knows?"

Maybe you can even convince them to ‘stick’ around long enough for me to get back. In any case, you’d better hurry up and finish cleaning the house! Your true servitude is about to begin!”

She slammed down the phone, leaving me standing there speechless. The implications of our conversation were staggering. For twenty minutes then I was in tortured denial: squirming around my erection and self-image, unable to rectify the two. And then a truck pulled in, the doorbell rang, and I saw shadowy shapes unloading something big.

Burning with humiliation I forced myself to the door. Consummately sissified and cross-dressed, mortified and yet helplessly breathless and erect, I finally did as my mistress ordered. I opened the door to the bright light of day and exposed myself to the world, particularly the two barrel-chested, hard-looking brutes lugging forward a large black contraption.

“You’ve got to be Slut-boy!” guffawed the first. “Mistress Melinda wasn’t kidding! Well, step back there, and let us in with this thing!” Gratefully I quickly retreated, leading the way into our big master bedroom. Across from the bed, in an alcove that used to be a wardrobe, was a big open space surrounded by mirrors. None of us had to guess that this was where Mistress wanted her new piece of furniture. Its nature alone made that obvious.

The men were delivering a big bondage table and torture plinth. The flat top was an x-shaped cross, built of leather-covered oak. This was covered with what were clearly over a dozen built-in restraining belts. Gears and levers on the side indicated that this padded plinth could be tilted and secured from horizontal to absolutely upright vertical, perhaps even spun through a full 360 degrees.

The tattooed men, all shaved, bald heads and bulging muscles, puffed and grunted and installed this menace right at the nexus of the intersecting mirrors. Then they turned to look at me, squirming apprehensively in my ridiculous Slut-boy outfit, with my throbbing erection upholding and even bobbing its weight of pearls. Both big men were grinning, shifting themselves to come between me and rest of the house.

They both wore denim coveralls, with a long zipper down the front and patches with their names on the breast. The one called Bull was sprouting an impressive tent behind his as he reached out and swung shut the door. “Melinda said you’d have a tip for us,” grinned Rod, fiddling with his zipper and popping his own straining tent. He and his partner closed in on me from either side. “She said you’d want to show us your appreciation personally.”

How could she do this to me? And how was I supposed to do it to myself? I wasn’t gay! Yet I had no choice here. Mistress Melinda wouldn’t tolerate a refusal. And neither would these big hard men presumably, who were already pulling down their zippers to reveal furry chests, hard bellies, and finally those even harder up-jutting fluid-filled sex organs. It was either willingly acquiesce or be forcibly raped here, and despite my still-reluctant horror, my own inexplicably urgent erection willed me to comply. In one last attempt to avoid my worst nightmare, I pre-empted the situation, opting for the lesser of two evils. I dropped to my knees as Rod approached me, and when he grabbed my head and forced it to his prick, I opened up and accepted him.

Right away he thrust deep into my gullet, both men laughing as I gagged helplessly. Brutally Rod fucked my face, reveling in my first-timer’s distress. For over five minutes then he skewered me, until I at last began to accommodate myself to his size, heat, and rhythm. But then Bull began clamoring for his turn.

“Come on, Rod! Either blow your load or move on over! My monster thinks it’s feeding time too!”

And at that point the nightmare overcame me. Rod pulled out of my mouth, and he grunted, “Oh all right. I guess I’m wet and slippery enough for the other end now anyways.” As if my

weight and being were negligible, Rod and Bull suddenly picked me up and swung me over facedown onto the bed. Then before I could even protest they were stationed at either end, and forcing their way into my vulnerable opposing holes.

I was at least partially adapted to having a cock shoved down my throat, so when big Bull replaced Rod's throbbing rod with his own even larger one, I wasn't that traumatized – comparatively speaking, at least. But when Rod's hard, pointed wet prick pushed through my panties' slit and into my ass, I almost swooned with conflicting shame, self-hatred, agony and disgustingly perverted arousal. Then with the two of them fucking me from both ends I soon suffered more simultaneous pleasure and anguish than I'd ever dreamed possible, until at last they each built to a pounding crescendo and ejaculated inside me.

My throat couldn't taste it, nor could my ass. But neither passage was so bruised that it didn't feel that slimy wetness spurting, spurting, spurting so hotly up into me. I was in a daze of shamed satiation when at last the two men pulled out, slapped their hands, zipped up and coerced my signature. Then they chuckled at a job well done, and left me sprawled out on the once again disheveled bed to await the return of my mistress.

I meant to get up and straighten things out before she got back. I remembered well her many threats. Yet what punishment could possibly be worse than what I'd just endured? I was so wrung-out physically and emotionally that I actually dozed off for a while. Mistress Melinda's screech of fury jerked me back to life.

"Look at this bed! Slut-boy! You lazy piece of contemptible shit! I thought I ordered you to get all the housework done! And here I find you napping on a messy bed? Look what's happened to your hair! Explain yourself, slave!"

"I...I...I did have the housework done, Mistress. But then the deliverymen came, two big bald men, bringing your present, and they...they...they pushed me down and raped me!"

"Raped you, did they? Fought them tooth and nail, did you? The way I hear it, they just gave you what you wanted – begged for, even. They said you sucked them off like a professional sissy-slut, and squealed like a virgin piglet while they double-fucked you silly. Isn't that the real truth, Slut-boy?" Once again I hung my head. But once again my cock belied me by stiffening and rising. So emphatically did it soon stick up that no verbal answer seemed necessary. Nevertheless Mistress demanded one. She dumped her bags and packages on the bed next to me and then smacked me hard across the cheek.

"I asked you a question, slave!"

"Yes, Mistress!" I cried. Utterly conquered somehow by what I'd recently been through, I told her what she wanted to hear: the entire shameful truth. "I did it for you, Mistress! I knew it was what you wanted and expected. I sucked on both of their cocks and let one of them fuck my ass. And I was horrified and disgusted by it, but also aroused. I just had to obey you! Obeying you and serving you is what gets me hard. See how big I am for you, Mistress, just talking about it? Please won't you forgive me already, and use me for yourself, my wonderful, fabulously beautiful mistress?"

"No! I won't forgive you, Slut-boy! I don't care how badly you just got your sissy little brains fucked out. You loved it and you admit it. That's no excuse for failing to do your housework. Before you get any more undeserved sex, you're going to have to be most rigorously

disciplined. It's time for you and me to break in all the new gifts you just bought me. Get on that cross, Slut-boy! Lie back and spread your arms and legs!"

I'd been both resigned to this moment and dreading it since I'd first seen that plinth moving in. The size and permanence of such a weighty piece of furniture suggested that Melinda had plans for using it far beyond just this particular birthday. But what I'd just said had also been true. For some reason bowing to my mistress aroused me madly. And if I could survive being sissified and gang-raped for her, then surely I could endure whatever bondage and discipline she intended, for however long, and even come out more in love with and harder for her than ever. I rose from the bed and knelt at her feet. "Yes, Mistress Melinda. I love and adore you, my goddess. Happy birthday!"

Again Melinda smacked me hard across the face. "Shut up, Slut-boy! I gave you no order to speak! Your amount of punishment just doubled for that!" She grabbed me by the ear and dragged me into the mirrored alcove then. Surrounded by infinite images of myself, I lay down flat on the adjustable X-shaped table and spread my arms and legs out wide. Mistress lost no time in using the many built-in belts to bind me to it extensively.

Strapped out spread-eagled and cross-dressed, still painted-up like a slut and trickling out my first hot load, I waited then while Melinda doffed her jacket and began opening packages. I was distracted for a bit by the endlessly repeating images of myself as a captive torture-slut all around, but when Mistress turned and stepped back up sporting several of her new 'gifts' she effortlessly claimed my undivided attention.

Spiked black leather collars now circled her neck and wrists, sparkling against that pale freckled flesh. She wore short black gauntlets and carried a large, heavy whip of many thin, flat black thongs of over a meter long. And although above the tight corset her muscular arms and giant breasts still swelled up intimidatingly huge, it wasn't the big flogger or the spectacular upper body that powered it that most jolted me about her now. It was what she brandished below the corset, at the junction of her columnar legs. My wife had strapped a long, thick, wickedly ridged dildo to her crotch, a dangerous phallus that curved up like a tusk and preceded even her enormous tits as she approached me.

I squirmed in my bonds, or tried to anyway, but it was of no avail. I was far more helpless than even when trapped between the two big brutes on the bed. No doubt that was the whole point, for Melinda laughed as she unwound the string of pearls, relishing my fruitless struggles. "Oh, yeah, Slut-boy, I've got a big old hard-on for you, too, baby. There's plenty more of what you got this afternoon coming your way. Just you wait! But first you've got some serious punishment to endure, before the sublime pleasure's allowed. Here are a few more little gifts I picked up this afternoon!"

Mistress produced a small contraption of black leather straps. This proved to be a harness, with spikes on both the in and outside, which she proceeded to secure tightly about my genitals. This cinched my erection up even higher, trapping blood into it and semen out of it, ensuring that I remained constantly pained and hopelessly hard. My balls were separated and restrained as well, and drawn out away from my anus, which was already still sore from being plundered before. Big spring clamps came next, pinching onto each testicle, festooning the veiny shaft, and sprouting in every direction from the swollen head of my tortured erection. Two more clamps were attached to each of my nipples, and then finally My Lady considered me fit for whipping.

"Now then, Slut-boy! It's time to revive an old tradition: the birthday spanking – or in this case, whipping. And of course, in this case it's the birthday girl who does the whipping, instead

of the other way around. I'll teach you to leave a messy bed! Take this, my incompetent new slave-maid!"

She swung the whip, slashing its long leather floggers across my chest and belly. I sucked in a breath and screamed in pain at the impact. Already writhing with agony from the harness and clamps, I felt a fresh infusion of fire at this that temporarily overloaded my senses. I went blank with shock for almost a second, before the full amount of agony flooded through. Then I howled so loudly that I could hardly hear Mistress correcting me as I did so.

"That's 'one'!" she yelled. "If you're going to continue to speak without permission, then you can count for me. I get thirty strokes for my birthday, which is automatically doubled to sixty for speaking out of turn. We double that again, for leaving a messy bed, and you're up to one hundred and twenty. I'm going to tack on an extra thirty strokes, just because I hear you're such a slutty little cock-sucking come-funnel, and that brings our grand total up to a nice round number of a hundred and fifty strokes of my whip. Every time you lose count I'm going to start over, too, so if you don't want to spend all day waiting for your next brutal-ass butt fucking, you'd better pay attention. Now yell 'two'!"

Mistress swung again, scoring me with new welts of red. Staggered by the scale of the ordeal ahead, I somehow obeyed. As my next shriek of pain peeled out, I managed to get my vocal cords around it in order to tune it into an actual word – or even a number, to be precise. Then she swung again, and I found another number, managing to keep them in the right order as both my acknowledging screams and the amount of pain raving throughout me constantly ascended.

Remorselessly Melinda whipped me, methodical and relentless despite my desperate struggles and obviously overwhelming agony. By ten strokes she'd covered my chest in cherry-red, and by twenty-five she'd knocked the clamps from their grip on my nipples. These teeth flying away were bright spears of pinpoint pain in the raging inferno of my nervous system, and Mistress took them as a signal to move on. My legs and thighs next came under assault, suffering the same treatment as my chest, and then at precisely stroke forty-three the floggers first struck my groin straight on.

Blinding excruciation again overwhelmed me. I choked on my scream, barely forcing the correct number out, as my spike-harnessed and extensively clamped and decorated balls and erection took the entire force of the whip straight on. Then again Melinda struck, and again, slowing down for nothing, whaling away at my crotch until all the clamps and clips were knocked away and I was as red and welted down there as everywhere else. Finally, at seventy-five strokes, she stopped for a moment.

"Halfway there, Slut-boy."

She was puffed up, buffed-out and breathing heavily from her workout. Sweat dampened her temples and tricked beautifully down her heaving breasts. Salty drops scattered from her nipples as she swung, but for the time it took her to smoke half a joint and recover she let me be. Then the punishment resumed, and I proceeded to receive each and every one of the final seventy-five strokes. By the time she slashed in and I howled out the last, my voice was hoarse, my body from neck to toes was all black-and-blue down the front, and my bruised and abraded erection was kept jutting up only by its implacable harness.

I was in purest misery, sobbing unabashedly like a little girl, and sorrier than ever that I had spoken out of turn, failed to make the bed, and worst of all forgotten about My Glorious Lady's birthday last year. Snot ran from my nose in streams, sweat and tears soaked my hair, and my entire skin was aflame with a burning pain that seemed likely to never abate. But true to her

word, once the beating was done Mistress cast aside her whip, and even used a towel to clean up my face. But then she looked at me critically, clucked disapprovingly and shook her head.

“Your make-up job is ruined, Slut-boy. I can understand if this was from someone ejaculating in your face, but it’s not. What a little crybaby you are! Well, if you hadn’t spoken out of turn, and failed to make the bed, we’d have been through whipping you and fucking away like bunnies for over an hour now. But now first I’ve got to re-do your whole face. You’re not nearly pretty enough for me to fuck yet, Slut-boy!”

For fifteen minutes or so Mistress re-applied my make-up. Then, adjusting the angle of the X, she finished by positioning my spread-eagled, whipped-raw and cross-dressed body at about thirty degrees upright.

By this time my erection was once again honest: a throbbing spike of fleshy need that reveled in my helpless subservience. Even though I knew I was unlikely to be allowed to ejaculate soon, I strained eagerly forward, testing the belts as I’d done all throughout my torture. But this time the pain was all inside, as I worshipped the sight of my glorious goddess’ unattainable tits, her menacing muscles and monumental lines and curves approaching. Still what stuck out most about her was that which stuck out so far in front: ten long inches of hard ribbed plastic cast in the shape of an enormous cock. That was all I had to hope for and dread from My Lady today.

Indeed. Once she was satisfied with my appearance and positioning, and with the obvious bobbing need of my up-jutting hard-on, Mistress Melinda moved between my legs. She grinned at me, reaching between the split in my panties to smear some lubricant into my anus. Her words were shaming, arousing, and portentous beyond measure.

“Here we go, my sissy-slave husband. Finally we’re going to start to have sex together properly. After all, this is about the only pleasure a sick little Slut-boy like you deserves. And I know that I definitely prefer you this way: as a compliant little whipping-boy cock-servicing she-male eunuch come-funnel. So here’s my cock, Slut-boy! Get used to the way it feels. I’m going to stick it in you over a hundred times for every occasion I ever let you touch my tits, suck my cunt or fuck me! It is Mistress Melinda who wields the penis in this household from now on! And you’re going to live to beg me for it!” She stepped up, greasing and fondling her impressive new member: the gift I’d bought her to give back to me, again and again and again. Grinning possessively, she slipped it through my slit, aligned it with my hole and started ramming it up into me.

Despite the pain I moaned like the slut I’d become, feeling her take me. Unlike the shame of my earlier homosexual rape, this suddenly felt entirely natural: an inevitable expression of my larger, stronger sex partner’s total dominance over me.

Melinda was unquestionably my superior in every way. In our uneven union, should she not use me then in whatever manner she chose? No wonder she coveted this perfectly appropriate birthday gift! And how eager I suddenly was to grant it! Strapped helpless to the titled table, perfectly angled to accept the invader, I lay splayed open and avid as she braced her considerable weight, battered her way in and established a punishing rhythm.

The length and thickness, the plastic hardness and upraised ridges of My Lady’s erection gored me more painfully than anything in my thankfully limited experience. Rod’s earlier ‘bone’ had been mere flesh and blood, and of slightly more realistic proportion. Mistress Melinda was

sporting a giant, inhuman stud-club by contrast, and she quickly became carried away using it on me. Leaning into my tightly restrained form, sneering down at my virgin-sissy-in-distress expression and unconvincing complaint, she hammered her waist into my crotch like a woman possessed. So demonic was her power and pace, and so evocative the triumphant and self-righteous derision shining from her visage, that my brand new submission compulsion had me gasping and wallowing in the gouging pain more urgently than I'd ever responded to conventional sex.

Mistress knew what I needed, and she proved it to me in incredibly lavish fashion that afternoon for longer than I could possibly compute. "This is how I fuck my sissy-slave!" she kept hissing, and stabbing ever more violently into me, until at last I knew nothing but the mindless and indescribable sensation of being caught on the receiving end of an out-of-control pile-driver: lying insensate like the earth and yet gladly yielding before the endless thudding blows. When at last she'd temporarily expended the last of each of our energies, I was ripe and easy prey for my mistress' total eternal conquest.

"Ah, I loved that so much!" she smirked down. "And you did too, my sissy little Slut-boy! Didn't you? I can see by the size of your penis that I was smart to harness you! You'd have probably ejaculated all over me a dozen times by now! Admit it, Slut-boy! Tell me about how you loved being corn-holed!"

"I loved being corn-holed by you, Mistress."

"Damn right you did. Isn't this just the best birthday ever? You were smart to offer me anything at all that I wanted this year, little man. Too bad you didn't realize I'd end up taking everything you had, right down to your money, your cherry, your autonomy as a human being, and even your pathetic little soul!"

"Wha-what?"

Still with her prick buried deep inside me, Mistress Melinda leaned forward, letting me feel all of her personal force concentrated in that penetrating spike.

"You know what would be the best birthday present of all for me, Slut-boy? If I could have you like this forever. Not just twenty-four hours, but for the rest of our natural lives, and even beyond! I want your soul, Slut-boy. I want your bankbook first, your eternal obedience second, and most of all total control over your tender little fuck-hole." She nudged into me, harder and harder. "For all time. And you did say that I could have absolutely anything I asked for this year. Tell me I can have you, Slut-boy; tell me you'll be my abject little sissy-slave forever and ever. Then I'll finally take this harness off, and allow you to ejaculate."

To say that I'd been staggered before was an understatement. Yet this time the prospect of what my wife demanded held both infinite terror and perverse, uncontrollable appeal.

Melinda made my conflict worse by really grinding her crotch against me: gouging me painfully and deliciously with the length of her embedded prick. Despite the state of my tortured skin then, despite the mortification that still gripped me at being dressed up like a faggy little sissy-slut with one load already each in my belly and butt, I suddenly crumbled quite shamefully early. Afraid to actually speak, I nodded up that I would give over everything to My Lady forever and ever if she would only let me come.

Thus Melinda's birthday present became my entire body and immortal soul. She has taken me on as her around-the-clock cross-dressed she-male whipping-boy eunuch sex-toy sissy-slave

until the very end of all existence. Yet that hardly describes the half of what I now regularly go through for her.

As soon as she had my assurance that her birthday gift was permanent, Mistress Melinda neither freed me, nor fucked me, nor resumed brutally corn-holing me. On the contrary, she instead immediately pulled her long prick out of my ass, backed up, and flipped out her cell phone. "I'd like to help you with that hard-on, slave, but as your owner it's no longer my problem. I will keep my promise to allow you to ejaculate, however. Don't worry. This new lifelong birthday party is just getting started! Let me just call in your friends from this afternoon to help us." While I lay there and gaped up at her, Mistress Melinda dialed a number and began talking. "Hi! It's me. Are you guys done working? You're right outside the door? Great! We're more than ready for you! Come on in!"

She hung up the phone, and grinned at me. After a moment or two at most, the bedroom door pushed open. In came Bull and Rod, the deliverymen from earlier, grinning eagerly and already unzipping their overalls. Mistress laughed outright at my shock and chagrin.

"Who knew I'd meet such a couple of great guys on my very first shopping trip? And now I've learned that they know quite a few kinky people themselves! Now, this is our first time together as a foursome, but we've all been acquainted separately, right? So let's just get busy everyone! Rod, I promised Slut-boy here an ejaculation. Could you see to the poor little sissy?"

Melinda removed her big strap-on, and backed out to provide access. Somehow she found her way right into Bull's arms. Both big brutes had dropped their clothes, and my beautiful wife began fondling that big hard-on almost immediately. Jealously flooded through me like acid, but then Rod was right there, releasing my screaming erection from the tight, spiked harness that had been so cruelly confining it. Against my conscious will that crazy wounded organ strained up urgently, eagerly. Then it nearly burst with pleasure when Rod suddenly ducked his head and slurped it in.

Strapped to the X, I moaned in futile homophobic denial as the accomplished fetish stud serviced me. But the only distraction available was even worse. There stood my beloved Melinda: practically naked in the arms of another man, briskly jerking his hard-on and letting him cup and squeeze and stroke and heft her glorious breasts.

Mistress saw me looking. She also saw Rod bent over, bobbing on my red and throbbing cock, and she called out imperiously. "Stop that Rod! Sucking on it's too good for my lowly Slut-boy! I want you to milk him, very slowly, while he watches big bad Bull here fuck the ever loving shit out of me, right in front of his helpless nose! Crank him up to sixty degrees, Rod, so he can see everything. Come on, Bull! Let's get onto the bed! Show my Slut-boy here what sissy-slaves like him never ever get to do to their mistresses! Show him what he's forfeited forever by succumbing to me!"

Stunned and staggered yet again, shamed and mortified beyond belief, keenly lacerated by the news of my new perpetual cuckoldry and emasculation, I was tilted up to watch as my rapist and usurper Bull fell onto the big marriage bed with my wife. Big and bald and all tattooed, he suckled and roughed-up and fucked her big tits, then shoved her down, spread her out, and drove his massive cock deep up into her hungrily welcoming cunt.

Soon he was riding My Lady hard, torturing me with the sight of their violent coupling, the liquid slap of flesh on flesh and their rising duet of ecstatic yelps. But even worse, in a way, was what Rod began doing. Standing off to the side, allowing me a clear view of the bed, he was nibbling and tonguing my ear and manipulating my still insanely raging hard-on. Gripping it

tightly in his fist, he pulled it straight down toward the floor, tugging it slowly, firm and hard like an old cow's udder being coaxed to give up its milk.

Before long it did. But because of some fetish trick this Rod seemed to know, maybe just the back-bent way he was pulling my prick, I somehow ejaculated without achieving orgasm. I felt a draining, quivering sensation, and rather than pump up and out of me forcefully, I felt my semen drizzle slowly out of my penis onto the floor. Apparently this was what Mistress Melinda meant by 'milking'. Perhaps, in addition to never again allowing me to use my penis on her, she also intended to forever deny me even the necessary release of orgasm.

Whatever the case, I soon had more immediate concerns. Once he'd seen to my milking, Rod could contain himself no more. He stepped into Mistress' place between my legs and lubricated his own urgent prick. Soon he stuffed it in and began fucking me, acting just like a horny lover: embarrassing me ill by squeezing my tits and sticking his tongue in my mouth – not to mention humping against me hard and pumping his hot, throbbing cock so far up my ass. My head was soon swimming with horribly conflicting sensations and emotions as I again hung helpless and brutally butt fucked in my implacable bonds. And yet that ordeal was still only the young night's first harbinger.

For hours the two big studs rotated, one of them fucking my mistress on my own bed while the other one raped and whipped and tortured me on my bondage cross. I watched Melinda swallow their cocks to the root, and even bare her own asshole, groaning with animal delight as Bull's big organ squeezed its way inside. Indeed, I even watched them roughly double-team her, both bi studs humping away at either end while I, the poor deprived husband, hung crucified on my X and observed it all.

Eventually of course, and for the longest interval, all three of them came at me together: Mistress whipping me once again while both hung brutes most righteously double-fucked my sissy ass and mouth with their big hot throbbing salamis. At one point, I dimly overheard my mistress Melinda talking to Rod and Bull about the gay bdsm club they ran, and inviting them all to come over and use us (particularly me) on at least a biweekly basis. Everyone (except me) had orgasms galore then, and that pretty much set the standard for the way my life's been ever since.

I wear a chastity belt now of course, and never even get hard at all. But otherwise I'm still the same lingerie-wearing she-male sissy-slut my wife first chose for her birthday present. Almost the entire time I'm not doing housework, or waiting hand and foot on her, Mistress has me strapped to my big torture X, locked in my cage, bent over my whipping horse, secured in my stocks or otherwise restrained by one of my many new gifts for her: praying that she or one of her many proxies and lovers will come and brutally use my slutty-painted come-funnel face, or my faggot little sissy-pussy ass, until they grunt and slobber and get their groaning rocks off.

That's about all a worthless slave like me is really good for, right? Right!

Chapter Four

Submission Progression One

Her legs are so long it's incredible
Not that the perspective doesn't help
I'm always prostrate down beneath
Slavishly worshipping at her beautiful feet
Each second in her presence is a wonderful dream
My devotion to her is so outrageous and extreme
I call my lady Goddess, and pray with all my might
To be delivered at death into her holy paradise
Where my eager enslavement to her every whim
Will endure for eternity and expand to the infinite
Utterly unlimited and endless soul-service...
I love her even more than human awareness

But her legs: oh so long and slender!
Better by far than their closest contender
Incredibly stemmy and perfect of line
White as a sampling of scotch sugar pine
Symmetrical as a reflection they tower above me
Joined at the slit of her virgin divinity
Topped by exquisite rounds
Suddenly the knees bend out
Her center gapes open and drops down
Descending toward my waiting mouth

A giggle, a sigh
The first of endless cries
Once again we're in our proper places
Appropriate situation for our relation
Labia to lips
Crotch to face
Secret fount of creation
To organ of mastication
Glorious private bottom
Smothering my humbled public top
Here is where I clearly belong
Most eagerly and intimately and endlessly prolonged
Worshipping my Goddess' holiest of holes
From my destined position directly below

My struggling tongue does vigorous penance
Seeking forgiveness for eons of male sins
Hour after hour comes and passes
Like Goddess' numberless quaking climaxes

Riding my face through unimaginable heavens
She uses her subject exactly as intended
An endless repast for her devouring lust
Until at last she's utterly and completely exhausted
Then she lies down atop me and closes her eyes
And sighs the most contented of blissful sighs

Soon she's sleeping deeply
Hot and forgotten, I throb all painfully needy
Pressed a bit by her cool thigh
Straining, straining; reaching for the sky
Desperate for release
Yet this is causally, laughingly forbidden me
My devotion is much purer in chastity
Goddess prefers me chronically needy
My clumsy tongue is more than enough
To sate her own omnipotent lust
Perhaps, just perhaps, I'll be rewarded someday
And be allowed to at least humbly masturbate...
It all depends on how well I obey!

Chapter Five

Submission Progression Two

We go way back, Jack
She knew me before
Back when I could get on top
Set the pace et cetera
But even then she knew
How I liked to let her ride
Liked to be the one inside
And perhaps she even guessed
I could easily become obsessed
With serving underneath her

Now it's ten years later
I'm no longer the instigator
Crippled by catastrophe
Condemned to humble penury
Ignored by female kind
Out of sight, out of mind
Desperately lonesome
Then along she comes
Comfortable enough to accommodate
Nay, even dominate
Capitalize upon my fundamental diminishment

I am diminished
But not when she takes me
Paradoxically
At the moment she climbs atop me
Settles herself astride my face or waist
Is when I'm both most exalted and abased.

This is the apotheosis:
When all the shame, self-hatred, frustration
Of my fundamental subjugation
Finds painfully perverse gratification
Thank my Goddess that I have her
Or that she has me
To climb atop my helpless body
Every time the whim strikes her
To use me for her selfish pleasure

Of course she controls me obsessively
Makes a virtue out of necessity
Sometimes she'll even bind me

Restrain my spasming legs tightly
Cuff up my minimally functional hands
And carry out her most sadistic plans
Some might call this stuff abuse
But they're just being ridiculously obtuse
For us it's merely foreplay
Before she finally straddles my lower face
Or my remarkably reliable erection
And dares me attempt any insurrection

Then I endure for hours
Suffering under her power
Shuddering with spasms
While she humps and pumps and enjoys all the orgasms
I'm good for maybe one a week
Or in a perfect world I would be
If only she would permit it
Or regularly visit
Yet how can I complain?
That would be fucking insane
Look at all I've found
Usually denied the wheelchair-bound

Now even the most depraved domination
Begs my willing participation
I can deny my Goddess nothing
Lately she's even begun to do to me
Acts condemned by Deuteronomy
Her perversion is truly out of line
Yet what can we say of mine?
Only what I always do:
Don't judge me and I won't judge you
Shrug, I say, and let it ride
Correction: let her ride
Ride, my glorious Goddess, ride!
Get on your helpless slut-boy bitch and ride!

Chapter Six

Submission Progression Three

Helpless as I am
And deprived of lovin'
I often dream of an evil coven
Like Dracula's many vampiresses
But these more subtle succubae
That cohere about me late at night
Clad in only their unkempt tresses
Are interested in both more and less
Than the usual Gothic bloody mess
Drawn by the exceedingly desperate depth
Of my despairing crippled loneliness
At least dozen of them come together
To take any sustenance whatsoever
From my paltry faulty flesh

As sinuous as twining snakes
Multiple arms and limber legs
Wrap about me, undressing
Sensuously caressing
Silkily stroking
Firmly holding
Securely enfolding
And then looming up unbearably near
Dozens of succulent breasts appear
Swaying, jiggling, pressing, yielding
Some so mammoth they tumble unwieldy
Others small and beautifully round
Fresh and sweet as peaches on the bough
Still more pointy, horny, saucy upjutters
Endlessly unique shapes and sizes in udders
They twist and grind and compress against me
Distended red nipples scraping gently

Bracketing my face
Slapping my cheeks
Pushing through my lips
Those glorious glands and duct-filled tips
Seem almost intended to distract me
From the lips and tongues and teeth attacking
My helpless stretched out body bare
Even down there
Especially down there!
Multiple mouths compete

Over every inch of straining meat
Until at last the most demanding swallows it all
Second prize are the throbbing balls
These, too, are quickly engulfed
And both subjected to the most enthralling
Appalling
Unstoppable
Irresistible
Assault

Then inevitably the benevolence falters
The tangle of limbs enfolding me alters
Gradually evolving from gentle caressers
To ever more cruel and dominant possessors
Restraining me like shackling chains
They draw me out taut all fraught with pain
While the hungrily urgently battenning mouths
Pull me further and further and further out
With their maddening
Increasingly
Insistent
Suction

Then the gently probing thumb
Formerly just teasing my puckering bung
Pushes its way painfully far inside
Ignoring my body's involuntary writhe
Pressing down hard on the vulnerable prostate
Clinically determined to properly stimulate
The most extensive, comprehensive draining possible
The sensation is diabolical
But then coherent thought shuts off
When the nipples and breasts are brusquely withdrawn
From my sloppily slavering and suckling jaws

Make way for us!
Cry a dozen sets of cunt and clitoris
And the first pair of lowering thighs splits wide
Settling its center down firmly astride
They close up tight about my helpless face
Holding me down properly in my appropriate place
And somehow that first cunt sucks in my tongue
Pulling
Pulling
Pulling it up
With that same insane persistence

As those powerful lower mouths slaughtering my resistance
And soon a tripartite syncopated rhythm is begun
Humping my tongue
Pressing into my bung
And slowly, powerfully, ever more strong
Pumping and sucking on my engulfed balls and dong

Pulled out taut in seven different directions
Bereft of even the most minimal protections
I quiver on the rack of my ecstasy
Until finally the coven is finished with me
When their orgasms galore have slathered my face
And that constant intrusion into my most secret place
Has left me feeling all sore and bruised and taken
Weak and used and then contemptuously forsaken
Then that probing thumb and pumping suction
That rudely humping cunt and the whole elaborate production
At last fall in sync and work skillfully together
Relentlessly accelerating to induce an extravagant splatter
One so wrenchingly emptying and unnaturally prolonged
That as it wracks me my wildly shuddering prong
Seems to be expelling my consciousness with it right along

Boiling up out of the balls
Shooting though the tube
Flung up and out
Only to be vacuumed down
Deep into the gullet
Of that most voracious succubus
Goes my last
Trembling
Gasping
Flickering
Thought

Chapter Seven

Submission Progression Four

First the ropes, coarse ropes
Prickly hemp digging in and stretching me into a straining x
This is what they call spread-eagled
Big hard oak underneath, three meters by two: the torture plinth
But that's not all that's big and hard
Bindings much more thin and tight cinch me up turgid rigid
Bulging and pulsing with blood and life
Hot, to contrast the bare-naked basement chill
Waiting, I shiver with far more than merely cold
She is coming

Tall and strong, oh so tall and strong!
Taut and tan in leather and steel
Impressively upswept chain-draped breasts
Hard harnessed pubis
Pointy-toed, spike-heeled, thigh-high, black leather boots
Knuckle-studded gauntlets grip a snaking whip
While many more inches than my own modest six
Sprout up in blackest simulating plastic
Which of these weapons will do the most damage?
How many climaxes will the goddess manage?
We shall certainly see
But certain things are preliminary

Toothy sharp little pinch clamps dig into ears and lips and nips
Bigger and much stronger ones all over the organs
Each blue ball is constantly crushed...
Veiny red shaft and seeping purple head festooned with them
And only after dozens are in place will she at last step up
Squat and spread
And open up over my receptacle
Sealing herself: hole-to-hole
Gush and guzzle, hot salt sizzle, acid and ammonia!
Laughing at me spitefully, voiding into a void
Dutifully I lick her clean

Then she steps back, swoop, crack!
Swish slash, whiplash
Strike, stripe, strike, stripe!
Crisscross, head toss
The beautiful imperial ruling
High Queen Goddess of Heaven
Inscribing the book of my flesh

With an arcane calligraphy of welts
Agony swooning swimmy endorphin rush
Panting gasping crying screaming
But at last she slashes one last lash
And casts the sinuous braid aside
Time for a more diabolical assault

Moving into place
Gripping and lubing that protruding phallus
Pumping it like one born to the palming fun
Loving that long and hard, thickly up-curved
Bulbous-headed cylinder
She kneels between my roped-out knees
Ignores my whimpering abject pleas
Grips my hips, lifts them up high
Then stabbing, stabbing, scorning me in the eye
Ah, my Goddess, cruelest Goddess!
A grin, a sneer, a lascivious leer
A panting, vigorous, rhythmic spear
The metronomic slapping of crotch into crotch
The hard horny goading of cock into bod
Grunts and groans and cries of all kinds
Ultimate subjugation time

Escalating orgasms for the reigning queen
Accumulating damage to the hapless captive
Wrenching and twisting
Punching and pummeling
Abuse of the bound erect genitals ongoing
Clamps and clips knocked flying askew
Churning inside like a stopped volcano flue
Cruelly tight cords containing issue
No eruptions allowed!
Not this month at least
Nor even this year
Or maybe even never!
That is of course now and forever
Entirely up to her to decide

She screams and comes a final time
She stops the abuse both in and outside
That big hard spike is grudgingly withdrawn
The thin tight bindings are finally gone
Quick, viciously sharp nips at the weeping tip
Attack my impertinent upright dick
Until sufficient shrinkage is finally achieved

Tiny now and humbled
Tucked down inside
Laced up tight
She's applying the usual belt-control-device
Ouch! That big (ful)filling invasive plug
Covered with nubbles and thick as a club
And the spike-lined compressive chastity sheath
Drawing me down small and far underneath
Quickly she clicks the implacable lock
Then straps in the mouth-filling hard rubber cock
Only then are the heavy ropes finally released
And my cramped chafed extremities uncustomarily freed

I have ten minutes now of relative peace
Barely enough time for my wounds to treat
Then right away it's back to the boudoir
And another ordeal in my mad devoir
Preparing my costume for the party this eve
Whereas always my goddess will require of me
That I dress up, and serve, and publicly service all
A sissy Cinderella at the Marquis de Sade's ball!

Chapter Eight

Submission Progression Five

She's supposed to be my live-in aide
Instead I've become her abject slave
It happens this way every time
Her pay sheet says she starts at nine
And has me up and dressed by noon
But I rarely see her before one or even two

At last I hear her stirring, moving about in the next room
Then she enters and approaches me, immobilized in my cocoon
Even though I'm paralyzed from the chest and biceps down
Every night she ties me tight from toes to longhaired crown
Belts wrap about my ankles, thighs, shoulders and chest
And my cuffed hands lock to the collar about my neck
Keeping my elbows completely flexed
Strapped down tight against my breast
Knuckles curled beneath my sprung chin
I can't move a muscle a single inch

The bit of course is the most uncomfortable thing
Holding my jaws spread is a plastic ring
Wedge upright between my teeth
It robs me of closure or intelligible speech
Thin tight straps from it bracket my face
Ensuring this bit stays firmly in place
Except for when I eat – food that is
Its main purpose of course is to force-feed me jizz
Otherwise, like my blindfolded visage
This is just another part of my comprehensive bondage

Belinda giggles as she arrives
It thrills her madly, to see me so deprived
Of even the minimal mobility
That remains within my ability
Knowing that my very continued existence
Depends entirely upon her assistance
She eagerly climbs aboard the bed
And straddles my helplessly waiting head
Settling herself over that always-open hole
She shifts and sighs and prepares to let go

This is of course her regular toilet
I lie quiescent and humbly submit
Consuming without objection

What her superior body has rejected
Then out through the ring-bit I poke my tongue
And dutifully clean both pisser and bung
Until at last Mistress Belinda grunts that I'm done

She lifts her butt from my humiliated features
It's time to see to my excreta
Up my penis-eye stabs the painful catheter
Tapping out anything not voided by the bladder
Then after this impaling she rolls me over
And uses two gloved fingers to gouge out any ordure
Leaving me clean and sore and empty
Open and vulnerable and oh so tempting

Still bound up then I'm moved to the shower
Belinda demonstrating her skill and power
Hung in the stall, hosed off and out
Then back to the bed, where I'm at last unbound
Except for the ring-bit, that is
And the tight leather harness erecting my penis
Just long enough to be dressed, painted and shaved
For yet another day as her slut-boy slave

But before I can be forced into my silk flowered panties
Mistress Belinda has a few other fancies
Ways to max the agony of sitting all day
I'm placed face-down, my butt upraised
She starts right in with a rattan cane
Whipping, slashing, laying down the pain
Then she straps on a penis over ten inches long
And butt fucks me viciously with that upjutting prong
Hammering relentlessly into my tenderest core
Constantly reviling me as a slut-bitch-whore
She bull-rapes my anus for an hour or more
Yet this is a mere harbinger of what's in store

A big ugly spreader-plug is brutally installed
Angular corrugations savage my rectal walls
Eight inches long and over two inches wide
It hurts like hell as it's pushed up inside
Just wait until I spend all day in my chair
Unable to forget for second it's there!

But now at last the panties can come on
Followed by stockings, garters, corset and bra
Mistress Belinda applies these and more

Properly costuming her slutty little whore
Next comes the lipstick, make-up; ribbons in the hair
More cheap perfume than my senses can bear
Alligator-toothed clips on my nipples and dick
And finally fuck-me pumps over four inches thick

At last I'm placed in my adjustable wheelchair
Strapped in top to toe and left sitting there
Right next to my bed
Unable to move my head
Ring-bitted and blindfolded
Jealous as one cuckolded
Condemned to bear at least auditory witness
As at last Mistress Belinda opens for business

You realize of course she's a specialized whore
All day and night johns arrive at our door
They come to do her, or me, or both
But they invariably end up coming in my mouth
Straddling my chair, gripping my ears
Pumping my head and gagging me to tears
They spurt on my tongue, down my throat, all over my face
One after another at an unbelievable pace

Meanwhile I listen to my mistress turning tricks
Right next to me in my bed she fucks hundreds of dicks
A glory she's assured me I'll be forever denied
She won't even show me her naked backside
Yet after each spew soaks her cooze she tips me back
Reclining my chair 'til I'm almost flat
Then once again she spreads out over my mouth
And lets the hot come slither gooily down
Forcing me to swallow yet another load of seed
Then suck, lick up, and scrupulously clean

I'm my gorgeous mistress' lowly douche-bag
Her helpless heterosexual forced-to-perform fag
Compelled against my will and every inclination
To eagerly cooperate in my own emasculation
By servicing her endless johns, lovers and others
No matter how viciously that choking dick smothers

It's painfully obvious how much I deserve this
Observe my own erect little penis
Ten long years without an orgasm
Thoughts of marriage a hopeless phantasm

And still I jut up painfully hard
Evidence of perversion we can't disregard
My destiny as her come-slut is impossible to deny
Without my beloved Belinda, how would I ever get by?

Chapter Nine

Triple Play

Hi there. My name is Luani. I'm of Hawaiian ancestry, but this isn't really about me. It's about my marriage, and where it's going.

My husband Jon and I have always been fascinated by the fetish lifestyle.

Unfortunately we've both proved too inhibited to take the initiative. We both want to play the submissive part. Neither of us can frankly even imagine taking on the dominant role. Finally at Jon's urging we've arranged for some professional assistance.

She calls herself Mistress Chantelle, and we met her on the internet. She lives right here in the city, and we've arranged for her to visit tonight.

She refused to speculate on which of us would eventually come out on top in our marriage, saying only that the experience would determine that. All she would guarantee was that we'd all find ourselves supremely satisfied by the outcome. That was enough for Jon and me. And so here we are, moments from her scheduled arrival.

As ordered, we are both waiting naked in our small studio apartment. Other than the king sized bed, there are few furnishings in that main living space except the TV, a small coffee table and two easy chairs. Sitting in these we keep eying each other apprehensively, wondering which of us will end this night owning the other. We also can't help ogling our respective bare bodies. Less than a year of marriage hasn't begun to dull our lust for each other.

I know I'm attractive. My body is of average height and weight, but it's perfectly proportioned. My waist is small, my tummy tight, my ass and legs great and my tits a bit too big for my frame. My skin is that deep, burnished gold of my ancestors, my hair a long bushy black and my face particularly fetching. And while Jon isn't as traditionally hot as me, I still find him absolutely beautiful.

Barely more than a boy, he's clear skinned, blonde and blue-eyed. But that's about it for the Nordic ideal. He's no Thor, I'm afraid. Yet despite the fact that he's my own height, and rather slight with a shallow chest and narrow shoulders, he still has a very respectable cock on him. I have simply adored fucking, sucking, and playing with his seven slim inches for the last 8 months. Even now it is cockily erect, eager with anticipation, and I grin hungrily looking at it. But then the agreed upon sequence of knocks comes, the door swings open, and Mistress Chantelle enters at last.

She is older than us by ten or so years – late twenties or early thirties I would say. And she is fabulously arousing and intimidating down to the last detail.

She's tall for one thing, towering way over our mutual five foot-six. And while some of this due to the four-inch heels on her thigh-high boots, the rest is just pure pulchritude. She is simply big-bodied, well-muscled all over and with huge breasts both uplifted and barely contained by the tight black corset she wears. Her face is strongly boned to the point of severity, her chestnut hair done up in a bun, and the overall frowning effect is that of a contemptuous teacher facing a pair of particularly troublesome students. Most intimidating and arousing of all is the big black dildo already strapped erect about her leather-clad crotch.

She knows from our correspondence that this particular fetish is particularly compelling for us both. She relishes our awe at her appearance, dropping one gloved hand to slowly stroke that darkly fascinating erection. Then she sweeps the door shut behind her and greets us at last.

“Good evening, slaves. By morning one of you will be a Master or Mistress. But until that is determined, you both remain slaves. And as such you will do whatever you are fucking told. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress!” we both respond.

“Good,” she smirks. “Both of you rise, and precede me to the bed. You boy!” she points imperiously at Jon. “You bring the strongest, hardest, simplest chair you have. And you girl, bring my bag.”

This is black leather, large and quite heavy. Shivering at the thought of what must be inside this I lug it to the bed and heft it up there, as Jon drags over one of our very spare kitchen chairs, and positions it as ordered facing the foot.

“Sit, boy!” Mistress commands right away. Jon silently complies. “I am going to tie you both up now,” she ominously intones. “Or at least I will tie up one of you. You girl, will bind this slave for me. Let’s just see if you have any innate affinity for this delightful task...”

She pulls several coils of tough rope from her bag. Then she brusquely beckons me forward, and together we close in on my shyly squirming husband.

“Tie his legs outside the chair legs at the ankles and knees,” Mistress commands. “Use the entire length of rope. This will keep his legs spread out and helpless no matter what we choose to do to him.”

Luckily I was in the girl scouts. It’s not only the boys who learn knots after all. Quickly I lash Jon’s legs so inescapably to those of the chair that Mistress strokes my head approvingly.

“Beautifully done, girl. I think I may have found my Mistress already. But let’s not get too far ahead of ourselves. You both still have so very much to get through tonight. Let’s see to the rest of this slave’s bondage now!”

Under Mistress’ instruction I then pull slave’s arms behind him over the back of the chair and tie his elbows together. Jon (no, slave, I remind myself) cries out at this, and I can’t help but hesitate,

“Tighter!” snarls Mistress.

“But I’m hurting him!”

“That’s the whole idea, girl! His pain is your pleasure!”

“Okay,” I tremulously reply, and yank slave’s arms even further behind his back.

Again he cries out, and damn it, Mistress is right. Suddenly I’m more excited than ever in my life. Again I yank his arms even tighter together, again he cries out and again my pussy responds. Finally I tie off his elbows nearly touching each other, and following my mentor’s orders lash his wrists up just as tightly, leaving a yard of cord hanging free. By this time I know intuitively what this is for, and without instruction I loop the rope under the support strut linking the back legs of the chair. Then I yank it as hard as I can, pulling my boy’s hands and arms as far down behind him as possible before tying them off. This leaves him stretched way back with his chest thrust out and all four limbs utterly unable to escape or even function.

“Wonderful, slave,” praises Mistress. “Despite your initial innate weakness, I sense a natural dominatrix within you, just begging to be coaxed out. And I am definitely the one to do that! Now then: let’s just give slave some *real* distractions to dwell upon. He’s going to need them once I tie you up too, and fuck you madly right in front of him!”

Whoa! That wasn’t ‘in the brochure’! Strap-on sex yes, but right in front of my husband? He’s so insecure! Still, I can’t help but be secretly excited even more by the thought. And this excitement grows even worse when Mistress reaches into her bag and pulls out an intricate harness constructed around a blue plastic sphere that is absolutely huge. Nearly the size of a

baseball, Mistress presses the whole mess into my hand. Then she gives me an order I suddenly can't wait to carry out.

"Push that ball far into his mouth, girl. Then strap the harness tightly about his head. He has no need to speak ever in our beloved presence!"

My poor husband! Tied to a chair and utterly unable to resist me! Still he doesn't even shake his head as I begin forcing that ball in, although his eyes bug alarmingly out as his jaws are finally forced almost beyond their limit for the second it takes for that ball to pass his teeth and then become firmly lodged behind them. Then those eyes just roll pathetically as I follow Mistress' orders by snuggling up and buckling tight the straps that pass under his chin, bracket his nose and wrap up tight about his entire head.

Seeing slave like that – naked, helplessly bound, and with his jaws stretched outrageously out by a locking head harness – I truly begin to get into the spirit of this endeavor. His bulging, pleading eyes especially (offset by his ridiculously erect cock) make me more ready than ever for what comes next.

Mistress rummages in her bag, and produces two devices that are at first an absolute mystery to me.

The first is a pair of small, transparent plastic cups linked by a short chain. With these is a curious little pump. Following Mistress' instructions I place a cup over slave's nipple and use the pump to evacuate all the air inside. With that the cup is stuck tightly to his chest, and the nipple within drawn out hard and distended by the constant suction. Slave whimpers a bit, and I can't help but giggle as I treat the other nipple likewise. Then I turn back to Mistress, eager for the next step in my education. She is quick to provide it.

"You have a vacuum cleaner, yes? The floor model kind, with a hose?"

"Yes, Mistress," I reply. "In fact it's brand new, very powerful and yet remarkably quiet. He bought it for me, and I absolutely love it."

"Excellent. Roll it out here, girl. Plug it in and push it right up between his legs."

With an inkling where this is going already I hurriedly obey. Once all is ready, Mistress proceeds to exceed my anticipation.

"Now, force his testicles into the end of the hose."

Slave's eyes widen again at hearing this, and he groans beautifully as I comply.

The fit is very tight indeed. I don't need to be told what comes next, and I flick the switch. Immediately the motor purrs into life, clamping that hose to his body and pulling his balls far down its throat, stretching his scrotum mercilessly out. Slave doesn't just whimper at this, he cries out, the sound delightfully distorted by that big blue ball. Again I just have to giggle, and this time tease him.

"What's the matter, honey? You're always after me to suck on your balls. Well from now on the vacuum cleaner you bought me *for my birthday* can do it for you. Don't you like it, slave?"

Tears standing out in his eyes, slave shakes his head vigorously.

"Then how come your cock is still hard?" I laugh, running a sharp fingernail up and down the sensitive underside, smirking at his eagerly bobbing response. "You're as big as you ever get my brand new property!"

"Yes," confirms Mistress from behind me. "I think we've definitely determined who will dominate and who will be submissive already. But as I said, we all still have a long night ahead of us. Here, take these." She passes me a large handful of black plastic clothespins. "Clip these all over his penis, not neglecting the head of course. Then prepare yourself to get wonderfully fucked!"

Oh my goodness how exciting! I feel a twinge of pity for my poor slave as I festoon his pretty erection with all those clips – he bleats most piteously, and struggles with his bonds most especially when I pinch the last one right onto his tenderest tip. But the thought of being fucked by a strong older woman, and right in front of my jealous, suffering husband, is already just so titillating that I squash that weakness with ease. Grinning salaciously at him, still amazed at how easily I’m taking to domination after all my earlier qualms, I flick the tip of his nose hard with my index finger.

“Enjoy the show, slave!”

I turn, and see Mistress setting out several more coils of rope on the bed.

“And now for you,” she declares. “Kneel up in the center of the bed, facing your slave. You’ll want to look him the eye as you’re fucked!”

As soon as I do so she spreads my knees out wide, and ties a rope about each one. These ropes are pulled to the edge of the bed and tied off. Next Mistress spreads my ankles even wider, and ties each one to the corner of the bed up by the head. Then she goes ahead and ties my arms behind me just as she had me do to slave, with the forearms pressed together from elbows to wrists and the shoulders severely strained.

Suddenly I’m the one whimpering. Lastly Mistress takes a long cord, doubles it, and wraps it about my waist. She slips the two loose ends through the loop, pulls them down between my legs, up the crack of my ass and under my arms until they emerge by the back of my neck. There she creates a running knot that gathers my long thick hair into a ponytail. After that she adjusts the knot, shortening the ropes until they cut painfully into my pussy and pull my head back until I’m almost looking at the ceiling. Only at the very lowest periphery of my vision do I register her then piling both bed pillows just in front of me. With that done she moves behind me at last.

Already I’m very uncomfortable – though surely nothing approaching what my slave must be feeling. Then I forget all about him, as Mistress reaches around me and cups my breasts. Hefting and fondling them, she murmurs in my ear.

“Oh, your tits are magnificent girl! I could spend forever just playing with them. And I think this submissive situation is already making you appreciate how much better it is to be the one on top, isn’t it girl?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasp. “Absolutely!”

“Good.”

As threatened she begins slowly playing with my nipples: pinching them hard, twisting and pulling on them exquisitely. This hurts like hell, but it’s also wildly arousing. One hand drops away then, and I momentarily mourn its loss. But then that hand reaches down between my legs, and deftly separates the ropes biting into me.

Mistress begins rubbing my pussy, exposing my clit and fingering it expertly. Again I gasp, shivering with pleasure. Then, still tormenting my tingling-hard nipple, she withdraws a vibrator from the bag next to us and switches it on. In seconds this replaces the fingers pleasuring me, and I moan deliriously at that hot buzzing.

Mistress presses her toy hard against my clit, rubbing it up and down and all around. Oh it feels so absolutely heavenly compared to my other discomforts! Enfolded from behind by this big superior older woman, helpless in her arms while she professionally stimulates me, I soon find myself bucking in the throes of the most amazing orgasm. Shuddering all over, crying out my ecstasy, I come and come and at last fall limply back against her.

“Excellent!” Mistress breathes. Then without warning she suddenly shoves me forward, flopping me belly down over those pillows, with my ass high in the air and my restrained face staring at my suffering husband only a few feet away.

Tears streak his cheeks, and his eyes are full of misery. Still his extensively clipped cock strains upward. This more than anything else renews my mad arousal. Squirming in place, I can feel Mistress rummaging through the bag next to us.

“Okay, girl. That’s one orgasm down. Now I’m going to whip you for a while. Let’s just see if you love or hate this...”

Oh God! A thick sheaf of thin leather straps dangles in front of my eyes, wagging back and forth. Then it drapes my face, those soft strips of skin sliding up over my head, down my back and arms before swishing back and forth against my ass. At last they are withdrawn, and I can only wait in dread anticipation.

“Watch closely, boy,” Mistress orders slave. “You will be getting this and so much worse for the rest of your life. I’m sure that whatever your wife endures she will want to pass along to you with interest. After all, you got her into this!”

With that those many straps suddenly smack smartly against my ass. I cry out helplessly of course, but for some reason it’s a distinctly erotic cry. It hurts; no doubt about that. But it hurts in a good way, if you can possibly understand. Then I’m flogged again, and again I squirm and whimper as much in arousal as distress. Unfortunately this equality doesn’t last long. Mistress Chantelle just keeps on whipping me, until my ass is seriously on fire and the pain has utterly subsumed the pleasure. My pussy remains hot and wet, aching hungrily to be penetrated. But now I’m crying, maddened by agony, and wrenching futilely at my bonds. Still the whipping goes on, stroke after painful stroke, until I’m ready to sacrifice anything at all to stop it.

Seen through a blur of tears, my slave-boy is struggling madly too. I can’t tell if he’s desperate to help me or only suffering his own many torments. But for both our sakes I assume the former, and for the last time I love him dearly. But finally the most vicious stroke of all slashes down and the whip is replaced by a caressing, comforting hand. Mistress speaks consolingly.

“All right, girl. You’ve earned your fucking. You might find it uncomfortable to sit down for a day or two. But I’m sure you’ll consider it all well worth it after this.”

Her hands stop caressing me and grip my hips. I feel her shift her stance, and then the head of her strap-on just touches my burning pussy.

Oh, please, this is what I’ve been dreaming of! Still she teases me, just nudging gently against my opening as she calls out over me at slave.

“Well, little cuckold, are you ready to watch your wife get wonderfully fucked right in front of you?”

Still weeping, he nods.

“You realize of course, that once she gets it done properly to her she’ll probably never want your inept attentions again, don’t you?”

Slave hesitates at this, watching me as I squirm and keen with need. Then acceding to the obvious he nods again.

“How about you, little slut?” Mistress Chantelle asks, nudging more insistently into me, until the head of her cock slips between those ropes and just inside me, a more tantalizing torture than ever. “Do you want me to fuck you? Do you want me to fuck you right in front of your bound and gagged, inadequate little loser slave of a husband?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I cry, out of my mind with need.

“You’re ready to finally find what being fucked is really all about?”

“Oh God yes, please, PLEASE fuck me! I am so dying for it!”

“Good. I like it when people beg me to fuck them. So take it, you greedy little bitch!” And with that she at last slams her hard cock deep up into me, bringing a totally unselfconscious scream of pained ecstasy from me.

Oh yes, she was so right, oh god yes this is the best ever!

Mistress’ cock is substantially bigger than Jon’s, and she’s so much better with it! And of course I’m hungrier and needier for a fucking than ever before. As she starts pumping it rapidly in and out, yanking my hips back to meet her every thrust, I wrench spasmodically against the ropes, my helpless struggles further fueling my arousal. Screaming mindlessly I climax convulsively, the best orgasm of my life without a doubt. And still Mistress lunges and plunges away, fucking me to ever greater heights of pleasure. Dimly I hear her urging me on and insulting us both as she does so, and in response I come again and again in mind-bending delirium.

“Yeah, you love it, little bitch, little slut, little hungry-cunt whore! Take it then! Take the best fucking you’ve ever had and glory in it! And you slave, you pathetic male trash, listen to how she screams! You know you’ve never given her anything approaching this kind of pleasure! Drown in your guilt and your shame you unworthy piece of shit! After this you’ll never be able to satisfy her again!”

Oh heaven help me, she’s spot on with that. I’ll never be able to fully enjoy my husband’s fucking after this. This is just the *best*, the *most* incredible experience there has ever been. Bound to the bed, my neck and shoulders aflame with strain and my ass still just so sore from its whipping, I can only scream and come nonstop as I’m powerfully pounded for what seems like forever. Finally after one last sky-splintering climax Mistress pulls out of me. And yet still my education has barely begun. Before I can even dream of recovering my wits, or preparing myself for it, that thick slippery cock is again pushing into me. Only this time it’s my asshole being penetrated.

Alarm bells shriek within me. Automatically I struggle violently, and try to clench up against that shocking invasion. Of course it is all useless.

“Give it up, little slut,” growls Mistress, effortlessly forcing her way in deeper.

“Both of you are going to suffer this indignity tonight, and both of you are going to learn to love it. You hear me, slave?” she calls out to my goggle-eyed husband. “You’re next, slut! After I fuck your wife’s ass we’re both going to fuck yours to death! So treasure your cherry while you have it!”

With that she drives all the way into me: making me sob, making me groan, making my face come aflame with terrible shame. Never have I even considered letting someone do this. And now I have no choice but to submit as a near total stranger violates my virgin behind. Weeping with the unprecedented pain, I grit my teeth and try to endure as Mistress again starts *really* fucking me, gloating grimly as she does so.

“Oh yeah, you’re tight, baby, you are *really* fucking tight. This would be serious work for me if it wasn’t so much fun. Still, your pain isn’t paramount tonight, it’s your husbands. Don’t make me tear you up, my newest lover. Accept that you’re a sleazy little slut, and *relax*. This will hurt far less if you just loosen up and let it happen.”

Convinced by this I somehow obey her. And as always she is right. Once I’m lying limp and open and accepting that huge cock begins to slide more easily in and out of me. This allows Mistress to up the tempo of course, ratcheting up the pain of my horribly shameful penetration

once again. But after I while as I kneel bent over, bound and weeping and submitting to sodomy, I eventually discover there is sick pleasure to be found in being used like this as well, a kind of pleasure I've never considered possible and am terribly loath to admit to. Still there is no hiding how my groans gradually change to moans, my sobs stop and my back begins arching eagerly. Then Mistress escalates her pace even more, fucking me with an energy I find utterly unbelievable.

"See, little slut?" she hisses. "I told you you'd learn to love it. What little slut doesn't love being brutally fucked in the ass? How long will it be until you come, huh? How long until I fuck you into yet another screaming orgasm? I know I'm getting close to coming myself. Meet me there at the highest peak, you delicious little beeeeach!"

I can't help it – for some reason being verbally degraded like this turns me on even more. And looking up at my husband as he weeps with pain, jealousy and outrage is impossibly arousing too. Add all this to the deep fast battering in my ass, and the excited panting of the domineering presence orchestrating all this, and soon despite myself I'm shooting yet again toward orgasm. I begin to scream out affirmatives, and my "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" is promptly joined by similar joy from Mistress. Incredible as it seems, her manic rhythm spikes up yet another level, and at long last we meet, as decreed, at the absolute pinnacle of the universe.

Together we come in godly glory, in heavenly bliss, in soul-searing ecstasy. So wonderful is this mutual apotheosis that it instantly creates an eternal bond between us. Mistress confirms this by finally vacating my ass – at least for the time being – and falling forward atop me. Crushing me to the bed she growls quietly in my ear.

"I believe we're agreed that when it comes to your husband, it's imperative that you always be on top from now on. He is nothing but a slave for the rest of his life. But how would you feel about submitting to me as well? I will fuck you like he never can at my every whim, and also fulfill all your most craven desires for lesbian dominance. In the meantime you will enjoy a lifetime of power and control over your pathetic loser of a sick male slave. That would be best of both worlds, wouldn't you say little girl?"

"Absolutely!" I gasp, without even thinking about it. "I will be your fuck-slut forever, Mistress! And in return you can teach me how to be a proper owner of my own contemptible little husband."

"Exactly," she again growls quietly. "So, let's get your pretty young boy-toy on to the bed. We will bind and torment and dominate and humiliate and above all butt-fuck him for the rest of the night together."

"Oh, I can't wait, my glorious Mistress!" I cry, loud enough for slave to hear this at least. In response my new lover-owner-mentor rises up and at last unties me.

This is an inexpressible relief. And when she begins using her big strong hands to rub the life back into my arms, neck and shoulders, I find that in the hour or so I've known her I've truly fallen in love with her.

By contrast what I feel for my husband Jon has now dwindled to a contemptuous affection. That and a burning need to prove my own superiority by seeing him constantly humbled and tormented. After all, as Mistress said, bringing her in was his idea. Let him suffer the consequences!

More wildly excited than ever by that thought, I climb naked from the bed at last, and lead my beloved Mistress over to where my new lifelong slave sits timidly awaiting my worst.

“Okay, slave,” I snarl, further excited and delighted by the consternation my angry tone touches off in his expression. “The floor show is over. I am your undisputed owner now, and I say it’s high time you took the center stage yourself! From now on this night is all about you!”

With Mistress supervising I rip the vacuum hose from his tortured balls, bringing an agonized squeal from him before I switch off the machine and kick it aside. Leaving the cups sucking at his tits, and the clothespins decorating his dick (which is still erect despite everything I’m amused to see), I untie his legs and arms from the chair. Leaving these last still bound behind him – how bad must be the strain after all this time! – I take a wide studded dog collar Mistress hands me and lock it snugly about this throat. I clip this to a short leash, drag him stumbling over to the bed, and together we heave him facedown upon it.

“Release his arms now,” Mistress recommends. “I can tell you like seeing him that way. But I’ll show you a new and even better way to tie him up that’s more appropriate for what he’s got coming.”

Mourning the loss of that particular torment and yet excited to see what will succeed, and hopefully supersede it, I do as instructed. At last the only bonds upon slave are the harness enclosing his head and the huge ball stuffing his jaws. Yet he makes no attempt whatsoever to resist or escape us as Mistress places both pillows lengthwise next to him and rolls him over onto his back atop them. Meanwhile I retrieve the ropes just lately used so effectively to bind me. Then Mistress demonstrates the ingenuity and effectiveness of her next bondage technique.

First she spreads his legs out wide, and lifts them up until he’s folded over at the waist. Then as I hold them thus she lashes each of his knees to its corresponding elbow. After that she ties each wrist to its shin, binding his forearms and lower legs tightly together. The last few feet of these ropes are then stretched out wide to either side, pulled down under the bed and secured tightly to the frame. This leaves my slave stretched wholly out open, with his bound-together arms and legs painfully contorted and tied so tightly to the mattress that they are actually below the level of his pillow-supported torso. Not only is his ass now wide open to attack, and elevated quite enough for convenience, but his entire chest, belly, groin and buttocks, plus the insides of his thighs and upper arms are helplessly unprotected. The only non-dorsal flesh not accessible to us is that which is already being most satisfactorily tormented: his nipples and still stupidly straining erection.

And so finally, truly, gets underway the greatest night of my life. For hours my wonderful Mistress teaches me some of the most excellent (though surely elementary, this being my first time and all) ways to punish a puling male slave.

We start by shaving off all his body hair, and extorting his nodding promise to keep himself that way. We dribble hot wax all over him, delighting in his choked wails and pathetic struggles. We pinch and twist and beat his bare balls until he’s utterly incoherent. Together we paddle and strap his ass until it’s a beautiful black and blue. Then we use floggers – not the tame straps as before but knotted, tightly braided cords – to score his entire accessible body with welts. Finally I’m taught how to properly use a thin, single-tail whip to truly carve him up right.

After this, slave has been damaged too much to risk any more conventional punishment. We don’t want to put him in the hospital after all. So Mistress again declares the foreplay over. She opens wide her heavy bag – promising to sell me any and every device I like – and helps me to sort through and try on a wide variety of plastic and rubber penises.

Finally I settle on a pair of skin-tight latex shorts with an opening down below and an integral ten-inch dildo perfectly molded to look and feel exactly like the real thing. Gleefully I

stroke, fondle, slap and bounce about my new cock. God I can't wait to use it! Naturally then we have to discuss who should be the first to break in the new slut.

"Ideally we should do him together," Mistress instructs, "With one of us fucking his ass and the other his mouth; then switching back and forth until we're too exhausted to continue. But he's just so cute with that giant ball stuffing his face that I can't bear to pull it out. Besides, turning him into a cocksucker is a 'seminal' event. It should be yours to enact and enjoy all alone on some subsequent occasion."

"Okay, so who gets his cherry?" I ask, thrilled beyond belief at the thought of taking sole control and fucking slave's face all by myself some night very soon. "I really want to do it myself; he's my slave after all. But you're so much better at this. You're an expert, and I've never even done it before. What do you decree, Mistress?"

She ponders a moment, frowning down at the bound, beaten, gagged and weeping slave waiting tremulously upon our decision. Then at last she smiles wickedly, and speaks with consummate authority.

"You take him first, girl. It's only right. After all, there's nothing like on-the-job training. I'll stay back, and offer helpful hints when I think you need them. Then once I see you've got things well in hand – well in ass I mean – I'll step up and help you along."

Madly excited at getting to be the first one to fuck my husband-slut, I still find this last remark perplexing.

"Huh?"

"Never mind, girl. You'll soon see, you succulent young Mistress you. Meanwhile your helpless little slut-boy awaits, with his impossibly tight pucker just begging to be deflowered. Kneel over there, lube yourself up and show him what the rest of his life is truly going to entail!"

"Yes, Mistress!" I zealously declare, all my doubts banished. Taking the jar of petroleum jelly she hands me I move eagerly into place. So trembling with excitement I almost drop it, I coat my new cock up well. Then, feeling more practicality than pity, I smear some around and into my slut-boy's anus too, giggling madly at his pleading, shaking head and terrified whimpers.

"Come on, Slut-boy," I chide him, intuitively seizing upon his new name.

"We both long ago admitted to our mutual fascination with strap-on dildos. Did you not ever dream that it might ultimately culminate in this way? That's too stupid to be believed. Your destiny has always been both in my hands and your ass. And you know what they say. What has been wonderful for the goose will surely prove even better for the gander. So you obey your new Mistress now Slut-boy, and take her cock like it's the most glorious thing in the entire universe. I mean, it's not like you have any choice in the matter, do you? And besides, that's what it's going to be for you from now on!"

With that I pry his badly bruised buttocks even further apart and push the head of his new god deep into his exposed little hole. His groan of pain and sob of denial in response are priceless.

"That's right Slut-boy," I giggle. "It hurts, I know. But even worse is the embarrassment, right? How will you ever be able to live with yourself after this? And when you finally learn to love and crave it, when you realize you can't live without being regularly butt-fucked by your dominant Mistress, then your disgusting perversity will be truly proved. Then you will *need* to be cruelly punished constantly, if only to be able to look yourself in the eye without puking."

Slut-boy sobs harder than ever as he recognizes the truth of this. Showing him no mercy, indeed reveling in my newfound cruelty, I hammer the point home with my big hard cock.

Brutally I drive it all the way into him, gasping with glee at the wonderful actuality of my actions. Yes it's true: I am actually fucking my pathetically crying husband in the ass. Suddenly transported with ecstasy at the sheer power of my position I pull back and stab into him again, and again again again again! Soon I'm panting with the effort of penetrating his extreme tightness, and yet I couldn't stop stabbing my way into him for all the world. His every sob and cry, his shaking head, struggling body and even the uncontrollable quivering of his thighs exalts me ever further. A feral grunt with every sadistic thrust, I pound his ass as hard as I can and finally begin laying down the law as I do so.

"You... are... all... *mine*... Slut...boy! My... personal... property! You... will... obey... me...always! You... will... take... my... cock... and... my... whip... when... ever... and... for... as... long... as... I... see... fit! Under... stand... you... fucking... disgusting... slut?"

Still wailing and struggling and drooling around the gag, Slut-boy nods miserably.

He seems to be truly broken, not a man any more but a mindless plaything incapable of even thinking of resisting my slightest whim. Still I hammer the lesson home, fucking his ass so hard and furiously fast that his erection flops and slaps around, knocking some of the clothespins flying. Excited even more by this sight, I at last give in to the wild rhythmic pressure on my clit and climax for the umpteenth time tonight, still fucking, fucking, fucking his ass as I scream and scream and ride that never-ending peak. But at last I'm finally truly out of gas. Still fully embedded in him, I drop atop his body, until we're wonderfully face to face.

His pretty blue eyes are now swollen and bloodshot, still leaking tears. His chest hitches under me as he struggles to suppress his sobs. Gently I stroke his hair through the straps in the harness. Looking him straight in the eye from inches away, compelling him to face me in utter honesty, I sternly interrogate him.

"Was that as good for you as it was for me?"

Miserably he shakes his head no.

"Nevertheless you will submit to it at my every whim. Won't you, Slut-boy?"

This time he nods yes, his gaze still miserably honest.

"Good, Slut-boy," I breathe, and kiss him on the nose. "That is your name now, Slut-boy. I'm going to forget you ever had another. And my name is Mistress. You will likewise forget that I ever had any other. Understood?" Again he nods, the tears still trickling beautifully down his temples to darken his hair.

"Excellent," I murmur. Then I push up onto my hands. With my arms propped to either side of his face, I begin slowly, deliciously fucking him again.

"Superb!" cries a voice from behind me. Mistress, who I have somehow completely forgotten about, is applauding me. "I knew you were a natural, girl! Never have I seen such a splendid first fuck, or witnessed such a successful initial indoctrination. I said I'd give you helpful hints, yet I never needed to. Well I'll give you one now. Fuck him in this position often. You have simply fabulous breasts. Dangle them in front of his face while you fuck him. This will drive him stark raving crazy, especially if you forbid him to ever touch them again. Meanwhile this position allows me to help you out, as I promised to do. So stop fucking him for a second and hold steady girl."

I feel Mistress move in on me, and nudge my legs out wider. And then yes! The well-greased head of her own cock begins pushing into my suddenly hungry ass. She slides it all the way into me, presses me back down upon Slut-boy and leans forward, propping herself above us both. In this way her big strong body makes me into the very choicest meat of an incredibly delicious fuck-sandwich. Hearing my gasp of delight she breathes lovingly down.

“That’s right girl. Just relax, and let me do all the work. You are but an extension of your mistress, as I butt-fuck you both into oblivion!”

She starts thrusting, slowly at first. The sensation is absolutely incredible. With my cock still buried to the hilt in Slut-boy, her every thrust pushes it deeper yet, fucking him just as she’s fucking me. Again we are face to face, eyeball to eyeball, and I can see every little wince and grimace as Slut-boy’s ass is attacked once again. Surely he can see the ecstasy in my own expression as Mistress picks up the pace, and what this does to his already destroyed self-esteem can only be beneficial for me. Determined to break and enslave him absolutely, I gasp my unstinting devotions directly at him, rubbing his fundamental inadequacy straight into his face.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Ah God yes, Mistress, you are absolutely the best lover ever! No man could possibly fuck me like you do, especially this worthless piece of shit I’m married to! Fuck me lover! Fuck me forever! Help me forget about all the months I’ve wasted letting this useless slave do me!”

Predictably Slut-boy starts crying again, his eyes infinite wellsprings of misery and self-loathing.

“That’s all right Slut-boy,” I say, my words constantly interrupted by grunts of pleasure as I’m so perfectly impaled up the ass. “I know I called you useless. But sexually useless as you are, you’ll still have plenty of other uses around here. You can bathe me, shave me, do my nails and hair and keep my house constantly spotless. You can rub my feet, cook my meals, eat my pussy and take my cock every day and night of your life. You can also amuse me by struggling with your bonds and suffering my endless punishments. Won’t that be a simply wonderful existence for a lowly slave like you?”

Groaning as Mistress delivers an especially violent flurry of thrusts (one that has me absolutely shrieking with unrestrained passion) Slut-boy sniffs back his tears and nods sycophantically up at me.

His utter enslaved devotion is obvious in his eyes. More fulfilled than I could previously ever have imagined, I reward him for this by kissing every bit of his face I can reach, as Mistress continues to fuck me, and through me him. Then, overwhelmed with bliss, I hug his harnessed head, press my cheek against his, close my eyes and let that relentless pounding in my ass drive my cock down into him, and simultaneously drive the rest of me to absolute heaven.

Finally Mistress climbs an impossible crescendo to an incredible climax. She pulls out of me, and pulls me up and out of Slut-boy. Gasping in recovery we ignore him then, wrapping our arms about each other and just holding on. Our cocks press each other’s bellies, a wonderful affirmation of our innate superiority. But then Mistress shifts her face to mine, and she begins kissing me.

I’ve never been kissed by a girl, of course. I’ve dreamed about it, but now the reality is upon me, and at first I can feel my face flushing with a shy embarrassment once again. But then her tongue is thrust through my lips. Her strong hands cup and knead my buttocks, and all other thought but one is washed away. She’s not only a much better fucker than Slut-boy. She’s a far better kisser as well! Her thick lips are soft and caressing, hard and demanding by turns, and her tongue leaves no area of my mouth unexplored. Even up between my lips and gums it runs, causing me to moan helplessly. Then Slut-boy’s most miserable sob yet interrupts our reverie. Reluctantly we break apart, and turn to look at him.

Obviously this kind of loving intimacy wounds him worse than whip, cock, or being cuckolded ever could. All he has lost to Mistress in inviting her into our formerly exclusive if vaguely unsatisfied relationship is glaringly apparent in his gagged, harnessed, tear streaked and

drool-slicked face. He has been forever superseded in my affections, and he knows it. I feel another fleeting stab of pity for him. But then Mistress laughs delightedly, and that weakness vanishes like a puff of smoke.

“Poor little puppy, can’t stand seeing his bitch belonging to someone else! Well I can take your mind off that, Slut-boy. It’s time you had a true master fuck your ass, and it’s my turn. You, girl, can torment him however you like while I have him.”

Without further ado she moves up, lubes up, inserts herself and starts fucking violently away, laughing wickedly at Slut-boy’s choked screaming as she takes him. Of course I’ve been on the receiving end of this assault myself, but watching it happen is an inspiring spectacle in its own right. So ruthlessly do those powerful hips pump that her huge breasts are bounced from that containing corset at last, and holy shit! She was so right! What a maddening spectacle a great pair of tits make as they dance wildly about, impelled to ever more incredible gyrations by the rhythmic impetus of butt-fucking. For a while I’m mesmerized myself, my too-long suppressed lesbian yearnings surging to the fore. Oh how I want to bury myself between them, to kiss and lick and lap and suckle and feel them battering my face all about! But then I recall Mistress’ orders to torment Slut-boy as she fucks him. If I don’t prove myself a perfect submissive for her in my own right I may never get to make love to those glorious tits.

Galvanized I move to Slut-boy’s side. The only clothespin not yet dislodged from his dick is the last one I clamped to its tip. Leaving this for later I seize the chain connecting the cups to his tits and brusquely yank both of them off.

His nipples are wonderfully inflamed and tender after their hours in vacuum, and I eagerly begin to pinch them, to pull and twist them, just as Mistress did so effectively to me. Unfortunately Slut-boy is so consumed by the mad attack on his ass (the cock bigger, the Mistress also bigger, stronger, and so much more practiced) that he barely seems to notice. So instead I start biting them, nipping and even chewing on his nipples until his sudden renewed thrashing lets me know that I’m getting through. Grinning evilly to myself I bite even harder, pulling back like I want to rip that swollen tit right off. How he screams into his gag! I must do this most regularly! But finally I remember that a more tender target awaits, and I turn my attention to that still insolently hard erection.

As miserable as he obviously is, at least some part of Slut-boy clearly finds tonight’s excesses irresistibly compelling. Perhaps that’s why he’s proved so easy to train and claim. In any case, a hard cock is a lot more fun to torture than a limp one (something I certainly don’t need to be told) and so at last I manage to capture it as it waggles wildly around just below Mistress’ belly.

Obligingly she leans back in her butt-fucking, sacrificing a negligible bit of power and pace in order to indulge my ongoing education.

“Twist it off,” she gasps as she fucks. “Don’t unclip it, twist it. It will hurt much worse that way, my beautiful student.”

“Yes, Mistress!” I affirm, grateful as ever for the guidance. Slowly I twist that clothespin until it snaps off, and I’m rewarded with an especially sharp cry that is clearly unrelated to the worst-ever raping Slut-boy’s ass is currently enduring. And then as ever his erection is all mine, free to tease or torture however I choose. I select the former, and surely worse, first.

Repeatedly I flick the bruised, indented tip with my tongue. Of course I don’t think I’ll ever suck it again, but let him be terribly tantalized by the possibility. I can tell by the new tenor of his moans that he’s feeling this even through the overwhelming trauma of Mistress Chantelle

destroying his ass. Glad to up the ante, I grab his shaft tight and start oh so slowly pumping it up and down.

Surely this is ecstasy after all he's endured. Yet I know my slave. He will never be able to come this way. And that is the most insidious torment of all. Slowly I stroke him up and down, clearly driving him out of what's left of his mind. Meanwhile Mistress keeps fucking him to death, and finally it comes to me that letting slave ejaculate tonight might just cement him into my service more surely than anything else. Of course I need to consult Mistress first. So to remove temptation I at last stop teasing that hot throbbing cock, and proceed to just torture it.

I clamp the root in an absolutely strangling grip, until the entire thing swells and bloats a beautiful red. Then I use my finely honed fingernails to pinch it mercilessly everywhere. Finally I start biting it, moving from gentle little nips to chomps that leave overlapping crescent shaped marks all up and down it. But finally Mistress brushes me aside, falls forward onto her arms and brutally bludgeons Slut-boy's ass until she at last comes yet again. Then, taking advantage of her temporary exhaustion, I carefully make my play, preceding it of course with appropriately copious flattery.

"Oh, Mistress, tonight has been outrageously heavenly. You must surely be some kind of goddess in disguise. In a few short hours you have transformed me and my marriage beyond all recognition. But poor Slut-boy here hasn't come yet. I think he deserves to, after everything he's given up to us. I mean how many times have you and I climaxed? I couldn't begin to count them!"

"Why bother?" Mistress shrugs dismissively. "None of my slaves ever get to come. They're just lucky we deign to butt-fuck them!"

Of course I privately agree. But I've still got that evil idea about how to absolutely ensure that Slut-boy never even dreams of trying to escape me. So I continue to speak deception for his ears while winking covertly at Mistress.

"Oh, but I love to watch Slut-boy ejaculate. And I want him to know that whenever he satisfies me absolutely, he can look forward to his very own orgasm. Not often of course, or even occasionally. Just once in every great while. I want him to earn, and deserve, every single bit of pleasure he gets."

Luckily Mistress gets my drift. With a barely discernible grin of her own, she reluctantly assents.

"All right, girl. It's your slave after all. But I never let *any* man inside my body. You'll have to ride him yourself. Hopefully this will convince you once and for all how pointless it is to fuck men. Meanwhile I will ride his face facing you, so we can at least love each other while we waste our time on him!"

Mistress digs in her bag. Then she moves up to Slut-boy's face. Grimly ignoring his questing distress, she pops free the snaps holding that huge ball to the harness. "Spit it out, slut!" she orders, clenching his stuffed cheeks. Glistening with spit, that big ball pops out. Mistress lifts up its replacement then, and I gasp in recognition.

In the middle of this object is a wide plastic disk, an oval about four inches long and three wide. A big cock sticks out from either side of it.

One prick is only three inches long, obviously designed as a gag. The opposite dick is ten full inches and very thick, enough to satisfy the most ravenous mistress. Smirking Mistress Chantelle pushes the shorter cock into Slut-boy's mouth, and locks it all around to the harness hugging his head. After that he has a huge hard-on jutting up from his face, with his own abused smaller one still questing hopefully up at me. The time, as they say, has arrived.

Mistress gestures me into place. As I've done dozens of times before (and surely never will again) I swing astride my husband's bound body and mount his erection. Despite everything I moan a bit in pleasure as his hard, throbbing warmth slides up into me. Mistress meanwhile straddles his head, fits that face-cock into her own cunt and slips down onto it. With a few deft movements she removes and discards her corset at last, freeing those big glorious breasts completely.

Oh how arousing they are! Only a couple feet away from me in all their perfectly symmetrical beauty they are more of a turn-on than the unworthy penis in me by far. Then Mistress starts bouncing up and down, riding Slut-boy's face with no consideration for his comfort at all, and oh what a show! Jiggling and jouncing, those giant tits have my mouth watering in seconds. Right away I start riding as well. Together we bob up and down in perfect tandem, Mistress staring smokily at me as we fuck.

Her hands come up to cup and grip my own bouncing breasts. Rubbing my nipples with her thumbs, she grants me the permission I'm dying for.

"Go ahead, girl. I can read your need in your eyes. Play with my tits as you ride. You've earned it."

Moaning with joy I jump at the chance: hefting, caressing, squeezing and kneading that wonderfully warm firm treasure before me. Her nipples are big and hard, and the fat mass of those globes fill my palms to overflowing. Together we increase our rhythm, our shared arousal rendering us almost psychic in pursuit of its satiation. Moved by a mutual impulse we lean toward each other and lock lips, soul-kissing feverishly as we fondle and fuck. Forgotten beneath us, Slut-boy keens with his own excitement as his long neglected erection is pleased far beyond its worth. And of course Mistress is soon proved right yet again. It is utterly pointless to fuck men. After barely five minutes of this three-way bliss Slut-boy suddenly shudders all over and ejaculates inside me, long before either Mistress or I am even close to being satisfied. With a snarl of disappointment I stop, and Mistress halts with me.

"Don't tell me he's done already!"

"Yes, Mistress. You were right. This was utterly pointless, except perhaps to prove to me what you already knew."

"Well then, let this be the last fuck he ever gets!"

Mistress climbs off Slut-boy's face, and gestures for me to dismount as well. She digs through her bag, and comes up with a shiny little cock cage.

"Lock this on him," she orders. "The lock is cannot be picked without being destroyed and it's made of titanium. No saw will ever cut it." Both appalled and excited by the exquisite finality of this, I do as she says, reveling in Slut-boy's sudden renewed struggles, shaking head, and pleading bleating.

"Now destroy the key!"

"I don't think so, Mistress," I demur, more certain than ever that this tiny key will prove the true key to controlling him absolutely.

Holding out the possibility that I might eventually allow him an erection, orgasm, or even a fuck, pretending that his impotence is only predicated on the quality of his service and the unstinting depth of his devotion will surely be the most supremely useful tool for keeping him in line. I explain this to her again, loud enough for Slut-boy to hear and fully understand. Of course I hide from him the lie. He will never be free again regardless of how he behaves. Meanwhile through a wink and knowing smile I communicate the truth to Mistress, and as before she understands immediately, and convincingly plays along.

“Very well, girl. As I said, he’s your slave and your responsibility. But he’ll have to be most sycophantic servant in history to earn any pleasure whatsoever after the way he failed you just now. If I were you, I’d keep him tied up like this for at least the rest of the night, just to make sure he gets the message which of you is in charge from now on in a way that he’ll never forget.”

“Oh absolutely!” I agree.

“So!” Mistress declares. “I believe my work here is just about done for tonight. What toys can I sell you besides the cage and the penis pants?”

“Oh, the double dildo-gag for sure,” I cry enthusiastically. “And let’s see, I’ll take the single-tail whip, the flogger, this wooden paddle, that riding crop, two pairs of handcuffs, this vibrating butt-plug…”

One after another I choose a wide variety of weapons and restraints, practically emptying her travel bag. I write out a check for her on Slut-boy’s personal entertainment account. Then, after we make plans to get together again soon and very often, we spend ten last luscious minutes making out. Finally Mistress gives my right nipple one last long, painful pinch-and-pull, dons her corset, picks up her bag and bids me good-bye. She leaves us, and just as promised I’m supremely satisfied with the results.

Alone again at last with my perfect new slave, I climb back onto the bed and start greasing up my big hard penis.

“What a fabulous night!” I gloat, grinning down at my blinking and groaning boy-toy. “Aren’t you glad you talked me into arranging for some professional assistance, Slut-boy?” Despite everything he’s lost in just the space of a few hours he manages to nod, the cock jutting out from his mouth bobbing comically as he does.

“Good!” I giggle. “Now I’m going to fuck your ass some more. Then I’m going to ride your face, and see if that new cock of yours is satisfying enough to forever take the place of your locked-up old one. Then I’ll probably fuck your ass again, and again, and again! I just can’t get enough of your tight little butt!”

Slut-boy’s eyes roll miserably, and again start leaking tears. Laughing sadistically, I stab into his ass, lean forward and begin fucking him just as Mistress recommended, with my now off-limits tits dangling and dancing just above his face. Oh, what a long, exciting night – and life – we still have ahead of us!

Chapter Ten

Triple Play Redux

I've been like this for hours now, and the torment, both physical and emotional, is unbelievable. Sigh...just another day as my hot wife's slave.

I'm balanced on the very tips of my toes, my immensely aching feet locked into a pair of uncompromising 'ballet boots'. My legs are spread far apart, held that way by the long iron bar locked to my ankles. My elbows and wrists are both cuffed tightly together behind my back, a horrible strain on my shoulders. Compounding this stress terribly, the cuffs on my wrists are locked to a steel cable connected to the newly installed ceiling winch. Mistress Luani has drawn that cable so far up that my arms are stretched perpendicular to the ceiling, forcing my body to bend so far over at the waist that my torso is parallel to the floor.

This makes breathing difficult of course. But in addition to this contorted posture I also have a stiff leather corset cinched tightly about my midriff, and a large rubber cock locked so deeply into my mouth that it actually enters my throat. Indeed I wouldn't be able to breathe at all if that extensive gag-harness buckled all about my head wasn't tightly roped to the base of my cock, drawing my head so radically back that my extended neck is agonizingly cramped. As for my throbbing prick, it has finally been temporarily freed from its cage, only to be pitilessly crushed by a pair of toothed two-inch plastic hair clips, one clamped along the length of the shaft and the other pinching shut the head. Thus my forever impotent erection is in constant excruciation, matched only by that in my nipples and balls.

Heavy weights are clamped to the former and hung from the latter, dragging endlessly down. Last and worst of all, an absolutely enormous vibrating plug has been forced deep into my rectum, stretching and stuffing and hotly buzzing away at my insides. How much more painful could things possibly get? And yet all this terrible physical torment is rendered almost inconsequential by the mere view I'm subjected to. Right in front of my face, my desperately beloved wife and her powerful lover Mistress Chantelle are thrashing with passion together on our former marital bed, where they've been making wild lesbian love ever since they finished locking me up this way.

When I suggested to my formerly shy Hawaiian wife that we liven up our sex life by engaging the services of a professional dominatrix, I never dreamed I'd end up losing her this way. Idiot me – now I'm nothing but a cock-locked cuckold, forever forced to impotently observe as my wonderful wife has daily sex with someone else, someone she clearly loves and is far more attracted to than me.

As always, I can't decide which emotion hurts worse. Is it the burning jealousy I feel watching hulking Mistress Chantelle driving her strap-on violently in and out of my wife's every hole, and doing so many other things to her she'd never have permitted me? Or is it the crushing, miserable despair I feel watching my wife writhe and scream with ever greater ecstasy, knowing that I never have and never could elicit such a wildly mindless response even if I were allowed to fuck her forever, when it's increasingly obvious I'll *never* be allowed to fuck her, ever again.

Together these terrible emotions torment me. First one then the other surges to the fore, then they mix and mingle nauseatingly before once again battling for supremacy, over and over forever. And when finally the glorious lovers exhaust themselves, crying out one last mutual climax before collapsing together to tenderly, lovingly kiss and cuddle and share exquisite intimacies, the agony of my exclusion is so incisive that I'm appalled my heartbreak doesn't just kill me. Perhaps it's only my desperate and yet fearful hope that they'll now turn their mutual

attention toward me, toward actively torturing and violating me that keeps me going. In the abysmally painful wallow my life has become, such once unthinkable abuse is all I have left to share with the woman I'm so inseparably committed to.

At last I get an inkling that this dubious reward and terribly perverted bit of fulfillment is indeed at hand. Breaking a long, searching soul kiss, my lovely wife breathes excitedly up at our mutual Mistress.

"How wonderfully exciting you always are, one true love of my life! Now, you said you had a couple of new toys to show me? Something to keep my Slut-boy even more on his toes than he already is?"

Mistress Chantelle prolongs the suspense a bit by squeezing and pulling Mistress Luani's nipple until she gives a complex little cry of pain and arousal. Then she finally, slowly responds.

"I did indeed, my wonderfully lubricious young lover. I'm just positive you'll want to buy them, and use them on him all the time. Put your new cock on while I get them out."

Of course Mistress Chantelle's cock never comes off, as far as I know. I've never yet seen her not sporting that huge black erection. This intimidating member bobs dangerously, excitingly, as she moves off the bed to access her ubiquitous black bag.

With her back to me I can't see what new horrors she's brought this time. But the way my wife squeals with shocked delight as she yet again dons her new huge, pink, nubble-covered penis, I know they must be excruciatingly extreme.

Then Mistress Chantelle turns and brandishes the first, and my (luckily healthy) heart lurches. Showing off her wicked implement – designed only for recalcitrant animals or prisoners (which am I?) – she delights in both my horror and my wife's excitement.

Perhaps two feet long, this steel shaft has a padded grip and ends in a forked tip. Pressing a button in the grip, Mistress sends an arc of current flashing across that tip, appalling me and exciting Luani equally.

"How about a livestock prod? Think that'll help keep your little piggy in line?"

"Fuck yeah!"

"All right then," Mistress Chantelle continues. "Speaking of fucking, check out this fucking thing!" With that she lifts her other hand, and the implement she's displaying is oh so incredibly worse!

At first glance it looks like a normal hand-held household or workshop appliance, with an eighteen-inch body and cutaway hand grip. But attached to the protruding shaft is no vacuum hose, drill, or jigsaw blade. At the end of six inches of steel rod is a thick, ten-inch widely curved rubber cock. As I look on aghast, Mistress Chantelle demonstrates its capabilities for an even more delighted Luani.

"You see, like a jigsaw it can piston in and out, at five different speeds..."

The motor purrs, buzzes, whines and finally shrieks as she demonstrates each, turning that cock at last into a blur as it flies black and forth. I'm still gaping at this appalling cruelty when the next setting shocks me even further.

"It can also rotate like a drill, again at various speeds..."

Again she demonstrates. And the speed at which that curved cock eventually whirls makes it look like a solid, football-shaped oval. Absolutely aghast, I quail like a cornered kitten as Mistress Luani cries out her immediate acceptance.

"Totally awesome! You're fucking-A right I want to buy both of them! I don't care how much they cost! Slut-boy's paying after all – in more ways than one!"

“Excellent!” declares Mistress Chantelle. “However, before I take his money, it’s only fair you that you give them both a test drive. Which one do you want to try out on your pathetic little Slut-boy first?”

“The power-fucker, of course!” she cries. “You can circle around us with the pig shocker meanwhile, and we’ll use them together on him. Then once we get bored we’ll switch, of course...”

So Mistress Chantelle hands over the power-fucker, which Mistress Luani proceeds to grease up well. Meanwhile the big dominatrix who ruined my life moves around behind me. Expecting a debilitating shock, I’m treated something surely worse, as she grabs the neck of that enormous plug, twists and wriggles and finally wrenches it from my gaping, agonized ass.

Holy shit, my sphincter must have surely split! Nothing else could possibly explain such incredible pain!

Of course I’m not permanently damaged. That would spoil all the fun, not to mention my decades of future usefulness. And the pain upcoming will certainly eventually educate me properly in the amount of excruciation my little slave ass is capable of providing. And so naturally here comes my gorgeous mistress-wife, naked but for her big erect cock and the even bigger motorized one she holds in her hand. Grinning at the way I sob and shake my harnessed, stretched back head, she laughs and nods with excited affirmation.

“Oh yeah, Slut-boy! I may wear out after several hours fucking you, but this thing won’t! Tell me, Mistress: how long can it last?”

“Forty-eight hours on a four-hour charge, honey,” answers Mistress Chantelle. “And it’s fully charged right now. Shall we see if we can run it dry?”

“Well I don’t know,” gloats my wife in return. “Let’s not rule anything out – except of course for Slut-boy spending the rest of his life dreading the mere sight of this thing! In fact, I’m pretty damn sure he dreads it already. Don’t you, Slut-boy?”

I nod vigorously, pleadingly at this. And of course both mistresses merely guffaw.

“Too bad, Slut-slave!” cries my only beloved as she steps up behind me. “This machine may be the only lover you ever get from now on!”

With that she rams that huge, thick, curved cock all the way up my still stretched open ass. Laughing delightedly at my squeal of pain and terrified wriggling, she then switches on the piston, mercifully at its slowest speed.

Still the pain is indescribable as it pulls back almost out and then punches back in, once, twice, a dozen, a hundred times! Pressing it deeper, Mistress Luani giggles at my gagged cries.

“Come on, Slut-boy! This is the lowest setting! You’re only getting fucked once every two seconds! Come on, Mistress! Distract our little Slut-boy as I nudge him up a notch – or maybe even two!”

With that two greatly increased agonies suddenly attack me simultaneously. Not only does the speed of the cock stabbing into me more than double immediately. Suddenly distracting me indeed is the high voltage shock that sears abruptly into one of my most sensitive areas, as Mistress Chantelle presses her dastardly prod to my distended, painfully stretched out left nipple.

Immediately I’m violently shuddering from two separate stimuli. The cock in my ass is now pounding me so hard and fast that the flesh of my lower body ripples constantly in response. At the same time my torso convulses so violently that only my bound, stretched up arms dampens these tremors. Of course my wailing is choked off by the cock in my throat and the wide swath of leather sealing shut my mouth, but my mistresses are highly gratified by my obvious somatic response.

“All right!” cries my wife, as she again presses that power-driving cock deeper into me. “Now we’re getting somewhere! Keep shocking him, lover! You keep shocking him and I’ll keep fucking him. In fact, let’s step it up even more! I’m going to level four! You give it to him right in his bloated full, never to be emptied, dragged out so far down balls! I think he’s just fucking ready for it!”

That I most certainly am not! Yet as always my true situation is irrelevant. The attack on my ass increases yet again, that big cock bludgeoning me so rapidly I can only hang limply from my arms and wail into my cock-gag. Then of course electricity is applied to my bulging purple scrotum. My entire body jerks, and spasms, I scream in pain and wait in terrible trepidation, wondering where that prod will hit me next.

Of course it shocks my penis, then each nipple, then my balls again, and then entirely random spots along my legs, buttocks, flanks, back and belly. Always it repeatedly returns to my most sensitive erogenous zones though, swamping me with so much unpredictable agony that I finally come to appreciate the cock pistoning into me several times a second as the lesser of two evils. Indeed, though it’s not my beloved wife’s hips delivering this insane butt-fucking, it’s still her at the controls. That’s all I need to finally find my usual arousal and fulfillment at her brutal hands. Of course, no sooner do I reach this accommodation than the game changes for the worse.

“I can tell you’re enjoying this now, Slut-boy,” Mistress Luani laughs, pressing that piston-dick deeper yet. “That didn’t take very long! I think we’ll save top speed for another day. Let’s just see how you like being drilled now!”

Suddenly the power-cock stops fucking me. Instead, pressed to its greatest depth yet, it begins to rotate. Spinning within my rectum, its curved shaft gouges me agonizingly around. This is a novel sensation, to say the least, and it immediately has me howling. Meanwhile of course Mistress Chantelle continues to cruelly, unpredictably shock me everywhere. Subjected to multiple electrical assaults, hung from my arms and balanced on my toes, bent over and choking on a giant cock, I soon find myself crying as miserably as ever. Both mistresses merely laugh at my misery, and constantly escalate their attacks. Mistress Luani keeps pressing deeper and increasing the speed at which she drills me out while Mistress Chantelle barely pauses between the shocks she keeps administering. For an hour or more they torture me thus, before trading implements and carrying on even more relentlessly.

Now it’s my lovely wife wielding the prod and laughing delightedly at my response, while Mistress Chantelle professionally power-fucks and drills out my agonized insides.

“Oh yeah, Slut-boy, is this thing wonderful or what? I don’t need to break the slightest sweat to punish you now! Just the merest touch,” Mistress Luani cruelly shocks the tip of my nose, and laughs again at my strangled scream, “and I can have you in instant agony. And with that power-fucker I can ream your ass insanely out for hours on end without expending any energy of my own. Mistress Chantelle is brilliant, is she not? Every new toy she sells us just enriches our lives more. I know you must be enjoying the ceiling winch and ballet boots. That’s why I’m going to leave you bound like this until it’s time for tomorrow’s chores. Hell, if stress positions and sleep deprivation are good enough torments for the government, they’re surely good enough for us.

“But that doesn’t mean I’m turning into a Republican or anything. In fact, I’m going to intentionally spite those evil bastards by gay cohabitating. Mistress Chantelle is going to move into my home and bed for good. Won’t that be exciting for us? Every night you will spend bound, suspended and tormented, cock-locked and impotent, watching Mistress make love to me in all the wonderful ways you never could, just waiting for us to find the time to torture you. What a wonderful wife and life you now have, eh Slut-boy? I know you can’t nod, with your

head stretched all the way back, but flutter your eyelashes for me! Show me you love me, and your new life, or I'll shock the very tip of your penis until it's burned black!"

Naturally I do as I'm told, despite the horror overwhelming me at the future she describes. And in response Mistress Luani rewards me.

"Good boy! You're such an exciting, obedient little Slut-boy. I couldn't ask for a better husband. So I'm going to put my new slut-shocker down now, pull the gag-cock out of your mouth, and replace it with my own. I am going to violently fuck your face and throat Slut-boy, while Mistress drills your ass at the highest possible setting. Won't that just be delightful?"

Again I rapidly flutter my lashes. By this time I don't know if I'm lying or not. I only know that as Mistress Luani indeed pulls the cock from my throat and rams home her own, beginning yet another interminable face fucking, and Mistress Chantelle presses deeper and intolerably accelerates the agony in my ass, my painfully clamped erection throbs and strains like crazy.

Chapter Eleven

Home Coming

I came home from work (I own and run a fashionable – and highly profitable – fetish shop) to find my husband just as I left him that morning.

Not that I had any doubt about this of course. He'd have to be Harry Houdini to change his extravagantly strait circumstances in a hundred centuries, much less a day. But still it gave me a familiar charge of sadistic satisfaction to see my slave hung there so abject and helpless, and to imagine all the outrageous suffering he'd already endured for me in my absence.

He was still naked of course. And he was still bound upright to the meter-diameter pillar standing alone in the center of the foyer of our unbelievably lavish California villa. But what really got my juices flowing – like always – was the way he dangled there, with his toes over two feet off the floor and his body supported only by the thin, coarse hemp ropes.

Before I left this morning, I placed a small footstool at the base of that big pillar facing toward the door. Then I ordered my Slut-boy to stand upon it with his back against the pillar. Once he complied I picked up the first of many long coils of rope.

I measured out the length until I found the exact middle of it. Then I doubled it over. I found the middle again, and bound the center of this doubled-up cord tightly about the base of my husband's genitals. Then I ran the ends around the pillar, and tied them tightly together in back.

The back side of this perfectly modified pillar naturally features over a dozen deeply seated hooks, each one six inches above the next. I yanked my first doubled rope up and up until I could slip it over one of these hooks, binding my succulent Slut-boy to the pillar by his waist so tightly that even squirming would be almost beyond him, and so that the ropes pulled his already engorged genitalia upward until they jutted out hard and red and throbbing in front of him. Even if he did manage to squirm, it would cause him intolerable (or maybe intolerably arousing) pain in his entire groin.

Good enough for a start. Next it was time to see to his limbs.

I took one of Slut-boy's wrists – as always he offered me no resistance – and lashed it up tight. I pulled his arms back around the pillar and lashed the other end of the rope to his other wrist. This time I left a bit of slack in the cord – for good reason of course. I lifted that rope connecting his wrists as high as I could, until both cord and arms were stretched out to their limits. There, a foot above his head I looped that rope over one of the highest hooks, straining his shoulders considerably – although nothing like what was coming next of course. Giggling with a familiar sadistic thrill, I kicked the stool out from under his feet, leaving him hanging by the arms and genitals.

Slut-boy cried out miserably at his sudden suspension, even though he's had years to get used to this trick. And of course, he'd have another full day to once again appreciate it. Absolutely excellent! Still deliciously thrilled, I bound his legs likewise: pulled back around the pillar, tied together and hooked in place to prevent him from sliding down any more than the ropes' elasticity would allow.

With just that he was in inescapable bondage and condemned to constantly increasing suffering until I finally saw fit to release him. Three ropes! That's all it takes a Mistress like me. Still, a few minor touches remained to make my slave's situation perfect. I pushed a big ball-gag into Slut-boy's mouth, and buckled it in so tightly that he'd be unable to expel it in the slightest. Of course he hardly even blinked at this.

My husband isn't allowed to speak without orders in any case. And despite the fact that he hasn't dared try in years, I keep him gagged as often as possible anyway. I just get off on seeing his painted lips stretched in a wide O, and his rouged cheeks either hollowed out with sucking on my many cocks and balls, or stuffed to bursting with inflatable rubber. In any case, I then picked up a blindfold – one of those heavy leather eyeshades people wear on planes and whatnot for sleeping. This too I buckled tightly in place, ensuring that he'd be helpless to see his surroundings or even gauge the passage of time. Finally I saw to his penis.

I took a condom, rolled it onto his erection and then taped it tightly to his bare skin (he's long since lost all pubic hair through tape removal). I snipped the tip off the little come-well at the end, plugged it into a plastic tube and taped it there as well. That tube ran to a bucket on the floor of course, so that if Slut-boy had to urinate in my absence he wouldn't soil the foyer.

Not that I minded him cleaning it up of course. But who can stand a house stinking of piss, even for an instant? Anyways, good enough! With that my slave was ready to endure all the long hours until my return. Flooded by delight I bit him hard on the nipple, cruelly twisted the other one, and bid him a loving good-bye.

"See you after work, Slut-boy. Or maybe tomorrow morning, I don't really know yet. I just might want to get laid again tonight. Why don't you hang around here and think about that?"

Of course, that was this morning. Obviously I decided against cuckolding Slut-boy this night. All day long I was just much more in the mood for penetrating than being penetrated.

I needed something different, that was all, maybe even some true novelty in my life. I mean seriously, I'd been fucked by three different guys and two different girls (in various combinations) in every possible hole and position over the past week alone. And finally seeing Slut-boy hanging there whimpering, gagged, blind, and bound upon my return immediately confirmed my instincts. Excited already, I hailed him as I stepped in and swept the door shut behind me.

"Hello, Slut-boy!"

I cast my briefcase aside and strode up to him. Loving his bleat of pain, I ripped free the tape and yanked the condom off of him with one pitiless pull.

Due to his habitual dehydration the bucket was almost empty. And because of the tight rope he was still mostly erect. I gripped that quickly thickening shaft in one hand and his balls in the other. Squeezing both, I purred up at him.

"I decided I'd rather fuck you tonight than let some other hung guy or hot girl fuck me. Aren't you just delighted?"

Slut-boy nodded most sincerely, not daring to even garble some affirmative.

"Good!" I declared.

"In that case I will free you now. After you make me my dinner and clean everything up, we are going to fuck like it's never been invented yet!"

Rope after rope I untied him and let him down. Leaving the gag in place, I then removed the blindfold.

"Now, make yourself pretty! Put on your heels, apron and cap, and get busy!"

Right away Slut-boy obeyed me.

First he tied his long brown hair back with a pretty white ribbon. Then he donned the four-inch pumps I insist he wear at all times. After that he pinned the lacy maid's cap to his head and hooked long, dangly earrings through his pierced lobes and nipples. Finally he tied his frilly white serving apron about his waist.

Smirking at the way his raging erection tented out the front of this, I left him mincing toward the kitchen while I unpacked my briefcase, poured myself a glass of wine and settled back to unwind.

As always Slut-boy prepared and served me an outstanding meal. Indeed he was the chef at my favorite restaurant before I chose, seduced, enslaved and married him. Still it's a good thing he remembered his lowly dishwashing days. After coffee, while he bustled around cleaning up, I retired to the bedroom to change.

I pulled on black fishnet stockings, and shiny black shoes sporting steel stiletto heels. Matching steel spikes decorated the straps, and a similarly decorated collar went about my neck. Leaving my more-than-generous breasts bare – the better to taunt and torment you with, my eternally impotent mate – I buckled a sturdy harness securely about my waist, ass and crotch.

Of course jutting up from the front of all this stiff black leather was the even greater stiffness of my latest favorite dildo. Jet black as well, this was entirely lifelike except for the ridiculous number of upraised veins ribbing it, and its outrageous size.

I know what they say about black guys. But I've been fucked by more than my share of them, and none has ever swung meat like this! Fully a foot long and as thick as my wrist, I'm willing to bet no human was ever born with a prick like this. I've only lately begun to break Slut-boy into this latest outrage, and upon joining me in the bedroom he whimpered with fearful resignation at the sight of it.

"That's right, slave," I allowed, grinning at his dismay.

"We're going to keep using this one until it stops hurting you so much. Then we'll move on to something even bigger. Trust me: you'll be in diapers before you're forty. Now, take off that cap and apron and get on the bed, face down this time. I'm bored, so we're going to try something different tonight!"

As always, Slut-boy obeyed me without hesitation. Anything to escape being punished yet again! Once he was waiting docilely for me, I picked up the various restraints I'd chosen and joined him.

First I spread his legs, bent each one back at the knee and belted them up ankles to thighs. With him thus unable to extend his legs in the slightest, I took a stout cotton cord, doubled it as usual and bound the center of it to the base of his sexy ponytail. I used this leash to haul him back upright, until he was balanced on his knees and leaning against me. Then I pulled those double cords back and down until his head tipped so far back he was facing the ceiling. Pulling them between his butt-cheeks, I drew those ropes between his legs to the front, where I separated them and tied them both tightly about the base of his genitals, much as I'd done just that morning.

With that his neck was stretched way back and his erection down, severely stressing both. Finally it was once again time to see to his hands.

I used a pair of wide leather shackles to bind Slut-boy's wrists together. Lifting his arms high above his head then, I tied these shackles to a slightly elastic cord hanging down from a ceiling fixture. This I tightened until he was stretched out up, with his spread wide knees and clasped together wrists making an upright isosceles triangle of him. Once again: good enough.

Leaving him whimpering with strain and staring at the ceiling, I slipped a pillow between his legs and then followed it with my own. Lying flat on my back, I eased my body underneath him, lifting him up enough until my own butt rested on the pillow and his open crotch rested on mine, pressing my eager hard-on flat down against me. The time had come for orders and explanations.

“You know that I always bludgeon down into you from above, Slut-boy. Nothing can possibly match that. But tonight for novelty’s sake I’m going to take you from below. Who knows? It might be exciting. So pull, Slut-boy! Pull yourself up!”

Straining his arms he immediately complied. Bracing myself, I lifted him again, until his knees left the bed and together we raised him high enough for my cock to spring upright beneath him. With one freed hand, I forced the head of this past his bulging balls (grinning at his sudden groan) and parted the ropes enough to expose his hole. Gasping with potency, I pushed the tip of my prick into him. Then I stopped supporting his weight and gripped his hips, yanking Slut-boy down onto me. At the same time he read my intention and succumbed. Gravity did the rest.

Slowly, exquisitely he sank down onto my gigantic erection, groaning horribly as he was so outrageously penetrated.

How could any rectum possibly accommodate such an unnatural invasion? What kind of permanent damage was being done? I actually used to wonder about such things. After a few years though, I just took advantage of them. At last Slut-boy’s knees met and then depressed the mattress, and his crotch and mine made contact. With my foot-long thickness buried in him to the hilt, he was as skewered as ever before. Immediately I began thrusting upward, commanding him to reciprocate.

“Bounce on me, Slut-boy! Pull rhythmically with your arms. For once you’re going to have to work at being fucked!”

Naturally he obeyed again. And aided by that slight spring in the rope, he was soon sliding rapidly up and down the enormous organ impaling him. After a few minutes I realized I didn’t even need to thrust up at all. With that pillow lifting my hips up and my strong arms aiding his own, all I had to do was lie there quietly and let him fuck himself.

And fuck himself he indeed fucking did, bouncing ever more urgently up and down on my monstrous cock. Despite his choked cries of pain, and his daily insistence that he abhorred his rather exclusive sex life, he betrayed himself as always by quickly losing control and wallowing in his deflowering.

No one who wasn’t aroused beyond belief could respond with such vigor and abandon to having his rectum viciously violated. Yet rather than call him on this I just relaxed and enjoyed the experience. Watching his bound body bounce as sweat trickled down and his exertions grew ever more extravagant was quite entertaining to say the least. Unfortunately of course his stamina proved nothing next to mine. And without the mad goad of my own insatiable rhythm, and the impossibly dominant thrill of looming over him and pounding violently down into his squealing sissy submissiveness, I found it impossible to achieve orgasm.

So much for the appeal of novelty.

It was interesting and even exciting for a while. But once Slut-boy exhausted himself I was quick to squirm out from under him, release his bonds and see to taking him in a more gratifying and traditional manner. The only sop I threw to novelty was to tie him up in a delightful way I’d never tried before.

I positioned him on his back in the center of the bed, with the same pillow under *his* ass. Nothing improves the penetration like a bit of elevation. I tied ropes to each ankle and lifted his legs high above him, folding him in half like the ropes, which I then tied to the corners of the bed frame up at the head. Then I tied identical ropes to his wrists, and pulled his arms down and out, until his elbows overlapped his knees. I tied these ropes to the bottom corners, using both the cords and his own limbs to lock him down tightly doubled over, utterly helpless with all his most

important parts jutting wonderfully up. Finally I used one last rope to tie off his cock and balls in an intricately tight rope harness, ensuring no possible issue.

Some Mistresses use cages or belts to ensure the chastity of their slaves, but I've never needed to. I merely keep Slut-boy bound or under my eye at all times, and even that isn't strictly necessary. He is so thoroughly cowed by my regular regimen of discipline that he would never dare ejaculate, or even touch me or himself now that I have forever forbidden it. Despite all his protestations, he long ago learned to take his sexual gratification the only way he can: by being butt-fucked like a sleazy little slut. And so I once again move into place to make his lifetime of slavery worth it for him.

Again I inserted just the head of my superhuman erection into him. Then I dropped forward, catching myself on palms spread wide on either side of his head. Gazing down at his face from barely a foot away I wagged my dangling breasts enticingly back and forth.

He has never touched these, and never will. His tormented gaze feasted miserably on them as they jiggled and joggled and dangled and danced, and then at last we made eye contact.

Those eyes were red-rimmed, teary, and desperately pleading. But I know my Slut-boy. He wasn't pleading for patent impossibilities, for mercy, or even for gentleness in what was coming. He was pleading for consummation, pure and simple, the only kind he'll even know. Teasingly I nudged repeatedly into him, watching avidly as his mad need grew and grew and grew. Then lovingly, possessively, brutally I pounded my hard cock forward and down, stabbing its entire thick shaft up his hungry ass.

His begging eyes bulged wide, his ball-gag stifled a nevertheless articulate cry, and his pent breath exploded through his nose. Then he began panting explosively, drooling uncontrollably and staring wildly up at me as I commenced plunging violently in and out of him.

Thus it proceeded as it always did: our impossibly perverse and sublime sex lives. I humped and pumped, grunted and growled, sneered and snarled and stabbed his ass with my superior sex organ for an incredible eternity. Meanwhile Slut-boy simpered and sobbed, whimpered and quivered and quavered and cried and squealed his eternal submission to me like an utterly dependent baby. I was his entire universe, all the meaning his life would ever need. My cock was his god, raging and rampaging and punching him ever closer to some impossibly perverted paradise.

For ninety minutes or more my relentless thrusting provided him with all he needed to endure his otherwise hellish existence, while simultaneously supplying me with enough multiple orgasms to make my ownership of him wonderfully worthwhile. Finally our unique symbiosis was exhausted however, for one night at least. Feeling a weary contempt for him then, I pulled out of Slut-boy and untied him.

Still leaving him gagged, I allowed him to shower and use the bathroom. When he finished he emerged and lay complacently on the floor next to my bed. There I tightly hogtied him as always, before casting a blanket over his body and dousing the lights. Each of us content in our radically different ways, we then met the end of just another day – one of twenty or so thousand of these together.

Chapter Twelve

Lucky Thirteen

I just love to fuck a man!

I mean I absolutely adore it! Nothing thrills, excites and arouses me more than to shove some wimpy, whimpering, quailing and quivering little slut-boy down and pound my biggest dildo into his impossibly tight virgin asshole until he blubbers and sobs like a puling girl, struggles for freedom like a frantic, panicked trapped rat, and finally begins to play the pig by shamelessly wallowing and lifting and opening and begging me for it.

Of course, that's only part of the fun. As a dreadfully demanding demon dominatrix bitch-goddess, I also need to subjugate and humiliate him: make him grovel at my feet, costume up and comport like a slut, service my hungry cunt and submit to being tied up, cock-locked, paddled and whipped and caned and tortured to within an inch of his worthless life. But fucking him is by far the best part. Just the act of strapping on a cock gets my heart pumping and my pussy juicing like mad. Gripping it, stroking it, feeling it jut up and out from my crotch like some kind of deadly weapon fills me with the most incredible rush of power. I feel wondrously divine, absolutely omnipotent, like some monstrous female colossus descending upon a weak, puny little peon to rive him of every last shred of dignity and self-respect. That's why I prefer shrimpy, shallow-chested, under-endowed, clearly inferior intellectual types to permanently enslave and forcibly sissify. Such as Steve, the guy I've got waiting in my bedroom right now.

I'm a graduate student at a ridiculously huge university. With an enrollment of nearly 50,000 here there's a wonderfully teeming pool of naïve, sheltered young boy-men for me dip into and pluck out especially succulent specimens. I spotted freshman Steve at the chess team tryouts – always a reliable source of fresh meat – and instantly had to have him. He was very good looking in an effeminate way, with long black hair secured in a ponytail, pale clear skin, and shy, meek features that screamed of insecurity. He was also the tiniest guy I'd ever seen. While well-proportioned and fit in his impossibly slender way, he couldn't have topped five feet-three or a hundred and ten pounds. Yet I could tell by the timid yet helpless way he studied the women in attendance (particularly me) that he was in no way gay – just too insecure and socially inept to score. If he'd ever even been kissed, I'd swallow every inch of chain in my extensive dungeon.

By contrast my experience is prodigious, as is everything else about me.

Frankly I'm the largest woman I've ever seen. I stand six foot-six, and tip the scales at over two hundred and twenty pounds. I'm thickly built and awesomely fit, with breasts the size of soccer balls. Every muscle in my powerful body is toned to perfection without being grotesquely swollen, and I've done all kinds of competitive fitness and professional modeling. My thick blonde hair gleams a burnished reddish-gold, sweeps straight back from my brow and falls shimmering down to practically my ass. At twenty-five my exquisitely lovely face carries the perfect combination of youthful allure and adult maturity, lively vivaciousness and strong stern experience.

I am immensely remarkable, clearly superior in every way, both appealing and imperious in equal measure. I am consequently irresistible to men of all types – particularly those out on their own for the very first time, just slipped from the shadow of a domineering mother and unsure of their ultimate place in the world. Like moths to a flame these shrinking man-boys are drawn helplessly to me. And in me, some lucky few finally find the apotheosis they subconsciously seek.

“Hello,” I introduced myself in my most pleasant contralto. “I’m Becky.”

I’d accosted my intended target when he slunk away from the tryouts: rejected, humiliated, a failure in life yet again. With his self-esteem at lowest ebb, he could hardly credit the fact that I’d approached him. He gaped up at my monumental beauty hulking a foot and more above him: appalled, timid and intimidated, utterly at a loss how to react to being addressed by the largest, most gorgeous woman in the school – if not the state.

“I couldn’t help noticing you noticing me,” I continued, a line I’d stolen straight from *About Last Night*. “I’m attracted to guys half my size. Come to my place, right now, and let’s get to know each other.”

As usual I made this an order, not an invitation. And as usual my prey succumbed without a struggle. Despite his obvious uncertainty, and even trepidation, the excitement of being propositioned for the first time ever, and by such an overpoweringly attractive older woman, was irresistible. As I claimed his hand and drew him after me to my car, Steve’s head was obviously swimming with maddening dreams of finally losing his virginity. And so he shall – only not in the way he suspects.

I plied him with a couple of drinks: just enough to weaken his will and inhibitions, not enough to muddle his perceptions and reactions. Observing and enjoying those is integral to the sissification process of course. But at last I could wait no longer. I led him upstairs to my bedroom. Not down to the dungeon – we have the rest of our lives for that. No, the initial enslavement requires that I not freak him out right away with all my terrifying equipment and devilish décor. Besides, my wardrobe is well-stocked with enough stuff to have all kinds of kinky fun after I’ve properly broken him in. So that’s where I’m currently ensconced. Steve has been stripped bare (his tiny two-inch prick sticking ridiculously up) and settled into my enormous twelve foot four-poster bed. Leaving him there gazing wonderingly up at himself in the overhead mirror, I’ve come to ‘slip into something special’ for him. And now that I’m naked I do.

I start up top, with a black plastic band to hold my hair behind my ears. Next come earrings: shining silver maces an inch long that dangle spiked ball down from my lobes. My leather collar is classic dominatrix: thick wide black decorated with regular silver spikes. I buckle this about my neck and then reach for my current favorite boots. These are all soft, supple black leather but for the pointed toes and four-inch stiletto heels – those are of shiny stainless steel. I pull them on until the tops rise just above my knees, and then don matching gauntlets. These similarly encase me to just past the elbow, and are enhanced by scary half-inch spikes across the knuckles. My incredible breasts I leave entirely bare – so much the better to torment your impotence with, my pet! And now at last it’s time for the cock!

As always my breath catches and my face flushes hot as I pick one out. The one I choose tonight is of modest size. It wouldn’t do to tear my new slut up too terribly on his very first time now, would it? Still the beautifully realized phallus is about nine inches long and one and a half in diameter, molded all of one piece with the black plastic base.

I find this far superior to any strap and ring configuration – there’s no slippage or necessity to grip the shaft in order to keep it in place no matter how violent or exuberant my rhythm gets. The only thing better is a pair of penis pants, but most of mine sport cocks of ungodly size. Any slut-boy not extensively stretched out first would follow a fucking by them with a trip to the hospital. Panting with excitement I fit that cock to my crotch and strap it tightly in place. Then I throw open the wardrobe door with a crash and make my usual emphatically dramatic entrance.

This is always delicious: seeing the reaction of my previously clueless prey to what their future now holds in store. Often they panic and sprint naked for the door, forgetting clothes and everything else in their mad need to escape. Of course I always keep this locked, and we have a highly entertaining game of chase before I capture them, wrestle them back to the bed and have my way with them.

Others will try to protest, reason with me or beg – all for naught of course. One even grabbed a lamp and tried to fight me. That made for an exhilarating few minutes. Yet in the end even that slut-boy found himself straining his ass upward and open and exhorting me to pound him harder, harder, please, Goddess harder! In contrast though all little Steve can do is gape at me in disbelief.

Perhaps he realizes that at half my weight his subjugation is inevitable. Or perhaps his subconscious need is so strong that he never even considers resistance. Most likely he's just so shocked that it paralyzes him. He just lies there bug-eyed, propped up on his elbows with his mouth hanging open as I strut up to him and climb onto the bed. I grab him by the shoulder and shove him flat, and at last he finds his voice.

"You...what..."

"Me," I agree. "I am your new lover, and from now on owner. And what I'm going to do to you right now is fuck you. You of course will not be fucking me, ever. You are so obviously unworthy. I need a cock at least five times the size of your pathetic little thing to satisfy me. And in truth, I find doing the fucking so much more rewarding anyway. So you be a good little slut-boy and don't struggle. Don't resist me at all. Because one way or another you're going to lose your virginity to me this afternoon, evening and night – not to mention your dignity, integrity and ultimately your autonomy too. So what's it going to be, boy? Are you going to weakly submit, completely behave, and entirely obey me? Are you going to accept and enjoy this experience to the fullest? After all, this is surely the only chance a loser like you will ever have to be with any woman, to say nothing of a gorgeous goddess like me..."

Steve continues to goggle up at me for another ten seconds, his eyes going from my implacable face to my excitedly heaving breasts to my big erect cock. At last he looks down at his own cock, still rigidly upright and swiftly going from pink to red in its greatest ever engorgement. He swallows hard, closes his eyes a minute, and then at last meets my imperious gaze.

"I...I will obey you, Becky," he husks.

"Excellent!" I gloat. Oh, how I love this minute! No matter how it comes about, this moment of triumph, of claiming another simpering male slut-slave for use of the superior sex is validating and fulfilling in the extreme. I try to calm myself by offering this slut both his first instructions plus a small reward for his easy acquiescence – if I don't I'm likely to just go off like a rocket!

"In that case, slave, I order you to never call me Becky again. Forget you ever heard that name. It was a fake anyways. Know this: you will go to your lonely slave's grave without ever knowing my real name. To you I am simply 'Goddess' – your Goddess, the only being to which you owe any fealty. And to me you are 'Slut-boy' – my slut, my slave, my sissy and eternal subject. Understood, Slut-boy?"

"Yes, Goddess," croaks Slut-boy.

His mouth is clearly dry. Yet suddenly I'm not the only one breathing heavily and flushed with arousal. His hand even creeps down toward his bobbing, throbbing hard-on. How sinful of him! Immediately I slap it away.

“You never ever touch me, or yourself, much less ejaculate without my explicit permission. Understood, Slut-boy?”

“I understand, my Goddess. I’m most heartfully sorry. Please forgive me.”

“As your Goddess I most magnanimously do so. Now then, Slut-boy, as a reward for your instant and unstinting submission to me I’m going to give you a choice. Do you want to take your first ever fucking lying face-up, or on your belly? Face-up you will get to watch your defloration in the ceiling mirror and see your Goddess in action right up close: truly a divinely sublime and impossibly exciting sight. Yet on your belly you may also manage to watch – there’s another mirror in the headboard. And you will have the added option of biting down on the pillow. You may find that helps to endure the surpassing pain and pleasure of being taken by your Goddess. Which is it to be, boy?”

Slut-boy blinks up at me. He glances at the ceiling mirror, swallows again and licks his dry lips. Then he makes his decision.

“I will take it on my belly, Goddess.”

“Good,” I sneer. “That’s fitting for a sniveling little worm like you!”

Slut-boy flushes with shame. Yet he doesn’t hesitate to obey my next orders.

“In that case, take that long cylindrical bolster from under your head, position it lengthwise in the center of the bed, straddle it with your body and lie down atop it. You’ll want your face right at the end, so you can grip it with your teeth.”

While he obeys me I take a minute to generously lube up. Surely this will be the tightest hole I’ve ever had! When I turn back, Slut-boy is lying as directed atop that thick, firm bolster, and clutching it with his arms and legs. But he’s also fervently humping it, squashing it in his crotch, pumping his hips and rubbing his surely burning erection against it.

Fucking Slut-boy!

Is he stupid or what? Doesn’t he get it yet that every iota of sexual pleasure he ever experiences from now on will be grudgingly authorized and very rarely doled out by me? For a minute rage eclipses me, turning my mad lust for butt-fucking him into something far more dangerous. But at last I regain control.

Okay, so he’s technically not touching himself. I should have been more explicit. Still, he’s violating the spirit of the law, if not the letter. And he will definitely pay! Not five minutes into our relationship as goddess and slut, and he’s already earned his first big punishment – not that he wasn’t going to get one anyway, of course. I mean seriously: he wasn’t leaving here tonight without his back whipped raw, his butt beaten black and blue and the backs of his thighs caned into flaming purple stripes, was he? But now I’ve got an incentive to be extra-zealous in my attentions. Nevertheless, first things must come first. And you can be damn sure I’m going to be extra-zealous with my giant penis too!

“Stop that!” I order, as I return to the bed. “No pleasure without permission! I thought I made that clear. You will be punished later for your disobedience. Now spread your legs as wide as you can! Your pathetic excuse for a sex life is about to begin.”

Trembling visibly he obeys. I move into position behind him, grip his delightfully firm, plump butt-cheeks and spread them out wide. Catching my breath, shivering myself with anticipation, I align the big bulbous head of my erection with his tiny pink pucker and prepare to take that wonderful, momentous first thrust. And then the stupid-shit slut has the temerity to break my savored concentration.

“Please be gentle, Goddess,” he gasps without permission.

Enraged anew by this distraction, I lose control and pound it viciously into him, as hard and deep as possible given the constraints of his body size and virginity. He screams in pain, writhing beneath me. Sweat pops out all over his body.

“SPEAK ONLY WHEN SPOKEN TO SLAVE!” I roar in my rage. “I had indeed intended to be gentle! But you can forget about that now! Now I’m going to be cruel, merciless, incredibly violent and impossibly insatiable! So take all that and deal with it if you can, Slut-boy!”

I rear back and just hammer into him, getting every pound of my considerable weight and every iota of my outrage behind that big, thick, invading black cock. And this time more than half its length disappears up his impossibly tight little opening. Again he squeals like a stuck pig, tears streaming down his face, and as I pull back for another thrust he seizes upon the available expedient on clamps the end of the bolster between his teeth. Not only does this allow him to choke his screams off into grunting sobs, it anchors him in place. This keeps him from being pounded off the pillow and right through the headboard and wall by the impossible power of my thrusts, as I begin building up toward my usual runaway pneumatic drill rhythm.

As possessed by lust and rage as I am, I reach this much more quickly than usual despite that tight-tight-tight resistance. Within a minute I’ve reached maximum depth, pile-driving the entire length and girth of my erection into him in a hip-slapping, bed-rocking frenzy. Pounding him against the pillow, I have his body slipping back and forth rhythmically and his grunting-screaming-sobbing response (music to my ears, oh heavenly music to my ears!) accelerating right along with my anal assault. Overcome by sadistic excitement, utterly possessed by my madly escalating joy-rage-arousal, I fuck my new Slut-boy with an unbridled passion I haven’t approached in years. Eating up his obvious agony, reveling in the abysmal shame I can hear him experiencing in each choked vocalization, I climb more swiftly toward my first orgasm than ever before. And then suddenly it explodes through me. A thermonuclear cataclysm of madly firing nerve-endings, it drives me to such climactic conniptions that even over my own piercing screams I can hear my Slut-boy wailing endlessly in agony. My big cock is a black blur as it pounds in and out of him, and the brutal power of my thrusts at last breaks the grip of his teeth and drives him forward. Still I grip his hips with both of my hands, holding him in place and even lifting him into the air, allowing me even greater access to his ass: gleefully maximizing the incredible depth of my ecstatic penetration. It seems an eternity then that I peak and peak and peak and fuck fuck fuck my brand new slut to insane heights and depths of delirium respectively. But at last those inner convulsions lapse and my insane exertion falters. I can sustain either no longer.

I pull my Slut-boy back into place and drop him atop the bolster. Then I drop forward exhausted, propping myself on my palms above my sobbing conquest and reduce my formerly manic rhythm to a delicious succession of long, slow, gradual penetrations. Still filling him up to the hilt, I now take my sweet, sweet time doing so. This permits me to catch my breath while allowing Slut-boy the opportunity to slowly learn how to accommodate me.

Whimpering piteously beneath me, he takes my cock like this for at least ten long minutes. Yet even by then he hasn’t betrayed his acceptance and eventual greed by raising his butt of his own accord, and no wonder. That may have been the most vicious, violent fuck of my life on the tightest, tenderest, most sheltered little virgin I’ve ever captured. The trauma of it for him must have been commensurate with the surpassing ecstasy of it for me...

Oh well, too bad for him. I’ve finally regained my strength and need, and the evening is only barely beginning. Soon I’m once again taking Slut-boy with all the power and pace I can muster,

and once again he's sobbing and blubbering and mindlessly screaming around his mouthful of wet stuffed fabric.

Twice more over the course of an hour I pound my way to an incredible climax in that stiffly reluctant ass, until at last Slut-boy's broken in and loosened up enough to take me without so much trauma. Then I'm really able to drive it into him. And despite this impossible increase in speed and power the magic moment finally arrives.

So transported by ecstasy am I that I almost don't notice when Slut-boy finally freely stops biting the bolster. But then I realize that his sobs have also stopped. He still grunts like a skewered piglet every time my big cock sticks him, but his accompanying groans have now morphed into moans, and yes, of his own accord he's at last begun to lift up his virgin ass.

Arching his back, he's willingly offering up his hole to me! Despite the over-the-top brutality of his deflowering, he's suddenly, if reluctantly, eager for me to increase the already insane speed and depth of my manic penetrations! Looking in the mirror in front of us, I see that he's also raised his beet-red, tear-streaked face, and is using the headboard mirror to ravenously ogle my bouncing, jouncing, madly dancing breasts.

Obviously these are the first real tits he's ever seen, and as I've said, mine are incomparably spectacular. I let him feast on the sight a few minutes, until the tenor of his moans and the urgency with which he raises his ass to me leave no doubt about the depth of his arousal. Then, not missing a stroke of my hips, I grab him by the ponytail and yank his head radically back, until his feverish gaze meets mine in the mirror.

“Your cock is hard again, isn’t it, Slut-boy?” I demand.

“Y-y-yes G-G-God-dess,” he admits, his voice broken up by the rapid rhythm of my slamming thrusts.

“Harder than it’s ever been before?”

“Y-y-yes G-G-God-dess!”

“It feels good doesn’t it, all painfully hard, mashed into a round firm pillow and pulled back and forth by the power of my big prick fucking you?”

“Y-y-yes G-G-God-d-dess! O-o-o-o-o-o-ooohhhhhhhhhh!”

Slut-boy's drawn-out stuttering moan is so evocative it cranks my own madly ecstatic excitement up another notch, and somehow I accelerate my insane ass attack up another impossible increment. Still I manage to continue interrogating him.

“My... cock... feels... good... pound... ing... your... ass... too... doesn’t... it?”

This time the moan comes first. “O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-OOOOO! It-it-it f-f-f-fee-eels gr-gr-gr-gr-GRE-A-A-A-AT!”

Suddenly he bursts into tears again, either at the shame of this admission or due to the uncontainable excess of sensation he's experiencing. Still I keep plunging unstoppably into him. And since it's out of my hands anyway I gladly grant him conditional permission for this.

“O... kay... Slut... boy... I... allow... you... to... enjoy... both! But... don’t... you... DARE... come!” And with that I release his head and pour every last bit of my strength and passion into fucking his finally greedy ass.

I pound and pound and pound away, absolutely out of my mind with power and dominance and heavenly glory. Oh, how I fuck that simpering little slut! Still, five more minutes or so is all I can possibly sustain of this, before finally shrieking and hammering out my fourth incredible orgasm of the evening.

Naturally Slut-boy is shrieking with pain-need-lust-shame by this time too. And when I at last pull my rampaging cock from his outrageously cored out ass he bursts out weeping once

again: overwhelmed by the incredible experience just past and yet still somehow maddeningly unfulfilled. He sobs miserably next to me as I at last collapse gasping on the bed, and once again the sound is beautiful music to me. I lie there and savor it for twenty minutes or more, until at last it stops and I've recovered enough to take the next step in his eternal enslavement.

"Okay, boy," I sigh, "Come with me. You have finally proved yourself a totally willing, disgustingly eager dick slut. It's time you looked the part."

"What... what do you mean?"

"You'll see. Now come with me!"

"But... but Goddess... I don't think I can walk. In fact I know I can't!"

"Very well," I sigh.

Effortlessly I scoop my newly broken-in slut up in my arms and carry him into my extensively appointed wardrobe. There I gently deposit him into a specially installed hair-dresser's chair – not bothering to secure him with all the locking straps. After all, he's proved most quiescent so far, and this isn't the first time I've fucked a slut to absolute jelly, and had to carry him in here – or from one piece of fiendish equipment to another down in my diabolical dungeon, for that matter. With a few quick pumps of a foot pedal I raise my newest slut up to my comfort level, and then recline him a bit. Then I go about the delightful business of forcibly feminizing this newest acquisition of mine.

I can tell by his eyes that he's burning with questions. Fortunately for him though he's learned his lesson about speaking out of turn. And then all the answers become apparent, as I pull up a tray full of cosmetics, and begin making up his face.

Slut-boy flushes red and squirms a bit then, and I'm forced to slap him hard.

"Hold still, Slut-boy! I'm turning you into the prettiest little she-male in my stable! And you will not only willingly submit to this, you will learn to do it for yourself! After tonight I expect you to exhaustively research the subject, so that you can beautifully feminize yourself for me every time I summon you. From now on that will be the first thing you do upon arrival here. Believe me, I want you unbearably weak and humiliated before I even begin to go to work on you..."

Slut-boy sinks into mortified submission. Then with the speed and ease of long practice I pluck his eyebrows and make his face up to look like the most brazen, depraved little slut imaginable. Next I shape and polish and paint his finger and toe nails a bright hot pink. While these dry I proceed to shave off all his disgusting body hair.

"You will do this daily, Slut-boy," I inform him, as my straight razor skims over his balls and removes the last little trace. "Sluts of mine don't dare sport a trace of body hair. And you must grow those nails out as long as you can and keep them presentable."

Grinning at his appalled dismay, I pinch Slut-boy's powdered cheek.

"Now then, let's see what we can do with those lovely black locks. Truly they were what attracted me to you in the first place – next to your tiny size and unmistakable air of vulnerability and insecurity, that is..." Humming to myself I sit him up, pull free his ponytail and brush out that silky black banner. Then I use a curler and tons of hair spray to style him up appropriately. When finished I can't believe my luck and skill.

No one in the world could look this Slut-boy in the face and mistake him for anything other than a beautifully slutty little teenage female prostitute! All that's left is to dress up the rest of him...

I start with stockings of course, hot pink silk to match his nails. The tops, garters and belts sport ruffled white lace, and I force his feet into four-inch pumps of the same bright white. Sheer

pink crotch-less silk panties are pulled up over his silly flat hips, and his even sillier genitals hang through the opening. Well, his balls do anyway – suddenly I notice that his miniscule prick is rigidly erect once again, and his breath heavy with arousal. Smirking, I slap his prick hard, and Slut-boy cries out uncontrollably as it flies down, bounces and waggles all around.

“You like this too, don’t you sissy? Being feminized turns you on. You shamelessly disgusting little slut! You get ten swats on the cock for that: a punishment for pleasure without permission and a simultaneous reward once again for the speed and slavishness of your submission to me.”

I stand him before me and slap his cock down as hard as I can ten times. And though I know this must hurt like hell – the upper side of the shaft is bruised and inflamed by the end – Slut-boy enjoys it immensely. Having his painfully burning boner flopping wildly around before finally straining its way back up straight is incredibly sexually stimulating. Ah, but then when I stop! Then comes the true torment, as he’s once again left gasping and incredibly horny and yet woefully unfulfilled. How long until he realizes that this state of affairs will soon become constant and eternal, that being madly, deliriously excited with no way to relieve that physical, emotional, and psychological maelstrom will from now on be the defining condition of his existence? That’s always deliciously interesting to observe as well. For now Slut-boy just groans and whimpers in distress, and docilely submits to the rest of his cross-dressing.

His skimpy little A-cup bra is matching pink with white lace trim, and I force him to learn how to don it and work the clasp by himself. The silk choker I fasten about his throat has a ruffled-lace flower front and center, and lastly I put fingerless lace gloves on each hand. Damn, he looks so sexy and humiliated, so pretty and reluctantly aroused that I want to fuck his brains out yet again right on the spot. Indeed, I can tell by the pleading way he looks at me, his eyes constantly darting down to my erection, that he wants to be ploughed and pounded out of his mind again too. Well, we’ll both just have to wait. There are more important things to do right now

Still, that doesn’t mean we can’t have a little fun first!

“Come with me, Slut-boy.”

I lead him, tottering in his high-high heels and still moving very gingerly after his brutal butt-fucking, over to a full-length wall mirror. I position him in front of it and loom over him from behind. Bending down, I begin whispering terribly arousing humiliation right into his ear.

“Look at you, Slut-boy!” I hiss. “Take a good, long hard look at yourself. What do you see? You’ve become an impossibly slutty little she-male! An intolerably shameless sissy, trying pathetically to emulate the by-far superior sex! And yet you still feel soooo sexy at the sight, don’t you? You’re so ashamed of yourself, and yet so aroused you can barely stand it! Listen to you! You’re panting like a bitch in heat! And that flaming red in your cheeks isn’t just the blush I brushed on you, is it? Face it, your face is flushed with burning lust! And what the hell is this?”

I lick my index finger, reach around and down and run it up and down the sensitive underside of his stiffly upright erection. “You’re harder than ever! Your tiny little penis is as big as it can possibly get!”

Slut-boy moans uncontrollably, and then whimpers with squirming need as I progress to worrying the nerve-packed tip, which is already leaking sticky-sweet pre-come. I pinch that tip between my fingers then, squeezing it tight and pushing his urgent erection straight down, mixing cruel pain and raving arousal together. Slut-boy releases an inarticulate cry, and a tear tracks down his rouged and powdered cheek.

“You’d give anything to have me fuck you now, wouldn’t you slut? To make you live up to your name and appearance by stabbing your ass senseless with my big, hard, impossibly macho cock. Admit it, Slut-boy!”

“Yes, Goddess,” he gasps, “Please fuck me!”

“Show me how much you want it then,” I tease, still squeezing and rubbing the soft tip of his prick and holding it cruelly back-bent. “Stick your hand behind you, through the slit in your pretty pink panties and finger your hungry boy-cunt. I bet it’s still nice and stretched out, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Goddess! Oh, oh, oooooooooohhhhhh!”

Slut-boy moans and writhes like a whore, avidly watching in the mirror he stimulates his back and I his front. His knees shake, he quivers and quavers and is obviously nearly mad with arousal.

“Oh, you want so much to be fucked!” I breathe right into his ear. Then I stick my tongue in there and slather it around, something I know drives guys absolutely wild. “You’d endure anything for the divine privilege of having your Goddess shove you down and bury herself to the hilt in your sissy, slutty little body!”

“Oh yes! Oh please, please, please!”

“Well then, Slut-boy, endure everything you must before I finally consent to fuck you again. You submit eagerly, willingly, ecstatically to everything I demand for the next hour or two. And maybe then your Goddess will fuck you. Now stop touching yourself!”

I release his straining prick and step away, giggling at Slut-boy’s squirming, whimpering torment as it leaps back and waggles its way upright, leaving him bursting with arousal and pathetically unfulfilled yet again. Opening a cupboard, I retrieve my camera and get down to business at last.

“Okay, Slut-boy, turn and face me. I want you to practice acting the slut for me. Vamp and preen and pose; show me with your body language and facial expressions how sexy and slutty and feminine you are. Lure me with your allure, make me want to fuck you as badly as you want that rock hard cock!”

Oh, he is a natural at this! Most guys are exquisitely uncomfortable the first time. Not only that, but they’re utterly clueless at acting, and the camera unnerves them even more. But not this, Slut-boy! Despite his painful shyness in public, the second I start clicking away he becomes a shameless exhibitionist. No matter how badly he burns to earn that fucking, this can only be pure talent, latent transsexualism released at last or a delightful combination of the two. I take nearly a gigabyte of high quality shots of him shamelessly acting the hussy, and then set him a harder task.

“Okay, Slut-boy, that was great. You were truly born to be a cock loving slut! Now I want you to learn to walk like one. Mince around, swing your hips, wiggle your butt and bat your eyes. Show me how you’d parade yourself on a street corner, or up on the auctioneer’s block!”

This takes him longer to master. His heels are so high, his legs so weak and his inner center so traumatized that it’s all he can do to stand up straight. But after a while he gets the hang of it, and by the time I’ve taken another hundred or so pictures I’m satisfied. It’s time for the greatest challenge – and most valuable blackmail lever – of all.

“Okay, Slut-boy. Good enough. Now come over here and kneel in front of me!”

With hesitation he does as instructed. Kneeling before me his tiny body is dwarfed by my towering form. He gazes up at me with the pure devotion and mindless adoration it sometimes

takes me months to instill in a slut. Oh, he is so perfect! The perfect addition to my collection! Well, let's just see how perfect...

"What are you, Slut-boy?"

"I am a she-male sissy slut, my Goddess, your eternal slave and subject," he immediately declares.

"Yes you are," I giggle, tickled at his mindlessly fawning subservience. When has it ever been this easy? "And sluts love cock, don't they? They crave it like life itself. You are going to prove this now!"

I see his eyes light up – is he finally going to be fucked? I take immense pleasure in shattering these preconceptions. I sink down into a chair, putting my big, black, up-jutting penis on a level with his face. Then I give my orders and watch excitedly for his reaction.

"Suck my cock, Slut-boy! Give me a blow-job worthy of an extensively experienced 10-dollar teenage hooker!"

Slut-boy doesn't disappoint me. Despite his hilariously crestfallen expression it takes him only a moment to find his resolve. He swallows uneasily. Then determination fills his face. He leans forward, his pink-painted lips open and pursed, and takes me into his mouth. He lifts his gaze to mine, eager for some indication of favor. Instead he finds himself eye-to-eye with the stuttering shutter of my top of the line digital camera.

Click-click-click-click-click-click! I now have undeniable documentation of him sucking cock like a slut. Slut-boy's wounded doe-eyes widen even more, but then again he finds excitement in exhibitionism. He starts bobbing like a pro, taking the head of my hard-on and increasing lengths of its shaft deep inside. His face is again burning red, and by craning and peeking I see that his puny little penis is unsurprisingly urgently upright.

Damn, I love this slut!

He just can't get enough! He keeps taking me deeper and deeper, the constant shutter-click an impossibly perverse aphrodisiac to him. Soon he's trying to take it all, gagging and weeping as he slams the back of this throat against the head of my cock.

There's a trick to this of course. And if he doesn't learn to deep-throat on his own, eventually I'll educate him. Believe me, I intend to fuck this slut's face and gullet just as hard as I do his ass, if not so frequently. But that's an incredible ecstasy for another day. For now I just let my slut get on with it. Utterly out of his mind, he fellates me feverishly, as I document every incriminating second. Finally, after fifteen minutes and another couple hundred pictures, I've at last had enough of having my cock sucked. It's time to move on up to serious levels of submission: to endless amounts of bondage and wicked, vicious punishment. Let's see how Slut-boy copes with this part of his new life! But first of course I have to play my first trump card, and explain about the photography.

"That's enough, cock-sucker. Suck and lick all your drool off my prick. Then you kneel up straight and listen to me!"

By now Slut-boy is bobbing on my hard-on like a metronome trying to keep up with a crank-addicted drummer. But he immediately slurps up his expectorations, uses his tongue to polish me gleaming clean and then rears up at eager attention. His prick stands rigidly quivering too of course, and he beams at me as though I hold the answers to the questions of all existence. Which I now do, naturally, at least of those pertaining to him...

"You love and adore your Goddess beyond anything in the entire universe, don't you, Slut-boy?"

"Yes, my Goddess!" he breathlessly declares. "Say the word and I die for you!"

I giggle again at this, utterly blown away by this slut's ease of transformation. Then I get a grip and continue his indoctrination.

"Meeting me today was the best thing that ever happened to you, yes?"

"Yes, Goddess, thank you thank you thank you!"

"You want nothing but to remain my Slut-boy forever, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Goddess, please!"

"Good. And so you shall. However, just in case you someday think of changing your mind, I have at least two ways of ensuring that you never will. The second method we will get to later. Can you guess the first?"

Slut-boy squirms a little, looking uneasy. Then he meekly meets my gaze.

"The... the pictures?"

"That's right, Slut-boy!" I gleam at his comprehension. "I photograph you in all your incredibly humiliated glory first and foremost for my own entertainment – and as keepsakes of your initiation. But this also gives me an iron-clad hold on you.

"You see, for the time being I'm going to allow you to keep an outside life. You may retain your public persona as a normal young man, just another freshman college student – if you can, that is. But if you ever seriously displease, betray, or Goddess forbid try to leave me, I will post these incriminating photos of you not only on the internet, but also on every lamppost, wall, fence, message-board; absolutely everywhere I can think of in the entire world! And then everyone from your mother, best friend, worst enemy and potential employer down to the lowliest wino on the street will know your dirty secret: that you're really nothing but a disgusting little cock-sucking she-male sissy slut!"

"Please Goddess!" Slut-boy simpers immediately. "Don't worry! I swear I will never let you down! I want only to please you forever – and to keep being fucked by you! I know it's impertinent, but please won't you fuck me now?"

"No way, slave," I answer brusquely, loving the way his face falls.

"First I have to test your loyalty to me. And you still need to be punished for disgustingly humping that bolster! Precede me back to the bedroom, Slut-boy. I want you to lie on your belly in the center of the bed – moving the bolster to horizontal first. You will lie sideways atop it with your erection crushed against it – without daring to hump it of course. Then you will close your eyes and concentrate upon preparing yourself for the next, oh-so necessary stage of your enslavement!"

Slut-boy chokes back a sob and hangs his head. Nevertheless he obeys me impeccably, even to slinking and swaying his sissy way out the door. Walking like the lubricious slut he now is, he follows his puny, terribly throbbing erection to wherever it might now be leading him.

Excellent! What a surpassingly succulent Slut-boy! I take a quick minute to gather up a few things, and follow.

I emerge to find him just how I ordered him to be: lying across the bolster with his face at the level of his feet and his ass jutting invitingly up higher. His eyes are closed tight and they remain obediently that way even when I climb onto the bed and drop my various toys and restraints next to him. Good boy! That bit of obedience becomes moot right away however, as the first thing I do is buckle a big leather blindfold onto him.

Slut-boy shifts and whimpers at this. Yet his breath becomes heavier as well. This means either fear or excitement, or both. I don't know, or care. Whether he enjoys what's coming or not, he'd damn well better get used to it. I make this clear to him right away.

“I’m going to put you in bondage now, Slut-boy! Tight, restrictive, whole-body bondage! Of course, it won’t be too onerous yet – I’ll need access to your entire backside tonight. But you can look forward to this becoming an integral part of your life from now on. I just love to see a slut-boy all hogtied up tight, twisted and contorted and struggling fruitlessly for hours. I’m going to tie you up in so many ways, with ropes and chains, manacles and shackles, straitjackets and other restraints... Open your mouth now!”

Slut-boy whimpers with dread, yet immediately he obeys. Right away I force a large ball-gag into his mouth and buckle it tightly in place. Then while he whimpers and stretches and mouths it I set about tying him up for the very first time.

Like I said, it’s nothing too elaborate yet. I merely tie ropes to each of his wrists and ankles. Then I stretch him out tightly spread-eagled and secure each limb to the bed’s four corners. Later, down in the dungeon, I’ll really go to town on him: stocks, the rack, inversion, suspension, you name it. But for now it’s finally punishment time.

“Okay, Slut-boy,” I breathlessly declare, “It’s time for your very first beating.

“As you will soon come to know, discipline is an extremely important part of our eternal relationship. You must prove that you’re willing to endure absolutely anything at all for your owner and Goddess. After all, did you not just promise your very life to me? And haven’t you already earned a very serious punishment by your earlier misbehavior? I could whip you for hours on just that justification. Not to mention the fact that I love to beat and torture a slut almost as much as I love to fuck one! So get ready, you disobedient, disgusting little shit! Here it comes!”

The fun of the blindfold is that Slut-boy has no idea what implement I’m going to use or where it’s going to strike until it does. I start him off with a simple belt, one I’ve modified with a loop at one end. Wrapping this tightly in my fist, I suddenly swing with all my might, cracking that strap across his upthrust ass with a sound like a gunshot.

Slut-boy’s sudden scream is only barely choked off by the gag, and he lurches uncontrollably against his bonds. Laughing with a wicked relish I draw back and whip him again, and again, and again. By the time I reach five he’s crying uncontrollably. After ten his ass is a bright cherry red, and by the time I’ve delivered the twentieth stroke it’s a beautiful black and blue. Then it’s time to switch both implements and area.

Next I use the cane.

One at time I give him ten strokes on the back of each thigh and the sole of each foot. By then my Slut-boy is blubbering with agony, sobbing nonstop and gasping for breath. By no means am I done punishing him for the night. But his delicious distress has suddenly made me so horny that I can’t help myself. I simply have to fuck that tight, tender little ass again! Too excited to even console my poor, slobbering little slut I toss the cane aside, lube up and move into place. Feverishly I grip his delightfully firm, delightfully bruised and welted buttocks. Then I take a deep breath, pry them apart, and viciously stab all the way into him, right up to the hilt. Slut-boy gasps, and cries out in pain. Yet immediately he raises his ass to me. In seconds I’m fucking him with all my might, pounding my hard cock in and out of his slutty little sissy-pussy at a breakneck pace, my plastic-covered crotch brutally spanking his already extensively wounded butt.

Ah God, this so great! Weeping and wailing, biting down hard on the ball in his mouth, Slut-boy strains at the ropes and yet lifts himself up to me, mindlessly wallowing in his reward for enduring his first ever beating. Exalted, exultant, excited beyond belief, I rise to the occasion, fucking him like a madwoman, utterly unable to restrain myself. For at least forty minutes and

through three more glorious orgasms I hammer wildly away, before finally pulling out and leaving him miserably unfulfilled once again.

Okay, it's time to resume his punishment.

After a bit of panting recovery, I take a minute to re-tie my Slut-boy a bit. I release his feet, only to bend each one back until it meets his ass. Then I use the ropes still doubled around his ankles to lash him calf to thigh, so that he can't extend either leg at all no matter how cramped or uncomfortable he gets. Then I pick up my flogger.

Of course, I'm usually a single-tail gal. I like to whip my slut-boys with one exceedingly thin, exquisitely painful lash. But I can no more do that to this pathetic initiate than I can rend his inexperienced rectum with my three inch-thick, twelve inch-long penis pants dick. We have years, maybe even decades to enjoy all of that. And so I go to work on him with my flogger: a dozen half inch-wide strips of supple black leather barely three feet long gathered at the base into a big old rubber dildo-handle.

After I whip his back raw I use that two inch-wide dildo-handle to gouge Slut-boy brutally out, loving the way he groans and sobs as he's dug deep and rotated roughly all around. But of course this only gets me horny as hell again, and the next thing I know I'm propped up above him, driving my erection as relentlessly down into his eagerly accepting center as ever. And so goes the rest of our perfect first night together: with me alternately punishing Slut-boy with various implements and fucking him to oblivion with my giant black cock. Meanwhile he screams and sobs non-stop, and either cringes away from my strokes or pushes himself back greedily into them.

Just as I've planned, expected, and decreed of course. And finally, only an hour before dawn, the moment I've really been waiting for arrives. As I'm slamming my entire huge body back and forth, brutally fucking him facedown as violently as ever, Slut-boy at last commits the felony I've been both forbidding him and counting upon.

His bound body suddenly shudders, and his ass clamps uptight about my deeply imbedded penis. The cry that escapes around the ball in his mouth is incredibly complex and instantly recognizable. I can hear pain, despair, dread, and yet overlaying it all is the ecstasy of orgasmic release. Without my permission he's committed the ultimate sin. Well, he'll never do that again!

At last his ass relaxes. His body slumps all flaccid, and he weeps in quiet shame as I pull my cock from him and free his wrists. Next I remove the blindfold and ball-gag and roll him off the bolster. Sure enough, his pathetic little penis has gone limp and there's a surprisingly large load of semen glistening on the pillow. Slut-boy can't even look at me, averting his gaze until I smack him hard across the face.

"Look at me, slut!"

Slowly he raises his teary gaze to my face.

"What did you just do?"

"I...I ejaculated, Goddess. I had an orgasm without your permission. I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself! You're just so wonderful...being fucked by you turns me on more than I ever dreamed possible. Are...are you going to beat me again Goddess?"

His lips are quivering, and tears continue to spill from his eyes, making a delicious mess of his makeup. Still he almost seems to be requesting that I punish him. And so I glare angrily down, completely hiding my delight at the opportunity he's so foolishly given me.

"Later on I most surely shall beat you. The next time you visit I will take you downstairs to my dungeon, and punish you most severely for this transgression. In the meantime though, I shall

punish you even worse by banishing you from my divine presence for a while. But first I must ensure that you never fail me again.”

I pick up the bolster, and push it into his face. “Lick up your dirty come,” I order. “Suck up and swallow every bit of it!”

Slut-boy obeys, gagging a bit on the novel taste of his spunk. When at last he’s finished I toss the bolster aside. Then I produce one of my specially designed cock cages.

Not only is this made of high-tensile steel and so confining that any erection is impossible while wearing it, but the inside is lined with sharp little spikes. These will not only painfully impale any attempted erection. They can also deliver agonizing electric shocks at the touch of a button. Reveling in Slut-boy’s whimper of dread I lock this tightly upon him, claiming his manhood forever.

“There!” I declare. “This is my second eternal hold upon you. If you ever expect to experience an erection again, you will have to return at my every summons. Observe what happens when I dial a certain number on my cell phone...”

I flip the phone open and punch in his number. Instantly a ten-second long shock sizzles into his imprisoned penis, bringing a shriek of pain from my now permanently enslaved Slut-boy.

“Whenever you feel that, no matter where you are, you will drop everything and hurry over here, where you will submit yourself whole-heartedly to me. Understood?”

“Yes, Goddess,” snivels Slut-boy contritely.

“If you’re not here in ten minutes you’ll get another shock, this time twice as long. And for every additional ten minutes that goes by without you kneeling humbly at my feet the duration of the shock you experience will double. And believe me: if you ever, ever want to be unlocked for even a second, you will serve me faithfully, slavishly, desperately, and with the mindless, unthinking obedience of a machine!”

Of course, I never intend to unlock him again – he’s just had the last orgasm and erection of his life. But he doesn’t know that. That’s the fun part – keeping him ignorant, madly horny and hoping against hope forever. Finally I untie his legs then, and order him to get dressed and get out. After he does so I give an extremely satisfied sigh and head for the bathtub.

When I got up this morning I had an even dozen diminutive, sissified slut-boys in my stable, all turning up on a dime whenever I call them, desperately eager to please me, willingly submitting to whatever cruel perversities I might have in store in the foolish hopes of eventually regaining their manhood. And now Slut-boy Steve has become lucky thirteen!

Chapter Thirteen

Payback's a Bitch!

They got back at me. Oh, how they got back at me!

Tailor and Skye are friends and rivals from way back. They've made a lifelong game of stealing lovers from each other. Yet they still get it on pretty regularly themselves. I made the misfortune of trying to take advantage of the former fact, and fell prey to the latter. This is what happened...

I knew Skye first. A slender but incredibly curvaceous lady, she worked as my personal care aide. I'm a C-5 quadriplegic, and need help bathing, dressing, etc. We became friends, and eventually I met her friend Tailor. Blonde like Skye she was much larger, six feet tall with a big, strong frame and unbelievably generous breasts. I was hopelessly in lust, and tried everything I could think of to get a date. Tailor flirted along, clearly intrigued but not convinced. But then I learned of the competition between them.

I switched my attentions to Skye. She was sweet and petite where Tailor was big and dominant. By playing on our friendship, I finally convinced her to bed me. We drank a bottle of Jack Daniels, smoked a fat reefer, and then she sat in my lap. Soon our clothes were on the floor, we'd moved to the bed and she was riding me.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Skye writhed and cried out as she pinned me down and humped my erection. Finally she screamed in ecstasy, coming her brains out and then collapsing atop me.

I'd hoped for more foreplay, and a chance to come myself. But Skye was only an interim objective, after all. Tailor was the real target of my attentions. I wasted no time in letting her know about my success. Stupidly I blabbed all about it, trying to provoke her jealousy and competitive drive. And at first it seemed to work.

Tailor sounded avid for me all of a sudden. She told me to leave my door unlocked on Saturday night, and to be waiting in bed naked for her at eleven. We'd have until dawn together, when Skye arrived for my morning service. Wouldn't she get a surprise!

Instead the surprise was on me. I was naked in bed as directed, not even a sheet covering me, when the unlocked door crashed open. In walked Tailor, dressed in an unbearably skimpy cup-less bra and miniskirt of silver-studded soft black leather. Her exposed tits were absolutely fabulous. But behind her was Skye, also looking incredibly sexy in a tight red strapless tube dress. She was carrying a large leather bag.

They barged into my apartment, both of them obviously coked-up out of their minds. They were laughing demonically, and leering unsettlingly at me as they approached my helpless body.

"Wha...what is this?" I managed.

"Payback!" declared Tailor.

"Double payback!" added Skye. "They say payback's a bitch, and so are we! The worst two bitches you'll ever meet! And you fucked up bad by trying to play us off one another! Together we're going to teach you to have some respect for femininity!"

There was nothing I could do. As a quadriplegic I can only move my head, shoulders and arms. And the first thing they did upon reaching me was to produce a set of handcuffs from that voluminous bag. They manacled my wrists, and after that I was completely at their mercy.

At first this didn't seem like such a bad thing. They both climbed onto my big waterbed, and after Skye removed the condom, tube, and drainage bag I wear to contain my urinary output, Tailor manipulated me into an urgent hard-on.

Naturally this took only seconds. But the ladies were determined that it should endure for hours. Out of the bag came a large rubber band, which they wound around the base of my penis.

“There,” declared Tailor. “Now we can start the punishment!”

Skye pulled out a big bag of clothespins. Relishing my chagrin, they began placing these all over my body, on my nipples, the lobe and pinna of my ears, and especially all over the head and shaft of my erection. The pain was excruciating. But it was nothing compared to what was coming.

Skye was about to place the last few clothespins on my balls when Tailor stopped her.

“Just a minute, love. Look at him. He’s writhing and whimpering, but I’d say he still looks more turned-on than scared and in pain. Don’t you think we need some way to establish straight out what this is all about? This is a serious ball-busting mission we’re on here; a campaign to teach a little humility to an asshole male. I think we should start out by actually busting his balls!”

“You’re right!” agreed Skye zealously. “After what he did to me, I want him in tears immediately!”

They each grabbed one of my legs, and spread them out wide.

“You go first,” urged Tailor. Skye was only too happy to oblige. She wound up, and then punched me as hard as she could right square in the scrotum.

I tried to howl in agony, but all that came out was a hissing croak. It seemed all the guts, wind, arousal and male attitude were knocked out of me forever in that one blow. I retched and gasped and barked out agonized sobs that must have gratified my tormentors immensely. They cheered and hugged and kissed, as Tailor congratulated Skye on a job well done. Then she moved to take her place.

Ignoring my gasped plea and obviously already overwhelming agony, Tailor cocked her own fist. Then, much stronger than Skye, she smashed it into my unprotected nuts much harder than her friend had been able to.

Again I was convulsed in agony. Retching for breath, I felt like a bowling ball of fire and nausea had been birthed in my bowels. I barely heard the ladies celebrating, placing the clothespins on my pulped balls at last, and then planning their next step. It was only after at least five minutes of hell that I was able to swim up out of a fog of pain, and blink my way past streaming tears to see what they were up to. And it was definitely no good for me.

They were each holding a braided leather single-tail whip. And as soon as the pain in my body became manageable, they changed all that by putting them to use. Standing back a bit from the bed, one on each side, they began to fling their lashes against my helpless form.

My belly, chest, legs and groin were all available. Relishing my screams of agony and spastic struggles, they striped my front from feet to neck and back again with livid red welts. Then, when I was at last intricately crisscrossed with this unspeakable lattice, they rolled me over and did an even more thorough job on my backside.

This two-woman whipping lasted for well over an hour. By the time it was finished I’d screamed myself hoarse, and was so limp and flayed I might have been a piece of dead fish, sizzling with a flame of agony on every surface. Yet the payback had barely begun.

The ladies paused to snort some more cocaine. Then, when they were sufficiently jazzed up again, they rolled me back over to face them.

“Well, are we learning to respect and appreciate womanhood yet?”

This was Tailor, the lust of my life. As much as she’d been torturing me, I couldn’t help but still desperately want her. Her tits were so magnificent...I nodded meekly.

“Answer me!”

“Yes, Tailor.” In response she smacked my face with a powerful roundhouse.

“Don’t you dare speak my name! Never again! Your lips are not worthy to form the word! You will call each of us Mistress, and nothing else, for the rest of your pointless life!”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Good. And we will call you Slut-boy. Because it’s not enough to just respect, admire, and appreciate womanhood. After what you’ve done to us, we want you to emulate it as well! You won’t truly appreciate our superiority until you’ve experienced it firsthand!”

Skye was right there, and more unbelievable stuff began to come out of her bag.

Make-up first—eyeliner and shadow, mascara, foundation and blush and everything else, including lipstick. Utterly unable to resist, I submitted docilely while they feminized my appearance to perfection. When they’d finally finished with my hair and face, and my lips last, Tailor used the bright red lipstick to print “Slut-boy” across my forehead.

Then they went back to the bag, and returned with lingerie. Nylon stockings, garters and belt, a frilly but horribly tight girdle, crotchless panties and another cup-less bra they quickly put on me, re-applying the clothespins to my nipples, still-erect prick and tender balls when they’d finished. Then, laughing deliciously at my consternation, they pulled out a digital camera, a whole stack of disks, and began taking pictures!

“What a pretty little Slut-boy! And all ours, too! From now on we own it, don’t we? With the pictures we’re taking tonight, we can blackmail our crippled little she-male here into doing anything we want it to, for the rest of its life. Imagine how much it’d like us to sit right down at its computer there, right now or at any time, and email these pictures to everyone in its address book? Or display them on the net in perpetuity. In fact, that sounds like so much fun I might just do it anyway. But first we’ve got even more delicious things to do to our sinning little lifelong slave. I’d say you look cute and slutty enough to fuck, Slut-boy. What do you think Skye?”

“I think I’m right behind you,” she answered, rummaging again in her bottomless bag.

“Why behind me? Why not right across from me? This slut’s got two ends to fuck!”

“How right you are!” Skye gloated. “Figuratively speaking, it fucked both of us at once. Let’s both fuck it at once! I can’t wait to hear our virgin little she-male choke and squeal!”

With that she pulled a pair of strap-on dildos from her bag.

These were each about ten inches long, flesh-colored and made of hard ribbed plastic. While I goggled in amazement, and horrified disbelief, Tailor removed her miniskirt and Skye slid up her clingy dress. Neither wore panties, and within seconds each glorious naked crotch sported a giant erect cock. Still I goggled, hardly able to credit their intention. And then they descended on me.

Already spread wide, my legs were lifted up and stretched even further, raising my open crotch even higher. A pillow was compacted under my kidneys, propping me up, and then my feet were bound to either side of the bed, securing me ridiculously splay-legged. Tailor moved into position right away, spitting on her cock and stroking it up and down as she approached my vulnerable opening.

“You’re going to learn to love this, Slut-boy. Either that, or you’re going to spend a lifetime in hell. Because this is the only kind of sex you’re ever going to get. That dishonest screw you wormed out of Skye was the last one your pathetic dick will ever enjoy. From now on it’s your ass and mouth that get all the fucking!”

And with that she was in place. Relishing again my extreme consternation, she aligned the head and shaft of her big hard cock with my helplessly waiting hole and began to hammer her way in.

The agony was unbelievable, the humiliation worse. This latter was exacerbated by Skye, who stood by with the camera documenting it all. At least, she did at first. But once Tailor had gouged her way in and established a panting, slamming, tit-flopping rhythm that had me weeping once again in excess of agony and debasement, she got understandably jealous.

She set the camera close at hand, and climbed onto the bed above my head. Taking another pillow, she compacted this one under my shoulders. That allowed her to force my head all the way back, until the room was upside down and my throat entirely open. Then she forced her giant penis between my lips and right down into my gullet. In an instant she was fucking my face and throat as brutally as Tailor was having at my agonized ass.

In tandem they raped me from either end. It was as traumatic an experience as I'd ever had. Unable to contemplate how my entire life and future had come to this, I endured being turned into a dual-use she-male as best I could. Soon my mistresses were screaming out orgasms, and hammering away at me harder than ever. Crippled, handcuffed, spread out wide and bound to the bed, I involuntarily serviced both big cocks like the contemptible slut I'd somehow become. Finally, after they'd each reached multiple peaks, my new owners pulled out to coke back up.

More drugs, more uncontrollable sexual energy, and soon they were back at me again. They switched sides this time allowing Skye to viciously bugger me while Tailor turned me into a first-class champion cocksucker. Plenty of pictures of every permutation were taken, and the rest of the night became a blur of rotating mistresses, with both big cocks fucking me from either end in every position imaginable until I thought I'd go mad with it all. But at last the cocaine was gone, and the unnatural energy with it. At nearly quarter to five my mistresses were ready to crash. Unfortunately I was occupying the bed.

Together they transferred me out of it. They moved my whipped raw, reamed-out, cross-dressed she-male self into the cold, empty bathtub. Then, before they went to nestle up together in my usurped waterbed, they had a final degradation to introduce me to.

My head lolled back against the curved rim of the old-fashioned clawfoot tub. Once again Tailor took the initiative. Removing her prick at last, she stepped over and straddled my tear-streaked, make-up smeared face.

I thought she was going to let me eat her. And she was. But not in the way I'd anticipated.

"Open your mouth, Slut-boy. From now on you're not just our sissy-slut, she-male and slave. You're our toilet, too. You will consume whatever waste we make, every day, and then you will lick us lovingly clean! That is your most befitting eternal punishment!"

Once again I had no choice but to obey. Tailor sat astride my face, and she pissed into my open mouth. Somehow I swallowed it all, and as horrible as it was, getting to lick her clean afterwards almost made the whole enslavement worth it. Then Skye took her place.

She too sat on my face and pissed down my throat. Afterwards Skye sneered contemptuously down.

"You stupid shit! I hope fucking me over like that was worth it. It's cost you everything—your admittedly limited manhood, your highly dubious future, your basic human dignity, and every conceivable shred of self-respect! Not to mention the fact that you're never going to ejaculate again. Stupid fucking useless unworthy cripple! From now on, you are nothing but a cock-sucking bugger-boy she-male slut-slave! Tailor and I are going to spend the rest of our lives whipping, beating, caning, feminizing, double-fucking and degrading the crap out of you!

You can't do a thing to prevent this, and you deserve every bit of it! So think about that, Slut-boy! We'll be back to use you again in about six or eight hours!"

And with that they left me, smirking and caressing their way back to my bed, while I sprawled chilly and abused in the empty tub.

I had forever to contemplate the unforgivable thing I had done to them.

Chapter Fourteen

Endless Weekend

Jill is the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen.

She is slim and yet stacked, with slender, shapely legs, a just-a-bit-bulbous ass, tiny waist, and flat little belly. Yet emphasizing this otherwise endomorphic frame are breasts the size of softballs.

Her small, delicate face is fetching and yet fey, with a pert little nose and diminutive mouth that is nevertheless deliciously thick-lipped. These are centered within surprisingly full cheeks and a contrastingly fine-boned jaw and chin. Her ears are almost lobe-less, her pale complexion is flawless, and best of all her shockingly large eyes are the cool grey of remote, storm-tossed seas.

The piercing potency of these features is further emphasized by their flaming framing of big, thick, long, teased-out auburn hair. At nearly six feet I find her so irresistibly attractive that I'm hopelessly, helplessly, head-over-heels in love with her – despite knowing practically nothing about her. Unfortunately it's the little bit I do know that's the problem. Beautiful Jill is a lesbian. Not bisexual, not experimenting, a full-fledged fucking lesbian. Her interest in men is apparently minimal.

That hasn't stopped me from asking her out over and over again. Some guys just never know when to quit. And finally it seems my persistence has paid off. Jill finally agreed to one date – although the terms she insisted on have me wondering if my persistence and acceptance is nothing short of idiocy.

"I'm sorry, Ken, but I've told you, I'm nearly never attracted to men!"

"Yeah, but you keep saying 'nearly'. So what am I, chopped liver? Does 'nearly' mean only if the guy is rich? Talk to me, baby! What do I have to do to win you over?"

Jill sighed, rolled her eyes, looked away and acted in general like I was daring to waste her precious time. But when she finally looked back at me, it was with a coolly appraising look that had my foolish hopes shooting skyward.

"Maybe..." she mused.

She was silent a bit more, now eyeing me unsettlingly directly. Then at last she shocked me silly.

"All right: if you must know Ken, the only time I'm turned on by a man, the only time I really want to fuck his ever-loving brains out, is when he's suffering: suffering for me, to be precise. So if you really want me to fuck you – and believe me boy, I will fuck you – then you have to agree to submit to me completely for an entire weekend. You have to allow me tie you up, tease you, punish you and dominate you all I want. After a couple days and nights of this, you'll surely be in such a state that I'll be utterly unable to help myself. I'll just have to fuck your useless brains out!"

Holy shit! So this delicate-looking Jill was the whips-and-chains type! Yikes! Kinky is not my middle name! Still...to fuck the stupendously hot Jill...that was worth anything, wasn't it? Almost...

"If I say yes," my voice quavered, "Can we agree on a few things?"

"Like what?" Jill huffed.

"Like no permanent scars or disabilities for one thing," I cautiously put forth. "And no bodily wastes or forced homosexuality."

"Fine," she shrugged dismissively. "So are we on?"

“Yes ma’am!” I probably stupidly agreed.

“Good enough,” she smirked.

“Be at my house Friday at eight.” She recited an address. “Expect to stay until Sunday night. Also expect to get your fucking socks fucked off!”

She sniffed derisively and marched away from me.

I couldn’t care a whit for her contempt.

All right! I thought. Get my fucking socks fucked off! I can put up with anything for that! The rest of the week was thus all idiotic anticipation. And now here is finally the proof in the pudding: it’s Friday night and I’m mounting the steps to Jill’s door.

Heart pounding, palms sweating, my belly fluttering and my cock a red-hot rock, I ring the bell.

She makes me wait: either tormenting me with further anticipation or giving me one last chance to high-tail it. But finally she turns a bunch of bolts and flings the door open. The absolutely fantastic sight of her thus suddenly exposed steals my soul.

Oh, she is so unbelievably hot she could be the devil herself! And if she is, I don’t care. I will merely take her hand and follow meekly down to whatever incredibly torturous circle I’ve been assigned.

Her finger and toenails are painted dead black, and yet accentuated with silver sparkles to match her shoes. Otherwise sable, these have five-inch steel heels and are secured to her by shiny-spiked straps that wrap up her legs to the top of the calves. And oh, my Goddess, on up from there she’s completely naked to above the waist. I shit you not: the only thing between my eyes and that glorious flesh is a skillfully trimmed female signal crafted from her otherwise bare pubic hair. Below the descending cross I can even see the top of her slit before my eyes are drawn inexorably upward.

Okay, about her midriff she wears a black leather corset, supremely sexy in its own right. But between the almost pristine nudity below and the only dreamed about opulence above, I barely have eyes for this. Suddenly I’m goggling unexpectedly at tits I’d always known were utterly fantastic. But now they are revealed to me in all their glory as the most sublime examples of their kind ever.

They are wholly natural of course. No implant could mimic such flawless perfection. Even the tiny asymmetry in their size testifies to their divine origin. They are so heavy and yet upswept, so firm yet malleable, so invitingly pointy and delightfully pendulous that not even the most skilled surgeon ever could hope to counterfeit them. And anyway, fuck him! I’ve always despised his works. For as long as I’m allowed I gape at those glories hanging just in front of my mouth.

What would you do, suddenly confronted by the specter of divinity?

Suppose the never-credited Goddess suddenly uncovered herself before your amazed gaze, overwhelming you with stupendously lush breast flesh? What the fuck would anyone do, except fall helplessly to one’s knees? Forget the fact that you’ve spent generations being force-fed the inbred belief that women were chattel. Such a sight would countermand anyone’s instinct. Unmanned utterly, I immediately accept the only appropriate response. Despite my inexperience with this fetish business, I subjugate myself the instant she shrieks at me.

“Get on your knees, slave!”

I drop like a rock, and cast my eyes at the floor before her.

“I’m sorry, Jill.”

“How dare you!” she shrieks at me again. Then she steps up and smacks my face so hard that lights flash behind my eyes.

“You never use my given name! Never again in your entire life! I am Goddess to you now! And so is every other female in the world! And you are just a disgusting male Slut-boy! Now get in here, Slut-boy! Crawl after me to my bedroom. The most momentous part of your pathetic existence is upon you!”

Head spinning I do as instructed. Like a dog at heel I follow Goddess on hands and knees through her surprisingly opulent house and into her bedroom. There my jaw literally drops.

There are cabinets everywhere, plus encircling shelves and racks piled high with all kinds of fetish items. The square, center-set bed is absolutely gigantic, at least sixteen feet on a side, big enough to host the most outrageous orgy. Most shocking of all, set into the ceiling above it is a winch and a heavy steel cable. Goddess points.

“Strip, Slut-boy. Get naked on my bed. I want you facedown in the very center of it in sixty seconds.”

Quickly I comply, my heart pounding with excitement and trepidation. My erection is an exclamation point, which throbs ever more palpable punctuation as it’s pressed between me and the slick coverlet. Straightaway Goddess joins me though, and begins locking padded leather cuffs about each of my ankles, wrists and biceps.

“What...what are you doing Goddess?”

“I am putting you in bondage, Slut-boy. You will spend the entire weekend here restrained. Now shut up! Slut-boys only speak when ordered to.”

She bends my arms around behind my back, and locks each wrist cuff to the one on its opposing bicep. Then she takes a length of chain, and winds this all about my overlapping forearms. Next she spreads my legs out wide and locks each ankle cuff to either end of five foot-long metal bar. She bends my legs, even lifting them off the bed, arching my back until she can lock the center of that bar to the chain restraining my arms. I gasp in pain at this contortion, and Goddess laughs at me.

“You think that hurts? Just wait, Slut-boy. You haven’t felt anything yet!”

A motor whirs above me, and down comes the cable.

Goddess snaps this to the lock, which secures my chained arms to the bar. Then again the motor whirs. Before I can properly prepare for this, I’m hauled into the air by my hogtied arms and legs.

Goddess raises me to perhaps a meter off the bed – enough for me to know she was absolutely right. The strain on my shoulder sockets and the small of my back is incredible already, and who knows how long I’ll have to hang this way? And yet still Goddess is barely getting started. Next she produces a box full of crocodile clips and heavy lead weights, and starts attaching them to my most sensitive areas.

First she does my nipples.

The big toothed jaws bite pitilessly into these, and the weights drag down and stretch them outrageously out. Then she clamps a half dozen onto the oh-so tender tip of my strangely persistent erection.

This is an absolute agony of course. But the way the weights pull my hard-on straight down at a right angle to the rest of me is exquisitely arousing as well. This arresting amalgam finally gives me a fleeting insight into the weird appeal that sexual suffering has for the masochist.

Oops! Okay, it’s gone now. Well, I’d better pray it comes back, so I can hopefully seize upon it, expand it, maybe even embrace it and make it my own. This is immediately obvious.

Next Goddess takes a pair of one-inch metal manuscript clamps, available at any office supply store, and attaches them to my testicles. This squeezes them brutally, flooding me with nauseated agony.

I'm struggling not to retch, or even worse puke, when Goddess makes this imperative. From her seemingly endless supply of devices she chooses a complex leather harness that straps all about the head and jaw and completely encloses the lower half of the face. On the inside of this elaborate gag I'm appalled to see a penis.

"Open your mouth, Slut-boy," Goddess orders.

I do not want to! But what choice do I have? I committed to all of this and Goddess knows what else in return for having sex with this divinity. I open my mouth, and Goddess forces that big hard plastic cock in deep, before buckling and locking the harness tightly about my face and head.

"One more hole to fill," Goddess direly proclaims then, suddenly banishing all my brave intentions and flooding me with unlimited horror. But once again there's nothing I can do but bite down hard and submit as she produces a six inch-long, one inch-thick vibrator, greases it up and pushes it all the way up into my terrified ass. She grins at me and switches it on.

Okay, wait. Suddenly I'm a bit conflicted.

True, that anal intrusion is painful and demeaning in the extreme. But the hot electric buzzing jiving my insides is also weirdly pleasurable. It makes my cock strain even harder against its weights. Fortunately – or maybe unfortunately – I'm denied the immediate opportunity to explore this madness. Again Goddess activates the winch, which resumes hauling me upward. Higher and higher I go, goggling my incredulity all the while. Finally I'm left hanging horribly tormented just below the ceiling.

"There!" Goddess announces with satisfaction. "Now we're ready to get this party started. I'll be back in a bit, Slut-boy. Hang out for awhile, why don't you?"

She laughs meanly at me, turns and leaves the room.

I don't believe this. She's left me here, hanging in agony above her enormous bed. Without the distraction of her cool beauty, hot sexuality, and shall we say compelling presence, I have nothing to divert me from my various agonies. To start with, my arms are being slowly pulled from their sockets. I remember media footage from the first Iraq war, where they showed victims of Saddam who were hung from cranes by their arms bound behind them. Well, I now have an inkling how that felt. But even this pain pales by comparison with my poor stretched back.

My spine is bent practically into a semicircle by the combination of gravity and my bondage, and the pain just gets worse by the minute. I try to relieve it a bit, if only temporarily, by bowing back against it. But my body extension is so extreme that this is utterly impossible. All I can do is hang from my elbows and ankles and suffer – that, and belatedly explore that hot buzzing in my ass.

I can't deny it: this is weirdly erotic. Despite my many pains my cock just keeps getting harder and harder. I've been moaning and whimpering ever since being strung up like this, but suddenly my moans have a different tenor to them. Good thing, too: with all the pain I'm currently in, I desperately need something to alleviate it. Or balance it out, make it all worth it... Surely not to accentuate, embellish, or deliciously overtop it...

After half an hour or so I'm so mixed up, so agonized and aroused and unsure where one leaves off and the other begins that I greet the opening door and Goddess' return with unadulterated rapture. But this is immediately tintured with shock, shame and mad arousal

when three more women, all of them equally beautiful and garbed in intimidating fetish wear follow her into the bedroom.

The first girl is big and blonde. In fact, she might be the biggest girl I've ever seen. I don't mean fat now, though she is thick through the middle and everywhere else.

Perhaps she might go doughy with age and abuse, ala Anna Nicole, but for now she's just excitingly solid: big and strong and yet lush, with huge tits that perfectly offset her hulking shoulders and bulging biceps. Most impressive of all, she has chosen to accentuate all this by wearing a skimpy top of spiked leather straps and draping chains, along with stiletto heeled boots and – holy shit – a big flesh-colored strap-on dildo that is cinched about her crotch.

In fact, as they file into the room I see that they're all wearing dildos. Then again, they're lesbians, aren't they? How else to correct biology's mistakes?

The second girl is black, or as I judge it, of mixed blood. Her skin is a beautifully burnished golden brown, and her hair shoulder-length, beaded and corn-rowed. Yet her features are quintessentially European, with shocking green eyes.

This obvious dominatrix carries a riding crop, and has chosen to dress all in skin-tight black latex. Her four-inch heels are integral to the thigh-high leggings she wears, and these are matched by bicep-high gauntlets. Her big, beautiful breasts (nipples like ebony arrowheads) are thrust out through and hang enticingly down from a sleeveless, cut-out latex top that leaves not only those champion tits but also her well-muscled arms and washboard belly open to view. And below this of course, her big black cock is built right into her painted-on rubber panties.

Oh, my God – excuse me, Goddess – accoutrements aside, she is so fucking hot! And yet so is the third girl too!

These ladies must be admirably blind when it comes to race. Because this amazing chick is obviously Latina. She has deep dark eyes, long curling shining sable hair, and where her skin is amply revealed by her simple body harness of thin, crisscrossing black vinyl straps it is a delightful light brown. The cock she wears is a shocking blue, and of course her opulent breasts are fucking fabulous.

Big incredible tits must be some kind of requirement for this particular lesbians club. That, and a viciously sadistic dominant streak, judging by the greedy way all three of them eye me hanging there, all bound up gagged and stuffed above that giant bed. Goddess is quick to make gloating introductions.

"Slut-boy, these are the Goddesses Belinda, Natasha and Nina.

"Goddesses, this is this week's Slut-boy, our latest temporary plaything. Let's spend this first night, as usual, tormenting the hell out of him by making him hang up there and impotently watch our incredible orgy."

What! She can't be serious! I have to hang up here all night? I try to bleat and protest. But of course the hard cock filling my mouth, and the black leather mask sealing away most of my face, rob me of any intelligibility. I can only watch as Goddess straps on her own big cock, hands out glasses and opens a bottle of wine, and invites everyone onto her magnificent bed.

My new deities array themselves beautifully beneath me. My primary Goddess pours out, lights up an enormous reefer, and for twenty minutes or so they merely party, flirt, and gossip: ignoring and tormenting me with anticipation. Then at last the torment proper starts. They pair off and begin kissing. Yet kissing is of course just the beginning. Soon they're madly making out, aggressively caressing, and generally driving me wild with arousal and denial. My cock is so hard it hurts, and it hurts so much it can't help but stay hard. My eyes bulge at the incredible action below me.

This seems to escalate forever, along with my frothing lust. But finally Goddess looks up at me from where she's lying back with Goddess Natasha voraciously sucking on her tits. She giggles maliciously.

"Viddy well, little brother! Viddy well!"

I recognize this line from the horrifying rape scene in Stanley Kubrick's classic movie *A Clockwork Orange*. But those nightmarish images are abruptly banished by incredibly heavenly ones, as each pair of Goddesses takes this as their cue to finally begin fucking one another.

Goddess Natasha pulls back and rises up. My primary Goddess Jill lifts and spreads her long, slender legs and seconds later that big black prick is plunging in and out of that most holy pussy. Right next to them, hulking Goddess Belinda is likewise nailing her partner to the bed with amazingly powerful thrusts of her own huge, god-like penis. Meanwhile both prone Goddesses stare not at their divine lovers but up at condemned sinner me. Obviously they are getting off outrageously on the sight of me hanging there suffering from the ceiling. And suffering I certainly am, despite the amazing sights on display. The longer I hang there, the greater the strain on my shoulders and back. Soon my hips are feeling it too, and even my neck begins to get sore from lifting my dangling head to watch the incredible show below. And naturally this first torturous night, and the lesbian strap-on orgy I'm damned and privileged to witness, has barely begun.

After a while the Goddesses switch positions. Then they switch turns, then partners, then positions, turns, partners, positions, again and again and again in endless permutations. They each cry out an impossible number of orgasms, even while being fucked in the ass, which they actually show a perverse affinity for.

As for my own ass, it soon becomes woefully sore from the nonstop buzzing of the vibrator up it. Of course, this adds immensely to my accumulating agonies. Quickly that insectile distraction eradicates whatever enjoyment I initially took from all this.

Fuck me; I'm certainly earning my eventual fucking! And yet eight hours of impotently watching a divine female orgy, followed by another six of hanging forgotten in extreme excruciation as the four Goddesses below me finally cuddle up and sleep off their amazing exertions are nothing next to what the morrow brings. Saturday starts the true tortures these sadistic Goddesses subject me to.

Not that it's anything especially onerous right away.

At first the torment is more mental and emotional than anything else. After they rise, the Goddesses ignore me completely, leaving me hanging there in agony as they troop off to the connecting bathroom.

There they leave the door open, subjecting me to the tantalizing sounds of splashing, giggling and moaning as they spend an hour or more lovingly bathing each other. But then they return to the bed, dressed just as the night before right down to their dildos. They enjoy a sumptuous takeout breakfast just below me.

My stomach growls with hunger, and my mouth waters copiously around the plastic cock filling it. Yet I'm offered nothing, even when they finally see fit to lower me to the bed and release most of my bonds – only to promptly replace them with others.

Leaving my gag locked tightly in place, they all laugh cruelly as I weep in relief as the strain on my shoulders and back is at last eased. Then Goddess shackles my wrists in front of me and my ankles together with manacles that each spare me a bare twelve inches of play in the chains. At last the vibrator is switched off and withdrawn from my by now dead-numb ass, relieving me of at least one source of torturous humiliation. But then the day's true ordeal begins in earnest.

Goddess Belinda locks my feet into fetish shoes with heels so high I'll be forced to totter around on the tips of my toes. The clamps and weights are removed from my nipples and genitals (providing supreme relief for my balls and instant agony in my suddenly reawakened nips and dick) and a collar is buckled about my neck. Then they minimally cross dress me in a small, ruffled white apron and matching maid's cap, and use cosmetics to make up my face outrageously. Goddess Natasha takes the lipstick then, and uses it to scrawl the title 'Slut-boy' across my forehead. Finally Goddess snaps a leash to my collar, picks up a six-foot whip, and drags me off the bed.

"Come on, Slut-boy. It's time for my weekly housecleaning. Why should I pay a maid to do it when I can get a slutty little sissy like you up here every weekend? Let's go! You can start by changing the sheets and making my bed."

Shit, I can hardly stand, let alone walk or work. But when Goddess punishes my woozy wobbling with an excruciating lash of the whip on my naked ass, I somehow focus in and muster the ability to move. What a nightmare.

I spend the next six hours doing humiliating housework, mincing around in my hobbles and being mercilessly whipped for any imagined failing. Soon my ankles and toes are absolutely killing me, to say nothing of my wickedly welted backside. Still I persevere, even when Goddess takes dozens of photos of me washing dishes, scrubbing floors, and ironing sheets in my ridiculous get-up. But at last she deems the house sufficiently clean. It's time the weekend's true tortures get underway!

"Okay, Slut-boy. Good enough. Let's go down to the dungeon. I need to see you really screaming and sobbing and suffering now to get my juices flowing again. Come with us."

Like I have a choice. Gagged as I am I can't even protest as Goddess claims my leash and draws me after her to an as yet unnoticed elevator.

Four gorgeous deities crowd in with me, giggling, pinching and poking me and slapping my striped-up backside as we descend below ground. Then the doors open, and I'm confronted by a sight straight out of a nightmare.

"Welcome to my dungeon, Slut-boy!"

Again there is a plethora of whips and crops and paddles hung and piled around. But in addition to these and tons of more ordinary restraints I see three hulking pieces of equipment straight out of the middle ages.

Dungeon, indeed! Against one wall is a large X-shaped cross equipped with any number of heavy leather straps. In the center of the room is a large oak pillory, and off to one side a long, low table with a crank and chains at either end for stretching. Dumbfounded I try to draw back, but big Goddess Belinda pushes me on from behind, while Goddess drags me by the leash towards the pillory.

Once there the shackles are removed from my wrists and the collar from my neck. Yet this is but the briefest of reprieves. Before I can even dream of resisting, Goddess Natasha suddenly drives a fist into my stomach, knocking the wind from me and doubling me over. As I gasp helplessly for breath, my neck and wrists are guided into semicircular cutouts in the stocks. Quickly the matching heavy wooden top is fitted into place and secured with a padlock. My ankles are unshackled, and my fetish-shoed feet are kicked widely apart and then locked to ringbolts in the concrete floor. Within seconds I'm helplessly secured bent over, able to wiggle my fingers and butt but not much else. Then just like the night before, painful clamps and weights are attached to my nipples and genitals, woefully tormenting my most erogenous zones.

Still this is all just kiddie kicks. All four Goddesses go to the racks and chose an instrument of discipline.

Goddesses Jill and Belinda each select a heavy, perforated wooden paddle. The other two choose classic cat o' nine tail floggers. Breathing heavily already, their prominent nipples betraying their arousal, they return to take up position next to me, two deities on each side.

"Ready girls?" asks my Goddess, and the other three respond with sounds of eager affirmation. "Then let's go: two by two in synchronous rhythm, like always."

At that two paddles suddenly whistle through the air and smack my ass from either side. Each strikes its chosen cheek with a sound like a gunshot and an incredible infusion of agony. Then while my tortured cry is just being choked off by the plastic cock probing my throat, the other two Goddesses lash their flails down onto my upper and lower back.

This is incredibly painful as well. Yet even in succession, both these double blows still can't approach the endless agony of hanging all night by my elbows and ankles. Nor can they challenge that slender single-tail six-foot whip carving up my ass all afternoon – at least not yet. But then the killer succession truly gets into cycle.

Barely a second after the whips score my back, the paddles again impact my ass, aggravating alarmingly those aforementioned whip wounds. Then the floggers flail me again; the paddles impact, then the floggers, then the paddles, then the floggers, then the paddles, as my new deities fall easily into a long-accustomed two-stroke punishment rhythm.

I have no idea how long this lasts – objectively at least. For me it's an eternity in a special male hell devised exclusively for us by our rightful Goddesses. The blows fall so regular and fast on my back and ass that I have no time to truly absorb, much less recover from each before it is superseded by its successor. Soon my accumulated agonies actually seem to surpass what I experienced last night and this afternoon. I don't know for sure – levels of pain are so subjective. But the agony definitely escalates constantly, with only a rare bare moment of reprieve.

These occur when the Goddesses trade implements and/or positions. But always this pause is quickly obliterated, as the changeover only enhances their unholy passions. Any brief respite renders them ever more zealous. Indeed the longest pause (when the paddles are replaced with limber graphite switches) is followed by the worst excruciation of all. Feeling those thin canes flaying the backs of my thighs soon has me screaming and sobbing nonstop. And yet when this eternity finally lapses I'm merely propelled along to an even deeper Dantean circle.

Dimly I'm aware of my ankles being released, and the stocks unlocked.

This is the point where I'd bolt blindly for the door – if I could. Fuck getting fucked! Fuck that nascent gleam of masochism I experienced last night. Nothing, and I mean nothing at all, is worth this. But my body may as well be made of fiery jelly. If not for the four Goddesses immediately seizing control of my flaccid limbs I'd collapse to the floor. As it is they pick me up and carry me over to that low, narrow rack.

I'm laid down on it on my back, and four heavy tow chains are locked to the cuffs on my wrists and ankles. A ratcheting sound announces the crank turning, and within a minute I'm stretched agonizingly out. Every muscle, every tendon and bone protests as they're stretched to the brink of breaking. Yet as terrible as this is, I can't help but revel in my epidermal relief. At long last my skin is no longer being assailed. But then the delighted giggling of my tormentors and the belated removal of clamps and weights from my nipples and genitals portend something even worse ahead.

Blurily I blink the tears from my eyes. What I see is both bewildering and upsetting. Goddess holds a curious device as she approaches me.

This consists of two clear plastic plates, one with a two-inch diameter hole cut near the bottom of its eight inch-long, four inch-wide rectangle. Both thin plates incorporate inset metal strips, as well as bolts, wing-nuts, and plug receptacles. As I lie there stretched out and suffering, Goddess manipulates my genitals through that hole, until the plate lies flush against my flesh and my balls and ridiculously reawakening cock poke through and lay atop that clear flat plastic.

Goddess Nina places the second plate atop this, so that the up-thrust bolts fit through matching holes. The wing-nuts are tightened then, drawing the plates together until my genitals are squashed excruciatingly flat and the metal inlays press tightly against both testicles and all up the length of my penis. Then Goddess plugs electrical leads into each of the many sockets, and picks up the box they are connected to: small, black, covered with switches and dials and festooned with those trailing wires.

“All right, Slut-boy,” she breathes excitedly. “Now it’s time for my second-favorite part of the weekend!”

She twists a few dials. Then she grins most evilly at me and flicks a switch.

The other Goddesses are also gathered around, and brimming with sadistic anticipation. Despite the galvanizing agony that suddenly consumes me, I can easily see and appreciate the surpassing excitement and delight that they enjoy as I howl with pain and thrum like a live wire beneath their eager regard.

The purpose of the insulated wires and bare metal plates becomes immediately obvious. Screaming electricity sizzles into me, shocking both my balls and the entire length of my still half-hard penis from its squashed base to its tender flattened tip. Ravening agony pours into me from both sides of my most sensitive conduits.

If not for the extreme stretching of my body I would surely bounce and bridge, spasming like a resuscitation patient getting the juice. As it is, all I can do is wail and shudder from head to toe, and wish most fervently that I’d never been born with a penis and balls. Who knew they could be the source of so much excruciation?

And once again that pain is unending.

Oh sure, my Goddess pauses once in a while, reducing or even eliminating the current. But then she unfailingly sends it searing into me again, for longer and longer intervals. Even worse, every time she checks the electricity, one of the other Goddesses turns the crank a few more notches, stretching me even further out. And finally even this isn’t sadistic enough to sate them. All three leave my Goddess unpredictably shocking me, and turn to choose new insidious implements of discipline.

Goddess Belinda returns with a meter-long sturdy ash dowel in her hand. The Goddesses Nina and Natasha each have large, curved, surgical vascular clamps. They take up position on either side of my thrumming-like-a-bowstring body, and each locks one of my nipples in a pitiless steel grip. Then as Goddess Belinda removes my shoes and starts beating the soles of my feet with her half-inch wooden rod, these gorgeous other Goddesses begin to pull, stretch, and viciously twist my severely pinched nipples.

Yes, once again, how long this hell lasts is quite beyond to me.

Who can keep track of time while enduring numberless sources of relentless excruciation? All I know for sure is that at one point Goddess again pauses in electrocuting my burning genitals and leans up close to my quivering, cock-gagged, tear-streaming and screaming face.

“There, there, Slut-boy,” she scornfully consoles me. “It can’t be all that bad. Remember, get through today and tonight and all four of us are going to fuck your ever-loving brains out. Won’t that be absolutely wonderful, and worth all this?”

Wonderful, yes; worth this: never!

Still, that tantalizing prospect somehow enables me to endure, until at long last I'm finally released from my latest bonds and torments. And yet still the punishment isn't done. Next I'm manhandled over to that final piece of medieval equipment: the dreaded St. Andrew's cross.

Together they lift me right up in the air, and secure my wrist cuffs to the top of that oaken X, leaving me hanging there by my hands.

This is exquisitely painful after my previous stretching. But then my Goddesses strap and lock my waist and ankles to the center and legs of that cross, relieving this renewed strain a bit. Then they each pick up an unbelievably incisive single-tail whip and take up position in front of me. Without a word of warning, they straightaway start carving up my still unmarked (except for the nipples and genitals that is) front.

Lethal leather lashes flay me alive.

The Goddesses Belinda and Jill whip me simultaneously with all their strength, until they finally tire and make way for the other two. Then the Goddesses Natasha and Nina take their turns carving me up. In tag-team succession like this they all lash me until my entire front is as wickedly lacerated as my back. I am so unmanned, and literally delirious by the time they finally cast their whips aside and release me from the cross that I'm utterly unable to remain upright. No matter. Grabbing a limb apiece the four deities pick me up and carry me back to the elevator.

Back upstairs to the bedroom we go.

"One, two, three!" they swing me and cry, and I'm flung through the air to crash facedown onto that gigantic bed again. Then I'm promptly bound up exactly like the night before: bar-spread ankles locked to overlapping forearms. Once again I'm hooked to the winch, the clamps and weights are attached to me and the buzzing vibrator is inserted into my ass. To endless laughing and jeering then I'm hauled up stuffed, plugged and hogtied to the very ceiling.

"Have fun watching us again, Slut-boy! And try to pick up a few pointers this time, not to mention fantasize about tomorrow. A few more hours and you are finally, really going to get fucked out of your mind!"

A chorus of uproarious mirth punctuates this pronouncement, and I can't help but be taken in by it.

Whoo-hoo! I scream inside. Bring it on, Goddess! For a minute I'm once again entirely tantalized by this incredible prospect. But then her first words finally hit home, and reality bites me like the tip of Goddess' whip.

Oh fuck, here we go again: another endless night exploring unlimited realms of agony both physical and emotional. And indeed, true to my premonition this night proves exponentially worse than the last in every respect.

Not only is the inner stress on my joints and spine compounded by the myriad outside wounds still painning me. Tonight my Goddesses' passions are outrageously inflamed from their daylong orgy of torturing me.

This time no foreplay is necessary. Right away they all fall upon each other and start sucking and fucking lips and nips and clits, hungry cunts and gullets and butts with otherworldly energy. Oh, my Goddesses! The doubly-renewed spectacle of their tremendously tremulous breasts, inexhaustibly thrusting hips and constant ecstatic climaxes is indescribably arousing.

Here I am again, this time times ten thousand: pained beyond belief, tortured by the strange, inexcusable pleasure in my rectum and hanging in impotent observation above an orgy of a divine origin.

Despite all the agony it's lately endured, and the heavy weights now dragging it down, my prick quickly gets so hard it constantly twitches upward, clanking those weights together. My burning ass even seems to inexplicably intensify this reaction. Or maybe it's the sight of my beloved Goddess bending her face to the bed and eagerly raising up her butt so that Goddess Belinda can hammer her hard cock wildly into her wonderfully accepting anus that has me slaving uncontrollably around the plastic penis still gagging me. In any case, this insanity persists and constantly accrues over the next six hours or so as I'm allowed another thousand or more equally astoundingly sights. So maddened am I by the non-stop erotic show below that it's actually a relief when all four Goddesses at last all cuddle up together and fall into an exhausted sleep.

Did I say relief?

What an idiot! Soon begins the most insidious torment of all: anticipation.

How much longer until that incredible payoff? I know I said before that I was ready to forgo it in lieu of escape. But now I'm suddenly desperate to enjoy it.

Psychologists say that the more you pay for something, the more emotional investment you have in loving it – even to the point of deluding yourself about its belatedly discovered drawbacks. So it is now with me.

This could be the lamest lay of my life. But I am utterly convinced I will wallow in it ecstatically regardless, and count myself blessed the entire time and forever after. Yet why am I even considering this psycho-shit? Being fucked by the four most gorgeous Goddesses I have ever seen can't be anything but incomparably sublime. Without question this will be the unchallenged highlight of my entire life.

So the minutes stretch into hours, and the seconds into eons. Afterlife aside, I finally experience on Saturday night a true eternity. And even when my outrageously traumatized body finally fails my fevered mind, I find myself still dreaming about the apocalyptic consummation upcoming.

Goddess is riding my cock, while two other deities rub their breasts against me, the last French-kissing me passionately. They sprawl and slither atop me, kissing and caressing, sucking and fucking, and using their magical tongues to lick away every inch of the wounds they so lovingly inflicted upon me. Oh, they each mount my erection and fuck me female-superior for so long that it's a wonder I don't have a teenage wet dream. Yet somehow I manage to wander ever more desperate and unfulfilled through an endless madhouse of erotic imagery, using this fervent fantasy perhaps to combat (or incorporate) the physical excruciation my unconscious body must nevertheless deal with.

In the end I'm so enthralled by these visions, and so debilitated by this torturous weekend, that I don't wake and forsake them until after my Goddesses have all risen, showered, eaten, costumed up and returned to the bed below me. Then I'm jerked rudely back to awareness by the sound of the winch and Goddess' excited salutation.

"Rise and shine you disgusting, Slut-boy! The most momentous fucking of your pathetic existence is upon you!"

Holy Goddess, from fantasy to reality in under a second! I wake from a dream of being fucked to its immediate imminence, and I couldn't be more excited as I'm slowly lowered from the ceiling to down between them.

Once I'm closely surrounded Goddess stops the motor, leaving me dangling and swaying maybe twenty inches above the bed. I notice then that all four Goddesses still wear their faux erections. This doesn't really register though. After all, I've never seen any of them but my

primary Goddess without one. But then they finally pull the formerly (reasonably) static phalluses from my mouth and ass and spring upon me the horrifying surprise they've surely been inflicting upon all other mankind stupid enough to fall into their clutches since the dawn of time.

Instead of releasing those clamps and weights from my tenderest points, lowering me the rest of the way and freeing my body to perform, the four Goddesses leave me hanging there hogtied amidst them. Looking suddenly uneasily about, find I'm bracketed from every direction by divine beauty, incredible breasts and four hard cocks pointing straight out at me. Relishing my dawning horror, Goddess then announces their intentions and truly plunges me into the deepest hell there can possibly be.

"Okay, Slut-boy. It's finally time for us to fuck you. And as I promised you, we are going to fuck your pathetic male brains out! But as you surely must have guessed, we lesbians always use our cocks when it comes to fucking men. They are so unworthy of anything else! Face it: disgusting sluts like you are fit only for service. So prepare yourself to be fucked by me, Slut-boy! This is what you have been suffering for! As your Goddess I demand that you accept and enjoy it!"

To say that I'm shocked and dismayed, stupefied, horrified, and flabbergasted is an appalling understatement. For a moment I can only goggle at Goddess in disbelief. But at last I manage a weak protest.

"But...but...you said no homosexuality!"

"How dare you!" Goddess cries.

She swings a full backhand, rocking my head and savagely smacking my face. Using all her strength, she finally brutally bruises practically the only part of my body still unmarked, and that which I can't hide with clothes.

"This is not homosexuality, Slut-boy!" she shrieks. "We are holy feminine Goddesses! You, on the other hand, are a lowly disgusting simpering male peon. We are not the same sex or even the same species! And since you know damn well that speaking out of turn is against scripture, it's finally time to shut you up proper! Let's see you whine and pule and protest with a big hard Goddess cock cramming your mouth!"

She grabs my head between fistfuls of hair and rams her strap-on roughly between my teeth. Before I can even credit this monstrous indignity she's plunging it deep into my throat, gagging me pitilessly. Then she pulls back a bit only to start up a maniacal rhythm, rabidly fucking my face. Not to be outdone, Goddess Belinda moves up close behind me, between my locked wide legs, and pushes her own big penis into my already stretched and sore asshole. She too begins fucking me with a maddened frenzy. Viciously raped in the ass and face, helpless to even believe this monstrous turn of events, I can only hang in my bonds among my tormentors and burn with humiliation as all four Goddesses laugh and ridicule my unthinkable predicament.

So begins the ultimate, surpassing eternity of torture, the absolute worst stretch of my seemingly endless ordeal. Together the Goddesses Jill and Belinda hammer into me, the tempo of their syncopated thrusts surpassing even last night's most wild excesses. The power of that incredible dual pounding quickly compacts me between them, stressing my already screaming back even more. The weights hanging from me swing wildly, yanking continuously on my poor pinched nipples and penis head, exquisitely amplifying the agony I'm already enduring there. But as bad as all this is, the emotional torment is of course the worst. Absolutely nothing could be more degrading to a man than to be viciously fucked in the ass – except possibly being constantly reviled as a cocksucker while a big hard penis is being plunged pitilessly through one's lips and deep into the revolted throat. How will I ever live with myself after this

experience? After all I've endured this weekend in pursuit of sex with this gorgeous Goddess, my reward is instead the loss of all self-respect forever. And yet, shit, yes, this worst ever endless day is barely underway.

My Goddesses take me like maniacs for over half an hour, until they suddenly scream out ecstatic simultaneous climaxes. Then at last they pull out of my ravaged throat and ass, only to make way for the Goddesses Natasha and Nina.

Now it's a huge, gleaming, jet-black penis I'm hopelessly choking upon, while Goddess Natasha ridicules me as a lily-little white boy slut-slave. She makes me lick and suck her 'come-bloated, stuffed-full, big black nigger balls' forever before once again plunging deep and fucking my face so violently that her latex-clad crotch bashes my nose so hard and fast that I see constant constellations of stars. And of course, not to be overlooked is my lovely Latina Goddess Nina, eagerly continuing the unrelenting assault on my ass.

Panting and yelping gleefully, she slaps my bruised and welted buttocks with her own pneumatically pumping crotch until the pain on the outside of my heavily welted ass begins to approach the devastatingly intimate agony her deeply goring cock is inflicting upon the inside. And all these multiple assaults just continue to escalate...

Next Goddess Belinda fucks my face, while Goddess Jill finally takes her turn brutally buggering me. Turn and about, one after another, they cycle around all day, keeping up a non-stop rhythm of two big cocks simultaneously plunging deeply into me. While two of them are madly verbally and physically degrading me, the other two take the time to rest and recover, to drink and smoke and smooch before sniffing up enough coke to once again wield their cocks with all the energy of lunatic gods.

Laughing and mocking me, asking again and again whether sex with lesbians is all I ever dreamed it could be, these four deities eventually reduce me to such a state of sobbing self-revulsion and unlimited agony that all I want to do is die and get it all over with. Yet even this ultimate release is denied me. When at last my Goddesses have exhausted themselves they lower me still barely alive to the bed and at last unlock my various restraints.

Once again they're forced to carry me. Only this time they haul my naked, brutalized body outside and toss it ten feet onto the hard concrete walk. Goddess Jill tosses my clothes down atop me, and without further word or acknowledgement they return inside, locking the door behind them.

Abandoned and broken in more ways than I can conceive, I lay there gasping and sobbing in the growing dark. Finally I gather up my clothes and start crawling toward my car, and whatever remaining meager existence I can contrive.

Chapter Fifteen

The Incredible Hulga

It's like the stars have finally aligned!

After three long years of hopelessly lusting after my monumental boss, we've suddenly been sent together to attend a meaningless business conference. Better yet, we've even been given connecting hotel rooms! Finally I get my chance to *really* hit upon the woman of my dreams!

Okay, I guess I must now reluctantly admit to my so-far sexual uselessness. I am unfortunately a ridiculously wimpy little shit. At a skinny five foot-one and a hundred and five pounds I am absolutely tiny; so tiny that no woman yet has ever deigned to look once at me, much less twice, or (quit kidding me) consider riding my obviously unworthy body. They all scoff at me contemptuously.

Terrible, I know. And yet somehow this universal derision has inspired strange needs in me that I can barely admit to. All my adult life I've been spending my frustrated nights (and lately even days) dreaming about absolutely enormous women: Amazonian sex monsters that find my tiny weakness a plus and even more: an absolutely irresistible attraction. By now I want nothing more than to be helplessly crushed beneath such a womanly behemoth while she has her violent, unstoppable way with me.

Of course I'd always assumed this was just an unattainable fantasy. But then along came my maddest wishes in incredible living flesh: my newest boss and immediate superior Ms Hulga Sinastra.

This woman is unbelievably enormous. At six foot-six she's close to a foot and a half taller than me, and well more than twice my weight. She's so huge that everyone calls her 'Hulka' and not just as a joke. Truly she is bigger and stronger than almost any pro wrestler alive. Unfortunately she also holds all men in sneering contempt. This I learned quickly enough – the first time I timidly asked her out of course – yet not even the knowledge of her confirmed homosexuality has been able to deter me. Especially now: I have lately overheard her grumbling around the office for weeks about how sex-starved she is, about how tender young, meekly submissive lesbians have all but disappeared from the club scene. Perhaps this weekend together is my one chance to entice her back to heterosexuality, if only temporarily...

So we've just moved into our joining rooms. Neither of us is enthusiastic about attending tonight's seminar. So when hulking Hulga strides unannounced into my half of the suite and declares that it's time to go I gather my courage and try her once again.

"Okay boy. Let's get this over with."

"Do we have to? Come on Ms Sinastra: we both know this trip is a joke. Why don't we just stay here, order up some dirty movies, and see what happens? You know I've been hot for you forever. And I've heard you moaning about being sex starved all month. Why not try a guy for once? We have an entire unsupervised weekend here all alone together. No one will ever know what we get up to. You're the boss after all. Why don't you decree that we have some incredible sex together instead?"

Right away I can see Hulga dismissing this as always, and my spirits sink. But then her cool gray eyes go kind of misty, and she disappears inside herself. After a minute or two of inscrutable introspection she finally speaks haltingly, fingering her thick, titian tresses and in the process making my fucking day.

“You know...maybe...it might work...*you* might work...you will have to submit to this unstintingly of course...but surely you will...you will submit to *everything* or get nothing...you know, this actually might be the most fun *ever*!”

At last hulking Hulga looks down her patrician nose at me.

“Boy, you know that I am a fully committed lesbian. As such, I *only* fuck other lesbians. So if you want me to fuck you, to have violent, brutal sex with you, then you have to pretend to be a lesbian yourself. You have to let me make you up like a lesbian, dress you up as a lesbian, and then fuck you like a lesbian. It’s that or nothing. If you submit to all this properly I promise I will fuck you all weekend long – and maybe even whenever I can’t find a real lesbian capable of satisfying me. So your agreement right now may determine the entire course of your so-far non-existent sex life. Are you appropriately eager about this prospect? As eager as I suddenly am?”

“Oh of course I am gorgeous!” I immediately cry.

Truly I’ve paid minimal attention to this soliloquy. All I’ve grasped was that we are actually going to fuck; that my ridiculous virginity is going to be gone at long last, and at the hands of the truly most wondrous, monstrous woman of my dreams. Out of my mind with ecstatic anticipation I sit before the vanity mirror as ordered and wait for her to return from her room.

For several minutes I fidget there madly, pressing and rubbing my eager erection through my thin slacks. Then huge Hulga comes back into my room carrying a large suitcase, from which she begins withdrawing all sorts of cosmetics. Finally I get the first inkling of what being Hulga’s lesbian lover entails.

“Wait a minute...what?” is all I can manage. Hulking Hulga immediately overrides me, all authority and superiority in feminine form.

“Shut up, boy. And that’s the last time I shall call you such. As far as I’m concerned, you’re a girl from now on: a lubricious little lesbian slut. Your name is no longer Gino but Gina. Now sit still while I transform you to my liking Gina!”

What choice do I have? My boss is as irresistible as always. My face flaming with mortification, I somehow still my uneasy fidgeting as Hulga makes me up first with liquid foundation and powder blush, then eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara and finally blood-red lipstick. She clips long, dangling sapphire earrings to my lobes and lastly pulls a shining sable pageboy wig down over my short blonde crew-cut. Gazing at myself in the mirror then I have to admit this all goes shockingly well with my pale complexion and dark blue eyes. I actually look...I look...shit, I look pretty! Decidedly underage, vulnerable, and deliciously slutty, but undeniably pretty! Squirming with embarrassment, I demurely meet Hulga’s appraising gaze in the mirror.

“Good enough for a start,” she sniffs at me. “Now get those ridiculously inappropriate clothes off! We need to get you properly attired.”

Quickly I strip naked – my miniscule penis throbbing with two upright inches of incredibly erect anticipation – wondering how I could possibly be so wildly turned on by this ridiculously humiliating situation. Meanwhile hulking Hulga begins withdrawing items of deep blue satin lingerie from her suitcase.

“Good thing I never go anywhere without this stuff. You never know when you might need it. All of my lovers are just as petite as you are, and I like to see them looking sexy. This stuff should fit you well enough, and finish your outward transformation beautifully. Then we’ll see about changing you more fundamentally.”

Gulp! What’s that supposed to mean? Still I experience an ever increasing kinky excitement at the feather-light, slippery-smooth feel of the garments I’m forced to don. First I pull the skimpy, split-crotch panties up over my hips, gasping as my turgid, tingling genitals slip through

the central opening. Then I clumsily don the similarly split-open bra, marveling at the hardness of my protruding nipples. Next comes a short, sheer, frilly teddy, secured at the belly with a pair of ribbons, and then finally huge Hulka hands me a pair of tightly-meshed stockings.

Luckily being blonde, the hair on my legs is fine and downy, and doesn't spoil the illusion by tufting through the mesh. Nevertheless as I sit back down and pull these up my slender thighs Hulka casually remarks that if tonight's experiment is a success she expects me to keep all of my body hair shaved or waxed off in the future. Trembling anew at the implications of all this, I take the shiny black pumps she hands me and awkwardly cram my feet into them. Then I stand again at last, utterly transformed and tottering in my three-inch heels.

"Stand by the mirror Gina, and admire yourself," orders Hulka. "Don't you look and feel sexier than ever in your so far worthless life?"

"Yes, Ms Sinastra," I quaver in response, and this is no lie. My breath is coming in stitches and my tiny erection strains up maddeningly. I move to fondle it, and she immediately slaps my hand away.

"No! You never touch that vile little thing while you're with me! As far as you're concerned it no longer exists! Hell, it's so tiny that's practically the truth already. I want you to rub and pinch your nipples instead; caress your newly feminine form everywhere else, even explore your tight little sissy-pussy, but never for a second acknowledge that you ever had a cock! Now pose and vamp and perform for me sissy, get me hot enough to want your slutty little cherry!"

More aroused and uneasy than ever I comply, standing before the mirror and my boss and swaying in place, running my hands all over myself and feeling my skin rash out in tingling gooseflesh. I bat my mascara-heavy lashes at my boss and reflection and blow them sultry lipstick kisses. Oh how hard my unacknowledged cock is, and oh how I long to jerk it! Still I somehow endure the deprivation as ordered, consoling myself with the knowledge that that unworthy organ will soon experience its first ever ride, surely the ride of any lifetime! Then my hope and anticipation skyrocket together, as Hulka at last orders me onto the room's big king-sized bed.

"All right, Gina. Get your slutty little ass on the mattress. And you'd better walk there like the feminine little lesbian slut you now are, or I'll have to whip the fucking skin off you until you learn!"

Gulp again! This situation just keeps getting heavier and heavier! I turn, and see that Hulka has piled the two pillows on top of one another against the center of the slatted headboard. Concentrating meticulously, I mince my hip-swaying way over there, stumbling only once or twice in my unfamiliar footwear. Fortunately Hulka makes no mention of these lapses, and gratification swells my breast as I reach the foot. Heart pounding excitedly, I climb onto the bed, move to the middle and recline with my head and shoulders propped up. Raising my lustful gaze to the incredible Hulka, I see her withdrawing a set of handcuffs and a wide roll of black plastic strapping tape from her suitcase. Grinning unsettlingly at my wide-eyed gape, she strides purposely toward me.

"Yes, I hope you like bondage, Gina girl. Because sex with me absolutely requires it. Even being able to effortlessly overpower you can't begin to satisfy my lust for total control in sexual situations. You will submit to me *absolutely* at all times, whether I'm fucking you, whipping you, or just playing with your virginal little lesbian body. You will simply have no other choice. Now put your wrists together above your head!"

Once again this is no contest. My desperate virginal lust – and irresistible, even innate submission compulsion to her authority – immediately exceeds my ever increasing uneasiness. I

raise my arms and put my hands together. Smirking with triumph Hulka climbs onto the bed and cuffs my wrists around one of the headboard slats. Then she rips free a strip of that tape and plasters it across my mouth, gagging me.

“Perfect,” she breathes, and then kisses the tape where it covers my thickly painted lips. “Now you just sit tight, my luscious little lesbian, while I go back to my own room and get myself properly ready for you. Just think: in a matter of minutes you’ll be a loser little virgin no more!”

My heart pounds even more wildly at this, its rhythm felt just as strongly in my never-been-touched-by-anyone-but-me erection as in my chest. Despite her recent decree I just can’t help myself: the moment Hulka turns her back on me and strides away I begin lifting and squirming my stocking-clad legs around, using my thighs to squeeze and rub and stimulate both that intensely eager organ and my tightening testicles unbelievably.

Even my unprecedented bondage contributes to my moaning, runaway arousal in a way I’d never dreamed possible. For five minutes or more I strain at my restraints, gasp through my nose and writhe erotically on the bed, my brain awhirl with fearful fantasies of the long-sought consummation upcoming and my body both tormented and exalted by the overwhelming feelings flooding through it. Then finally the incredible Hulka emerges from her room. And at first I’m more blown away and excited than ever by her incredibly intimidating appearance.

Her shimmering titian hair is pulled back into a long ponytail, emphasizing her strong square jaw and haughty cheekbones. Even better, she’s wearing only a threadbare men’s cotton strap-style t-shirt that exposes bulging, vein-wrapped biceps and an intimidating tattoo on each muscular shoulder. Turgid nipples poke through the thin fabric, which is pulled up high and away from her hard flat belly by breasts more enormous than any of her usual outfits had ever hinted at. But then my eyes drop lower, and ice-water floods my veins even as my made-up face flushes fiery hot. Hulking Hulga has a cock! Absolutely flabbergasted, I goggle at its dangerously erect length, at least five times my own, and at the balls below that are bloated to bursting with eager seed. Jutting fearfully out from her hairless crotch, this immense organ is perfectly proportional to her gigantic frame, and bobs jauntily up and down as she grinningly approaches me.

My shock and chagrin are boundless and devastating. But then despite this I finally perceive that these terrifying genitals are not really real. Hulga’s huge cock and bloated balls are actually made of vulcanized rubber, built into a pair of flesh-colored latex hot pants so tight and wrinkleless they are almost impossible to distinguish from the rest of her monolithic body.

While naturally an enormous relief, this realization does little to dispel my monumental dismay at this should-have-been entirely predictable turn of events. Almost of their own accord my legs suddenly snap together and my arms start wrestling furiously with their restraints – all futilely of course.

Overflowing with vibrant zeal, the beautiful and immeasurably fearful female I’ve lusted after with such foolish abandon bounds onto the bed with a gloating chuckle of delicious relish. Twice my size she straddles my helpless body and then drops forward atop me, her enormous form absolutely dwarfing my pathetically tiny one. Her huge cock presses against my belly as her rubber-clad crotch crushes flat my own idiotically impudent erection. Her massive weight compresses me deep into the mattress and her humongous breasts, separated from me only by the thinnest layer of fabric, rest on the top of my head. Still panting and growling with supremely dominating arousal she crushes me beneath her lush, muscular, monstrous body and writhes against me, roughly wrestling me around in just the manner I’ve always dreamed of. Still the

hard spike of her cock rubbing against my belly fills me with undiluted terror, and I find this otherwise fondest fantasy fulfilled impossible to properly to appreciate. For at least ten or fifteen minutes huge Hulga manhandles me around, smothering me with her immensity, scissoring my skinny legs with her incredibly powerful ones and gasping and grunting urgently in an insane transport of domineering need. And son of a bitch, somehow this animalistic attack actually gradually begins to get to me.

Despite the terror of where this is surely leading my previous excitement finally starts to return. I am so small, weak and helpless, and she is so incomprehensibly huge and powerful! I am nothing but a trapped, impotent mote caught in the clutches of an enormous, pitilessly voracious predator! The scent of her skin and sweat, the exquisite sense and sensations of her colossal body roughly using mine as an otherwise pointless toy soon have me bucking and writhing ecstatically against her, reveling in the utter futility of my efforts.

My bondage of course exacerbates this mad urgency, and even my humiliating cross-dressing contributes its perverse appeal. The slippery satin between us slides frictionless against my skin, and the silky hair of my wig tickles my cheeks and flutters in my panting respiration in a way that is distinctly feminine. At last I regain touch with my earlier appreciation for my transformation and finally wholly give in to my superior's demand that I embrace my nascent lesbianism. Wrenching and struggling as though possessed – which I now obviously am – I finally manage to exploit a moment of Hulga's distraction and free my legs from beneath her.

Immediately I spread them wide, lift them up and wrap them around her big thick hips. Barely I manage to lock my ankles over her bulbous ass. Then I begin squirming and writhing in earnest, pumping my crotch up against her and moaning just as much at her cock and balls chafing my belly as I do at the crushing pain and pleasure in my own up-thrusting genitalia. Gorgeous Hulga promptly responds to this breakthrough in kind, violently humping me back. Gripping my shoulders with her big strong hands she anchors me in her implacable embrace and dry-rides me wildly, until I'm nearly out of my mind. Then finally, gloriously, she deems the wonderfully exciting foreplay at an end. It's time for the main event.

Panting hugely she rises off of me, and glares demandingly down.

"Are you ready to truly become a lesbian then?" she snarls. "Are you ready to become my greedy little bitch, and learn to enjoy the only kind of sex life such as you will ever be worthy of?" By now my terror of penetration has become an additional inexplicable spice to these wildly provocative proceedings. I actually crave the agony I know is coming, and so I nod frantically in response.

"Good! Because I can't wait to fuck the ever-loving *shit* out of you girl! Just let me get all lubed up first. Otherwise my big butch cock will probably put you in the hospital!"

She climbs off of me, and reaches into her ever-present suitcase. Trembling all over with mad anticipation I watch as she withdraws a tube of sex gel and liberally coats her impossibly lifelike erection. Then as she looms back over me I oh-so willingly lift my high-heeled feet above my head and spread my legs out wide. Growling again with predatory intent she moves eagerly into place.

"Be warned virgin, Gina! I don't bother with consideration when it comes to fucking. My ever increasing ecstasy is all that matters to me. Any pain you may experience is utterly inconsequential. You exist only to provide me with pleasure. If you can live with this, we might actually have a wonderfully exciting future together.

"One more thing," Hulga growls, as she presses the head of her at least two-inch thick prick against my tight, tiny little hole, "Don't you dare ejaculate on me! I don't want any stinking

semen soiling this experience! You are a lesbian now, and that miniscule little thing of yours no longer exists. Remember that!”

With that the incredible Hulka clutches the top of the headboard above me for leverage. Thus anchored then she uses all of the amazing size and strength at her considerable disposal in a tremendous, heaving forward thrust that rams her prodigious male organ over halfway into me.

Immediately I squeal in an agony far beyond my worst expectations. Yet true to her word Hulka just pulls back and lunges even more powerfully forward, driving in deeper still with an incredibly eloquent grunt of effort and ecstasy. Sobbing into my gag I try hopelessly to cope with this brutal invasion, but the stretching and stuffing of my anus and rectum respectively causes me pain of unrivalled intensity. Streaming tears smear my mascara and cut tracks through the thick makeup on my cheeks, and I can’t imagine how I can possibly endure another second of this. Of course Hulka just pulls back and pounds into me again, finally forcing her entire enormous length up into me. Then snarling with sadistic excitement she begins building an implacable, unstoppable rhythm, plunging in and out of my skewered self with a constantly escalating pace and force.

“Yeah baby!” she gasps, as she works her big body against and up into my tiny one, “How do you like it? Your sissy little cherry is history! From now on this pussy belongs exclusively to me! And I’m going to fuck it whenever the mood strikes me. Hell, I may even quit using real girls altogether. You are just so much tighter than anyone I’ve ever encountered, and your pitiful squealing turns me on more than any appreciative moaning ever could! God, how I love to fuck you, Gina!”

With that she lapses into silence – except for her delighted gasps and grunts that is – and devotes all of her more than considerable energies to hammering her huge erect penis violently in and out of me. As for me, I can only thrash my head wildly back and forth on the pillow in fruitless denial.

Ejaculate? Yeah right! My own erection is ancient history, my already tiny member shriveled up so chagrined that it might as well not even be there – just as decreed of course. My mad excitement is likewise long gone, instantly subsumed by the insidiously intimate agony of submissive lesbian sex. For the forty or so interminable minutes that it takes the incredible Hulka to fuck my little sissy-pussy to several screaming orgasms I can only squeal and weep and desperately wish I was somewhere, anywhere else – the mountains of the moon perhaps, or aboard the Voyager spacecraft as it ventures out into interstellar space. When she finally, at long last pulls all the way out of me to towel herself off and smoke a cigarette I can only lay there blubbing in my bonds and wondering how on earth I ever got myself into this unbearably compromising situation. Unfortunately of course this respite is pitifully short-lived. Stubbing out her butt, Hulka soon turns back to me, the renewed zeal blazing from her beautiful face all the evidence I need that she intends to resume her vicious anal assault on me.

“That was awesome!” she exclaims. “Absolutely, totally fucking awesome! You are the tightest little bitch in the world! Now I’m going to have to really degrade you by brutally fucking pile-driving you! That’s always the best. But first I have to get rid of this t-shirt. I’m just too hot right now for even that!”

Big muscles bulge, and to my astonished delight Hulka rips apart her skimpy t-shirt. She tosses the shreds dramatically aside, fully exposing those incredible breasts. Each one alone well bigger than my head, these are speckled with freckles and capped with luscious red nipples the size and shape and succulence of hothouse strawberries.

Despite my extreme debilitation my forgotten cock starts twitching again at the sight. Ignoring my reaction Hulka grabs two more sets of handcuffs from her voluminous suitcase and locks a single manacle to each of my ankles. Then she folds me up until my ass is high in the air and my feet so far behind and below my propped-up head that they rest on the mattress. There she cuffs them to the headboard's lowest slat, securing me in that ridiculous position. By the time she's finished (breasts swaying enticingly just above me all the while) my rampant erection has emphatically returned, straining down at my face from less than a foot away. Smirking arrogantly down at me, Hulka breaks her own edict then by referring to this.

"I see you're as excited by the prospect of more lesbian sex as I am. Well, far be it from me to keep you waiting, girl!"

She steps over me, straddling my body and spreading her legs out wide. She adjusts her huge erection so that it points directly down, and then squats a bit to insert it into my still gaping hole. Then, again grabbing the headboard for balance and leverage, she starts flexing her frogged-out legs, lunging up and down and plunging once again all the way in and out of me.

Right away I resume squealing and sobbing into my gag. She is indeed a pitiless pile-driver, pounding an ever-deeper hole in my should-be-insensate insides. Of course the agony of this rhythmic impalement is instead increasingly exquisite, and the tears flooding from my eyes quickly turn her enormous hulking form into a looming, lunging blur. Yet so traumatizing is my degrading defiling that soon my need for distraction from and compensation for this impossibly brutal assault actually compels me to control my crying, to blink away my tears and focus my worshipful gaze on those incomparably huge and beautiful breasts.

Viewed from below they bounce wildly up and down, a pair of gorgeous, perfectly matched globes that form the most unbelievably erotic spectacle imaginable. Utterly captivated by this entrancing display I surprisingly find that far from shriveling away into nothingness again my stubby little erection continues to strain harder than ever at me. Less than a foot from my face to begin with, this is nudged closer and closer with every punishing thrust of Hulka's own enormous hard-on. Slamming relentlessly down into me her rhythm constantly compresses my midriff, until I'd actually be able to suck myself if I had a properly sized penis. Of course my superior would never allow this, so as a newly turned lesbian I force myself to ignore this somehow shamefully exciting idea and continue focusing on those magnificent breasts.

What I would give to suckle them, to have them battering me about and even smothering me to death! Alas none of this is permitted me either, at least not yet, and so maddening is this further deprivation that finally I'm forced to turn my attention once again to the one impossible-to-ignore source of sexual stimulation open to me: the endless, agonizing invasion of hulking Hulka's huge prick pile-driving all the way ever deeper down into me. Desperately I strive to transfer my mad arousal to this, but still the pain in my insides is too great. Yet sensing somehow this inner struggle, Hulka suddenly begins exhorting me as she fucks me, commanding me to enjoy the pain, not just endure it; to learn to live for it like a good little lesbian slut. Reminded thus of my required new identity, my newfound femininity finally once again reasserts itself. My pageboy hair flutters in my breath, my satin lingerie caresses my tingling flesh and I recall and relive the mad lesbian abandon with which I first struggled against Hulka's impossibly potent physical domination. Submissive excitement stirs within me anew, and finally I find within my transforming (or maybe just properly emerging) psyche that first tentative acceptance of my only possible sex life.

"Come on, slut, take it! Take my big hard cock! Feel it plunging so fucking deep into you! This is your future, your life; this is all you have to look forward to sexually! You can have no

sex life or this sex life, it's your choice. Isn't it wildly arousing to be so incredibly dominated? To be put into bondage and forcibly converted? To have no alternative but to embrace lesbianism? This isn't just your boss talking, this is the ultimate authority in your life, and the only sexual partner you'll ever have. Now learn to love my cock, you slut! Cherish the pain, cherish the shame; devote the entirety of your existence to taking my manly cock! You truly have no other option..."

Oh God(dess) she is so right! And yet none of her truisms could probably take hold but for one blessed, unavoidable change. Finally, after so much brutal fucking, my sissy-pussy has somehow become stretched out enough for the agony of my brutal introduction to lesbian sex to lessen enough to finally allow room for arousal.

Something inside me is beginning to respond wonderfully to that thick, plunging penis. Some hidden inner nub, as impossible to name as it is to ignore, seems to love that relentless sliding pressure. Is this what they call a g-spot? Whatever it is, the sensation is compelling enough to be quickly irresistible. Seen from less than a foot away, my penile opening begins leaking pre-come. As it quickly accumulates and begins dripping from the tip I gradually register that my smothered cries have somehow transmogrified from those of agony to excitement. Gazing up once again at Hulka's po-going body and wildly bouncing breasts I'm suddenly so maddened with lesbian lust that even my lawful superior's direst warnings are no match for my innate biology.

Even though completely untouched my miniscule erection begins to shudder and then pump. Convulsions wrack it from base to tip, and suddenly it's spurting its copious load all over me in absolutely mind-blowing release. Hot sticky ropes, loops and splats of forbidden maleness slap against my cheeks, my nose, my chin and the tape sealing my lips as I squeal helplessly in paradoxical glee and apology.

Hulking Hulga finds apotheosis at this herself, at least at first. Her plunging rhythm and climbing cries peak unmistakably as well, as her own orgasm thrills unstoppably through her. But then as soon as her climax is past she immediately reverts to the avatar of implacable authority I've always loved and lusted after. She pulls her wondrous prick from my forever now eagerly accepting ass and moves to kneel right next to me. Flooded anew with fear and remorse I pant explosively through my come-splattered nose and peer tremulously up past her threatening erection, heaving breasts and into her righteously outraged regard.

"Didn't I command you not to come?" she shrieks down at me. "Didn't I most specifically explain that your manhood is at an end? Well now you force me to take that matter out of your hands – or your balls – for good!

"First I'm going to whip the shit out of you," she snarls down. "You won't be able to sit for a week. Then I'm going to leave you tied up here while I go out and buy the most confining chastity belt I can find. Then, after I've locked you into it for good, I'm going to spend the rest of this weekend slut-fucking you into oblivion. If you want to ever have any kind of sex again, namely my kind of brutal, endlessly submissive lesbian sex, you'd better concentrate exclusively on satisfying me! Otherwise you will wander this earth in desperately lonely celibacy forever, constantly regretting what your last orgasm ever has cost you!"

With that she climbed from the bed, pulled a six-foot single-tail bullwhip from her suitcase and loomed terrifyingly over me. Grinning grimly down at my bulging, terrified eyes she drew back her hugely muscled arm and let fly with the first of hopefully unlimited excruciating strokes.

Chapter Sixteen

Melissa's Alaska

Melissa's been my best friend for over a decade, despite the fact that she's considerably younger than I am.

We were roommates for a few years before she got married, and have remained extraordinarily close ever since – despite the disapproval of her asshole husband. The truth is she almost certainly would have married me instead of him, were it not for the unfortunate fact of my quadriplegia.

A spinal cord injury in my early twenties has left me only able to move my head, neck, shoulders and arms.

I have good sensation throughout my body, can even feel a fly land on my toe. Muscle spasms aside, I just can't move below mid-chest or so. *Most* unfortunately, I'm also impotent.

Oh, I can still sprout an erection of amazing duration. I just can't achieve ejaculation or orgasm with it. Believe me: I've tried, pulling my pud for hours at a time, with only maddening frustration as a result. For the past five years I've even stopped trying. So much sensation without consummation has predictably transmogrified into a torment in itself.

Really, how much pointless stimulation can anyone take? I'm better off trying to forget such things, just as I've put walking, running, and playing football, hockey, and soccer, going fishing, camping, and all the other things I used to love so much out of mind. Instead I now get my sex vicariously, writing out my increasingly kinky fantasies in an endless series of dirty stories and collecting vast amounts of pictures and videos, some of Playboy models, but mostly featuring all kinds of bondage, discipline, anal play, torment and humiliation – all things I can really relate to in my severely proscribed existence.

Anyhow, back to the lovely Melissa.

She knows full well that I am both deeply devoted to and madly in love with her, just as I know full well that I am wholly unworthy of her. In addition to being crippled, I have a bit of a pot belly, which is accentuated by a shamefully shallow chest. Meanwhile she is of course absolutely gorgeous.

Five foot-eleven, she is tall and slender and yet everywhere perfectly curved, with high, firm, delectably symmetrical little breasts. Her clear white skin is utterly flawless, with large brown eyes in an honest, open, beautiful face. Best of all, in my opinion, her gleaming brown hair parts right down the middle and falls perfectly straight all the way down her back to well past her shapely waist.

It's no wonder she was able to land such a ridiculously rich husband at the tender age of eighteen. And it's a credit to her personality and integrity that she and I have remained confidantes and secret soul mates all these years since, despite Rupert's endless attempts to isolate her. Then again, with no close family, to whom else could she go to bitch about him all the time?

He's a classic control freak, a pathologically domineering tyrant, and apparently a big disappointment in bed as well. For over eight years I've listened to Melissa's endless frustrations and complaints, and grieved inside that my crippled condition has rendered me unworthy of her myself. Or so I'd always believed, until the astounding phone call I just received.

"Hello?"

"Jon?"

"Hi punkin pie!"

“Hi yourself, cutie-poo. Guess what? I’ve got some amazing news for you. Are you sitting down?”

“Ha ha.”

“Oh, darling, you know I’m only teasing!”

“Of course!”

“Well listen to this then: I am getting divorced!”

My gasp must have been audible. But tactfully she ignored it.

“I have had enough of that asshole’s attempts to imprison me, and he’s had enough of my intransigent independence. I told him, ‘This is America, Jack! If you want a slave for a wife, move to Pakistan!’ Anyway, as part of the settlement I’m getting *Whispering Winds*. That’s our beach house on the south coast of Alaska, remember? It’s really beautiful up there, totally secluded, and remarkably temperate all year ‘round. I tell you, I’ve had enough of global warming and these hundred-degree summers. I’m moving up there for good as soon as the papers go final!”

Naturally, I was stunned: elated for her but crushingly disappointed as well. Still I responded as a good friend should. “Oh, Melissa, that’s wonderful! Congratulations! But you know: I’m really, really, *really* going to miss you.”

“The hell you are! You’re coming with me!”

Now I was *really* stunned! Into my aghast silence, Melissa’s soft contralto voice purred into my ear.

“Jonny, I know how much you love me. It’s never been a secret between us. And I love you a ton in return. I don’t care a fig that you’re crippled for life. You have always been there for me, through thick and thin, and with never a demurring word despite the emotional torment you must have endured all these years hearing me pour out my endless marital problems.

“Well, I’ve decided that all of your patience and devotion deserves a reward, and that the only possibly appropriate one is me. So I want you to move to Alaska with me. And once there, in that beautiful little house on the coast, you will have me. You will become my man and I will be your caregiver. No more Medicaid nurses, no more thieving home health aides, none of that shit. Just you and me: alone together forever on a beautifully secluded beach. Would you like that, my love?”

“Is...is the sky fucking blue?” I stuttered out. “That would be beyond my wildest dreams!”

“Oh, I don’t know about that!” Melissa teased me lasciviously.

“I’ve read some of those dirty porno stories you’ve written. You’ve got some *outrageously* wild dreams! Well, I promise you’ll get to live out every one of those as well. So, are you coming with me willingly, or do I have to tie you up, kidnap you, and spirit you away?”

“Either one sounds great to me!” I managed.

“Wonderful!” she cried. “Well, start wrapping up your affairs.”

Still I could barely speak. “Melissa, I...I just want to thank you so much!”

“No, thank you,” she warmly returned. “You’ve been the best friend ever. And we’re going to have an entire lifetime of mutual love and kinky fun in whatever years we have left. I’m just sorry I made you wait so long for this! Goodbye, my beloved. I’ll see you again very soon.”

The empty line left me agog.

So now we’ve finally arrived.

After months of preparation and almost unbearable anticipation, we're here at *Whispering Winds* at last. And the place is just as beautiful, and secluded, as promised. Our little cottage is the only one on this stretch of pristine coastline for over a mile in either direction.

The Pacific is a blue-green dream stretching off into infinity, spotted here and there with uninhabited islands and only the occasional distant passing ship. Our little bit of man-made beach, perhaps fifty yards of virgin sand, is about the only exception to the towering old growth conifer forest sheltering us from the weather all around, and shielding us as well from unwanted eyes. Majestic bald eagles wheel constantly overhead, and pods of orcas cavort just offshore. I'm told the salmon fishing is absolutely fantastic. The house itself meanwhile is quite more than just a typical cottage.

It's small, true, but extremely cozy and far more than just comfortable. Rupert is an asshole, as I've said, but he's never lacked for wealth or taste. The place is furnished in elaborately sumptuous fashion: extensive wine cellar, Jacuzzi in the bathroom, state of the art computerized electronics, etc. The custom-built waterbed in the bedroom is enormous, twelve feet square. Melissa grinningly informs me.

Teasingly, she has still withheld all intimacy from me, wanting us to treat this first of so many nights together as a kind of honeymoon. And now, at long last, the movers are gone, and we've settled in and put most of our stuff away – all except for my clothes, which haven't arrived yet, and an enormous oaken trunk.

Melissa has placed this just next to the bed, where she can always easily reach it. And who can guess what's stored in *there*? Anyway, we've just shared an exquisite dinner, a bottle of excellent wine, and now at last it's time.

"Well my splendid new common-law husband, shall we make our way to the bedroom?"

"Your least wish is my most compulsory command, my lovely Mistress Melissa."

Her beautiful brown eyes alight at this oh-so significant endearment.

"How nice! How wonderfully kind, sweet, and submissive of you! Shall I be Mistress Melissa to you from now on then? And shall you be slave to me?"

I swallow hard at this, my trip-hammering heart going crazy. "Yes, Mistress Melissa. From this moment on I am all yours. Please take me to your bed now, and do whatever in the world you want with me."

"That I most certainly shall! Let's go then, my sexy new slave!"

Finding it hard to believe this is actually happening to me, I follow my first ever Mistress into our new bedroom, where she uses the mechanical lift to transfer me from my wheelchair to the sumptuous center of that enormous waterbed. Feather pillows, down comforters and quilts make that heated, baffled mattress as comfy as a cloud, and I sigh with bliss as I sink down into it. Then straightaway Mistress Melissa begins undressing me, dropping revelations along with my clothes.

"You know Jonny, I've always known you were a bit of a pervert – in a sweet, submissive way of course – but I never knew how twisted you really were until this afternoon. After I set up your computer I spent some time browsing through it. And what on earth did I find, but over a hundred gigabytes of bdsm pornography: photos, videos, novels, stories, and of course your own extensive writings on the subject.

"Now some of these stories you'd already shared with me. But I found over a dozen super-secret, absolutely filthy fantasies you'd written all about me! Well, rest assured, slave, that I'm going to spend the rest of our lives up here making all those wildly dirty dreams an enduring reality!"

With that she tosses my pants onto the floor, leaving me completely naked except for the condom catheter taped to my dick (and cruelly crimping off my attempted erection) and the urine collection bag attached to this. Then as I lie there, face flushing and head spinning, she opens that trunk by the bed and withdraws several coils of tough cotton cord. Wagging these at me, she grins most devilishly.

"I know you're already paralyzed, Jonny, and completely helpless. But I'm going to tie you up anyway, just for the fun of it.

"Frankly, your bondage and submission stories, even the ones you willingly showed me, turned me on like nothing ever has before. My pussy got wet only a paragraph or two in, and I actually had to masturbate long before the end of each one. They're really the main reason I got divorced, and demanded this house in addition to my ridiculously excessive alimony: just so I could be independently wealthy, and then have the rest of my life to live them all out with you. So now that I've finally got you, all alone up here, utterly dependent upon me, just a love-struck little sex slave, I'm going to keep you in fiendishly tight bondage almost constantly!"

Leaving me no time to process this madness, Melissa grips my right wrist and loops a rope snugly about it, winding it around and around before tying it tightly off. Then she stretches the rest of it off to the side, drawing my arm out perpendicular from my body before tying it to one of many clearly recently installed cleats.

The other arm gets the same treatment then, until I'm stretched tightly out in cruciform fashion. Then Mistress takes this situation to its logical conclusion by redundantly binding my legs together at the ankles and knees. After that I look on, surely more powerless than ever before, as my new Mistress Melissa begins to slowly, sensuously strip off her clothes.

Bit by bit, a sight I'd never dared dream of seeing is revealed to me. Long, finely formed arms, a soft but perfectly flat belly, then an exquisite rib cage, and then, oh then, oh yes, oh my most heavenly Goddess, then at last I see those beautiful breasts: so rounded, so upswept, so firm and high they should blind the unworthy eye. Yet mine must be worthy at last. Smiling possessively at my goggling awe, Goddess Melissa grinds her hips and finally lets slip her tight-tight jeans from around her shapely waist.

Hot pink panties still hide her holiest of holies. But her buttocks and thighs, indeed every elegant line of her long, long legs are simply to die for. Daintily she steps out of her pants, and then coquettishly kicks them aside. Then she slowly, oh so slowly, slides down and off her underwear, revealing a delta of Venus that is exceeded in allure only by the tasteful shape of the trim and shave that gives her but a narrow arrow of hair pointing down at that most sacred fount.

Again she kicks her panties aside. Then, still smiling oh so beguilingly at me, she struts and shimmies her way up onto the bed in a way that has my heart pounding like crazy and my penis throbbing like a thumb hit by a hammer.

Trapped in its uncompromising rubber sheath, able to erect no more than forty percent, it screams at me for release. As Mistress looms above me in all her glory, I can't help but beg her for this.

"Please, Mistress Melissa! Won't you take off the condom catheter too? If only it had room, my dick would be swelling up bigger than it ever has before. But right now it can't, and the pain is so exquisite..."

"Good!" Mistress growls down at my obvious distress. "I *want* it to hurt, and so do you, slave! Admit it, any pain at all, but most especially penis pain, gives you pleasure, at least when it's inflicted by me, your beloved Mistress. You know for a fact that we *both* want that exquisite penile pain to climb and climb and climb and climb almost without end. And then finally, when I

at last do see fit to free it, and wrap it in my slim strong hand, my hot wet mouth, or even my incredibly hungry vagina, the pleasure and relief you feel will be so overwhelming that they'll blow your fucking mind. So you just shut up and be patient, my stupidly misbehaving little bondage slave!"

Leaving my condom thus torturing me, Mistress Melissa then makes it incomprehensibly worse by gripping my throbbing dick, bending it back along the line of my thighs, and then swinging her naked body astride mine. Sitting down, straddling my crippled hips and back-bent dick, she simultaneously teases, torments, and sternly instructs me.

"Now then, slave: I'm going to give you that one for free, because I intend to be the most incredibly compassionate Mistress ever. But I'm also going to be terribly cruel to you, because we both know that that's what you truly want and need from me. So from now on, don't you ever dare to ask me for mercy! That will just make things worse.

"In fact, if I'm not hurting you enough, if you need me to be harder, stricter, more ruthlessly cruel to you, then by all means beg me for mercy. I will ratchet up the intensity of your treatment accordingly. Do we understand each other?"

Mouth dry, my penis aflame with pain, completely cowed by the gorgeous Goddess atop me, I nod submissively.

"Yes, Mistress Melissa," I reply. In response my Goddess gleams down at me with unalloyed approval.

"Excellent! Wonderful! You're such an obedient, compliant little slave! In that case, you should know that the true cruelty that you are due won't begin until tomorrow morning. Tonight is all about *my* long overdue fulfillment, not yours. Tonight you're going to demonstrate to me just how right I was in choosing you over lame old Rupert!"

Slowly Mistress Melissa leans forward then, until she's lying atop me. With her crotch still crushing my back-bent cock, and her wonderful breasts mashed against my chest, her beautiful face is only millimeters away from my own.

Never have we been closer. Drowning in my Goddess' big brown eyes, I moan uncontrollably. She giggles at that, and then puts me to the question.

"Tell me, Jonny, have I ever kissed you on the mouth?"

Treasuring every puff of her breath, I shake my head. "Just on the cheek, my beautiful Mistress."

Her mouth makes a moue of chagrin. "That's not right. Oh, I'm so sorry, baby! Well starting right now we're going to make up for a whole lot of lost time. Let's see, we've known each other for what, twelve years? Well I'm going to give you one of my very best kisses for each and every one of those years. Then we'll just go on from there!"

Melissa's hands slip beneath my hair and clutch my head. Her eyes slide closed and her face drops down that last little bit. Then her lips press mine, and the most enjoyable kiss I've ever experienced begins.

It's not just that we both have full, soft lips, although that is a lot of it. No, this is the person that I love more than anyone else ever, and my head swims madly to be intimate with her at last. My depthless passion is easily transmitted to her, and vice versa, and for the twenty seconds or so that our lips are glued together I'm in the closest earthly approximation of heaven possible.

At long last she finally breaks away. Staring deeply into my eyes with her own oh-so expressive ones, she breathes down at me, "That's one."

Again her eyes slip closed, her lips find mine, and all the love and affection we feel for each other pour out of our hearts and into this wonderfully tactile contact. "Two!"

Kiss after kiss after kiss, we make up for that lost time in the most blissful fashion imaginable. Yet after kiss number seven, the simple sweetness of love is being slowly subsumed by the more primitive passion of lust. Our mingled breaths become heavier, we are increasingly reluctant to break apart, and each successive smooch is hotter, wetter, longer... By the time we reach twelve our mouths have opened on their own and we enjoy the briefest brush of tongues before breaking apart.

“So much for the formalities,” Melissa finally whispers down at me. “Now I’m going to devour you like a chocolate covered cherry!”

She clamps her mouth over mine and pries it open. Our tongues tangle and twist, and for the next twenty minutes we make out like horny teenagers. French kissing me aggressively, Mistress begins to writhe atop me, rubbing our naked bodies together in the most maddening fashion. My trapped cock throbs and burns beneath her, and my moans are now as much about pain as pleasure. Soon the two become indistinguishable. Then I suffer and savor her oral assault until at last she needs more intimate stimulation.

Without warning she breaks our mouth lock off, and then slides up my tightly bound body. Finally freed, my burning penis waggles and bobs ridiculously behind her. Her amazing hair falls all around me in chestnut curtain then, as she suddenly rubs her breasts against my face.

“Suckle me, slave,” she demands. “I know that you’ve always dreamed of this. Now do it!” A stiffly erect nipple is pushed between my lips. With a moan of disbelief I batten on it, and start suckling for all I’m worth.

“No, no slave!” She is quick to correct me. “Pull harder! Long, slow, deep, insanely sustained sucks. Try to believe that you’re feeding off me.”

Immediately I obey, and within seconds, I’m rewarded with moans of pure pleasure from my Mistress. The firm flesh of her left breast quivers against my lips as she gasps and shudders with exquisite bliss. Running her hands lovingly through my hair and then clamping my head to her chest, she requires me to service first one nipple and then the other, pausing in between to grind and smear them against me, and even slap each side of my face with those magnificent tits. Once again in an unimagined heaven, I savor the experience and suffer the result, as that cruelly tight condom punishes every pulse of blood pounding into my prick.

After an eternity of this torturous bliss, Mistress Melissa at last pulls back. Stroking my cheeks, smiling lovingly down, she compliments me. “You are good! For someone who hasn’t had a woman in over fifteen years, you are so very good. I’m so glad that I chose you! You know what comes next, don’t you, slave?”

“Yes, my beautiful Goddess.”

“And what is that?”

“Now I receive the incredible, *incomprehensible* honor of servicing your most sacred center.”

“Well said, my wonderful new slave-mate. Now I will ride your face – something Rupert would never allow me to do. I am completely confident that you will quickly make me forget every wretched thing about him.”

With that Mistress moves up higher, straddling my face with her slim, matchless legs. Then she lowers herself slowly into position. As soon as she’s within reach I go to work on her.

Slavishly eager to please my Mistress, I lap at her labia enthusiastically, gratified at how wet she is already. My tongue easily finds its way inside, and I thrust and lick and flick with all the energy and skill at my disposal. Soon Melissa’s moans become soft little cries, and then louder ones, and finally piercing shrieks of ecstasy when at last I attack that hidden little nubbin so

amenable to sensation. Within a very short time I bring her to orgasm, which she maximizes by grinding herself against me, soaking and smothering me with her hot wet womanhood until every last wracking spasm shivers its way through her. Then mere minutes after she moved into place my Mistress Melissa lifts off my face, panting for breath and blessing me once again with her unalloyed approval.

“Oh boy, was that ever great! I knew you wouldn’t let me down. Believe me baby, that’s going to be an integral part of our nightly routine for the rest of our delightful lives. But right now I’m too eager to see what else you’ve got for me. I think your poor, cramped lil’ fella down there has suffered enough, at least for now!”

Mistress Melissa scoots down the bed, until she’s straddling my extensively rope-wrapped knees.

Straight away she unwinds the tape about my base and then peels free the condom catheter imprisoning me. Immediately my aching erection swells, achieving in seconds a potential I’d never dreamed possible. Stretching its neck like a brontosaurus browsing on a redwood, it strains skyward and throbs with need and glee at finally being free. Mistress coos with approval at this, and runs a finger lightly up and down its length, eliciting a most uncontrollable moan from me.

“Look at you! You must be twice the size of Rupert! And that sad sack couldn’t keep it up for five minutes at a time to save his worthless life. But that won’t be a problem with you, will it, my delicious little slave? You can’t climax at all! You’re going to stay good and hard as long as I want. And believe me baby: that’s going to be a long, long, *long* time! If there’s one thing that I love, and have been starved of, it’s playing with a big hard penis!”

And so the *real* torment commences.

Mistress Melissa’s fingers and fist manipulate me, delicately at first, gently teasing, and then ever more aggressively. The end of her tongue toys with the tip of my prick, yet nothing more just yet. She tickles my tingling balls, commenting upon how tomorrow she will shave me, so that she can enjoy endlessly mouthing my testicles as well. Then she gets down to business, and for the next hour or so I moan and writhe in ecstatic distress as she pumps me at ever-varying speeds, rubs me against and between her delectable breasts, licks up and down the rigid shaft, sucks like a succubus at the soft swollen head, and at last performs full-fledged fellatio.

Bobbing up and down from root to crown, her soft hot lips slide and slip from base to tip until I’m squirming futilely and whimpering like a trapped animal with the need for orgasmic release.

Of course the utter impossibility of this is my Mistress’ bliss, and my own interminable torment. And yet the true test of my sanity hasn’t even started. Finally, after fellating me for an unguessable eternity, Mistress Melissa has had her temporary fill of penile play. At long last it’s finally time for the traditional consummation. Smoldering steamily at me, Mistress knee-walks up my tightly bound body and crouches over my crotch. Reaching down, she grips my still aching hard shaft and begins to rub my most sensitive, nerve-packed tip back and forth against her sweetly seeping lips.

“Well, slave. The moment you’ve lusted after for over a dozen years is finally here. What do you have to say?”

“I say that I thank you from the bottom of my hopelessly enslaved heart, my gorgeous, glorious Goddess. And I say that my body and soul will faithfully serve yours from now until the end of time in exchange for the wonderful way in which you’ve granted me your favor. And finally I say that I love you more than heaven and earth combined and even my own pointless little life!”

Mistress Melissa smiles zealously down at that.

“I love you too, Jon Landers. And I accept your eternal service. From now until forever you are *mine*: my husband, my lover, my slave; my own personal property, to have and to hold, to own and control, and to be used or abused as I see fit. And right now I see fit to fuck your meek, submissive little brains out!” And with that she deftly slips me between her heavenly lips and sinks exquisitely down onto me.

Our simultaneous moans are packed with so much emotion they could make a saga in themselves. Mine is all about joy, bliss, heart-rending surrender, and the long-awaited fulfillment of a desperately-held heartfelt longing. Hers speaks of possession, victory, and the claiming of something eminently useful to her. But there is also a note of satisfaction, and the filling of a long-neglected niche at the unexpected depth of that initial penetration. For at least thirty seconds then she just squirms atop me, rocking back and forth and side to side and reveling in the unprecedented length and girth of the organ she now unconditionally owns. But at last her flaming passions drive her to put it to use.

She leans forward, bracing her arms on either side of me. Her breasts dangle above my face and her hair hangs off to one side in a shimmering sheaf. Her half-lidded eyes meet mine, brimming with love, lust, and the imminence of an incredible experience. Then, slowly at first, her hips start pumping, sliding me in and out of her heavenly fount with a silken friction that is beyond exquisite.

Again we moan together, telling each other of our needs and beliefs more eloquently than any words ever could. And gradually Mistress Melissa picks up the pace. Soon she’s stropping my cock with the sheath of her crotch at a speed that sharpens our lust non-stop. Our moans climb in tone until we’re keening with an overriding need. Then suddenly Mistress slaps me, for no reason other than to demonstrate her mastery. This turns us on even more, and she does it again, and again, hauling off and smacking my cheek until my eyes stream tears and I piteously bleat with the flaming pain. Then she leans back, casting that glorious banner of hair behind her and bouncing up and down on my erection like a kid on a pogo stick. Screams that I immediately recognize scale up and out of her throat as her second orgasm of the evening rips violently through her. Yet this apotheosis only seems to fuel her sadistic need. Once again she drops forward, looming over me and pumping her hips at a manic pace. Her eyes squeeze shut, her breasts bounce wildly above me, sweat drips constantly down and her wonderful cunt grips and slips on my long-celibate dick until it burns inside and out with an inconceivable need for release.

Soon the amount of sensory stimulation overwhelms my short-circuited spinal column. Galvanized by powerful, reflexive muscle spasms, my normally immobile back suddenly bridges, lifting me into the air. My bound legs try to kick and thrash, but only succeed in causing my hips to buck violently up and down. Mistress Melissa shrieks with outraged glee, riding my paroxysms like a rebelling bronco that desperately needs to be broken. Reveling in this perceived insurrection, she makes the most of my wild bucking and thrusting by fucking back against me harder than ever and once again smacking my face with all her strength.

Of course, this incredibly erotic assault only intensifies my spasms, and our carnal conflict climbs in a crescendo that threatens to drive me mad with the need for any kind of release. Yet once again there is nothing I can do but endure. Fifteen years worth of unspent seed boil furiously within my balls, helpless to escape. Soon the unassuageable frustration actually has me sobbing as I shudder and struggle and jerk uncontrollably beneath her, and seeing this Mistress’ cruelly dominant transport escalates even more. Again and again and again she smacks my

blubbing face, picking up her pumping pace even more each time, well and truly fucking the absolute shit out of my helplessly spasming body, until at last this unprecedented ecstatic excess propels her to such an extravagant climax that all of her seemingly limitless erotic energy is finally expended.

Panting for breath she collapses atop me, and gradually my jerking and twitching muscles lapse back into their habitual flaccidity. My pounding heart and boiling groin are slower to subside, and for several long minutes we are silent but for my slowly abating gasping and weeping. Unwilling to sully such a divine experience with base language, we can only lie there and marvel at the incredible power of it. But then Melissa begins to tenderly kiss my tear-streaked face. My poor left cheek flames with the imprint of her good right hand, and is already beginning to redden and swell. She soothes it with many gentle kisses, and then places much more ardent ones upon my still-quivering lips. Stroking my hair, she breathes her praise straight into my face.

“Oh my sweet new slave, that was absolutely fantastic! You gave me more orgasms than Rupert managed in our entire marriage. If I’d known you were capable of that kind of thing, I would have left him years ago! Can you do that every time?”

“I don’t know, Mistress. I assume so. It’s a spinal response to excessive stimulation. Since my body isn’t capable of the small, controlled spasms that cause ejaculation, it’s forced into that kind of massive muscular seizure in its place. I suppose that every time you make such surpassingly violent love to me, I’ll be driven into that same kind of uncontrollable response.”

“Awesome!” she cries. More kisses rain down upon me, on my cheeks, my forehead, the tip of my nose, even my eyelids.

“So was that good for you too then, my wonderfully perfect new lifelong lover?”

“It was agony and ecstasy all at once, Mistress Melissa. It was divine exaltation and hellish excruciation; surpassing pleasure and maniacal frustration. I’d have come a thousand times if only it was within my power. Instead it was a both blessed treasure and a terrible torment, heaven and hell in equal amounts.”

“Oh, that’s so wonderful,” Mistress sighs. “That’s exactly what I wanted out of our joining: pain and pleasure in equal measure for you; unlimited orgasmic enjoyment for me. We are just going to have the best damn sex life ever!”

And with one more kiss she subsides, laying her velvet cheek against mine.

Gradually I feel her whole body relax atop me, and for a time I fear that she’s going to sleep. But Mistress Melissa knows better than that. Five minutes later, when my finally flaccid penis shrinks enough to slip out of her, she sighs at once and climbs off of both me and the bed. Minutes later she returns with a warm wet washcloth and a new catheter. Lovingly she cleans me, and then reapplies the plumbing so that I won’t soil the sheets. Then, leaving me bound tightly out, she cuddles up next to me and draws a comforter up over us both. She kisses me once more, softly on the lips.

“Thank you my darling. Tonight was ever so wonderful. And remember: tomorrow we begin fulfilling all of *your* long-neglected needs. And I begin exercising all of my true cruelties!”

She giggles portentously into my ear, and then playfully nips it. Then she snuggles up even closer, casting a leg and an arm across me and pillowing her head in the hollow of my shoulder. Draped over me this way she quickly drifts off into an exhausted, contented slumber. Despite my own exhaustion, I lie awake far longer, caught between stupefied gratification and a growing, uneasy consternation. Above me, set into the ceiling, is a power winch, along with several pulleys, cranks, reels of rope and various other arcane apparatus.

What, exactly, have I gotten myself into up here?

Finally Mistress Melissa awakes. The clock on the wall reads ten oh-five a.m. Yet I've been awake since well before eight. Since that time I've been lying here, just as I did between two and four last night, ruminating upon my new situation and trying to decide if it's the culmination of my wildest dreams or instead an inescapable nightmare that I've stupidly committed myself to. Perhaps it is both of these, or either one, depending upon the moment in question...

But now at last my beloved stirs, disentangles her arms, legs, and hair from me and blinks at the bright light coming through the sliding glass door that makes up most of the entire wall closest to the bed.

This enormous window has afforded me a calming view of first the stars and trees and then the sea, but now I have eyes only for my glorious Goddess. She yawns, stretches, looks at me and then giggles uncontrollably.

"Yes, Mistress Melissa?" I painfully lisp, and she giggles again, hiding her face in her hands as her mirth has its way with her. I patiently wait until she can address me directly.

"Your face!" she finally manages. "Look at it! Holy shit, I really smacked the crap out of you!"

"I can't look at it, Mistress, but I can feel it," I say, my words slurred by the grotesque swelling of my entire left cheek, as well as that side of my mouth. Melissa giggles ruefully again, and then leans close to me and places the gentlest kiss upon my horribly puffed-up, black and blue face.

"My poor baby! But you know it really gave me so much pleasure, smacking you like that. It really, *really* turned me on, especially when you were bucking and thrashing beneath me like an electrocuted idiot. And that's all that matters, right? My sexual pleasure and nothing else ever! Anyway, you'll heal up eventually. I'll just have to use my left hand when I slap you silly tonight!"

Another giggle here, as Mistress sits up and casts off the comforter. But then she grimaces, working her shoulder around.

"And how!" she suddenly exclaims.

"My arm is so stiff and sore! I guess I don't know my own strength, at least when in the heat of passion. In fact, my whole body is sore! I haven't used it like that in a long, *long* time. You should be flattered and proud, my submissive little slave, and treasure the damage to your face. It is irrefutable evidence of how much using your helpless, crippled body arouses me."

"I treasure it like gold, Mistress Melissa, I swear to you," I somehow manage.

"Good!" she declares in response. "Now, if I'm going to start instilling your slave training proper today, I need some serious time in the Jacuzzi."

Without another word she climbs out of the bed. Stiff and sore myself from my twelve or more hours of bondage – not to mention last night's use and abuse – I can't help but venture a ridiculous question against my better judgment.

"Aren't you going to untie me now, Mistress Melissa?"

"Of course not," she brusquely scoffs, without even looking around at me. "I told you yesterday, you are going to spend the rest of your entire life in cruelly tight bondage, except for those very brief times when I really need your body to be free. In fact, I'm going to tie you up every day and every night in the most devious ways I can devise!"

“Believe me baby: that’s just play-time bondage you’re in right now. Eventually we’re going to get heavily into straitjackets, hogtying, ball gagging, blindfolding, handcuffs and tow chains; shackles and leg irons and even suspension: hanging you up by your arms and legs all bound up together behind you, maybe even completely upside down. Think about *that* while you lie there and struggle with my loving ropes!

“But I’m afraid that before all that I really must see to my own needs first. And as payment for asking me that question, slave, I’m going to take my own sweet time about it all. In fact, I was considering sitting you up, lying across your lap, and allowing you to give me a much-needed rubdown. But you can forget about that! I can take care of myself just fine, thank you very much, and for that bit of impudence I damn well will! So you just lie there now all silent and submissive and behave yourself like a good little bondage slave. I’ll deal with you appropriately when I finally get around to it!”

With that, Mistress tosses her hair and marches into the bathroom.

Seconds later I hear her start the Jacuzzi filling, use the toilet, flush it, and then casually brush her teeth. With a sigh I resign myself to more bound boredom, more looking out at the sea and sky and hoping for another whale to breach or eagle to soar by. But then to my surprise the huge plasma screen TV right across from me clicks on. I see an up-close view of my naked Mistress leaving a control panel and moving to the tub.

Well this is an interesting feature to have installed in your home! How nice it is to be rich! Not only is my new mate and owner totally retired at the age of twenty-six, able to devote every single second of her time to tormenting me, it seems she can also afford all sorts of clever electronic and mechanical gadgets as well. Tied to the bed with a winch above my head, I watch dumbfounded as she adds bath salts, body oil and finally bubbles to the large, sunken, heart-shaped tub. Then slowly she sinks into the hot, churning water with an exquisite sigh.

What’s going on this time? Has she taken pity on me, or is this awesome offered voyeurism intended as a new torment? Perhaps, once again, the answer is either or both. In any case, the absolutely magnificent view out the sliding glass door is quickly forgotten. Mistress’ nudity is still such a novelty to me that I can’t help but watch avidly as she slowly, sensuously bathes her entire lusciously young body. Then for nearly an hour more she lounges and stretches and positions herself to enjoy the jets, slowly working the soreness out of her overstressed muscles.

The whole time my penis is trying painfully, futilely to erect. And then of course Goddess makes this infinitely worse by finally using the hand-held massage unit to pleasure herself to a climax that is obviously as intense as it is autonomous. Finally, after another long interval of soaking and basking in aftermath, she turns off the Jacuzzi jets, pushes a different button, and stands up. Now a single thick cylindrical stream falls from the ceiling, and under it Melissa twice shampoos and rinses all of that incredibly long, beautifully shiny brown hair. After that she wraps it up in a towel, hits buttons to shut off the water and drain the tub, and climbs out at last.

Still achingly half-erect, I watch in torment as she dries herself and then dons a skimpy clinging robe of thinnest red silk that barely covers her ass and is so loosely belted that it gapes open most of the way to her belly. Another touch of a button turns off the camera and TV, and a moment later she emerges from the bathroom. Without sparing me the barest glance, she strides straight past and moves off into the kitchen.

Over the next forty minutes I hear and smell her cook and eat spicy sausage, scrambled eggs and home fries, along with buttered toast, grapefruit juice, and gourmet Columbian coffee. My own empty stomach rumbles and cramps uselessly. Next I hear smoke bubbling through water, and catch a whiff of clearly very high quality Canadian reefer. One, two, three bong hits. After

that she goes out on the porch, to sit and watch the sea, savoring the breeze, the incredible scenery, and her blissful morning buzz.

Did I say morning? It's not until well after noon that she finally comes back in to care for me. Her hair is now dried, all combed out, and braided into a more than meter-long ponytail. As usual she wears no makeup (she needs none to be breathtakingly beautiful), and is still dressed in only that unbearably sexy and skimpy silk robe. Still not saying a word to me (and of course I dare not speak to her until spoken to) Mistress Melissa draws a basin of hot water and brings it to the bed, along with a bar of scented soap, a sponge-glove, and a thick, soft, terrycloth towel.

Expertly she gives the front of my body a thorough sponge bath. Her sure, slow hands, and the way her loosely belted robe gapes open soon has me as achingly erect as I can get once again. But then just as she finishes my Mistress notices me peeking at her exposed left breast.

Quickly I instinctively avert my eyes. Just as quickly however Melissa slaps the swollen side of my face with all her strength, causing an absolute explosion of agony. Stars whirl about my addled head, and in my pathetic extremity I struggle to remain conscious and coherent.

"I'm so sorry my Goddess!" I finally sob when I have the ability. "I just can't help looking at you; I love and want you so damn much!"

Surprisingly her hand now gently strokes my brow.

"You don't understand," she speaks so sweetly to me that I can't believe it's the same woman who just so violently struck me.

"That's not why I hit you just now. I'd *never* hit you for looking at my body. I hit you for trying to pretend that you *weren't* looking at it. You just tried to deceive me, and that's something you must never, ever, *ever* do. I do not tolerate lies of any kind. Do you understand me slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Melissa," I snivel, as the pain slowly subsides.

"Good," she smiles, and then with a mischievous grin she loosens the belt of her robe even more.

"I *want* you to look at me. Why do you think I turned on the camera in the bath, and the TV in here? I want you to always be aroused by me, to always be suffering your incredibly intense, and yet eternally impotent lust. In fact, just wait until you see some of the steaming hot dominatrix outfits I've got: leather and chains and silver studs, rubber and vinyl, straps and buckles and rings and collars, and incredibly skimpy body harnesses – not to mention several pairs of thigh-high stiletto-heeled boots, which you are going to spend a *lot* of time licking!" Now her hand squeezes my trapped semi-erection *hard*, bringing an eloquent groan of pain and need from me.

"Jonny, I spent the last eight years living with a man who climaxed at the drop of a hat, while I remained forever unfulfilled. Well now the tables are well and truly turned! Now *I* have a man who has no choice but to suffer what I suffered and so much more. Now *I* can climax all I want, and it's my poor, helpless, submissive little husband who is stuck being eternally unfulfilled.

"Slave, I have to spell this right out for you: you are going to spend the rest of your entire life in a state of constant, maddening, ever-growing and yet forever unrelievable arousal. You are always going to be a ravening, mad dog in heat for me, foaming at the mouth and lusting hopelessly to climax every single minute of every single day of your insane, wonderfully miserable existence, until you finally wear out on me and pass into my eternal service. And I am going to love every single second, every micro-second, every *pico*-second of your terrible eternal torment. So you go ahead and ogle me all you want, my deliciously impotent little husband-

slave. I'm flattered. I love it. And it really, *really* turns me on. In fact, that situation is going to be the defining characteristic of our relationship." Mistress Melissa gleams excitedly at me. But then she sighs, and her victorious arousal subsides.

"But I'm afraid that you'll have to get back to ogling my fabulous body a little bit later. Right now, I'm going to have to roll you over and see to your soft, sweet, beautifully vulnerable backside!"

Finally, almost sixteen hours after tying them unnecessarily (or so we thought at the time) together, Mistress at last unbinds my legs. Then, leaving the ropes still bound to my wrists, she at least releases these from the cleats, allowing me to work my stiff, stretched arms around.

While I do so, she places a gaily-patterned, rectangular rubber pad next to my waist, which I recognize as a big inflatable pillow. Leaving it empty for the time being, she pulls my piss-bag and tube down, bending my attempted erection back flat. Then she rolls me over onto the pad, where my back-bent cock throbs and swells and hurts even worse. Then she proceeds to professionally wash the back side of me, finally finishing my sponge bath. After drying me, she dumps the water and returns the various other items to the bathroom.

"Now!" she declares on her return. "Now it's your turn! Now I finally start fulfilling all of your filthy perverted fantasies by training you into the perfectly subservient little pain slave!"

Eyes shining with excitement, her marble-hard nipples poking through the thin red silk of her robe, she climbs back onto the bed. Without a moment's hesitation she bends my arms around behind me, so that my forearms overlap and each wrist meets its opposite elbow. Then Mistress uses the long ropes still trailing from each hand to tie them up this way. First my wrists are lashed tightly to my upper arms just below the bicep. Then the remaining lengths of rope are used to construct a complex, cruelly tight harness all about my shoulders and torso, thoroughly securing and imprisoning my wimpy little sissy-boy upper body.

When she's finished with this, I can barely even wriggle a bit. Nevertheless I try, struggling as violently as my limited mobility allows. Groaning not so much at the strain on my shoulder sockets as at the darkly compelling arousal I feel at being put into such pitiless bondage, I writhe and twist deliciously.

Oh, my gloriously gorgeous Goddess, how I've desperately dreamed of this minute! How I love being tied up! Mistress Melissa obviously knows what I need, and my cock burns harder than ever beneath me.

Then suddenly my Mistress presses a switch and the pillow under my waist begins to inflate. My ass rises up perhaps a foot from the bed before stopping, making it a perfectly inviting target. And then Mistress Melissa goes to access her trunk.

"Okay, slave. It's time for me to fulfill your second darkest dream by ruthlessly beating your butt black and blue. From what I've learned from reading (and endlessly re-reading) your stories, your third fondest wish is to be tightly tied up. I've made an okay start on that, I guess, and it's just going to get worse and worse for you. And it's never, ever going to end. You dreamed of it, lusted after it, and now you're going to get it.

"We both know what your truly fondest wish is, of course, you sleazy, shamefully slutty little sissy-slave. But before we get to *that*, I'm going to take out every little bit of anger, hurt, frustration and humiliation that I've ever felt in my life on the soles of your feet and the clear white skin of your helpless ass. What I did to your face last night is literally going to pale in comparison!"

I moan in mingled dread, excitement, and anticipation at this, as Mistress begins laying out implements of punishment on the bed. A heavy, perforated wooden paddle, a classic riding crop,

a thin graphite cane and finally a long, wide, heavy leather strap with a loop at one end for her hand are all lined up next to me.

“What I’d really like to do is bullwhip you, like in all your stories,” Mistress breathes excitedly. “But I don’t want to break your skin. That could cause medical problems for someone in your condition. In fact, I don’t even dare use the cane or crop on your backside. Those are going to be for your feet. But I still think I can use *these* to admirably fulfill your needs!” She brandishes the paddle and strap, grinning devilishly at me. Then she sets down the strap, climbs onto the bed and kneels next to me.

“Here we go, you naughty little boy. It’s finally punishment time!”

That perforated paddle whistles through the air and smacks against my ass. The pain is great, both in the sense of large, and also wonderful; limitlessly fulfilling. A stifled grunt escapes me, and then another as she swats me again.

“You like it, don’t you?”

“I love it, Mistress Melissa. Please keep beating me!”

“Oh you don’t need to worry about that!”

Again the paddle whistles through the air and strikes me, then again and again and again without stopping. The pain in my bottom climbs constantly, yet still I can’t get enough of it. Being beaten by a beloved female authority figure fills some unexplainable need in me, satisfying an insane craving I’ve been harboring for over a decade. Even when my grunts and groans become whimpers and moans, and finally uncontrollable cries, I can’t get enough of it. At last, after perhaps fifty swats on the ass, I cry out “Mercy, Mistress Melissa! Please have mercy on me!”

“Mercy!” she hisses at me incredulously. “I’ll give you mercy, you impudent little shit! I’ll give you the mercy of my fat leather strap!”

A breathless pause comes, as she trades one implement for another, and then backs up a bit to give herself enough room to really swing. Then that heavy length of leather swoops down and smacks across my ass with an agony at least ten times as intense as the paddle.

A cry of purest misery bursts from me, and I writhe helplessly in my bonds, desperate to find some way to ease the sting. There is none of course, and when Mistress straps me again the wonderful problem is only compounded. Then for the next thirty minutes I quiver and shudder and even suffer involuntary muscle spasms, as Mistress Melissa swings with all her might and whips that thick leather strap across my ass.

Ah, Goddess, it hurts so goddamn good! Through my endless sobbing and screaming I can hear my wonderful lover panting with exertion, and drops of her sweat begin to spatter down onto me with every vicious strike. But finally Mistress can’t keep it up any longer, and my heavenly hell comes to an end at last.

“Whew!” she exclaims as she drops the strap. “What a workout! Did you enjoy that, my suffering little slave?”

“Yes, Mistress Melissa,” I manage to blubber. “Thank you so very much for finally fulfilling me.”

“I’m not done yet,” she declares. “I just need to rest a bit before I see to your feet.” Mistress climbs off the bed then and leaves the room.

In the kitchen I hear her open the freezer and refrigerator, crack open some ice cubes and pour herself a drink. Moments later she returns, her arrival announced by her always charming giggle.

“Look at your ass! It’s as black and blue as your face! I told you it would be. Soon it’ll be just as swollen as well. We won’t be able to tell them apart!” Again she giggles delightedly, and climbs back onto the bed.

“Now for the crop!” she cries, and before I can properly prepare myself I’m struck an exquisitely painful blow on the sole of my left foot.

My cry of pain and surprise delights my Mistress even more, and so ensures an even more torturous ordeal than before.

First she uses that black leather riding crop to slap the bottom of each foot individually. This goes on for quite a while, and then she uses that cruelly thin cane to beat them both at the same time. This is *not* perversely enjoyable, like the endless assault on my ass, but truly a terrible punishment. Nevertheless, I have no choice but to endure it. And so I do, crying unabashedly while my Mistress beats me, until at last she’s satisfied with my thoroughly broken condition. I even manage to thank her again afterwards.

“Thank you so much for beating me, Mistress Melissa.”

“You’re very welcome, slave. And you’ll be happy to hear that I’ll be beating you like that every day from now on. I really, *really* enjoyed that.”

She places a gentle kiss on each bruised and inflamed buttock. “But now it’s time for something I think we’re both going to enjoy a whole lot more!”

Mistress stretches out next to me then. Lying on her side so that we’re face to face, she props her head on a hand and looks at me seriously.

“Tell me something, my ridiculously perverted little slave. All of your secret stories, every one of your filthy forbidden fantasies, they always culminate with your brutally dominant Mistress strapping on a dildo, or stepping into a pair of penis pants, and then viciously fucking you with it right in the ass. Why is that?”

My face burning with humiliation, I can only cast down my eyes and mumble “I don’t know, Mistress.”

Immediately she smacks my wounded face again, bringing another cry of pain and surprise up from the bottom of my deeply devoted heart.

“You damn well do too know, you lying little pervert! You’re trying to deceive me again! What did I tell you about that, slave? The next time it’ll be a full-blown punch to the face, and not just a harmless little slap. Now, you’re going to explain this obsessive sissy fantasy to me, or that’s all that it will ever be: a sissy little fantasy.

“Yes, Mistress Melissa, I’m sorry.”

Still flaming with mortification, I search for the words to explain my deepest shame. “I guess it’s a couple of things,” I start. “For one, I’ve spent fifteen long years with almost no sexual stimulation of any kind, except for when a nurse would insert a suppository in my bottom, or even a whole finger to help me move my bowels. In my extreme deprivation I gradually grew to like and to even crave this. Having something bigger and harder thrust up there should turn me on even more.

“And really, it’s the logical end of my submission compulsion, isn’t it? What more telling statement of dominance over a person could there be than to push them down on their abysmally ashamed face and then violently fuck them in the ass? It’s sex, punishment, pain and humiliation all at once. And I desperately want you to do it to me, my wonderfully beloved Mistress.”

“Oh, I’ll do it to you,” grins beautiful Mistress Melissa. “I’ll do it to you every single day and night for the rest of your hopelessly enslaved life. The thought of that turns me on more than anything else I’ve ever encountered! That’s the number one reason you and I are up here: so I

can fuck your slutty little butt forever!” She leans in and kisses me hard then, a long, deep, relishing smooch. Then she bounces up and off the bed, going to her trunk full of toys.

Once there she drops her robe, and again I’m amazed at how lovely, how absolutely *perfect* her firm young body looks naked. Long legs, lean flanks, trim, flat belly, elegantly curved hips and ass, exactly proportional breasts... Back-bent against the inflatable pillow, my penis immediately attempts to re-erect, only to be painfully stymied yet again by the condom.

This painful situation is more than just familiar by now; it’s becoming increasingly arousing in itself, compounding a problem/pleasure I can clearly expect to experience regularly for the rest of my life. Meanwhile Mistress is rooting through her trunk, commenting excitedly to me as she does so.

“I must have bought a baker’s dozen of these big old dildos. I never had a penis of my own before. Every one I saw, I wanted. But I believe we’ll have to save the really big, thick, wickedly ridged ones for later. I’d say I’ve damaged your ass enough already for one day! Ah, here’s the one I want! Perfectly sized for a sissy-slut’s first time...”

She stands up and straps it on. Then she moves to a wall panel, and starts pressing buttons.

“You didn’t think that camera in the bathroom was the only one, did you?” Her voice carries that teasing lilt I’ve learned to love so much.

“There are three more in here as well. And I’m going to program them to record every second of this from multiple angles. In fact, I’m going to record it every time I fuck you this way. That way, when I have to go out, or I’m busy doing other things, and I leave you tied up all alone in here, I can keep you helplessly horny by making you watch endless videos of yourself being humiliatingly butt fucked while you struggle with your bonds and wait for me to return...”

One last adjustment, and then Mistress Melissa returns to the bed. She climbs on, and approaches me on her hands and knees.

Her rolling shoulders and the predatory grin on her face remind me of some wild jungle animal moving in for the kill. She stops by my face and rears up then, thrusting her shapely hips forward and caressing the big cock that now sprouts from her crotch. Flesh-colored latex, perhaps eight inches long and one and a half thick, it’s wonderfully lifelike right from the bulbous pitted tip, down the vein wrapped shaft to the perfectly simulated balls. She poses there before me, her huge erection jutting out inches from my face. Her supremely sexy voice is a threatening purr.

“How do I look to you, slave?”

“Like the divinely glorious Goddess of my deepest, most desperately cherished dreams, Mistress Melissa.”

“Are you ready to finally lose your virginity to me then, you slutty little sissy-slave?”

“Yes, my Goddess. I’m always ready for whatever you require of me.”

“Good. Then here comes the experience you’ve been lusting after more than any other. You’re about to become my bitch, my dog, my totally subservient and slavishly slutty little butt slave!”

And with that, she moves in around behind me.

A touch of a switch, and suddenly the big rubber pillow I’m bound facedown upon inflates even further, raising my ass fully two feet off the bed and pressing my face to the mattress.

Oh, Goddess, how painfully hard my cock is, and how quick and shallow comes my breath! My quaking heart hammers in my chest, as well as in my prick, my fingertips, and especially my hotly flushed face. Finally, after secretly dreaming of this possibility for over a decade, an outrageous debasement I’d never dared hope would be realized is finally upon me.

Mistress Melissa spreads my legs out as wide as she can. Then she moves in between them.

Something enters my up-thrust anus, and I gasp with uncontainable excitement. Then I realize that it's only the harmless nozzle of a tube of lubricant. Warm jelly fills me then, and my Goddess' slim finger pokes deliciously in and spreads it all around. Then the tube is dropped to the bed, strong hands spread my butt-cheeks out wide and something big and blunt presses against my hungry nether hole.

"What is it you call yourself in all your sick little stories? Slut-boy, isn't it? Well now you're truly about to be a slut, boy. You're going to be *my* helpless little Slut-boy, from now until the day you finally die. So from now on, that's your new name, your own and only name. I'm never going to call you anything else. Now take my big hard cock up your tight little ass, Slut-boy!"

Goddess thrusts forward then, excruciatingly penetrating me.

The agony is intense, immense, much worse than I'd ever imagined it could be. Still Mistress shows me no mercy, ignoring my sudden squeal and pulling back on my hips as she thrusts strongly forward with her own. All eight inches of her amazingly thick dick are driven into me then: splitting me apart, filling me up, and making me bite the coverlet in my unprecedentedly extreme agony.

"Ah, yeah!" Mistress Melissa exults, as she sinks that big hard prick into me up to the hilt. "That is one stuck fucking pig! Oink for me, Slut-boy! Don't just squeal, you perverted little piglet. Oink for your Mistress! Oink out as loud as possibly can for me you sleazy little piggy!"

"Oink! Oink! Oink!" I cry, pained and ashamed beyond all measure. Then, not content with just violating me so agonizingly (what in the world was I thinking, lusting after this horror for so very long?) Goddess begins fucking me proper. She slowly slides her cock out and then spears it back in, again and again and again relentlessly. Taking my nonstop squeals and sobs as a sign that she's doing the job right, she effortlessly eradicates my virginity and enjoys her first-ever ass attack immensely.

My urgent erection is suddenly a dim memory; arousal has been effortlessly banished by excruciation. And then everything gets exponentially worse.

Goddess' pumping hips begin to rapidly smack my ass: re-igniting deep-muscle bruises whose earlier infliction so I'd idiotically reveled in. Now those black and blue wounds only add to my torment, and soon I'm once again bawling unabashedly. That big, thick cock pounds constantly, viciously, unstopably into me, screamingly reaming me, hatefully raping me, redundantly demonstrating absolutely unquestionably how incomprehensibly stupid I was to think that anything so painfully intimate could possibly be the least bit pleasurable. And of course Mistress Melissa's unmistakable ardor continues to make things constantly worse.

Quite clearly she is loving every second of this: gasping and panting and fucking me ever harder, faster, more and more brutally. Cries of erotic glee and ecstasy escape her constantly, as she pulls me back into her every powerful forward thrust and traumatizes me body and soul with a maniacal passion that easily exceeds even last night's face-slapping frenzy.

The butt of the dildo must be driving her absolutely wild, thrusting against her private parts with every slamming stroke that she sends into my own well-over-abused interior. One, two, three times she shrieks out obvious orgasms, and yet still keeps hammering away, torturing me as pitilessly as the most sadistic prison guard in the darkest-ever third-world gulag. It must be nearly an hour before she at last somehow exhausts herself. I don't know; I've long since lapsed into a drooling, mindless, brutally-butt-fucked-into-oblivion daze by the time she finally pulls out of my agonized ass and collapses next to me, panting for breath.

For five minutes there's only Mistress' gradually easing respiration and my own slowly tapering off whimpering in our extremely isolated beach house. Then finally Mistress Melissa rolls onto her side, her lovely face, flawless form and fearsome cock again confronting me.

"That was as glorious as I always knew it would be!" she breathes at me. "How was it for you, Slut-boy? Did it live up to all of your long-held, super-secret, incredibly arousing expectations?"

"It very extremely exceeded them, Mistress Melissa," I manage to blubber. "It hurt me far worse than anything I'd ever imagined could. In fact, I never want to suffer through such terrible torture again!"

"You poor baby!" Mistress laughs softly at me. "You're just inexperienced, that's all. Until just now you were still a tender little virgin Slut-boy, remember? You'd only taken a single finger before. Being fucked, especially in the butt, *always* hurts the first few times. Believe me, I know! We just need to get you sufficiently stretched out, and I promise you, I'll see to that first thing! I'll soon get you loose enough to take my fucking *fist*!"

She grins impishly at me.

"Eventually you're going to learn to *love* being fucked up the butt! You'd better, Slut-boy, at least for your sake! I didn't buy all of those ten and twelve inches long, two and three inch thick, ridged and ribbed and vibrator-equipped up-curved cocks just to sit around unused in a trunk. I bought them to brutally batter your helpless little ass! And I had *way* too much fun just now fucking the absolute *shit* out of you to ever give it up. That was the best sexual experience I've ever had. Four fucking orgasms! Holy shit! I thought I'd died and gone to dominatrix heaven!"

She pauses, reveling in the memory. But then some new inspiration strikes her, and she turns back to me. "Speaking of heaven, Slut-boy, how are you enjoying your wonderful new home?"

"I absolutely love what I've seen of it so far, Mistress Melissa. This whole property must be unbelievably beautiful!"

Mistress giggles long and hard at this, convulsed by some private glee.

Stretching painfully at my oh-so-tight ropes, I face her questioningly while she continues to laugh at me. Finally she gains control of herself, and she strokes my cheek in genuine commiseration.

"You don't understand, Slut-boy. You won't *be* seeing any more of this unbelievably beautiful property. When I spoke of your wonderful new home, I was talking about this giant sumptuous waterbed. This bed *is* your home now. You're going to spend every last second of the rest of your life bound up tight, naked and helpless and (hopefully) miserably suffering in or just above your beautiful Goddess' wonderful bed.

"No more reading, writing, watching sports or sitting in the sun. No more surfing the web, chat rooms, idling away the days listening to music, and definitely no more pornography collecting. No more wasting hours in front of the monitor watching videos of men being bound, beaten and butt fucked. Who needs that kind of tame, vicarious titillation, when you're always going to be heavily immersed in the real thing? And who needs to compile an exhaustive collection of scans of Playboy models when you've already got the most beautiful Goddess in the universe right with you all the while?"

Stunned I goggle at her, but my most beautiful Goddess ignores this, blithely continuing.

"Dressing and undressing you every damn day, constantly transferring you from the bed to bath to the wheelchair and back is way too much like work for a lady of leisure like me. I'm retired, remember? In fact, I've never had to do a real day's work in my entire life. And I sure as

hell don't intend to start now! Just keeping you bathed and shaved every day is going to tax me to my limits.

"As a matter of fact, to save on shipping costs I even went so far as to donate all of your clothes to charity. They're not still en route, my gullible little dear. They're gone for *good*. And it's just as well. You won't ever need them again, and after the shopping binge I went on to prepare for our wonderful new relationship up here we're rather short on closet space.

"Of course, you won't always be *completely* naked," she leers at my imploring eyes. "I'm going to spend a *shit-load* of time cross-dressing you! I just bought tons of really lacy, ruffled, frilly, flowery, pink and white and yellow and even polka-dotted silk and satin and nylon and cotton lingerie just for you. I can't wait to outrageously humiliate you by dressing you up like the sleazy little sissy-slut that you now and forevermore are: six-inch heels, stockings, garters, panties, g-strings; unbelievably tight corsets and girdles (especially those, with that potbelly of yours), tons of bras, loads of nightgowns, cute little chemises, sheer filmy peignoirs and chokers and veils and tiaras and everything else imaginable. But that won't be work at all; that will be a hundred percent pure pleasure!

"I've also got all sorts of straitjackets, and leather and latex bodysuits with tons of locking buckles and straps specifically designed not only to isolate and immobilize a helpless little bondage slave, but to also enforce all sorts of painfully contorted body postures. You'll be wearing those regularly as well!"

Mistress sighs then, and after all this decides to toss me a figurative bone.

"I suppose that perhaps, on your birthday or Christmas, I might decide to make the supreme effort to put you in the Jacuzzi, and wash and whip and fuck you there, or even take you outside, and stake you out spread-eagled in the sand.

"Imagine that, Slut-boy: you cross-dressed and bound tightly out on the beach all day and night, while I fish and sunbathe and periodically fuck your slutty little butt into absolute oblivion! But of course, that will only happen if you please me extravagantly all year long. If you don't, you are never again going leave this bed!

"Besides," Mistress grins into my staggered chagrin, "I want you to always be tightly tied up for me, helplessly waiting for any imaginable use or abuse I might feel impelled to inflict upon you. Don't you get it? You are my *slave*, Slut-boy. And that means that you must always be ready for me, always ready to unquestioningly accept whatever I might want or need from you!"

Still ignoring my accumulating distress, she continues remorselessly.

"Now this is a waterbed of course, so bedsores shouldn't be a problem for you. But just in case, you will regularly alternate which side you're lying upon. Days you will spend either hung from the ceiling, or bound up tight on your belly, being brutally beaten and butt fucked relentlessly, sating all those long un-indulged masochistic needs that you've been writing so tirelessly about.

"Nights you'll always be lying on your back, servicing all of *my* incredibly ravenous sexual requirements – as well as further indulging all of those aforementioned masochistic ones of your own of course. You've had to wait *far* too long for your lifelong submergence in bondage, humiliation, discipline and sodomy Slut-boy, and I'm going to help you make up for that interminable wait big time! And frankly, in the last night and day I've discovered an absolutely overwhelmingly sadistic streak in myself. I simply *must* indulge this at every opportunity! So from now on, my impotent little Slut-boy, sex with me will always involve not just your endlessly escalating carnal frustration, but all sorts of other concomitant cruelties too.

“I can’t wait to beat your ugly little potbelly with my crop and strap until it’s damn well good and gone. I also want to drip hot wax all over it, as well as your shallow little chest; all over the front of you in fact. I’m going to pinch and pull and squeeze and stretch and endlessly electroshock your cock and balls, twist your nipples, curl and color and style your hair, and make up your face to look like the dirtiest little sissy-slut ever. Most of all, I want to viciously fuck your slutty loose butt from on top and in the front, smirking down into your humiliated face and looking you straight in the eye all the time! *That* will be incredibly awesome as well!”

And with that Mistress Melissa finally rises from the bed – my appallingly limited new home – and moves back to access her fiendishly capacious trunk.

“It’s time to get you *really* tied up, Slut-boy!” she cries. “It seems like I’ve been waiting forever for this,” she unnecessarily adds. “I know that I’ve told you this at least a half-dozen times already, but it bears repeating: bondage in itself is going to be a never-ending torment for you, just as you so ardently wished. But first we have a couple preliminaries, starting with *this* wicked thing...”

Mistress returns with a large, conical rubber device trailing an attached tube and a small inflation bulb.

“I promised I’d get you good and stretched out, Slut-boy – loose enough to take my fist is the way I believe I put it. And I *always* keep my promises. So from now on, whenever I’m not currently butt fucking you, and until I can easily fist-fuck you, and perhaps even forever after that, you’re going to live with this inflatable rubber stretcher plug stuffed up your ass.”

Once again she greases up my aching anus. Then, ignoring my frightened whimpers, and then my agonized squeals, she forces that huge foreign object deep into my already stretched out rectum.

Immediately I’m sobbing at the pain of this monstrous invasion, utterly appalled that one person could do such a heartless thing to another, particularly someone they’ve repeatedly purported to love. But neither my inner or outer reaction stops my beautiful new owner from briskly pumping the bulb in her fist, pitilessly inflating that thing to over three times its original size.

“Ahhh, Goddess!” I cry out loud at the intolerable pain, utterly unable to help myself and careless of the consequences. Inexcusably stupid of me, of course. And how truly terrible those consequences truly are...

“What’s that, Slut-boy?” Mistress Melissa asks sweetly of me.

“Were you about to beg me for mercy? Because I can pump it up much bigger than it already is you know. See?” Half a dozen more times she squeezes the bulb, giggling at my instant scream.

“No Goddess! Anything you choose to do to me is wonderfully appropriate and absolutely acceptable!”

“Good. In that case I’ll only pump it four, maybe five more times.”

Just for good measure she gives it another six, and great, glassy cramps wrack my outrageously expanded insides. Now my poor ass is stuffed so full and stretched so ridiculously far out that it’s a wonder my sphincter doesn’t just rip right apart. This is a nightmare terror I’d never bargained for in any foolish fantasy! But I know damn well that any sound I might make might just induce my pitiless Mistress to inflate that horrible plug even further. So despite the extreme excruciation in my already brutalized ass I manage to stifle my sobs, and wait quietly for Mistress Melissa to take whatever next steps she feels are appropriate in my training as her

new lifelong lover and bondage, pain, and butt slave. For the moment she seems content to just question me.

“How does that permanent new butt plug feel, Slut-boy?” Her hand caresses my oh-so bloated, black and blue and up-thrust ass.

“It’s the worst agony imaginable, Mistress,” I sob.

“Oh, I don’t know about that!” she immediately demurs.

“Just wait until I finally fist-fuck you! Imagine my clenched right hand and big strong arm punching its way unstoppably up inside of you! I bet that will hurt a whole lot worse. And I can’t wait to ride your big hard cock tonight, with that big fat balloon so hugely inflated inside of you. That should lift your genitals up by a couple inches at least, vastly improving my vaginal penetration. It should also provide a beautiful bit of bounce for me, as I pogo up and down on your spasming body and hopelessly impotent erection. Ah, god, how I can’t wait for that! But despite my incredible ecstasy I’m sure it will be amazingly painful for you, Slut-boy. Or how about when I beat you tomorrow? Imagine the agony of me slapping my strap across your stuffed-up ass! In fact, don’t imagine it, experience it instead...”

Suddenly that long leather strap slashes across my ass, once, twice, three times.

The searing pain causes my butt muscles to clench up around their immense occupier, and the inner and outer agonies magnify each other alarmingly. Now I can’t help but bawl like a baby, and Goddess giggles again in diabolical satisfaction. But then she drops her strap and becomes immediately matter-of-fact.

“All right then. One more delightful interlude and then it’s time to finish tying you up. The afternoon’s a-wasting, and I’ve got plans for it.”

She pauses to turn off the three bedroom cameras, and to program the computer to save the recordings she’s made. Then she goes to the closet, and returns carrying a small make-up kit, white high-heeled shoes, matching fishnet stockings and garters and a reinforced pink corset decorated with an intricate pattern of purple and white flowers and trailing four long laces. “First we’ve got to hide that disgusting belly-gut of yours...”

She climbs back on the bed, and drops her stuff next to me.

“Deflation time,” she says, and I feel a brief, ludicrous flash of hope. But when Mistress opens a valve it’s the pillow elevating my waist that deflates, and not the enormous plug stretching out my rectum. Then, once I’m flat on my belly on the bed again, she begins working that corset underneath me. A little rolling back and forth, then a little clever manipulation manages to get this under my midsection, and even under the bottom of my elaborate rope harness. Then Mistress Melissa wraps it about me and begins lacing it up tight. Placing a knee on my back for leverage, she hauls on those laces remorselessly, tightening that corset about my middle until my breath comes short and my belly is squeezed into as small a space as is possible. Next she pulls those tight white stockings up my legs.

“This is going to look a little silly, with that leg-hair of yours tufting through the weave everywhere. But I just can’t wait until you’re shaved to start cross-dressing you. You’re a sissy little slut now, and you’re going to damn well look the part!”

Those hideously uncomfortable shoes are forced onto my feet then, and after that Mistress hooks the garters to the corset. Finally she wraps a white silk choker with a pink and purple lace flower decorating the front about my throat, braids my slightly longer than shoulder-length hair into pigtails, ties them off with little white bows and sets about making up my face. Since she wants the damage to my puffy bruised cheek to remain on display, she contents herself with

applying ridiculous heavy eye-shadow, eyeliner, mascara, and hot pink lipstick to match my cruelly tight corset.

This is a novel experience for me to say the least, but despite the extreme humiliation and discomfort involved I somehow find myself aroused by it. Perhaps being constantly cross-dressed will have its own perverse attraction after all...

Finally Mistress is ready to complete my first day's bondage. She grabs two more ropes from her trunk, climbs back onto the bed and *really* gets down to business. First she ties one end of a quarter inch-thick cord all about my balls, separating and compacting my testicles before casting the rest of the rope up my back.

Mistress bends my spread, stockinged legs back at the knees, crosses them at the ankles, and lashes them thus securely together. Then she runs the rope from my ankles up my back to the harness encasing my torso and arms. She slips it through this, and then pulls it back so tightly that my high white heels meet my overstuffed butt and my head and chest are lifted well off the bed. Then she yanks it even tighter, until my crippled body is bowed almost into a semicircle before she firmly secures it.

Not content with just this cruelly tight hogtying however, she then presses a button, and at once the winch above the bed purrs into life. Another stout rope descends from this, which Mistress Melissa slips through the torso harness, and then down between my bound, pinched feet before tying it back onto itself, creating a rope triangle precisely designed to achieve a required effect. What this is becomes quickly apparent. Again the winch whirrs, and I'm hauled helplessly up into the air. Within seconds I'm hanging head-down at a forty-five degree angle, with my feet and butt about four feet off the bed, and my immediately flushing face at only about half that.

Blood begins to pound in my dangling head, and gravity pulls my already painful hogtying mercilessly tighter. Strong thin ropes bite cruelly into me everywhere, and the strain on my bowed-up back is magnified alarmingly. The half-full urine collection bag dangles from my penis, stretching my attempted erection painfully down and bending it back against its natural curve, adding to the torment it now must habitually endure. And yet still my Mistress isn't satisfied. Next she takes the rope bound all about my balls, runs it down my back and nooses it about my neck just under the jaw. Then she pulls it shorter and shorter, tipping my head up and back as far as it will go.

Any attempt to ease the strain in my neck then yanks on my captive nuts, sending a crippling wave of pain and nausea through me, as well as tightening the noose about my throat. Luckily this pulls mostly on just my jaw. But still it constricts me enough to make my already difficult breathing significantly harder.

Mistress learned this trick from one of my more twisted stories, and right away I'm cursing the day that I ever sat at a keyboard. Then she acts on another of my inadvertent suggestions by producing a bag of clothespins, and applying them nearly everywhere to my helplessly bound and suspended body.

First she places one on the tip of each of my fingers and toes, then seven apiece all around the lobe and rim of each of my ears. A full dozen are clamped onto every inch and side of my stretched-out penis, and with that ultimate agony there are only four left in her brand new bag of fifty. Mistress pinches these onto the already stretched thin skin of my tender scrotum, two apiece over each bulging testicle. This exhausts her supply, leaving my man-tits curiously free.

Surely she has other plans for this most sensitive erogenous zone. And these become apparent next, when she produces two cylindrical contraptions that I recognize from all my bondage videos as nipple stretchers.

The open end of the hollow metal cylinder, perhaps two inches in diameter, is placed over my left breast. Within it is a clamp attached to a screw. Mistress affixes this painfully tight clamp to my nipple, and then begins to turn the screw.

The rubber covered cylinder digs into my chest, and the clamp pulls at my nipple, drawing it out until it's stretched perhaps an inch from my body. This is exquisitely painful of course, but then she flicks a little switch, and the last two turns of the screw twist my nipple as well, until it's so stretched and twisted that it feels like it is being ripped right off.

Naturally the other nipple gets the same evilly inventive treatment. Then, grinning deliciously at my uncontrollable squirming and whimpering, Mistress hangs first a pair heavy lead weights from each cylinder, pulling at my nipples even more, and then after this a little silver bell.

As I continue to shudder and squirm and sway in the air these right away begin to jingle merrily, and Mistress Melissa giggles with delight and even claps her hands at the incongruously cheerful sound.

"There, Slut-boy! Now you're going to make beautiful music for me all day long. No matter where I am, inside or outside, no matter what I'm doing, whenever I hear those bells a-ring-ting-tingling, I'll know that you're shuddering and struggling and suffering exquisitely for me, and thus that you love me so much that you allow me to do anything at all I want to you."

She kisses me, and gives me a playful push that sends me swinging helplessly back and forth and jingling more jollily than ever. Then she giggles again and climbs off the bed. Quietly she pads barefoot and nearly naked out of the room.

Moments later she returns, her big cock preceding her.

Bobbing up and down and wagging prettily in front of her as she moves, the sight of this turns me like crazy despite all the agony it so recently caused me. For a minute I can almost forget about my amazingly painful and ridiculously humiliating predicament. Carrying a large bottle of water under her arm, my gorgeous Mistress is carefully peeling a banana.

Back on the bed with me, she slowly feeds this to me, giggling at my difficulty swallowing and sliding it suggestively in and out of my lips as she does so. The implications of this are unmistakable. But then she says something that wipes all other thought from my mind.

"Eat up now, Slut-boy. This is your one and only meal today. As of right now, I'm putting you on a very strict diet until you lose that ridiculous pot belly."

The banana is only teasing my appetite, bringing my earlier hunger raging back awake. Yet Goddess is implacable.

"That kind of ugly deformity is definitely not worthy of the lowly eunuch slave of an incomparably wondrous Goddess like me! Until it's gone, you'll get only one big vegetable or piece of fruit a day.

"Also I want your heart good and healthy, so that you can keep up with me, and so that you can live long enough to keep on satisfying me into my very old age. You've already got more than ten years on me. So from now on you'll get no more beer, no more liquor, no more tobacco or marijuana, and definitely no more of those fatty fried foods you're so addicted to!"

After laying down *that* dismaying law, Mistress Melissa tips up that big plastic bottle and encourages me to drink as much of that deliciously cold water as I can in my inverted and suspended state. Then, my meager meal finished, she kneels before my forcibly up-tilted face.

"I saw you looking at my cock as I came back in, Slut-boy. It looks good on me, doesn't it?"

"It looks absolutely fabulous on you, Mistress Melissa," I honestly reply.

“I bet it tastes fabulous too. Would you like to taste it, Slut-boy? And don’t you dare lie to me, or you know will happen!”

She shakes a fist at me, and again her big penis bobs prettily up and down. Confronted by this darkly compelling dream, this ultimate in humiliation, I swallow, and speak from a suddenly dry mouth.

“Yes, Mistress Melissa. I would love to taste it. In fact, I would love to give you a first-class blow job. May I please suck on your big hard prick?”

“Of course you may, my slave. In fact, I’m going to let you suck on it all afternoon and evening. That’s how much I love you. Now open up you disgusting sissy-slut, you shameless little cocksucker you!”

Breathlessly I comply. And without hesitation Mistress grips my pigtails in her fists and shoves her big hard cock right into my mouth.

My face burning with that somehow helplessly compelling humiliation, I suck and suck and suck on her (smallest!) penis, absolutely loving the shame and disgrace of it all – not to mention the distraction from all of my rapidly accumulating miseries. Mistress lets me get the hang of this for several long minutes, and then finally she loses patience, and starts pumping her slender but oh-so powerful hips. Still holding my tied back head by the hair she slowly and gently slips her big erect dick in and out of my thickly pursing lips. Again she giggles with glee at me.

“What a good little Slut-boy you are! What a sweetly and completely cute and compliant little cocksucker! Oh my slave, you look so absolutely ravishing with my dick sliding in and out of your lipsticked mouth that I could just come my fucking brains out. And oh, what I’d give to be able to do so, and ejaculate all over your slutty little face! You’d like that too, wouldn’t you, sissy-boy?”

Unable to nod, I flutter my mascara-ed eyelashes flirtatiously. Mistress immediately snickers with scorn. “I knew you would! Oh, if only my erection was a real one, long and hot and throbbing in your mouth, pumping rapidly in and out of your pink-painted lips, and then finally shaking and shuddering and spurting out thick, sticky streamers of semen all over your tongue and lips and cheeks and chin...”

Clearly this thought excites my Goddess immensely, and she picks up the pace accordingly. Soon she’s brutally fucking my helpless face, pounding her prick down my throat and gagging me mercilessly. Then at last the method to her madness becomes apparent: hung at an angle the way I am, with my head bound all the way back, my mouth and open throat are perfectly aligned at just the right height and inclination for her to slam her entire big cock up my gullet without the least resistance. And suspended by the ropes I swing easily back and forth, allowing her to pull me forward by the hair to meet every pounding inward thrust. And so she does, face fucking me just as vigorously as she earlier attacked my ass, verbally degrading me all the while: calling me come-funnel and dick slave and sissy-fag and all manner of other dirty endearments. This goes on for at least ten minutes, a newfound delight for Mistress and yet another terrible torture for me. But then at last the pressure of that dick on her clit brings on yet another orgasm, and at last Mistress Melissa pulls her cock out of my mouth – if only momentarily.

Once again she goes to her trunk. “Let’s see...ball gag, ball gag, ball gag – I must have bought a dozen of these as well, some the size of billiard balls – head harness, leather isolation hood, rubber isolation hood, pony-boy bit, blindfold, adjustable length penis gag, ten-inch dildo mask – that’s so I can *really* ride your face – ah, here it is!”

She returns carrying a shiny steel two inch-wide ring gag.

“Open your mouth, Slut-boy! As widely as you can!” I comply, and this cruel device is promptly wedged between my teeth and buckled behind my head, holding my mouth gaping hopelessly open.

Immediately I begin to drool around it, but Goddess is prepared for this, and she spreads a large towel folded up thick under my face, to catch the afternoon and evening’s expectorations. Then at last she removes that big hard cock from her crotch. Grinning evilly at me, she inserts it through the ring and slides it all the way down into my just barely upturned mouth. Soon the balls rest against my chin and the shaft and head fill my formerly open, already partly constricted throat.

“There you go cocksucker,” breathes beautiful Mistress Melissa.

“Now you can suck my delicious prick all you want. You slutty little dick-loving cock-slave! You bottomless come-bucket, you! You face-painted, cross-dressed fag-boy sissy! And don’t you dare try to spit that out!” she sharply warns me, as I immediately begin to choke and gag on her huge erect penis. “In fact, let’s make sure you can’t...”

Quickly she slaps two strips of thin white tape in an X across the butt of that dildo and onto either of my cheeks, firmly securing it while leaving my makeup job clearly visible. Pitilessly she giggles at my gagging and gasping, titillated tremendously by my desperate struggle for breath. For a moment I fear I’m going to suffocate, but Mistress has calculated correctly. Though the effort to get it is a terrible torture, my various constrictions and obstructions allow me just enough oxygen to live. When she sees that this is so, my Goddess gives me another playful little push, setting my bells to jingling more loudly than they already are.

“I’ll be back to use that on you again later this evening, after I have myself a delicious dinner and before I smoke a nice relaxing pipe or two and lie out on the beach to watch all the stars come out, and hopefully the northern lights too.

“God, I just love to fuck your face and ass so much! Hearing you gagging and retching or squealing and sobbing as I hammer my big hard cock down your throat or up your black and blue butt turns me on more than anything else ever has. Thank heavens you wrote all those stories, and awakened me to the possibilities! I never would have conceived of it otherwise. I wish I could do them both to you at the same time. Don’t you too, Slut-boy? Wouldn’t that be oh so wonderfully painful and humiliating for you, to have a rock hard penis slamming into both of your slutty little helplessly open fuck-holes at once?

“Maybe I’ll invite my girlfriend Bianca to come up here, and spend a month or even two or three with us sometime. Maybe after a while, if it works out, she’ll just move right in with us. Then you can have *two* beautiful young women ruthlessly beating you, constantly using and abusing you, turning you into a humiliating little sissy and all day every day you’ll get brutally buggered from both ends simultaneously. That would just be so incredibly awesome! And that would be just the beginning, of course. We could have all kinds of crazy, kinky, three-way sex up here forever...” Mistress trails off, distracted by this delightful digression. But then she gets back to the matter at hand.

“Anyways, after my wonderful after-dinner face fuck, that cock is going to go right back into your throat, until I’m finally ready to use you again, probably around eleven or twelve o’clock. Once it starts to get chilly out I’ll come back inside, lower you to the bed, untie you, pull my big prick back out of your slutty, slaving little sissy-boy face, remove all those clothespins and stretcher clamps, roll you over, remove your condom catheter, shave your armpits, legs, and scarily hairy crotch all baby-smooth bare, tie you up again in some delightfully

devilish new way, and then use you extensively for that kind of hip-bucking, body-spasming, female superior sex you're so good for.

"That's basically going to be the pattern of our life together, Slut-boy: constant bondage, buggery, endless humiliation and non-stop suffering for you, unlimited sexual excess and dozens of daily orgasms for me. So I want you to get used to this new routine immediately.

"Eventually I'm going to lock a big wide silver-studded dog collar onto you, complete with name tag and owner identification information. I'm going to brand your behind and tattoo your face with my initials, pierce your ears and nipples, maybe put a ring through your septum and one in your scrotum; basically mark you as my own personal property in as many different ways as I can. That way even if you live to be a hundred it will be impossible for you to ever ignore or forget the exact nature of our Mistress-slave relationship. In the interim though, I want you to remember: from now on your every waking thought and deepest sleeping dream must always be exclusively about pleasing me! That's the only thing that matters to you now, Slut-boy, the only thing you care about in the slightest. I am your entire world, your universe, your heaven and hell combined, and the sooner you accept that fact, the more fulfilling your eternity of endlessly suffering slavery will be!" Mistress Melissa stares soberly down at me, impressing upon me the gravity of this demand. Then she tosses that amazingly long braid off her shoulder and continues my indoctrination.

"In the meantime, Slut-boy, I want you to look out through the window-wall. Can you do that for me?"

I manage the tiniest of nods, pulling on my balls most painfully.

"Good. For now I'm going to spend the rest of the afternoon and evening, right up through what I hope is an incredibly beautiful sunset, sunbathing out there in the nude, not ten feet away from you. Isn't it great to have such a secluded private beach, not to mention house, where we can do whatever we want forever and never have to worry about any inconvenient interruptions? Anyways, I'm going to give you a choice now. I know this goes without saying, but try to pick the one that you think will please me the most. You can hang here and watch me sunbathe, or I can turn on the TV, and endlessly replay the recordings I made of you losing your ass-cherry today. So which will it be Slut-boy: do you want to watch yourself being butt fucked all day?"

This isn't even a decision! I somehow manage to shake my head.

"You'd rather just ogle my naked body?" Fighting for every breath I nod, again pulling at my balls and tightening the rope about my throat.

"Good little, Slut-boy," Goddess gleams down at me. "You flatter me immensely! In that case, I'll expect you to be looking lovingly at me the entire time I'm out there, sucking endlessly on my big hard cock and thinking about how incredibly beautiful and sexy I am, and about how incredibly much you love, adore, desire, and desperately cherish me, and most of all about how you can't *wait* for me to come back in here and viciously fuck the holy shit out of your face and ass again and again and again and again! Do you understand me completely, my precious little sissy-slave?"

Again I nod, and this time I can't suppress a strangled bleat of pain at the repeated pull on my crushed and bloated balls.

"Good." Mistress Melissa smiles so tenderly at me then that my heart swells in my chest with so much desperate love and devotion that it's a wonder it doesn't just burst and kill me right there.

"Oh, I love you so much, Slut-boy," she breathes. "We are going to have such a fantastic time together up here for the next fifty or so years."

She places a gentle kiss upon my heavily swollen cheek, twice strokes my stretched back head like she would a cosseted little pet, and then turns and pads complacently out of the room.

Moments later I see her appear outside, just on the other side of the sliding glass door. First she opens this all the way, so that not even a single pane of glass lies between her and me – the better to hear each moan and groan, each whimper and sob, and especially each tiny tinkle of the bells that my extraordinary suffering elicits. Without even a glance at me then she goes about setting herself up in a top-of-the-line beach lounge with a good book (*The 120 Days of Sodom*, one of the Marquis de Sade's most depraved, yet incisively brilliant sadomasochistic novels of course) and a small cooler stocked with ice, fruit, and a bottle of excellent white wine.

She takes her sweet time then rubbing herself all over with coconut tanning oil. Obviously knowing I'm oh-so avidly watching every second of this, she pays particular attention to her perfect little breasts, redundantly working the oil into every crevice and curve and even squeezing her already erect nipples up harder, sharper. Then she casually wipes her hands, leans back, pours herself a glass of wine, opens her book and settles in to enjoy her well-deserved life of leisure.

Eager to please her with the sounds of my suffering, I jingle my bells by swinging a little and straining desperately, futilely at my bonds.

They are impossibly tight. My hands and cramped feet are already beginning to grow numb, and the stress on my back-bent neck and bowed-up back is already a quickly growing agony. My bound-up balls feel like they're being slowly and simultaneously crushed and ripped from my body, flooding me with a recurrent nausea. My immensely occupied ass might as well have a watermelon stuffed up it, my poor little nipples are being stretched and twisted terribly, and fifty clothespins pinpoint spots of exquisitely pinching pain on me, most particularly those four on my balls and the twelve clamped onto my still somehow half-hard, painfully pulled-down penis. I'm also drooling uncontrollably down my chin, choking on a huge hard cock that was just lately up my ass and struggling desperately to breathe around both that monstrous epiglottal obstruction and the noose that's ever-so-gradually strangling me – not to mention the corset cinching in my middle. Worst of all, I'm stuck looking helplessly, hopelessly, endlessly, at the most beautiful naked woman I've ever even dreamed of seeing, being maddeningly aroused by her and knowing beyond any doubt that I will never achieve the orgasmic release that I'd once learned to live without, but now can't help but crave with an addict's cold-turkey intensity. And of course there is nothing at all I can do about any of this.

Oh, how hard and hurting my stretched down, cruelly clothes-pinned and crimped-off cock is! Oh, how terribly hungry I am! And oh, how crazy I was to ever let Mistress Melissa convince me to move up here to Alaska with her! And of course this is only my very first day as her utterly dependent bondage, pain, sex and dildo slave...

I've literally become her prisoner up here, and I am going to be subject to her pitiless power and constantly escalating cruelties for the rest of my sorry, formerly pointless life. And after that, who knows? Last night I pledged my soul to serve hers throughout all eternity...

At last my myriad torments finally overwhelm me then, and I begin to weep in the purest, most abject, yet still somehow hopelessly aroused misery imaginable. For hours then I quake and shake, swing and sway and slobber and sob, my bells jingling merrily all the while. Finally Mistress Melissa can take it no longer. She sets her book down and drains the last of her current glass. She pours herself another one, and then casually looks up and makes eye contact with me.

Seeing me hanging there head-down above her bed, made up and cross-dressed, bound up tight in all my misery, suffering terribly barely two meters away from her, she smiles to herself with the most gloating sense of possession possible.

Brown eyes twinkling with a mischievous delight, she blows me a kiss and waggles her fingers in a cheeky little wave. Then suddenly she gets up and repositions the lounge so that it faces me directly. She lies back down upon it, and then lifts and spreads her long, slender legs so high and wide that she can hook them over the armrests.

Spread wide open then right in front of me she begins to masturbate, the sight and sounds of my hung-up suffering such an incomparable aphrodisiac that she can resist them no longer.

Watching her squeeze and caress her lovely breasts, vigorously finger her cunt and clit, listening to her gasping and moaning and crying out “Suffer for me, Slut-boy! Oh, suffer for me, suffer for me, suffer so Goddess-damned much!” I’m overwhelmed once again. But this time I’m swamped just as much by an emotional turmoil as by my relentless physical distress. I continue to bawl like a baby, yet nevertheless my hopelessly enslaved heart seems to cry out within me.

Oh, my wonderful owner, my most gorgeous, glorious, precious and generous Goddess, how I love and adore and desire you so fucking much! Despite all you’re doing to me, I just can’t help myself. Please come back in and butt fuck me again, if that’s what you need from me! Butt fuck me with your biggest, thickest, hardest cock, to another thousand ecstatic climaxes, even if it hurts me a million, billion, a *trillion* times worse than it did at first! Oh Goddess, go ahead and do your worst: viciously fist-fuck my ass for hours if you have to! I will learn to take it all somehow, and eventually even come to enjoy it. At long last I’ve willingly, whole-heartedly accepted the inescapable truth: from now on I live only to gratify and satisfy your most fleeting, insignificant whims and most demanding, domineering desires to the best of my pathetic little abilities!

As if she’s telepathic, Mistress Melissa responds to this urgent unspoken plea with yet another shrieking, hip-bucking orgasm – her seventh since this morning I think. Then, after a brief, blissful rest, she blithely returns her lounge to its former position. She wipes her fingers once again, picks her drink and book back up and sets about ignoring me for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

Not put out in the slightest, I continue to obediently suck her cock (or slowly strangle on it actually), jingle my bells by shuddering and sobbing and struggling with my bonds, and gaze oh-so lovingly at her all the while.

She is so incredibly beautiful and sexy that I still can’t believe she’s chosen crippled little loser me to be her lifelong slave. How I can’t wait for her to come back inside, pull this cock out of my mouth and that enormous plug from my butt and fuck the absolute *shit* out of my already extremely agonized face and ass! That and our maddening spasm-sex are all I have left to look forward to now...

Chapter Seventeen

No Shrinking Violet

My beautiful wife Violet and I haven't had sex in over three months. In fact we've only even done it once – if you can call less than sixty seconds of clumsy fumbling on my part and screaming protests on hers sex. Hell, by any reasonable standard I'm still a virgin.

Despite her own carnal experience (she's five years older than me) Violet claims to have a medical condition that makes vaginal penetration excruciating, even intolerable. She also finds the smell of my penis so repellent that she refuses to even touch it, much less take it into her mouth. Yet she isn't frigid in the least. She adores having me perform cunnilingus on her – so much so that she demands it constantly and always climaxes repeatedly from it, often wildly riding my face until I'm beyond exhausted and extensively chafed. But still she refuses steadfastly to reciprocate, even to the point of insisting that I take my solitary pleasure out of her sight, where she won't have to witness my 'goatish' and 'disgusting' self-abuse.

I don't know how much more of this I can take. I'd never dream of cheating on her of course. Simply put, I'm so madly in love with her I'm attracted to no one else. Despite the fact that she's often brusque and impatient with having me around the mansion all the time (as a successful novelist I work at home) her incomparable beauty is simply irresistible.

Her long thick hair is a glossy raven black, and her large dark eyes (she was named for their incredible color) are so deep and liquid that I could drown in them. Her body too is absolutely fantastic. Tall and slender (indeed she's taller than me, a trait I've always found inexplicably exciting) she is nevertheless blessed with softly swelling, remarkably generous breasts. Being married to such a prize is a staggering source of pride for me. Yet our situation is becoming increasingly untenable. What is a marriage without any real sex? I am going mad with unrequited lust, and she is more than fed up with all of my wheedling and complaining. But finally Violet has declared that she's found a solution to our problem. After showering together, and allowing me the rare treat of bathing her and toweling her dry, she leads me into the wardrobe off our huge, spacious bedroom.

"This should take care of your need for intimacy with me Richard. And I believe it may also help you to understand my situation a little better. You might actually learn some compassion for me in the process."

Of course I protest that my compassion for her is boundless. But she merely hushes me sternly, and leads me over to her half of the wardrobe. She selects a sheer silk negligee of a deep imperial purple, and a pair of matching pumps with four-inch stiletto heels. My heart and loins respond immediately. These have always been my favorite embellishments, matching her gorgeous eyes and making her tower an exhilarating half-foot higher than me. But then she turns and holds them out, an ominous little smile playing about her lips.

"Put these on!"

"Huh? What?"

"I said put these on Richard. We're going to indulge in a little role-playing tonight."

"I...I can't!"

"Of course you can. Do you want to have sex with me or don't you?"

"Of course I do. But..."

"No 'buts', Richard. At least not yet. Put these on, or learn to be content with just servicing me and secretly playing with yourself for the rest of your life."

“Oh...well...all right,” I finally stammer, blushing uncontrollably. Sixty seconds later I stand there tottering precariously in those excruciatingly tight high heels and fidgeting uncomfortably: still blushing, deeply embarrassed, and yet with my tellingly erect penis poking stiffly up from under the lacy purple hem in front. Violet smirks superiorly at the sight of this. Then she binds a wide black sash about my eyes, blindfolding me.

“Wait here now, and don’t you dare peek. You try it and I’ll tie your hands behind you!” More embarrassed and uncomfortable by the second, I obey her, standing there on my crammed-together tiptoes. Shifting my weight back and forth like a child needing to pee (my cramped feet and radically extended ankles already killing me) I listen to her rustling about next to me for several long minutes. At last she claims my hand and draws me stumbling blindly after her.

“Okay Richard,” she giggles with secretive glee. “Let’s go to bed.”

She leads me there, and directs me in positioning myself: lying flat on my back in the middle, with a pillow under my head and my arms straight down at my sides. Then, still keeping me blindfolded, she begins an unprecedented and deliciously prolonged bout of foreplay.

“Don’t you move a muscle now Richard,” Violet breathes forbiddingly at me. “Tonight I finally make love to you, instead of the other way around.”

Intrigued (and yes, wildly aroused) at this reversal of roles I quietly submit as she lies down beside me and goes to work with her big soft lips. At first softly and gently, but then ever more aggressively she devours my mouth, until we’re tongue-kissing urgently. Then she goes to stroking my chest, parting that slippery silk negligee in front and slipping her hand inside it. Soon she’s rubbing and squeezing my nipples as we make out, even pinching and pulling cruelly at them. Despite the pain involved this is wildly arousing, and soon she has me moaning helplessly at the novel sensations. Then Violet makes me even hotter still by leaving off kissing me to lick and suck at those now tingling and erect tips, carrying on this way until I’m actually writhing with need, gasping desperately as she toys with me. Finally I’m so hard and hot that my endlessly neglected erection throbs in synch with my pounding heart, and I’ve actually begun to whimper with erotic distress. And then she swings atop me, straddling my belly and trapping my arms tightly against my sides with her knees. Then at last she slips the blindfold up and off.

Blinking in the soft glow of the bedside lamp, I first see that the cross-dressing isn’t limited to me. Violet’s long thick hair is pinned up behind her head, and she’s used eyeliner or something to give herself an elegant pencil mustache. About her slender throat she wears a black bow tie, and the bright white vest of my wedding tuxedo is buttoned tightly about her torso, containing and concealing all but the pushed-up tops of her lovely large breasts. But then my gaze drops lower, and I catch my breath in shock. Below the navel-dimpled flat of her slender belly juts up and out at me the jet-black length of a fearsomely lifelike dildo. Strapped securely about her crotch, this must be ten by two inches long and thick. Giggling gleefully at my stunned expression Violet clasps the base of this between her two hands and waggles it enticingly at me.

“Oh yes, Richard! Tonight you learn what it’s like to have your poor body painfully penetrated! After this perhaps you’ll have some more sympathy for my condition! And perhaps you’ll even come to love what I cannot. After learning about this kind of sex in an on-line support group I’ve been reading up on it. According to this doctor on the internet, the constant massaging of a hard thrusting cock on the male prostate gland can be so stimulating that it brings on the most intense of orgasms, while the simultaneous rhythmic pressure on the woman’s clitoris can do the same thing for her.

“You say you must have the intimacy of intercourse with me? You say that only by climaxing together can we truly forge the properly enduring bonds of marital bliss? Then surely we must try this!

“You have been so insistent that I suffer for the sake of our union. Surely you must agree to suffer equally with me! That’s only fair, is it not? So now I will fuck you like a man, and you will lie there and take it like a woman. If you can endure this, and maybe even learn to enjoy it, then all our marital problems will be solved. And if not, then we can at least resume our woefully limited sex life on equal footing. Argue with that if you can!”

What can I possibly say to this? Despite the appalling perversity of her proposal, Violet’s logic is truly inarguable. After all my complaining she has deftly turned the tables on me. I can’t in good conscience refuse her. And really...if indeed she speaks the truth, and is not just intent on punishing me for my supposedly unreasonable persistence, perhaps she has found a way forward for us after all. What was that about incredibly intense orgasms? After going so long with no stimulation outside of lonely masturbation I’d be willing to settle for just merely reasonably exciting. Finally I swallow hard against my considerable qualms, and gaze beseechingly up at her.

“Violet...Violet, please...”

“Please what?” she demands in all of her always intimidating beauty, at last I manage to give voice to my conflicting impulses.

“Please, well...please just be gentle with me.”

“Of course I will,” she smiles wickedly down. “At least, until you inevitably begin begging me for the opposite. Now, bend up your knees and spread your legs out wide, my tasty young virgin. It’s time for your incredibly necessary and equally fun deflowering.”

As I tremblingly comply, Violet moves back until she squats before my vulnerable portal. She reaches for the top of that blindingly bright white vest, and from between her plumped-up breasts she withdraws a tube of lubricant. Grinning evilly at my fearful gasping and quivering, she pokes the nozzle of this into my anus and squeezes, squirting a copious load of slippery goop up into me. Whimpering at this darkly suggestive sensation, and in helpless terror of the worse violation to follow, it’s all I can do to catch my thighs in my hands and pull them up higher and wider apart, until my high-heeled feet are spread out on either side of my head. Squeezing shut my eyes then I turn my face away from her, pressing its left side deep into the pillow. Then I wait with bated breath for my profoundly shameful, surely painful ordeal to commence.

The mattress shifts a bit under Violet’s weight as she moves into place. Soothingly her fingers touch me, gently caressing the insides and undersides of my splayed-out thighs. Then they zero purposefully in on me, further parting and then prying wide the already opened base of my buttocks. Even over my own frightened panting I can hear her heavy breath catch as she deliberately aligns and prepares herself. Then with an exquisite sigh of triumphant excitement she thrusts her hips forward, effortlessly claiming my very last privacy from me.

Deep inside me slides the big blunt object of her ten inch-long erection. Wincing I bite my lower lip, bravely stifling any outcry. Truly the pain is intensely intimate, and yet not as traumatizing as I’d feared. The immense shame is infinitely more debilitating. Yet nevertheless there’s also indeed something undeniably exciting about that sense of utterly helpless possession as I’m so comprehensively taken. Deeper and deeper pushes in that big invading thickness; oh so evocatively it stretches me and fills me, until at last Violet’s balls are pressed against my body and her enormous penis is all the way inside me.

“There,” she quietly declares. “How do you like it, girl? Are we learning some sympathy for our better half yet?”

“It hurts,” I whimper, stretching myself out wider still.

“I know it hurts,” she breathes, “What have I been telling you all along? But that’s not what I asked you. I asked you how you like it.”

“It...it...it feels...I don’t know...I guess it feels okay...”

“I think it feels more than just okay,” she sneers knowingly at me. “I think you like it. I think you actually enjoy being dressed up and fucked like a girl. And I know I absolutely love being the manly one wielding the nasty raping cock. And we’ve barely just gotten started. Let’s just see where this leads us...” Slowly she pulls back, and then thrusts forward again, gasping with pleasure as the butt of her erection pushes directly back on her clit.

Groaning uncontrollably I strain my ass out even wider and higher as she fills me all the way up again, mortified beyond belief at both my exquisite subjugation and the undeniable thrill it gives me. From wilting a bit my own erection has somehow swollen swiftly back up into urgent rigidity, throbbing hotly as her big cylindrical length both firmly presses on and slides delightfully along that unexpectedly sensitive inner spot. I doubt my manhood can survive much more humiliation. Yet for some reason I respond as much to this emotional component of the experience as I do the physical, as Violet contemptuously rubs in the obvious.

“Ah yes, you do like it girl. You even love it, you little slut. You love having your husband’s long, thick, hard erect penis thrusting all the way up inside of you. Maybe next time you’ll get to wear makeup and perfume, panties and stockings and pretty little ribbons in your hair. But for now you’ll have to be content with just your new negligee and fuck-me shoes, and my big hard prick sticking you. So let’s see how much you love being really fucked!”

Once again she pulls back. But this time she actually lunges forward, stabbing brutally up into me and forcing a pained grunt from between my clenched teeth. Again and again she repeats this potent stroke, building up and then settling into a powerfully plunging rhythm marked by gasps of effort and ecstasy on her part and simultaneous groans from me.

“Uh...uh...uh...uh...uh!” Oh the pain is so much greater now! And yet the dynamics involved are desperately energetic. Being fucked, I’m being fucked here! My whole body is jarred by every violent thrust against it, and the sound of Violet’s own quickly climbing excitement is irresistibly contagious. My raging erection slaps against my abdomen, and that long thick hardness plunging so forcefully in and out of me is increasingly compelling. Even the burning shame I feel at being used this way continues to contribute ever more incomprehensibly to the weird erotic alchemy swamping me. Driven somehow to maximize this perverse mandate I at last open my eyes and face my taker. Violet’s teeth are bared, her big dark eyes blazing and her breath hissing wickedly in and out as she tirelessly works her body up against and into mine. This sight is an insane aphrodisiac, and again I stretch myself wider and strain my hips upward, opening myself as completely as possible to her uncontested possession. Locking gazes with me, she begins panting out demands, further stoking our reciprocal mutual arousal.

“Yeah baby, yeah! What was that about me being gentle? You want it hard now, don’t you? You want it as painful as I can make it! Beg me for it then! Beg me for my big hard cock, you perverted little slut! Beg me to fuck you as viciously as I can!”

Ah God! At last I cast aside any remaining reservations about this obscenity. Wallowing in my shameful depravity I obey violent Violet without a second thought – or even a first one.

“Yes darling! Oh please fuck me as hard as you can! Pound my little pussy with your penis! Make me your bitch, your slut, your cravenly craving dick-slave! Oh please give it to me as brutally as possible! I want only to be your lowly eager fuck-toy until the end of all time!”

“Good girl!” she growls down. Violet leans forward and drops toward me. She catches herself on her hands. Then propped just above me she rises onto her toes and starts absolutely bludgeoning into me in the missionary position. Using gravity to her advantage – as well as every iota of her unexpectedly prodigious strength and supremely domineering zeal – she slams her heavy body down and her thick prick all the way into me perhaps once every second.

Oh the pain is now enormous, and yet blessedly welcome in all its agonizing, evocative invasiveness! So long, so hard, so deeply and rapidly stabbing is her glorious erection that I can’t help but cry out wildly as it has me. Oh what a will-sapping, inarguably appropriate expression of our always asymmetrical relationship! Snarling down at me with our faces less than a foot apart, my wonderfully dominant Violet fucks me with a maniacal energy, her blazing passion climbing in intensity with every punishing thrust.

Quickly her cries overtop mine, until she’s shrieking with climactic ecstasy even as her impossible pace crests in an incredibly sustained peak. It must be ten minutes at least that she screams like a banshee and hammers down into me; showering me with the sweat of her exertion and driving me clear out of my mind with willingly victimized excitement. But at last she’s sated, if only temporarily. Finally victorious Violet falls completely forward atop me, crushing me into the mattress with her cock still buried balls-deep inside my terribly battered-in bottom and her soft cheek pressed tightly against mine. Her explosively panting breath ruffles my mussed hair and quickly heats up my neck and ear.

“Oh my little fuck-toy that was so incredible!” Violet finally gasps. “I think I’ve found my calling in life, as well as the best kind of sex imaginable. But we’re not done fucking until you come too, at least this once. I don’t want you ever again to have any excuse for touching yourself. We need to change positions now.” She climbs off and pulls out of me, dragging the pillow from under my head as she does so. She places it lengthwise next to my waist.

“Roll over onto this,” Violet orders me, and I eagerly obey. I will never find it imaginable to even disagree with her again. Once I’m face-down on the bed, with my hotly pulsing hard-on mashed into the firm feather pillow and my greedy ass elevated above the rest of my body, she swings back atop me, now straddling my pressed-together thighs. She grips my left wrist and bends my arm behind my back and up between my shoulder blades in a classic wrestling hold, quite unnecessarily incapacitating me. Still this cruelty only excites me further, deliciously feeding my finally fully freed submission compulsion. Briefly I fantasize about her viciously thrashing me with a hairbrush, a paddle, a supple leather belt or even a riding crop, angrily haranguing me for my innate weakness and despicable perversity as she pitilessly disciplines me.

Surely Violet will consent to take this inevitably necessary next step (and many others more) soon, if she doesn’t indeed conceive of them for herself. But then all coherent thought is driven effortlessly from my mind, as her gloriously divine erection suddenly once again spears all the way up into my achingly hungry hole and recommences fucking me into permanent and incredibly comprehensive subjugation.

Every pounding penetration is devastatingly accentuated by the rhythmic, wrenching pain in my shoulder as her violent movements are transmitted up my twisted-back arm. Crying out in limitlessly welcome agony as I’m brutally used, feeling my raging hard-on slipping against and pressing deeply into the pillow under me in exact syncopation with the relentless stabbing of Violet’s rampaging erection, I’m more madly aroused and perversely excited by the second. And

once again my incomparable wife maximizes this by goading me on as she fucks me, her every snarling demand and cruelly accurate accusation driving me ever more insane with that deliciously deep debasement.

“Take it bitch! Take it cunt! Take it, you disgustingly greedy slut! Take my brutally fucking penis, you shamelessly dick-loving piece of trash! You live for this now! You belong body and soul to my big male member! You love being ass-fucked and you know it you vile little strumpet! So take it! Take it! Take it! Take it! Take it deep and hard, dick-slave!”

With that Violet’s scathing exhortations at last lapse once again into drilling orgasmic shrieks. And this time it all proves way too intense for me. Her pile-driving pounding, her punishing physicality, her pitiless dominance and wildly contagious climax all combine with the relentless friction on my tightly squashed tumescence to trigger my own overwhelming apotheosis. Shuddering all over I ecstatically surrender to the neuromuscular convulsion ripping through me and spurt, spurt, spurt my organic eruption all over the pillow underneath me even as I mindlessly writhe and cry out the most incredibly draining and fulfilling climax of my entire existence. Then I can only go helplessly limp and whimper weakly in appalled aftermath, as glorious Violet takes her own sweet time in hammering out the extensive throes of her extravagant ejaculation.

Finally my insanely arousing, life-changing violation and defloration are finished. My now undeniably omnipotent spouse releases my wrenched-back arm, pulls out of my suddenly aching empty cavity and climbs off of me. She stands tall on the huge bed next to me and uses a contemptuous foot to roll me rudely over onto my back.

Dazedly I gaze up at her towering above me and glowering threateningly down, her big black prick jutting imperiously out from her impossibly potent crotch. Lying utterly vanquished at her feet I regard her with tremulous awe as some kind of goddess-colossus, set henceforth to rule over me unquestioningly for all of eternity as she sternly addresses me.

“Well, Richard, I think it’s safe to say we’ve just discovered and established the new, perfectly defining relationship for us.

“I have just made you into my eternally subservient and desperately submissive dick-slave. From now on you will eagerly service my genitals and submit to being butt-fucked for as long as I want whenever I want it – which will surely be several times a day at least. I’m going to absolutely love it having you at home all the time now. Rather than an annoying presence pestering me for sex, you will instead be on call around the clock to submit to me. And now that you’ve gotten to ejaculate at last you will never do so again.

“I don’t ever want you touching your disgusting little penis, not even to pee. From now on you will urinate squatting or sitting down like a girl. Nor will you ever dare to argue with me again, or even dream of disobeying my most insignificant whim in the least. I will now make all the decisions for us, financial and otherwise, while you do all of the housekeeping. I intend to dismiss the domestic staff, and end your writing career. With what you’ve already earned for us, we can live just fine on our investments. I will even determine when, where and how you get to eat, sleep, and use the bathroom. Every last facet of your existence will henceforth be totally under my control.”

Violet swells with vindictive satisfaction at this prospect. Then she continues.

“In addition you will always address me lovingly and respectfully as ‘Beautiful Violet’. ‘Yes Beautiful Violet’, you will say. ‘No Beautiful Violet’, ‘Right away Beautiful Violet’, and most of all, ‘I absolutely adore you Beautiful Violet!’ Meanwhile you yourself will answer exclusively to the demeaning new name of ‘Dick-slave’. You will submit without the slightest

complaint to whatever sanctions, deprivations, or corporal punishments I might deem either appropriate or just plain fun for me, no matter how harsh or humiliating you might find them. You will even learn to crave being constantly placed into the tightest, strictest, most confining forms of bondage, from handcuffs and leg-irons to hogtying and straitjackets to cock-gagging, butt-plugging, and being imprisoned and displayed in a tiny hanging birdcage. I intend to install one in here, where you can watch me cuckold you, as well as in the main living room, where everyone who comes in the door can see you.

“Of course I never really had a problem with vaginal penetration. That was all just a convenient fiction. I’ve just never considered your pathetic little thing worthy of me, or frankly of any use whatsoever. Therefore you will also spend the rest of your life locked into a state-of-the-art titanium chastity device. I will be your eternal key-holder. Any penile pleasures will be forever at my discretion and an exquisitely extreme rarity for you. Perhaps you’ll be allowed to have an unfettered, untouched erection for a few minutes a few times a decade (if that). But that will be entirely dependent upon your exemplary obedience to me and otherwise slavishly submissive behavior. Is all of that clear, Dick-slave?”

“Yes Beautiful Violet!”

Despite the unthinkable enormity of all this I remain hopelessly in thrall to the experience just past. Quavering gushingly up at her as she looms above me seemingly to the celestial ceiling I expound upon my affirmation as elaborately as my extensive vocabulary will allow.

“I absolutely adore you Beautiful Violet! I treasure you, cherish you, value, honor, esteem, revere, venerate and devotedly dote upon and unceasingly worship you forever Beautiful Violet! I truly love you desperately, unstintingly and wholeheartedly, my sublimely lovely and divinely omnipotent Beautiful Violet! I want only to belong to you utterly, and to serve you and service you to the best of my abilities forever and ever amen! You are my gloriously gorgeous and most exceedingly gracious goddess, Beautiful Violet!”

“Good girl!” my new supreme deity smirks superiorly down at me. Her huge dark eyes gleam with limitlessly sadistic triumph. “Let’s go back in the bathroom then. You can worship my sacred flesh by once again bathing my entire heavenly body, this time with your humbly loving tongue. That will be your most blessed holy sacrament and very occasional reward. Then, after rinsing me off and drying me, you will shave off every last scrap of your body hair. And after that you will clean this entire mansion from top to bottom, attic to basement, dressed just as you are now, in sexy stiletto heels and that slippery silk negligee.

“Get used to this quickly Dick-slave. Because I’ll not only be keeping you shaved but also cross-dressed like this for the rest of your life. From now on you’ll be wearing extremely high heels and stockings around the clock, as well as panties and g-strings and thongs, garters and belts and girdles and corsets, halters and bras and bustiers; fetching little nighties, teddies, rompers, baby-dolls, merry-widows, and sheer filmy peignoirs; see-through chemises and camisoles, slips and petticoats, frocks and miniskirts and scandalously skimpy dresses; veils and bonnets and circlets and tiaras. You’ll wear lacy lingerie with flowers and frills and pleats and ribs, straps and buckles and ribbons and ruffles and all manner of exceedingly feminine excesses not only on your undergarments, but also on any outer clothing I choose to dress you up in.

“You’ll sport elaborate wigs and hairstyles, extremely heavy facial make-up, sinfully seductive perfume, tons of cheap costume jewelry, hot pink finger and toenail polish; nail extensions and falsies, tattoos and body-piercings and the whole decorative works. From now on you are always going to look and act exactly like the shamelessly penis-craving hussy-slut that you’ve just proven yourself incontrovertibly to be. Maybe I’ll even get you a cute little French

maid's uniform complete with cap and apron and locking ballet boots to show you off in whenever we entertain our friends and families. Whenever you're not hanging gagged and plugged and shackled up in your public cage that is...

"In any case, if you've finished cleaning the house by dawn – and you damn well better be, and I don't want to find the tiniest speck of dust anywhere or even a single fingerprint on the smallest piece of silver or glassware – you can retire to your now permanent bed on the floor of the downstairs maid's closet. I've had enough of you for tonight. But I'll be summoning you by cell phone to fuck you into submissive oblivion again first thing tomorrow morning, before you even serve me my breakfast in bed – as you will unfailingly do from now on. Got all that? Good! Now take this, Dick-slave!"

Beautiful Violet un-straps the monstrous cock that has just so completely changed and enslaved me, and drops it onto my sweaty, silk-clad belly.

"Make especially sure that you clean my penis properly. Tomorrow you will be learning to fellate it, after which you can give me humbly kneeling, shamelessly enthusiastic, first class deep-throated blow-jobs whenever I particularly want to humiliate you. Oh god, I can't wait to royally fuck your face, maybe even in front of everyone! You are going to make just the sleaziest little cocktail waitress, floor show, and public penis-sucker ever, Dick-slave. I'm going to have to have a giant party soon to celebrate and show off the new you. Perhaps I'll even advertise it around the local fetish scene, and every gay bar in a fifty-mile radius. Then I can repay all your celibacy by tying you up and letting every man and woman in attendance brutally fuck your ass and face. Just think how much hot stinky sperm you'll get to swallow, or have pumped out all over your ugly slutty she-male face and up your incredibly greedy sissy-pussy. Won't that more than make up for never getting to ejaculate again, you lucky little Dick-slave? And just think: if you're especially lucky, I might make these parties a weekly thing. You'll end up getting more hot sex than Hugh fucking Hefner!"

With a final giggle of delighted relish then Beautiful Violet leaps lightly to the floor. She leans over, takes me by the hand and smugly pulls me tottering up onto my woefully pinched-in toes. Then she victoriously leads me staggering away from the bed of my defilement and into my limitlessly exciting and shockingly perverse new future.

Chapter Eighteen

A Rousing Reunion

“Darling! Welcome to my apartment! I’ve missed you so much!”

“I’ve missed you terribly too, Mistress,” I reply. We kiss, and she backs up to let me in.

“I’ve been doing some shopping, my cute little Slut-boy. You’re going to have an unforgettable weekend before I send you back to your own school!”

Puerto Rican Gina and I have been lovers since we were juniors in high school. Yet beginning in the summer after graduation, our relationship has been gradually transforming into something new. Almost by accident we’ve discovered and cultivated an increasingly kinky streak in each other. Our little nicknames of ‘Mistress’ and ‘Slut-boy’ have taken almost completely over from our given names, and our bondage games, our dominant and submissive roles, have spilled over from just enlivening our sex lives to practically defining our relationship.

Unfortunately, we’ve just started college, and at schools that are over a hundred miles apart. Still, we’re determined to maintain our very intense relationship. Where could either of us find such a well-suited partner? We’ve only been apart for three weeks since school started, yet it seemed an eternity to me. When Mistress Gina called and instructed me to come visit her for the weekend, I jumped at the chance. Now at last it’s Friday afternoon. I’ve arrived at her new apartment, and my insane submission fix is finally about to be fulfilled. Already I’m straining to grow erect inside my tight jeans, as Mistress leads me into her bedroom.

As usual, Mistress’ minimalist idea of a bed is two mattresses piled into a corner. When expecting me, she drags the top one off and places them side by side. This is the familiar arrangement that greets me. Also familiar is the large trunk standing next to the bed, its lid thrown back to reveal Mistress’ extensive collection of ropes, restraints, weapons and toys. Not so familiar, however, is the video camera set up and trained on the bed, or the monitor for it, carefully positioned so as to be visible from said bed.

“Yes,” Mistress says, anticipating me. “This is a big weekend for us. I’ve decided that today is the day where you at last go from being my boyfriend to my formal slave. And I want a record of everything we do this weekend. So get your fucking clothes off, Slut-boy. I’m going to tie you up. Then I’m going to whip the shit out of you and fuck your brains out – and that’s just for starters. And I’m going to tape every second of it!”

My voice quavers with both excitement and uneasiness as I reply. “Yes Mistress. I love you more than life itself, Mistress.”

“I know you do,” she smugly responds. “Now get your fucking clothes off and kneel in the center of that bed!”

Swiftly I do as my Mistress instructs. Freed at last, my eager erection quickly swells so alarmingly large that it hurts a bit more with each throbbing bob. Oh, how I long to jerk it, or better yet of course, sink it deep into Mistress’ tight vagina, or even between her beautifully full, firm, delectable breasts! Naturally I’ve been granted permission for none of this, so all I can do is feel it pulse with need as I humbly kneel on the bed.

“Open your mouth!” Mistress orders from behind me, and I obediently comply.

Some of Mistress’ tools and toys are store-bought and specifically designed. Some of them are ordinary items that her inventiveness has put to more esoteric use. This first is one of the latter: a whiffle ball with a rope threaded through it. Mistress pushes the ball into my mouth, filling it admirably, and knots the rope at my nape. This gags me quite effectively while still

allowing me to pant, breathe heavily, and garble out barely articulate responses to her imperious demands.

Next she produces a similarly makeshift spreader bar: a five-foot broom handle with improvised shackles at either end. She spreads my legs wide and locks up each ankle. After that nothing I can possibly do will close my legs. By this time I know what's coming next, and I need no instructions. Bending at the waist, I fall forward on my face, leaving my ass thrust way up high as I push my arms down under me and between my legs. Mistress grips my wrists, and produces the first of her recently purchased items: a professional pair of blued-steel handcuffs. She cuffs one wrist, passes the other cuff around the broomstick and then cuffs the other: effectively locking me in that ass-up, facedown kowtow that she so loves to see me in. Then she takes a thin cotton cord from her trunk and goes to work on my swollen cock and bloated balls.

First she ties off both testicles, and then winds the rope about the base of my scrotum. Then she ties a loop pitilessly tight about the root of my erection, ensuring that I will be utterly unable to ejaculate. After that she winds the rope about the shaft until she reaches the top. Another pitilessly tight loop and knot noose my throbbing head-bulb, and at last she's left with only a few feet of rope. This she uses to draw my urgent erection painfully backward until she can knot the rope to the center of the spreader bar. With this last diabolical touch, I'm at last bound to her immediate satisfaction. Mistress slaps my ass, and then stands up.

"Good enough, Slut-boy. I'm going into the closet to slip into my new dominatrix outfit. I just know you're going to love it. So sit tight! I'll be back in a few minutes to literally rock your world!"

And with that she leaves me there: tied up kowtowed, mouthing that big gag-ball, and watching myself squirm on the video monitor. My back-bent cock hurts like hell, I'm starting to drool around the big mouth-filling ball, I can barely dare contemplate what awaits – and yet I wouldn't trade my current straits for anything in the world. But then...

Holy shit! When Gina – excuse me, *Mistress* – returns a few minutes later, my eyes bug out and my jaw would surely drop open, if it wasn't already filled to capacity.

Mistress has done some shopping indeed! From the shining black sable of her bra-length, loosely-ringleted hair to the stiletto-heeled boots on her dainty feet, she suddenly seems a supremely different and far more imposing woman than the one I've already hopelessly succumbed to.

Her boots are thigh-high of course, of the softest black leather and the highest of five-inch heels. On her head she wears a regal-looking tiara, and a silver spiked collar encircles her neck. But of course it's what lies between these two extremes that really takes my breath away. My nearly naked Mistress now sports a spiked and studded black body harness that seems to consist of nothing but straps, rings, and buckles, leaving her beautifully dusky skin – and achingly immense, perfectly shaped breasts – boldly on display. Yet as wonderful as all this is, the real wonder (and horror) consists of the only exception – that which sprouts up rigidly from her crotch.

This isn't the first time I've seen my Mistress wearing a dildo, of course. But apparently our tame experimentation is at an end. Unlike the modest little five by one inch cock she's been using on me for months, this erect penis is twice that size! Great Goddess, ten inches long, two inches thick! What have I gotten myself into? Likewise, she is now carrying a very real whip – a thin, tough, limber switch about four feet long. I guess there will be no more improvisation with hairbrushes, ping-pong paddles, or supple leather belts. From now on the whipping and fucking will be deadly serious indeed!

“Are you ready for this Slut-boy?” she breathes at me. “Are you ready to stop being a boyfriend and become a full-time slave?”

“Whatever you desire and require of me, Mistress,” I try to reply. “I want nothing but to make you happy.” Of course, all that comes out is a garbled mess. Yet somehow Mistress gets the gist of this.

“Good. That makes me very happy indeed. Get ready then, Slut-boy. The most momentous weekend of your life is about to commence!”

Mistress pauses just a moment to start the camera recording. Then she steps up next to my up-thrust ass. “Here we go my new forever slave. Get ready to suffer like you’ve never suffered yet!”

Right away that switch slashes down, ripping a line of fire across my ass.

My bound body spasms, my scream of agony shrieks through the ball gag, and my shocked mind tries to come to grips with the exponential increase in excruciation I’m suddenly experiencing. Nothing in my life has ever hurt worse.

Mistress giggles with glee at my reaction, and then she whips me again, even harder if possible. And after that she doesn’t bother to pause, even to monitor my responses. She just keeps on whipping me: painting livid purple welts all over my ass, the backs of my thighs, even the bare soles of my feet. In no time at all I’m crying like a baby and begging her unintelligibly to stop. Still she continues to viciously whip, whip, whip me, until she finally tires out, fifty strokes or more from when she started. Then at last Mistress drops the switch next to me.

“Oh man, was that fun!” She picks up a towel and blots away the sweat of her exertion.

“Whipping your lily-little white-boy ass turns me on so much! I’m never going back to the hairbrush again. So quit your blubbering and get used to it, Slut-boy! Whipping you is now my second most favorite thing to do in the entire world.

“Of course, you know what I love to do the most, don’t you? The only thing more enjoyable than beating the outside of your ass is bludgeoning away at the inside. And now my big hard cock is twice the size it used to be! So get ready, you depraved little slut. I’m about to give you the butt fucking of all butt fuckings!”

Mistress moves familiarly in behind me. Just as familiar is the feeling of my cheeks being spread apart and my fearfully puckering asshole probed. What is not familiar at all is blunt width of the cock about to take me.

I’ve learned to accept and even treasure the slightly bigger than finger-size intrusion of Mistress’ usual cock. The initial pain of this invasion is always quick to transmogrify itself into the most shameful of forbidden pleasures. But the scale of the violation about to occur to me is daunting to say the least, and absolutely terrifying to tell the truth. But what can I do except accept it? I am bound to my beloved mistress by far more than merely manacles and ropes.

Love, lust, and a physical and emotional dependency impossible to escape hold me forever in her thrall. No matter what she does to me, no matter how deeply she debases me, I can’t help but find out that I still need her even more. Thus my toes curl up, my belly churns, my tingling balls clench and my inverted face flushes as Mistress grips me by the hips, thrusts forcefully forward, and pushes her pitiless way into me.

Ahhh! Goddamn it that hurts! Oh, she’s so fucking huge! Still Mistress shoves it into me, further and deeper than I’d ever dreamed possible.

So this is what a Chihuahua feels like when being taken by a giant Great Dane, or a Shetland pony being mounted by a monstrous Clydesdale. My innards are being stretched to the point of tearing, so utterly stuffed full of cock that my hopeless groans become the keening bleats of a

skewered sheep. Hearing these, Mistress snickers with a fiendish delight at my oh-so-obvious distress.

“How do you like it, Slut-boy? Look at you sweating and shaking! Well, you’d better accommodate yourself to this, and damn quick! This is what I’ll be using on you from now on – at least until you’re stretched out enough to take something bigger, like my pitilessly punching fist. Because I’ve come to believe that buggering is no fun at all unless the subject is REALLY suffering.

“You used to just love taking my formerly shrimpy little cock up your butt – you moaned and sighed and lifted your ass high, even bumped back against my every thrust like you couldn’t get enough! Well, now you’re going to get more than enough; way more hard cock than you ever dreamed you could handle. I’m going to butt fuck you ‘til you cry, every last day until you die!”

And so begins my nightmare new life. Mistress pulls back and then pounds herself forward, ramming that monstrosity of a cock brutally up into me.

The pain is unimaginable, and yet is instantly superseded by every successive thrust. Deeper, harder, faster, she hammers her huge cock up my ass. Indeed I’m squealing and sobbing within minutes, and yet despite her earlier threat Mistress Gina shows no sign of letting up. She just keeps fucking away, panting with exertion, moaning with joy, and mocking me derisively as she pounds my poor little ass into utter oblivion. This goes on until I’m insane with pain, driven nuts from the butt. Then at last she eventually pulls completely out, and yet this blessed relief is only temporary.

Right away she rolls me over onto my back, grabs the broomstick binding my hands, feet, and penis for leverage, re-inserts herself and once again starts hammering away.

Now she’s getting even more power behind every stroke, and for an eternity of agony I endure the most intimate pain possible, as the most private part of my body is most viciously violated. My sobbing and squealing is nonstop, just as is Mistress’ brutal bludgeoning. For yet another hour or more she makes good on her promise to deliver the absolutely most brutal butt fucking in all the history of butt fuckings. And yet when she finally pulls her penis all the way out of me, I’m quickly dismayed to learn that the weekend’s various torments have barely begun.

Mistress moves around above me, where she can lean over and dangle her beautiful breasts just above my face. She sways them back and forth, the nipples just brushing my nose. She knows how this drives me wild of course, and once again she giggles at my helpless moan. “Was that a good fucking, Slut-boy? Did you enjoy it?”

Not daring to demur, I nod. “Good,” she giggles. “Because now it’s my turn. I need a fucking that will make all the skies fall down and the oceans rise up!”

My own blood rises at this, and I moan again in desperate anticipation at the thought of finally fucking my beloved. I wait in bound suspense then as she rises and strides to the nearby closet. Yet when she emerges, she’s wheeling out a four foot cubic wire mesh pet cage, which she positions right next to the bed, squarely in the video camera frame. “Let’s just get you locked up then,” she says, and swings the cage door open. Ignoring my bewildered consternation, Mistress releases all of my bonds except for the ball-gag and the long cord tied so tightly about my genitals. Then she cuffs my hands behind my back and orders me into the cage.

More unsettled than ever, I manage to back into the cage until I’m seated facing the bed, with my knees drawn uncomfortably up. Mistress then takes the cord tied to my cock and pulls it up through the roof of the cage until my genitals are stretched so far out that I must lift my ass up a little – not easily done at all in my position, much less for long – to provide some fleeting relief. She then ties the rope off. Next she attaches tight clover clamps dangling heavy weights to

each nipple, dragging my tits as painfully far down as my cock and balls are pulled upwards. Then at last she swings the cage door shut, and snaps on a big Yale padlock.

“Now then, Slut-boy,” she begins, as I squirm uncomfortably, whimpering into my ball-gag. “This is where you’ll be spending the night, and every night you’re with me – when I’m not using you at least. You will no longer be sharing my bed, or enjoying my body at all. As I’ve said, I am no longer your girlfriend, or lover. I have just become your Mistress, your Goddess; the total and eternal owner of your mind, body, heart and soul. And we all know that it is highly inappropriate for a slave to penetrate the body of his owner. Thus I must now get my fucking elsewhere. So from now on, I reserve the right to fuck any guy I want to, at anytime – preferably right in front of you, so you can see how it’s done, understand your own ridiculous inadequacy, and appreciate the justice in your newly decreed lifelong celibacy.

“Now don’t consider me needlessly cruel! If you behave yourself, and extravagantly please me for this entire weekend, I may allow you to ejaculate once before you leave. If you don’t, however, if you give me the slightest bit of trouble, I may never let you come again. Worse, I may reduce you to servicing all of my new lovers – sucking their cocks, licking their balls, et cetera. So behave yourself! And speaking of my new lovers...”

Mistress pulls out her cell phone and presses a single button. It must have been answered on the first ring, for she starts speaking almost immediately.

“Hiya handsome! Yes, I’m ready for you now. Yes, come right over, please!”

She hangs up, and without another word or glance at me, she returns to the closet.

I can’t believe it. Stunned, horrified, and exquisitely uncomfortable I wait in my cage. My nipples sing a never-ending paean of pain, and every few seconds I exchange the agony of hanging by my cock for the excruciation in my back, calves and thighs that comes with barely lifting up my butt. This so consumes me that I’m somehow able to avoid thinking about the inevitable horror upcoming. But then a knock comes at the door, and Mistress emerges to answer it. Immediately all my myriad physical torments are wiped from my awareness.

Gone is the dreaded dominatrix outfit, boots, whip, giant cock and all. Instead she wears incredibly sexy pale yellow lingerie: something wonderfully soft and seductive that accentuates her hot body, luscious hair and dusky brown skin perfectly. She looks so enormously erotically appealing like this that my heart just breaks at the sight.

In all of our three wonderfully fulfilling (at least for me) years as lovers, Mistress has never dressed anything like this. She’s so gorgeous and alluring that she literally takes my breath away. And yet the knowledge that she’s finally dressed this way for someone else penetrates and violates me worse than even her ten inch-long, two inch-wide dick. And then of course the torment truly begins...

She opens the door, and standing there is a tall, powerfully muscled black man, obviously a BMOC: a wildly popular football player or such. Mistress greets him with a squeal of glee, and flings herself up into his Herculean arms. He catches her effortlessly and lifts her up, wrapping her in a strong loving hug and immediately locking lips with her in a deep, devouring soul-kiss. This lip-lock lasts an eternity for us all, before he at last sets her down, steps inside, and sweeps the door shut, locking us all in.

He turns then, and notices me suffering my cage. A huge guffaw escapes him.

“Is that it? Is that your stupid little white-boy slut?”

“It sure is,” Mistress gloats.

“Imagine: here in the heart of America, a brown-skinned girl like me has her very own hopelessly helpless captive white-boy slave! And I can do anything at all I want to him! I just

whipped his lily-white ass raw, and then I fucked the ever-loving shit out of it! Now I'm going to make him watch you fuck the ever-loving shit out of me – an incomparably sublime pleasure he'll never, ever, ever, EVER get to experience again!"

"Well, let's not make him wait for it then," rumbles the big black stud. He sweeps my gorgeous mistress up in his arms (eliciting another squeal of glee) and carries her effortlessly to the bed. There, barely a meter in front of me, they collapse giggling together. Right away Mistress begins divesting him of all his clothes.

Slowly she strips them off, mocking me all the while. "Look at this chest, Slut-boy! And these shoulders, these arms. Isn't he delicious! Too bad you aren't so hot, or you wouldn't be stuck in that cage. And look at this cock!" she exclaims, as she draws down his drawers and lets it pop free.

Of course, I'm humbled and humiliated and aghast. The member that springs so rigidly up is as big, if not more, than the rubber monster Mistress Gina just used to defile me. Reverentially Mistress runs a hand up and down its underside, making it bob and swell even more. Then she grips it at last, falls to her knees and looks beseechingly up at this paragon of masculinity.

"May I suck on you Eric? May I pleasure this unbelievable organ, please?"

"Please do!" he grins back. And right away my mistress takes him in. Slowly, deliberately, betraying a skill I've never been a beneficiary of, she tongues and sucks and at last engulfs him, even submitting uncomplainingly when he grips her head and starts fucking her face. She chokes, and gags as he plumbs her throat, but rather than protesting she quickly skills herself. Soon she's adapted enough to enjoy it, and her moans and slurps and quickening bobbing instruct me unquestioningly about how I must react in my all too quickly approaching future. But before Mistress can bring him off, or my own terrible jealousy take me too low, Eric pushes her off his dick and says, "Get down!"

"Oh, God yes!" Mistress cries.

She immediately drops back onto the bed, lifts her legs above her head, and spreads them out wide. Her wet pink center winks at me, reminding me of all the endless fun we used to enjoy. But then both view and memory are eclipsed, as well as all my useless dreams of the future, by that big black body lowering itself into my formerly exclusive place.

Eric slides it into her, and her cry of ecstasy is piercing. Soon he's hammering away, that enormous organ plunging into the girl of my dreams in manic fashion. Right in front of me they fuck in the most depraved manner imaginable.

I have no idea how this Eric can possibly hold off coming. Mistress is so unbelievably hot and sexy that I've never been able to endure fucking her for more than five minutes before blowing my load. Sometimes she can even make me come just by brushing my cock with her breasts a half a dozen times. But these two go at it for at least an hour and a half. After pile-driving her pitilessly, Eric finally lets her switch over and ride him. Then Mistress bounces up and down on that giant cock like it was a pogo stick, shrieking out orgasm after orgasm. Then she goes down on all fours right in front of my cage and takes it doggy-style, looking me straight in the eye all the while. She smirks at me as he pounds into her from behind, even laughing spitefully in my face when she sees the tears of misery running down my cheeks. She drops to her elbows then, lifting her perfect ass up even higher for one final flurry of incomprehensibly fast, stabbing thrusts that finally culminate in simultaneous screaming orgasms for both of them.

They collapse and recover, continuing to mock and deride me as they do so. Then, leaving me alone in my pain and humiliation, they go and shower together before sharing a late-evening pizza.

Of course, the deliveryman gawks at the sight of me naked and bound in my cage. Then once again the two insatiable lovers take to the bed right in front of me, tormenting me and pleasuring themselves in equal measure. This time they take even longer about it, with a lot of kissing, caressing, slow fondling, et cetera. Watching this total stranger hefting, cupping, kneading and suckling those gorgeous breasts that I thought were mine and mine alone hurts far more than hanging from my cock or the endless drag on my tits. And the maddening discomfort of my cramped posture is nothing next to the squirming I must endure as Mistress once again looks me straight in the eye as Eric performs expert cunnilingus on her. Then finally they're fucking for real once again, in every possible position, building up to a breath-taking crescendo and climax that puts my own most dedicated efforts at sex to pathetic shame. And then at last they're done again. Mistress cuddles up to that big strong body and prepares to go to sleep.

My whimpering and mewling while watching them fuck had clearly been an aphrodisiac to them before. But that was then, as they say, and this is now. "Shut up, Slut-boy!" Mistress orders. "I don't want to hear a peep out of you all night long. Or I'll have Eric here piss in your face, and make you drink it!"

And with that she turns off the lamp, beginning my most terrible torment yet.

Unable to sleep, the night that follows is a cramped, endless horror, with present agonies constantly competing with new and old memories. The need to suppress my sobs only adds to the torture, and morning comes as an inexpressible relief, even though the two of them once again fuck each other silly as soon as they awake. But after breakfast Eric finally leaves, and Mistress at last frees me from the cage, if not the handcuffs. I kneel at her feet then, and like a dog I clean up their leftovers from a plate on the floor.

Alas, after that my suffering begins anew. Saturday and Sunday see much more of the same as Friday: constant bondage; paddling, whipping and many other evilly inventive forms of discipline; plus endless brutal butt fucking and humiliating cuckolding with a different guy each night. Sunday evening I'm due to return to my own school, and it is with a desperate longing that I look forward to this. And yes, to something else as well: Mistress has promised me an orgasm if I behave, and I have obeyed and endured her to the best of my ability all weekend long. I dare not ask or remind her of this but...

Now at last it's midnight Sunday. Mistress has just ushered out her third guy in as many days. This was a wiry Brazilian on a student visa, and a major stud on the school soccer team. In a gesture that smacked more of practicality than compassion, Mistress had allowed me to spend the previous morning and early afternoon sleeping with her in her double-mattress bed.

Clearly she was exhausted too from her exertions, although surely nothing approaching my wrung-out state, after spending two nights cramped up in a cage and two days suffering the worst kind of physical and sexual abuse. Anyway, sharing her bed was naturally heaven for me, even though I was securely hogtied and unable to even come close to touching her. In any case, I obviously needed at least some sleep if I was going to eventually drive home. And since Mistress' third guy needed rest as well for a scheduled game on Monday, they merely fucked all evening from after dinner 'til just now. And now I'm still tightly bound to the straight-backed chair next to the bed, where I was forced to watch everything, from first kiss to last gasp, as usual. And now my mistress finally turns from the closed door and saunters sexily back over to me.

After her latest indulgence she is completely nude. This, and a disturbing but uncontrollable reaction to watching her being fucked, have combined to give me an enormous (for me at least) erection. Mistress crouches right in front of it. She leans in, purses her lips, and for an insane

instant I think she means to blow me. And then she does, but not in the way I thought. Instead of sucking me, she blows air against my pulsing head. Her warm breath tickles me, teases me, and drives me out of my mind. I squirm helplessly, but my bonds are implacable. For the thousandth time in three days, Mistress giggles at my distress.

“Look at you! So amazingly hard! Watching Roderigo fuck me really turned you on, didn’t it? Admit it, Slut-boy!”

Of course I’m ball-gagged as usual. But to disagree with Mistress about anything, especially with an obvious lie, is to forfeit my long-awaited, desperately desired orgasm. So I nod emphatically while casting my gaze down in shame.

“I knew you’d learn to love it,” Mistress avers, “You perverted little slut!” She slaps me across the face, hard. Yet then she finally finds it within herself to favor me.

“Well, I have to admit myself that you’ve behaved very well in your first weekend of slavery. You’ve been a perfectly obedient and submissive little Slut-boy. So I’m going to be true to my word. I will now allow you to masturbate.”

With that Mistress stands up, and moves to the TV. She inserts the first tape of the weekend, and fast forwards it to the point where she first approaches my tightly bound kowtow and upthrust ass with her enormous cock. She positions the screen right in front of me, where it’s practically all I can see. Then she releases my right hand and arm from where they’re bound to the chair.

“Now,” she breathes, “I want you to watch yourself being butt-fucked while you jerk off. And I want you to do it SLOWLY. I’m sick of you spewing within seconds. That’s why I’ve had to find other, better men for sex. So if I think you’re jerking it too fast, I’m going to make you stop touching yourself for two whole minutes. So...you may begin.”

Breathlessly I grip myself. Watching the humiliating images on the tape, I start stroking my rigid erection slowly up and down. Moving behind me, Mistress starts whispering in my ear – something else that she knows drives me absolutely wild.

“Look at your face, Slut-boy. Look at those expressions! Look at the tears rolling down your cheeks as I pick up the pace. And look – you just lifted up your ass! You just moved to meet my thrust even as you were sobbing from the pain of it. There’s proof right there that you love being my slave, my slut, my cuckolded little bugger-boy!” Then without warning her tone changes to one of harsh reproof. “Stop! You’re going too fast! Hands off that cock for two whole minutes!”

The next two minutes stretch like ten. The incomprehensibly arousing images of my own debasement play out before me, as Mistress strokes my neck, runs her fingers through my hair (again, things she knows titillate me tremendously), and watches the clock. My cock bobs up and down to the beat of my heart, pulsing painfully as the blood pounds within it. And then at last Mistress breathes in my ear, “You may resume.”

What follows is a torment worse than any before.

For over an hour I stroke myself, watching the video and enduring Mistress’ madly arousing commentary, caresses, and humiliating little jibes. Over and over again my excitement overcomes me, and Mistress makes me stop for an even more maddening two interminable minutes. Finally the tape reaches the point where Eric enters, and Mistress begs the big black buck to be allowed to suck him. This at last is more than I can bear, and two rapid, forbidden pumps bring my long-suppressed seed shooting out.

Of course Mistress immediately grabs my hand, twists it around behind my back and ties it up again, denying me the exquisite pleasure of pumping my way through the entire ejaculation, milking myself of every last drop. Nevertheless, my turgid prick keeps working, my seed

spouting forcefully out, and the unimaginable pleasure of release and relief after so very long practically makes me swoon. At last I collapse limply in my bonds, splattered from neck to knees with my scalding seed.

I await my upcoming punishment in resigned dread then. But Mistress isn't finished with surprises yet.

"I am going to forgive you for that," she declares magnanimously. "It just may offset, even a little bit, this final cruelty."

Mistress moves back around in front of me then, and in one hand is a tiny key, and in the other a small, shiny metal contraption.

"I'm sure you'll understand," she says with a greedy grin, "That I can't let you go back to your own school without keeping some kind of hold on you. After a week or two you might forget all the wonderful pleasure you had this weekend, and remember only the pain. So to keep you from even thinking about slipping the leash..."

Mistress leans down, and before I even realize her device is a cock-cage, she has it locked onto me. Now orgasms or even erections are impossible for me. Mistress makes this fact certain with her next words.

"This cage is made of titanium, Slut-boy. I doubt even a diamond saw could cut it off. And the lock is specifically designed to foil even a master locksmith. The only way it can possibly be removed is with this key, which I will now place in my safe. So you will remain in complete chastity and undying devotion to me no matter where you are in the entire world, always waiting desperately for me to finally recall you to me, where, if you can manage to behave as impeccably as you did this time, you will get another chance to prove that you can milk yourself of your filthy come SLOWLY."

Mistress moves to her safe then, where she locks the key away. Then at last she returns and unties me, removing the ball-gag at the very end. "Do I have your eternal obedience and devotion slave?" she asks.

I cast down my eyes, as much in deference as in reluctance to view her painfully beautiful naked, and now forbidden, body. "Yes, Mistress," I answer. "I will obey you to the grave and even beyond."

"Good, Slut-boy. Now get out of my home. But leave your clothes here. This bag contains the contents of your pockets – keys, wallet, et cetera. You will go from my apartment to your car to your college to your dorm room just as you are now: naked, cock-locked and come-covered. It's after two in the morning, so you might just be able to pull it off without getting arrested, or unduly humiliated at least. Now go!"

"Yes, Mistress," I cringe. "May I kiss your feet goodbye?"

"No!" she orders imperiously. "You will touch my heavenly body only when I deem it appropriate! Now get out of here, and without another fucking word!"

Chagrined, I humbly bow my head and back out the door, as if before royalty. Only when I am at last out of her sight do I turn, and scuttle off into the night.

Chapter Nineteen

Excellent Morning Exertions

I wake up knowing exactly what I have to do.

Jimmy overcooked the roast last night. I like it nice and rare and instead it was medium-rare. I'd been in an expansive mood at the time and chose to overlook this. But that's a terrible precedent to set. So it can't be the usual bare-handed butt-spanking and purely pleasure-pegging this morning. He needs a good extended belting and punishment-pegging instead. Careful not to wake him, I ease out of our bed and pad naked (we both sleep in the nude) into my walk-in closet. There I take down and strap on the big bad punishment penis.

I glance at my feeldoe on the shelf with real regret. I am going to have to forgo my habitual multiple orgasms this morning. But Jimmy really needs to learn this lesson. And for some reason the feeldoe manufacturers don't make cocks more than eight inches long even with the extension added on. By contrast the monstrous erection now sprouting out from my groin is a full foot in length, and almost as big around as my powerful forearm. Stroking it up and down I feel a familiar sadistic thrill run through me. Grimly I grin to myself – no orgasms, oh well, there are other compensations in store...

Next I take my specially modified belt from its hanger. I've removed the buckle from this and sewn a loop into one end that fits snugly about my fist. I've also drilled hundreds of holes into its three foot long by three inch wide supple leather stretch. After that I grab my biggest cock-gag, the chastity cage and its key, and I'm ready.

I slip silently back into the bedroom and around to Jimmy's side. Gently I pull the covers back. Then with the ease and swiftness of long practice I fit that chastity cage onto him. He wakes up feeling its familiar steely confinement pitilessly gripping his genitalia.

"Oh no, Tyra!" he moans, as I turn the little brass key in the lock and then hang its fine gold chain around my neck. Everyone we know is used to seeing me wearing this, and they all know it means that my beloved little hubby is back in the doghouse again.

"Oh yes Jimmy!" I emphatically declare. "And it'll be staying on for exactly one month this time. How many times have I warned you not to overcook the fucking roast? Rare means rare, damn it all! Now open up!" With a familiar whimper composed of equal parts dread and resignation Jimmy opens his mouth as far as he can for the four by two-inch black plastic penis. I push this all the way in, until the wide, black leather outside completely conceals the lower half of his comically sprung-open face.

"Roll over!" I command, and he promptly complies. I wrap the wide black straps about his head and quadruple-buckle that killer gag tightly in place. Then I grab my belt, stand up and slip my hand through its handy loop. Jimmy's shy brown eyes also go comically wide at seeing this, and then they fill up with terror when he spots the punishment penis pointing threateningly out at him. Again he whimpers piteously, but he doesn't hesitate to obey me when I snap "Assume the fucking position, miscreant!"

Right away he rises to his elbows and knees, presenting his guilty little ass for punishment and impalement. And of course I don't hesitate either. I draw back my strong right arm – extravagantly muscled after thirteen years of such grimly joyful daily labor – and swing it as hard as I can. Air practically shrieks through the speed-holes, and then that wide leather strap impacts against his ass with a resounding *smack!*

Of course Jimmy is forbidden to move during punishment, and the big hard cock stuffing up his mouth prevents much outcry. All he can do is fist his hands in his pillow, bite down hard on

that mouth-filling dildo, and give forth a muffled bleat. I take a moment to admire that first wide stripe of instant redness across his otherwise pale unblemished buttocks. Then I swing again, and again, and relentlessly again and again and again.

I never keep count of spansks or straps or crops or canes or whiplashes (these last two are reserved for particularly heinous offenses). I just whale away on him until I either tire out or feel that he's suffered enough agony to repay his particular transgression. This time I keep it up for a good fifteen minutes, by which time he's bawling shamelessly and releasing cock-strangled screams with each successive strike. Satisfied at last I drop my belt and grab a tube of silicon-based sex gel. I generously lube up the punishment prick (black like the rest of me), clean my hand on a towel, and climb onto the bed. I assume *my* position behind his submissively kneeling form and between his spread wide legs. Just to build a bit of delicious anticipation I pause for a moment to admire myself in the mirror just above the head of the bed: flawless chocolate skin, big heavy breasts still beautifully upswept and without the slightest sign of sag even at the age of thirty-five; powerfully-built arms and shoulders; long, corn-rowed and beaded hair surrounding that lovely, supremely confident face...is it any wonder little Jimmy can't help but love me despite his severely circumscribed life? I give my grinning reflection a delighted wink. Then with an eager growl I at last seize my honky miscreant by his skinny little hips.

As always my heart beats harder, my respiration quickens and my vagina begins immediately to slicken. The incredible thrill of dominance I get from doing this to my poor little white boy husband-slave far surpasses any other source of excitement in my life – so much so that it's the only kind of sex Jimmy and I have ever had. Oh what a memorable wedding night that was, both for me and for my appalled little eternally virginal husband! Oh, the look on his face when he first saw me sporting my feeldoe! What a night indeed... And as far as I'm concerned, the honeymoon has never ended. Anyway, luckily for Jimmy he's finally learned to climax from being pegged as well – when he's not cock-locked and/or enduring punishment pegging that is. Because I don't allow my little guy to engage in any filthy disgusting masturbation either. No sir, when it comes to sex this is all he ever gets! So with a helpless gasp of rapturous delight I finally pull back hard with my muscular arms even as I thrust powerfully forward with my bulbous ass, forcing that enormous penis deep inside Jimmy's stiffly resistant rectum.

Again he gives a strangled squeal of agony. Where the feeldoe now provides Jimmy with a shameful, reluctant, desperately perverted pleasure as well as pain, this giant punishment prick still delivers nothing but just that: punishment. The excruciation on the inside of Jimmy's ass will quickly surpass that which I've just inflicted on the outside, particularly since it's of such an exceedingly intimate sort. Sadistically excited almost beyond bearing, I pull back and then lunge forward again, plunging even deeper up into his exquisite tightness. Marveling at the sight of that gigantic organ somehow disappearing into such a tiny orifice in such a slender little body I pull back, thrust hard, pull back and thrust harder, again and again and again *ad infinitum*. Within a half-dozen strokes I'm getting my big prick all the way up into him; within a dozen my leather-clad crotch is briskly slapping against his buttocks. Within two dozen strokes I actually have him loosened up enough to take my usual frantic, manic, powerfully impaling and brutally butt-smacking rhythm.

Somebody's going to be eating standing up and sleeping on his side for the rest of this week! Exalted by this thought, and by the miserable squealing and weeping of my guilty, dildo-gagged and cock-locked husband, I fuck his tight little asshole ever more rapidly and brutally, until at last the exquisite rarity occurs.

Even without the feeldoe's wonderful corrugated saddle and bulbous inner probe, I suddenly feel an orgasm approaching. Motivated even more by this I somehow manage to increase my pace even further, butt-fucking that guilty little husband-slut of mine until we're *both* screaming, me with escalating ecstasy and he with unbridled agony. Finally my wonderfully mind-blowing climax blossoms, grows, and explodes within me. Then, after I wildly pound it out and up into his exquisitely suffering hole, I suddenly realize that I've been punishment-pegging poor bawling Jimmy for nearly an hour and a half.

Good enough, I grimly decide.

After this morning, and the upcoming month without coming, I doubt my timid little house-husband will ever dare to overcook dinner again. With a sigh of supreme satisfaction I pull my monstrous cock from Jimmy's now gaping and woefully battered-in butt. Letting him collapse to the bed at last I leave him cock-gagged, penis-caged and miserably weeping, cupping and pressing together his deeply bruised buttocks with both hands. Grinning triumphantly at this delightful sight, I head on into the bathroom. I need to shower away the righteous sweat of my excellent morning exertions!

Chapter Twenty

Apocalypse

Excerpt from the novel Meltdown ©1998

‘Sweet’ Melyssa was highly pissed off. Angered in the extreme. That was the only reason she needed, at first. The bizarre scene that followed, full of strange intimations and future connotations, would be better understood later. But for the time being she was just overwhelmed with anger. Pure, unadulterated anger.

Of course, there was a volatile stew of other emotions also churning inside her: a veritable witch’s brew of dark, primitive impulses surging forth from her ancient reptile brain. These were scary, exciting, and enraging all by turns, and she couldn’t have sorted them out right now, separated them one from another if she’d wanted to. And she definitely didn’t want to. None of them really mattered except the anger. Anger was her defense in this adversity, her protection and motivation all in one. It buried her despair, swamped her fear and anguish, masked her lesser-understood emotions and fuelled the desperation of her sudden violent struggles. Their nameless European captor had just left, taking their irreplaceable daughter with her, and now she and Kurt lay here alone, awaiting whatever summary cruelty their executioners had planned.

Melyssa had no doubt that death awaited them all, and her white-hot rage at Kurt for stupidly giving in and forcing their submission when they’d still had a fighting chance for life helped her now in this darkest hour. She had an almost pathological hatred of being bound – a residue of the horrible teen-age experience that had cost her her little sister. Now, empowered by more than just her anger at Kurt and that renewed if decades-old specter of torture and death, she began wrestling furiously with her bonds.

Unlike her husband, who’d apparently lost his ability to think, she’d cleverly crossed her wrists in an x, rather than placing her hands palm to palm. That stratagem had given her both a sloppier tape job and a precious extra inch with which to work. As soon as the door to the utility room swung shut, and the sound of the chair being wedged under it confirmed their utter captivity – and privacy – Melyssa began stretching and scrunching and struggling to bring her taped hands under her butt, over her legs and around to the front of her body.

Thanks to her lucky lack of underwear, step one didn’t take long at all. Her soft cotton, elastic waist-banded sweat-shorts aided the process considerably, reducing skin friction by catching on her bound wrists and then slipping easily down her naked hips as she wriggled her also luckily slender butt through. By the time she’d withdrawn her feet from the now empty, front-bound loop of her arms, the sweat-shorts had joined the tape wound around her ankles, leaving her bare-bottomed but considerably freer for the fact. Quickly Melyssa used her taped-up hands to rip away the gag, easing her ragged breathing. Then she immediately sat up and went to work on her legs.

The tape was wide and tough, wrapped redundantly and well, but intentionally or not Lady Kira had left an edge peeled up around the back. ‘Lyssa only needed a thumbnail to get it started, then she was ripping it free, loop after loop after loop. Finally her feet were loose, and in a final spasm of revulsion she kicked off the shorts restraining her ankles as well, flinging them across the room rather than pulling them back up. Now why the hell did she do that?

As if she didn’t know.

‘Lyssa went right back to work on her x-crossed hands, letting her gaze return to her currently deep-in-the-dog-house husband. Disgustingly, meekly submissive before, Kurt had taken her example and begun struggling with his bonds.

Despite the fact that they were both almost certain to die in here regardless of any frantic, last-ditch efforts to escape, he was finally attempting to free himself – still determined to do his part even though his weakness had already cost them everything. Unfortunately for him though, Melyssa had done an excellent job securing him, and all the twisting and writhing in the world wasn't loosening his bonds in the least.

'Lyssa felt an odd surge of pride at the sight, an absurd, vengeful satisfaction that was totally at odds with the practical needs of the situation.

That was strange. After all, didn't she *want* her husband to escape? Weren't they on the same side here? Nevertheless the clarity of this feeling was undeniable, combining with the lucidity of great danger to key at last an insight into those deeper needs and desires – and a devilishly dark intention – that she'd so far been shying away from.

She hadn't been able to accept it yet, but now, looking at her pathetically struggling husband, as bizarre and even unsettling as it was, Melyssa was finally forced admit the strange truth surging from her glands.

Anger, fear, and desperation weren't the only things driving her mad rush to escape.

Despite their dire straits, despite (or maybe because of?) their capture, bondage, and the cruel theft of their only offspring, something about the current situation was also making her incredibly, uncontrollably, *unbelievably* horny. Weird, inappropriate, even scary as it was, she was suddenly squirming with sexual arousal, and her forebrain was starting to recognize an outrageous idea that might have been lurking back in her primitive past from the very beginning.

An exciting, insane, and totally perverse idea. How could she even be considering such a thing? It was a total mystery. Yet even before, sweating and terrified, desperate under the murdering bitch's handgun, fearing for brave Lady Kira and indeed for all of their lives, the act of taping up and pushing over Kurt had given 'Sweet' Melyssa an electric inner twinge.

Perhaps connected to their risqué banter on the boat, their talk about the Queen's dungeons (and the surpassingly extreme pleasures of sadomasochistic sex therein), putting her erring husband in well-deserved bondage had sent a hot surge of aggressively dominant physical arousal racing through her. The most recent of many since this whole adventure had begun, this had been the most potent by far – at least until now.

As before, circumstances had forced Melyssa to smother this inappropriate (if strangely compelling) sexual urge, and concentrating on their jeopardy she'd completed Kurt's incapacitation in silent bitterness. But some fires doused only pretend to go out, smoldering in secret while they await the right moment to once again blaze forth. Now, liberated by anger and extremity and reliving that inner burning a billion-fold, Melyssa suddenly saw her previous discomfort with the admittedly savage urges recurring as puritan foolishness.

Really, how can any feeling be inappropriate, if the brain and body produce it? We feel what we feel – do we not? – for reasons we can't possibly alter or stem.

Nor should we even try. Sometimes the body does what it does for its own reasons, obeying commands encoded into every single cell. Understand it or not, the hormonal storm flooding through her was a thing of power, an ancient genetic force that if accepted and embraced could reward her immeasurably.

The cool air of the room and the coarse, gritty floor on her naked lower body, the adrenaline immediacy of a life-threatening moment...the wild, frenetic Latin music, muffled by the walls but still soaring and crashing throughout the house, intricate melodies so passionate and fluid, power building in crescendo after endlessly climbing crescendo... the almost tangible aftermath of battle, even the elusive privacy they'd sought so long in vain and now had thrust upon them, all

of these factors, combined with watching her foolish ‘King’ Kurtis struggle frantically, helplessly to escape the implacable bonds she’d placed upon him were now stoking Angry Queen Melyssa’s much-too-long-repressed, no-longer-forbidden inner fire to a level as unprecedented as it was unreasonable.

Yet who needed reason, when action was so successful?

Her blessed little Princess-Knight Kira either hadn’t been able to or hadn’t wanted to tape her wrists very tightly, and now Queen Melyssa was making fast progress with her hands. Twisting her x-crossed arms rapidly back and forth and back and forth, she began ripping savaging at the loosening tape with her teeth.

This frenzied, rewarding exertion imbued her with an overwhelming sense of power, a primal thrill of impending triumph, and at last she pulled and twisted and ripped and tore and wrenched the tattered tape away from her sticky wrists. Her sudden freedom was intoxicating, invigorating, and in exultation at her escape something self-affirming and almost predatory leaped up inside her. Overcome by all the powerful feelings she’d just embraced, captured now not by bonds but by the demanding momentum of her still inexplicable emotional and hormonal transport, she spat the tape righteously to the floor and turned upon her struggling husband.

He still wriggled weakly on, looking vulnerable, pathetic; guilty. She needed no more encouragement than that. Rather than releasing Kurt from the imprisoning tape, and joining in a systematic yet ultimately fruitless attempt to batter down the door or walls, she instead brazenly ignored his mutely begging eyes and muffled, pleading voice. Driven by an insane need she could barely comprehend, she instead dove across their small cell to take ruthless sexual advantage of his bondage.

All of the relentlessly building carnal tension of their trip (the remarks, the jokes, the growing need forever denied), the dire global jeopardy everyone else instinctively felt (the almost cellular imperative that said ‘mate before death, mate before death, mate before death’), maybe even something else she wasn’t quite willing to face yet, ‘Sweet’ Melyssa felt them all flooding her to the brim. An eager growl escaped her, and at last the seething cauldron of her emotions was overturned. And as in the containment, so in the release: her anger carrying the banner, perched on the crest of the wave within and leading the deluge that swept her from her senses.

Goddamn that stupid shithead Kurt, he deserved whatever he got for getting them into this predicament, fuck him anyway! Literally. Hopelessly locked in, with dead bodies outside the door and murderous enemies undoubtedly on the way, freed of the tape or not, they surely didn’t have long to live. She might as well make the most of the piddling remaining span of their marriage.

She pounced, landing astride Kurt’s bound legs, and without a word of explanation literally ripped his pants apart, sending the buttons flying and blessing his stylish lack of a zipper. Unmindful of this betrayal of adrenaline-aided strength, she plunged her hand through the fly of his boxers and yanked him already swelling out into the cool, dim air of the utility closet.

She caught his protesting, helplessly shaking head peripherally, and in response enclosed him tightly in her fist.

Having a hold of this piece of meat she’d long ago declared solely her own made Queen Melyssa instantly possessive, and she squeezed it brutally hard, tugging and pulling briskly as she did so. Kurt’s familiar healthy response belied his shaking head, and feeling him pulse and thicken and harden more rapidly than ever in her manipulating fist made the vengeful ruling monarch suddenly, uncontrollably savage. She began yanking on him viciously, as though trying

to use her hormonally accentuated strength to unman him at the root. In seconds, despite Kurt's rhythmic, bleating whines, she'd jerked him to the greatest state of tumescence she'd ever seen him achieve.

His head had stopped shaking by now, and 'Lyssa at last tore her gaze away from the one-eyed object of her hunger to gauge the rest her captive man's response. She smiled (a bit cruelly) at what she saw.

Kurt's bearded cheeks were blushed a bright red, and his shy brown eyes were so glazed over he didn't even seem to see her. Apparently, for all intents and purposes, he'd disappeared entirely down some deep inner abyss of helpless, compulsory arousal.

After all of her experience with developing school children, and several years of the most intimate marriage, 'Lyssa understood her husband intuitively. She couldn't actually get inside his head, of course, but in a time of heightened awareness like this she could perceive his inner state almost perfectly. This little retreat of his was a response to a confusion so fundamental that Kurtis couldn't deal with it. Her attack – and his sheer helplessness before it – targeted some of the most formative levels of the fragile boy-male psyche, both sexually exalting and deeply humiliating him simultaneously.

In short, his modern adult upper attic brain couldn't handle the raw force of the driving needs raging up out of its primitive, childhood cellar.

Typical conflicted American male. Well, Kurt's neurotic cortex could try to shirk awareness of those primal, emasculating lusts, but he had no control whatsoever over what his stubborn glands and gonads chose to do. His incredibly swollen size and angry red color belied his brain's foolish resistance, and at last Melyssa could await her fulfillment no longer. She dropped Kurt long enough to tear off the shirt she still wore (watching him throb and bob in eager yearning at his abandonment), then she scooped her way up his supine body until her hands found his shoulders and her sex had met its match. Ignoring her husband's still brain-vacated state, relishing the delicious combination of his red-hot hardness and utter bound humility, she immediately mounted him for what proved to be the quickest, roughest, most inconvenient but surpassingly transcendent sexual experience of her life.

At last she had a conduit for carrying away those negative emotions! Temporarily possessed by her raging libido, Melyssa Strauss quickly channeled all of her considerable inner darkness – her fear, tension, anger, frustration, and all of the desperate, she-bear outrage she felt at losing her cub – into a violent, almost vicious copulation. Looming over her bound husband in the close, dark, utility room, pinning him down on the corner pile of clothing, she proceeded to use her hapless man in thoughtless, brutal fashion. Digging her fingernails deep into his shoulders, bearing down with all her weight and force, she began maniacally riding his firmly restrained and supported body like it was her own personal fuck-object, a possibly animate but otherwise utterly inconsequential erotic exercise machine.

And holy shit, what a workout.

Not overly large, Melyssa's breasts were exceptionally pointy, with a curvy, side-slung and up-thrusting horny jut to them that Kurt (and she herself, it was true) always found exciting as hell to watch in action. Firm and yet springy, they were capped off by fat, angular red nipples almost arrogant in their huge, conical aureole and in the stiff, peggy length of their abruptly tapering tips. Now, bouncing and jouncing wildly about with every beat of Melyssa's accelerating rhythm, these erogenous monsters generated intense erotic energy.

Soon that unbearable electricity was concentrating in their tingling peaks, turning those always shapely points into hard, fleshy weapons that felt as sharp and deadly as arrowheads.

Seeking to expend some of that surplus force, 'Lyssa leaned forward and rubbed her burning tits in Kurt's face, the stiff epitome and surrounding firm resilience of her highly aroused flesh roughly grinding itself into his taped jaws, bearded cheeks, and flushed, stunned, uncomprehending features. Then, because her uncontrollable need told her to, she drew back suddenly and slapped his deserving face hard, again and again, stoking the fire of their runaway mutual passion.

Perverse or not, that strange arousal was unbelievable, climbing level by level, transforming them in ways they couldn't predict or control by its mere existence. Unfortunately (for some), once gripped by such transcendent passions it's impossible to ever forget them. Some individuals gladly squander the rest of their lives in vain, ever more arcane sexual pursuits, always seeking to recapture that once-in-a-lifetime brush with the sublime. And inevitably, always failing. Too much of any kind of ecstasy is undoubtedly dangerous to human beings.

Oh well. Neither Kurt nor Melyssa had particularly addictive personalities, and in any case it was too late now. The tits and slaps had brought Kurt's eyes back – shocked, overwhelmed, and utterly blown away, but finally accepting this outrageously intense instance of intercourse.

Gasping explosively through his nose, keening constantly into the tight tape gag, those quiet brown eyes now bulged with a mad mix of both fear and desire, and he'd finally stopped struggling with his bonds. Instead he now concentrated on arching his back, using his bound arms to lift the lowly pedestal of his hips up higher and higher, a throne for his exalted queen to deign to lower herself upon. And of course at the pinnacle of that pedestal, piercing her to the core was poor Kurt's redemption, swelling and straining and pounding ever harder within her, as his laboring heart and over-stimulated glands forced more and more fluid into it.

Satisfied that they were at last on the same page, reluctantly releasing her anger for something more powerful and yet pure, Melyssa finally closed her eyes and let herself completely go. Humping and pumping away with a mindless, pneumatic vigor she rode on, her pace constantly accelerating, all coherent thought gone, unaware that she was now loosing a mounting series of terrifying, rhythmic grunting shrieks.

Worse than Monica Seles at the end of a three-setter, each panting inhalation sawed across her vocal cords, drawing a savage bark of escalating effort and need that sounded like the over-driven lust of some maddened, predatory animal, an insanely estrus swamp cat, perhaps. In any case, Melyssa was blissfully ignorant of this unladylike excess, even when those blind cries scaled up to ear-piercing, air-shivering, utterly exquisite orgasmic screams.

Totally lost in herself, 'Lyssa was ecstatically climbing climax after climax like some kind of crazed mountaineer, leaping nimbly up some inner Himalayas from peak to peak to peak towards Everest. Then – true to her instinct – just as she was about to shatter the sky with this mind-defying ascension, Kurt's own fiery contribution spurted wetly up into her, launching her on her way through the stratosphere.

Melyssa was so high above it all that this delicious lick of extra fuel, this ultimate proof of Kurt's complicity, seemed to totally slag her drives even as it rocketed her off into outer space. Her soaring transport went supernova, bursting in an unbearable flare of ecstasy, an electro-chemical conflagration that blazed like a billion birthing stars and only gradually sparkled and sputtered and fizzled out into a slow, fuzzy buzzing of stunned nerve endings. Then, like an overwhelmed Queen in a storybook swoon, gravity and love abruptly reclaimed her, and she plummeted back down into herself in a fit of wrenching, orgiastic shudders.

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah. Both her own body and the ultimately beloved one she straddled were now quivering in glorious aftermath, as if their tremendous simultaneous climax had been

potent enough to move the earth itself. But then reality rudely intruded, and suddenly, with a blink of shocked comprehension, they both realized that – holy shit – the earth actually was moving.

Blind to the orgasmic excesses of two simple bipeds, the continent they were on was suddenly shaking wildly, as if a capricious god had reached down and grabbed the rock like a rug, tugging on it for the amusement of watching the furniture topple.

Earthquakes were rarer than roast beef on the East Coast, rarer still in Florida, but the fact of this one was immediately undeniable. As Kurt and Melyssa clung to each other (or she to him, who was still lying bound and gagged beneath her) the rumbling and shaking all around them escalated, toppling items from shelves and beginning a crashing and breaking of glass from several other places in the house.

Shocked suddenly back to her senses, ‘Lyssa straddled her man and looked up, expecting the roof to cave in and kill them both even as Kurt wilted inside her and their hot, mingled fluids trickled down to wherever gravity intended to take them.

Fortunately Al’s cabin was solidly constructed, built to move with the tree and tides while remaining firmly together and rooted in the bedrock. The penultimate crash, when it came at the height of the hundred-and-seventy-second disturbance, was terrifying indeed but far less deadly than their fellow man had proved to be.

A giant, splintering crack climbed to a crashing, smashing cacophony from above. ‘Lyssa screamed aloud as sound, dust, ceiling tiles, scraps of insulation and other, more substantial debris came raining down. Instinctively she leaned over her helpless husband, shielding him with her naked body, and waited for a heavy piece of timber to either break her back or skewer them both.

When neither happened, and the shaking rumble of the earth had at last subsided, Melyssa cautiously raised her head and looked around.

The small, windowless utility room was getting both air and light now, and she could immediately see why. One of the large, precarious dead limbs she’d pointed out to Kira had been shaken free of the tree, falling onto the roof of the house and caving in a portion of it. Through a snarl of limbs, shingles and rafters, ‘Lyssa could see the mighty canopy, and even a rare finger or two of sunlight peaking in.

Holy shit, they were saved. Unbe-fucking-lievable. For a long minute the wonder of this reprieve held her, and her heart swelled with unexpected hope and joy. Then the scale of the disaster just passed finally sunk in, and other worries quickly penetrated.

They may have just been saved, but how many other people had suddenly died?

Kira, perhaps? Her mysterious European captor? Hundreds of thousands of more people trapped up north? Right now there was no way of knowing.

No way of knowing either what the hell that latest calamity actually was. Not until they got to a radio at least. Looking back down into her husband’s eyes, Melyssa saw the same question mirrored there.

What the fuck could that have been? That damn nuke plant again? Explosion? Armageddon? Doom?

They’d never find out just sitting here...

Chapter Twenty One

Just What the Doctor Ordered

I haven't been to the doctor for any kind of check-up in years. I'm twenty-five, in perfect health, so I haven't felt the need. But my new fiancé is a nurse, and she's insisted I go for a check-up before she'll let me move in with her or start having sex with me. Still a virgin and desperate to change this I agreed. Delighted, she got me an appointment with the doctor she works for – a small, exclusive private practice – and so here I am.

Shauna (that's my fiancé) is working this afternoon, and it's she who leads me into an exam room when my turn finally comes. Two things unsettle me right away about this room. Rather than an exam table it has an adjustable obstetrics chair, and both the stirrups and the chair itself are equipped with a number of black leather straps. Meanwhile the walls are padded with what looks to be soundproofing. When I mention this Shauna merely shrugs.

"Most of our patients are women, and we deliver a lot of babies here. We can't have their screaming upsetting the people out in the waiting room. Here: take off your clothes and put this on."

She hands me a pale blue flowered hospital gown. I don't see why I need to change for just a check-up. But Shauna is by far the hottest girl I've ever known – long, curly thick hair a beautifully mingled ash-blond and brown (currently pulled back in a severe bun), great tits and a slender body that is unbelievably firm and toned from regular workouts – and as always I find it simply impossible to argue with her. I start to strip, and she gives me a smile that is devilishly mischievous.

"Doctor Brant will be in to see to you momentarily." With that she leaves, closing the door behind her. I sigh with resignation, undress completely and don the short thin gown. I'm trying to manage the single tie in back when the door opens. Then I forget all about this. My jaw nearly drops at the sight of my new doctor.

Like Shauna her hair is drawn back in a no-nonsense bun. But where Shauna's is a dark mingled ash-blond-brown, Dr. Brant's is shimmering platinum overlaying a single lock dyed darkest black – incredibly arresting. She is taller than I am even without her white high heels, with which she absolutely towers over me. Heavily built without being fat, she is more muscular than Shauna and has even larger breasts, which strain the starched fabric of her white uniform considerably. The skirt of this is daringly short, showing off strong, columnar legs encased in sheer white stockings. Her face is classically Nordic: beautiful, severe, and haughty all at once. She exudes such an air of authority as she enters and closes the door that I can't help but fall back a step before her.

Already my penis is twitching at the prospect of being examined by this glorious Amazon, and as it hardens and begins to rise I curse the thin, skimpy gown I'm wearing, which makes this impossible to conceal. Soon I'm jutting out the front like a tent, and blushing uncontrollably. My face burns even redder when Dr. Brant spares this a single contemptuous glance as she sets aside her clipboard and approaches me.

First she pinches and prods me all over, checking my muscle tone and body fat, and damn if I don't get harder and hotter by the minute, especially when she boldly gropes my buttocks through the open back. She examines my eyes and ears and throat, and takes my pulse and blood pressure. Then she orders me into the obstetrics chair.

Both wildly aroused and thoroughly cowed by her beauty and authority respectively I obey. But then she begins securing me to the chair with those straps, and my uneasiness recurs. My

feet are buckled into the stirrups, and three more wide straps bind me to the chair at the waist, belly and shoulders, trapping my arms tightly against my sides. Still my raging hard-on tents up my thin flowered gown, and I have to lick my lips and swallow hard before I can voice my misgivings.

“Is this really necessary, Doctor?”

“Of course it is!” she sternly snaps. “I wouldn’t be doing it if it wasn’t. I’ve found that men almost invariably try to resist these absolutely necessary next procedures. Thus they need to be restrained for their own good. Didn’t you read the waiver and permission forms you signed when you came in?”

“Um...no I didn’t, Doctor.”

“Then you have nothing to complain about,” she sniffs. “You clearly need to learn some responsibility if you’re going to be married, especially to someone as superior as Nurse Shuana. Now keep quiet while I check you for hernia and take your temperature!”

Once again her innate authority brooks no refusal. I bite my lip and subside into silence as she presses a button on the chair and reclines me back to about thirty degrees from level. She touches another button then, and the stirrups strapped to my feet rise up and spread out wide, until my bare legs are splayed out like a frog’s. Then without ceremony she lifts the gown and folds it back around my neck and shoulders. This exposes not only my wimpy, hairless chest but also of course my turgid, visibly pulsing genitals. Smirking scornfully at my impossibly rigid erection she snaps on a rubber glove and takes my madly tingling balls into her strong right hand.

“You should keep these shaved, along with your entire crotch,” she remarks. “I’ll have to speak to Shauna, and see that she makes sure you do. Now cough!”

More unsettled than ever I obey: coughing repeatedly as she presses up under and then firmly palpates my testicles. Finally she gives them a brief but cruel squeeze before nodding with satisfaction.

“Good enough. Now for your temperature...”

She turns away for a moment, leaving me squirming against the straps confining me. Then she turns back to me, and the squirming begins in earnest. Glistening with surgical lubricant, she holds a long, thick glass thermometer with a sizeable bulb on the end. Stepping between my splayed legs she puts her free hand on my quivering thigh and begins to push that cold glass bulb into my anus.

“W-w-wait, n-no!” I stammer, mortified beyond belief. “What are you doing? You don’t have to do it that way!”

“I don’t have to, but I’m going to,” she announces grimly. “This is by far the most accurate method. And it also helps me to gauge the extent to which your ridiculous male hang-ups have infected your personality. It’s obvious to me already that you’re going to require some specialized treatment before you can be sent to live with a clearly superior female like Shauna. Now shut up, boy! Just relax and accept this initial penetration!”

What choice do I have? I’m strapped into this chair and completely helpless! Still I bite my lip again, squeeze shut my eyes and tremble uncontrollably as six inches of cold metal and glass are pushed slowly up into my ass. But then once it’s lodged there Dr. Brant does something so shocking that I absolutely can’t believe it.

Out of the blackness I suddenly feel her lube-slippery rubber glove close tightly about my hotly burning erection – the first time anyone has ever touched it but me. Pulling it painfully down she begins to slowly pump me, an extremely unprofessional – if incredibly welcome – action. My eyes fly open, and I gape at her. Grimly she stares back.

“This is an absolutely necessary part of the procedure,” she direly intones. “To belong to a dominant, superior female like Shauna you need to associate anal penetration with sexual arousal. So just lie back and relax. These five minutes while your temperature registers will be a crucial first step for you.”

There’s something exceedingly unsettling about these comments, some hinted at subtext I find obscurely terrifying. Yet I find it impossible to concentrate on anything except the indescribable mix of pain and pleasure in my erection as my incredibly strange yet irresistibly attractive new doctor holds it pointing down between my feet and slowly, methodically pumps it with her slick, tightly squeezing fist.

For five full minutes she masturbates me thus, never accelerating her ministrations enough to bring me to orgasm, but so exquisitely professionally stimulating me that I’m writhing in my bonds and moaning helplessly the entire time. Pre-come begins leaking from my cock-head, and I grow ever more desperate to achieve release. But then at the height of my sexual frenzy she suddenly releases me to spring back upright and waggle around most maddeningly, causing me to actually sob in carnal frustration. Brusquely she pulls the thermometer from my ass, consults it, and makes a note on my chart. Then she turns back to me, smiling grimly at my bobbing, throbbing erection and madly frustrated demeanor.

“Now for the prostate exam,” she growls.

At this I begin struggling wildly, and again protesting uselessly.

“No! I’m only twenty-five! That’s only for middle-aged men! Please don’t, Doctor! Help! Somebody help me! Shauna!”

Doctor Brant only laughs spitefully right in my face.

“Yell all you want to, boy. These rooms are all completely soundproofed. And Shauna’s the one who got you into this remember? She knew full well what bringing you to me entails. She’s assisted me in the anal training of dozens of males. Besides, you signed away all your rights already, remember? You’ve agreed to submit to whatever procedures I deem necessary to ensure your physical and mental well-being before marriage. And I’ve decreed that you now need a prostate exam. So struggle and cry as you might, you’re going to get one. You might as well lie back and enjoy it. You might even be surprised: I’ve developed my own special technique that has a delightful additional consequence...”

Ignoring my ever more violent, useless struggles, Dr. Brant moves back between my legs, her first two gloved fingers shining anew with lubricant. Again she places a steadying hand on my thrumming thigh. Then she pushes those two long, strong digits through my anus and deep up into my rectum.

For a minute I can only sob and struggle, once again mortified beyond belief and suffering an invasive pain I’d give anything to escape. But then her fingers find some curious little bump, and I gasp in unexpected pleasure.

“There it is,” she croons. “And nice and healthy it is too. But let’s just make sure it’s working properly...”

She begins to rub it, gently massaging that hidden nubbin. At the same time the thumb and forefinger of her other hand squeezes the root of my wilting erection. She begins kneading it, her two hands working in tandem from both inside and out, and immediately my hard-on springs back into painful rigidity. Copious amounts of pre-come again begin leaking from me. Still she squeezes and kneads, rubbing on me irresistibly, and despite the terrible pain and shame I’m soon gasping and moaning at the overwhelming sensations. Then suddenly, with no volition of my own, with no sense of climax at all, semen begins to slowly dribble out of my dick.

“There you go!” Dr. Brant breathes. “You see? You can be milked of your seed without any sex or pleasure! Shauna can keep you empty and docile at all times without ever allowing you the unworthy release of orgasm!”

Ever more insistently she massages my prostate and the root of my erection, and with the weirdest, most anticlimactic draining sensation my balls methodically empty themselves. All the sperm in me dribbles up and out and down my cock until there’s none left at all. Dr. Brant pulls her fingers from my ass then and releases my penis, which immediately slumps into defeated flaccidity. Groaning with terribly conflicted misery, I can only lie there splay-legged and bound as she grins down at me.

“Did you enjoy that, boy?”

“No,” I whimper, “It was awful.”

“I thought you’d feel that way,” she smirks. “As expected, you’ve been infected with too many ridiculous masculine hang-ups to make a suitable husband for Shauna. I need to cure you of these before you can embark on your wonderful married life together. It’s time for a far more radical (and for me entertaining) treatment. Believe me: you may resist this at first. But you will eventually come to thank me for curing you this way. You and Shauna are going to have a wonderfully fulfilling sex life together despite your daily milking and eternal denial of orgasm. This particular treatment never fails to instill the proper subservient attitude in a male.”

I’m woozy, empty and woefully lethargic after my milking. I know things are occurring here that will change me forever, yet I can’t bring myself to properly concentrate on my situation. And then beautiful Dr. Brant again does something so astonishing that it drives every other thought from my mind. She unbuttons her uniform and lets it fall open: revealing a lacy white bra that barely contains an enormous pair of firm, upthrust breasts.

A matching garter belt circles her waist, the garters attached to the tops of those sheer white stockings. Most arresting of all her shaved crotch is also bare of panties, affording me an unobstructed view of her delta of Venus, vulva and even the top of the thin slit of her vagina. For a moment I can only goggle unbelievably at her incredibly hot big body. Then she turns away from me, her open uniform flapping with her movement as she opens a nearby cabinet. I hear her rummaging around, and withdrawing something. Then with her back to me and her ass still hidden by her skirt she buckles something around her waist. At last she turns back, and my horror and astonishment suddenly know no bounds. Jutting out from her crotch is a large, hard plastic penis at least nine inches long. She grins at me with limitless relish, stroking her big erection meaningfully.

“Yes boy,” she gloats, “Your sex life is about to commence. This treatment will change you forever, endure forever, and provide the ultimate meaning of your existence. You’re going to be perfect for Shauna by the time I’m done with you!”

Immediately galvanized, I resume struggling wildly, thrashing my head and calling for my fiancé to rescue me. “Shauna! Shauna!”

“Oh you want Shauna, do you? No problem. Do you see that mirror there? It’s two-way glass – transparent from the other side. Not only is there a video camera behind it, but since she left you in here Shauna’s been behind it all this time too, observing and recording your oh-so necessary treatment. Come out now, nurse. Your boy here needs some loving reassurance to accept this most crucial procedure!”

To my limitless chagrin the mirror swings open and my devilishly grinning fiancé emerges to join us. Leaving the mirror open she steps right up to me and begins stroking my face, speaking sternly if soothingly down at me.

“Relax, honey! You *need* this treatment. It’s just what the doctor ordered for our married life together. You see, I can’t stand assertive, macho men. If you’re going to be my husband you’re going to belong to me utterly. I’m going to make you over completely into my perfectly subservient little sissy. You’re always going to obey me absolutely, unquestioningly. To ensure this you’ll be kept weak, empty, and utterly compliant by comprehensive feminization and regular daily milking. And since you won’t ever be using or even touching your penis again, you’ll need to accommodate yourself to taking mine all the time. After your treatment this afternoon you are going to be my meek, weak, willingly submissive, cock-hungry sissy little boy for the rest of your life. The sooner you get used to this, the more wonderful, fulfilling and exciting our sex life will be. So calm down now, stop struggling and let your doctor break you in. I’ve seen her do this dozens of times; she’s a true professional at it. If you clench up and resist her, it’s just going to hurt more. Just relax, and you’ll learn to enjoy being my slut in no time!”

I can’t believe this is happening to me! What have I done to earn this terrible betrayal? Still Shauna speaks soothingly to me, lovingly calling me sissy, stroking my head, kissing my cheek and then tonguing my ear, something that always drives me totally wild. Helplessly bound, utterly at the mercy of these two beautiful, authoritative females, I at last manage to force myself to relax. Just get through this afternoon, I tell myself. Then the instant I’m released from this chair I can grab my clothes and run screaming down the street, far away from my betraying fiancé forever.

Slumping back again into defeated flaccidity, I look down, past my limp, milked-empty penis and ridiculously frogged-out legs at Dr. Brant moving into position. Her terrifyingly large erection now gleams with lubricant just as her fingers had. Her huge breasts are heaving with excitement and her piercing blue eyes shine with sadistic intent. Whimpering with dread I nevertheless somehow control my almost overwhelming urge to struggle, remaining meekly compliant as ordered. Shauna approvingly rewards me.

“Good, sissy-boy,” she breathes at me. “That’s a good little sissy. Just stay calm and quiet now.” Then for the first time ever she takes my limp, sticky penis in her rubber-gloved hand. Gently she fondles and waggles and pumps me, yet not even her expert attentions and the sight of Dr. Brant’s incredible lingerie-clad body can rekindle my arousal. I remain meekly flaccid in her grip, whimpering and cringing as Doctor strokes my thighs, steps up closer and aligns her prodigious organ with my already sore and violated anus. Then she suddenly lunges forward and drives it over halfway into me with her first thrust. Helplessly I cry out in agony, my exquisite distress both drowned out and ignored as both lovely ladies triumphantly cheer the eradication of my former virginity.

“Oh yeah!”

“All right!”

“How do you *like* it, sissy-boy!”

“Welcome to your female-style sex life, you simpering little sissy!”

“Learn to love this, you lubricious little butt-slut, because this is the only kind of sex you’re ever going to get! You belong to the superior sex now, and eventually you will emulate us in everything! Oh I can’t wait to get you shaved bare everywhere, coiffed, made-up like the lowliest slut and in dressed in frilly, lacy lingerie all the time!”

Still flogging my limp dick, Shauna follows this creed by again driving her wonderfully adept tongue deep into my ear and slathering it all about, her hot breath and cool saliva sending involuntary shivers through me as always. Meanwhile Dr. Brant pulls back and then thrusts powerfully forward again, stretching me out wider and pushing in deeper, eliciting another

miserably plaintive cry from me. Sobbing in pain, shame, and bone-deep revulsion I squirm helplessly in my bonds, as she slowly withdraws again and then plunges forcefully back in, this time ramming her entire huge cock up into my impossibly tight ass. And of course this ‘treatment’ is just barely beginning. Soon the slut-fucking proper gets violently underway.

Spreading her legs some Dr. Brant shifts her stance to enable maximum power and speed for her penetrations. She grips the metal splaying wide my thighs for leverage and starts pumping her hips in the most vigorous manner imaginable, pounding into my lower body cruelly, relentlessly; unstopably. Panting with exertion and excitement she fucks my tender ass so hard and fast that I’m soon screaming like a lady in the throes of child birth – as if that’s really what the soundproofing was for. Meanwhile Shauna releases my penis and begins rubbing, pinching, and pulling on my nipples. But still that flaccid cock flops wildly about, driven by the impetus of the massive organ so violently raping me. Still I sob and wail and struggle, until finally Shauna decides I need some erotic incentive to help me accommodate my just beginning sex life.

She too unbuttons her tight white uniform. Unlike her boss though, she also slips her magnificent tits up and out of her bra, revealing them to me in all their ample glory for the very first time. Stepping behind me, she leans over the back of the chair and dangles them right in my flushed face. Still pinching and pulling and now cruelly twisting my nipples, she rubs her succulent breasts against me, slapping my cheeks with their heavy weight, grinding her big erect nipples against my lips and practically smothering me with their firm, fatty pressure.

Now I’ve always been a tit man. It seems I spend every free minute online drooling over them, scorning the obvious implants and masturbating feverishly at the sight of all those big, beautifully natural boobs. And although in the course of making out Shauna has allowed me to briefly fondle hers through her clothes a couple of times, this is the first time I’ve ever had *any* tits mashed into my face. The experience is *incredibly* arousing, and despite my recent emptying and ongoing rape my cock finally begins to stiffen again. Dr. Brant accordingly begins fucking me even more exuberantly, the long thick shaft of her cock pressing and sliding against my prostate in a way that now somehow contributes to my re-emerging tumescence despite the terrible pain and shame of that deep, rhythmic invasion. Before long I’m fully erect again, still flopping violently about but getting harder with every slap of my prick against my bound body. Soon I’m leaving dabs of wetness on my belly, as I’m again leaking sweet pre-come from the tip. Seeing this, Shauna finally pulls her tits from my face and coos her approval at me.

“Good! You’re finally turned on again! Are you learning to love your sissy sex life yet? Is your doctor’s cock giving you wonderful anal pleasure?”

I can only groan eloquently at this.

True I’ve stopped screaming and sobbing, and like my doctor I’m now panting with uncontrollable excitement. But still the big hard erection that’s stabbing so viciously into me continues to constitute a monstrous insult, pitilessly damaging to both my body and psyche. Nevertheless, determined to marry anal rape with arousal in me, Shauna again leans forward, bracketing my face with her heavy breasts as she seizes my flopping erection and begins slowly pumping on it.

Like her boss before her, she carefully calibrates the speed of her hand-job to keep me wildly stimulated without risking an orgasm – not that I could conceivably be capable of this after my comprehensive milking twenty minutes earlier. Still her careful, deliberate rhythm has its intended effect. Soon I’m gasping and moaning deliriously, reveling in every brief brush of her breasts against my face and every squeezing pull and pump on my raging erection. Even the constant prostate massage now contributes to my rampant arousal, although those deeply

stabbing, wickedly stretching thrusts into my butt remain as painful and shameful as ever. And then, oh then this awful anal assault accelerates even more, as Dr. Brant begins crying out with the obvious ecstasy of an approaching orgasm. Harder and faster than ever she fucks me, finally shrieking like a banshee and hammering in and out of my ass like an out of control juggernaut. At last she shakes and quakes and climaxes so explosively that she's left weak and quivering herself as she at last pulls out of my abysmally aching rectum. And yet I have less than a minute to enjoy my immense relief at her completion.

"Okay, Nurse Shauna," Dr. Brant gasps, as she finally un-straps that monster cock from her crotch. "It's your turn. As always we must continue this treatment until the patient is aroused solely by sodomy, without any other stimulation. If it takes all afternoon and evening we must continue to fuck this slut until he craves penetration with an addict's desperate intensity. Here."

She hands that fearsome cock over to my incomprehensibly cruel fiancé, who gleefully straps it on and takes up her rightful position between my legs. While she lubes it up again, Dr. Brant wraps a blood pressure cuff around my arm and then clips a pulse rate monitor onto my index finger. Then she stands by, looming tall above me as she prepares to document any evidence of physiological arousal.

My empty cock is still remarkably hard even without being pumped and without Shauna's incredible breasts in my face. Now entering the land of denial, I ascribe this to the sight of them now displayed right in front of me, uplifted and wonderfully outthrust by the stiff bra cups pushed down under them. Then Shauna delightfully inserts her cock in me and starts fucking me maniacally, and those wondrous tits begin bouncing up and down in an incredibly alluring fashion. Utterly rapt, I gaze avidly at them, groaning woefully at the renewed attack on my ass and yet ever more excited. The wild flopping and slapping of my erection against my body is suddenly madly stimulating, more so than even that hand-job, and Dr. Brant comments approvingly as she checks the monitors.

"Good Shauna. Very good. The patient's heart rate is up considerably. Our sissy-boy has completely stopped sobbing, and his vocalizations now indicate as much pleasure as pain. Let's pick up the pace a bit and see if we can't get your succulent little boy irrevocably addicted to sissy-slut service in record time."

Obligingly Shauna starts fucking me even more wildly, her breasts dancing like mad and her cock goring my ass even more rapidly than Dr. Brant managed at the height of her screaming climax.

Of course her greater size and strength gives the doctor considerably more power in her thrusting, but Shauna's incredibly fit slimness gives her body instead an unsurpassed mobility. She can fuck at sewing machine speed, as she amply demonstrates.

Dr. Brant pushes a button then, and my legs are suddenly spread out even wider, allowing Shauna increased access to my insides. Immediately she takes ruthless advantage, escalating her attack even more. Feeling her stab so deeply, rapidly, relentlessly into me, I'm finally forced to confront a most terrible truth.

It's not just my flapping, slapping cock and her wildly flying breasts turning me on. It's not even the now curiously compelling prostate massage, not entirely. No, the finally undeniable fact is that having a big hard cock hammering into my tender, vulnerable center is somehow becoming ever more exciting too. Despite what it says about me as a man, I just have to admit that being fucked like a sissy-slut has an undeniable if impossibly perverse appeal. My moans and groans become ever more affirmative as even the pain of that merciless invasion begins to turn me on. Duly Dr. Brant remarks upon my unmistakable reactions, shaming me worse than

ever. And yet somehow hearing this damning verdict, followed by the horrifying future she proceeds to describe for me turns me on even more.

“Congratulations, Shauna! Your butt-boy’s anal training is an unqualified success! These readouts just don’t lie. And listen to him keen and moan! Clearly he’s adapted beautifully to his female-style sex life. He’s been thoroughly cured of his most inappropriately masculine personality trait. From now on you’ll be able to fuck his greedy little ass day and night, year in and year out. He’s absolutely ready for marriage.

“Eventually he’ll forget all about his lost, unworthy penile pleasures, and with daily sperm milking his testosterone level will be kept so low you’ll be able to finish molding him into the perfectly subservient little husband-slut in no time. Brutal, daily physical discipline; constant confining bondage, shameful cross-dressing and complete sissification; providing you with endless oral service, chore slavery and toilet duties; the sky’s the limit with this slut! So go nuts girl! Fuck him to your first orgasm of your splendid new relationship now, so we can then ensure his permanent servitude!”

Shauna wastes no time in complying. With another touch of the button Dr. Brant spreads my legs even wider, until I’m split apart like an acrobat. Shauna leans in then, anchors herself by gripping my constantly quivering thighs themselves and escalates her mad anal assault by yet another impossible increment. Sweat flying, hair coming loose, big breasts bouncing wildly, she fucks fucks fucks fucks *fucks* me like a madwoman, establishing forevermore her unfettered dominance over me and simultaneously my own inescapable eternal need for her rampaging, ass-impaling penis.

Of course her shrieking cries of peaking ecstasy easily overtop mine, but that’s exactly as it should be. When she at last finishes hammering out her incredible climax and falls back exhausted from my ass I’m utterly wrung out myself, somehow completely fulfilled despite not achieving any orgasm of my own. I can only slump there dazed in my bonds, watching dully as my penis shrivels slowly back into proper flaccidity. Then, as directed, Shauna takes the irrevocable step that ensures my eternal servitude and constant abject devotion to her.

From her purse she retrieves a tiny, shiny steel cock cage, which she locks tightly about my genitals. She hangs the key on a slender gold chain about her neck and smiles smugly down at me.

“There! That cage will only be removed for your regular morning milking. You are now bound to me in chastity forever. Besides orally servicing my pussy and pricks, being milked and butt-fucked by my many hard cocks is the only sexual pleasure you will ever experience. And you will be experiencing it constantly you simpering little sissy-boy! I have a bondage chair just like this one at home, as well as many other kinds of specialized apparatus for restraining and butt-fucking a helplessly greedy little sissy-slut in every conceivable position – not to mention an incredible assortment of penises, some so huge you won’t believe it. Now it’s what: three fifty-five p.m.? An hour before quitting time? Will you be needing me any more today Doctor?”

“No dear,” assures Dr. Brant as she buttons her uniform back up. “I’m just going to do the paperwork on this patient, and archive the camera footage of his training and cure. I’ll see that you get a copy of this of course. Why don’t you spend the next hour re-instilling this most fundamental life-lesson in your new sissy-boy? Judging by his reactions, this slut can *never* be butt-fucked enough. Then at five you can take him home, shave and costume him properly and get about introducing him to whipping, full-scale bondage, and all the other wildly exciting things his married life will entail.”

“Gladly!” cries my beautiful Shauna, lubing up her big cock once again. Without another word Dr. Brant leaves the exam room, closing the door decisively behind her. Grinning gloatingly at me Shauna steps back up and aligns her lovely big erection again with my suddenly hungry hole.

“Do you want me to fuck you? Do you want me to fuck your sissy, slutty little ass as hard as I can?”

Flooded yet again with crippling shame I nevertheless admit the truth.

“Yes Shauna, I do.”

“Then beg me for it! And you will call me ‘Mistress’ from now on!”

Meeting her mocking, superior gaze I swallow hard. Then, as I will do for the rest of my life, I obey her impeccably.

“Please, Mistress, I beg you to fuck my sissy little ass as long and hard and fast as you can. It’s what I live for now.”

“Yes it is!” Mistress gloats. “So take it sissy! Take my big hard cock you greedy little slut! Take it ALL!” And with that she rams her entire enormous erection all the way back up into my ass and starts violently fucking lucky me into oblivion for the second of what will surely, blessedly be tens or hundreds of thousands of times.

Chapter Twenty Two

Trading Places

Tara's Tale

Let's trip back to 1986. That's when this wonderful life of mine really started.

Even though we were only high school seniors, Eric and I were like an old married couple already. We'd been steady for nearly three years, and we'd even lived together for two months, having shared an apartment since we turned eighteen. Unfortunately, also like an old married couple we'd begun to bicker a lot, and our sex life had grown ever more unsatisfying. But finally I saw my chance to solve both those problems. Adroitly I maneuvered Eric to right where I wanted him. Then I began putting into play a plan I'd already devised with a few friends of mine on the cheerleading squad.

Actually, we were more than just 'friends'. Unbeknownst to Eric, I'd been bisexual for six months, cheating on him with a growing assortment of lesbian lovers.

I really had no choice in the matter – as I said, our sex life had become supremely unsatisfying. Football hero that he was, Eric's most important equipment was unfortunately junior varsity. Even worse, he'd developed an incorrigible problem with it: premature ejaculation.

I never blamed him personally for either of these deficiencies. After all, we are how we are made. And was I not the homecoming queen, and the hottest girl in school? My hair was then and still is a thick burnished bronze, my skin flawless and tanned and my eyes a dark cobalt blue. My body has always been effortlessly fit and my ass and tits the envy of everyone. What male in the world could possibly keep from coming at the sight of me unclothed and closing in on him?

Still, endless sexual frustration is intolerable – at least for me. For certain significant others it may be exactly what they deserve. Anyway, I eventually found I that could only get off properly by riding Eric's face.

He learned to be good with his lips and tongue, no doubt. And even better was the overpowering thrill I felt at holding him down, burying my fists in his hair, grinding my crotch in his face and even fucking his outthrust tongue. Yet soon even this wasn't enough. I needed a proper cock, goddamn it! Luckily I then learned of a certain cheerleader's clique that had suffered similarly, and had henceforth discovered some amazingly fulfilling accommodation.

I met them, joined them, and despite my lifelong heterosexuality, I quickly discovered an unquenchable thirst for having my pussy pounded with a big old strap-on dildo. More surprising still, after a period of delighted experimentation, I developed an even more insane craving for doing the pounding myself. Soaking up my classmates' feminist wisdom, I eventually became so dominant that I wanted nothing more than to forcibly feminize my supposedly stud-boy football player boyfriend. I'd teach him how to use a fucking cock! The more he annoyed and disappointed me, the more determined I became to turn him into my submissive little lifelong sissy slave she-male slut-boy. And finally he gave me the opportunity.

"Come on," he griped. "We're going to be late! Why does it always take you so long to get ready? Curling your hair, making up your face, dressing and undressing over and over again, it never ends!

"Not that I want to go to this party anyways," he immediately averred. "Your friends are always making innuendos about my dick, and that other little problem I have. Did you really

have to tell everyone? I can't go anywhere without hearing about the alpha male ape with the sub-zed dick. If we have to go, I want to get it over with already."

Pissed off at his badgering, I was opening my mouth to tell him so. But then inspiration struck, and opportunity blossomed.

It was time to put an end to such tiresome bickering – and so much else – forever. Casually, giving no hint of my duplicity, I laid my trap.

"It takes time for me to look my best. You should appreciate it Eric: who else has such a hot girlfriend? We are the best-looking couple in school. We have an image to maintain. But I'll tell you what: if you really don't want to go to this party, we can stay home tonight. But that's only on the condition that you let me live out a particular kinky thrill of mine. Let me show you what an hour or more of proper female care can do. Let me curl your hair, and make up your face. I've always wanted to see how pretty you might be with the benefit of a woman's professional touch.

"It'll probably turn me on so much I'll go nuts, and fuck your ever-loving brains out," I purred, "And who knows? You might find it exciting too. So decide, Eric. It's either that, or we go to the party, my friends all ridicule you mercilessly, and afterwards I cut you off completely: no more sex forever. What do you say?"

Utterly confounded, Eric gaped at me.

"You...you wouldn't...use sex as a weapon?"

Oh, yeah baby! In ways you can't possibly conceive! Still, keeping this thought to myself I merely nodded.

"That's right. Either let me give you a makeover tonight, or forget about ever getting laid or even kissed again until you finally give in."

He stood there, several expressions competing for possession of his face.

Anger, dismay, embarrassment, worry; possibly even a deeply hidden yearning: which would come out on top? I was betting on the last, and after no more than half a minute I raked in my winnings: his masculinity, sexuality, mortal life and eternal soul. Within a minute he foolishly threw up his hands.

"All right already! I'll do anything to get out of going to this goddamn party!"

"Excellent!" I gloated.

"Oh, baby, this is going to be the best, most momentous night of our lives! I'll tell you what: you go into the bathroom and take off all of your clothes. Piss and shit, if you haven't already. Then come back out here and sit in my chair."

Without a demurring word he went to comply.

Wonderful! Oh, this had gone better than I'd ever dreamed...

As soon as his back was turned, I swiveled my inconspicuous webcam to cover the chair and vanity. With a few computer clicks I started it recording (and incidentally transmitting to the party we'd be missing), and then went into our walk-in wardrobe to choose three of my stoutest leather belts. When I emerged, Eric (or Erica, as he would be forever known after this) was sitting naked, ill-at-ease and fidgeting before the three-way vanity mirror.

"Excellent!" I soothingly crooned again.

"Hold still, sweetie. I'm going to belt you down now. There's nothing to worry about. I just don't want you changing your mind about this before you finally see how sexy and slutty and tasty you look as a lady."

Eric squirmed a bit, but he remained properly docile as I positioned his hands in his lap and then used my first belt to strap his chest and shoulders to the back of the chair. The second belt

likewise restrained his elbows and belly, and the last one passed around his spread thighs and under the seat.

He could still move his lower legs, feet, hands, and forearms, but not enough to escape or seriously resist me. And right according to plan, his hands immediately capitalized on their freedom by wandering down and beginning to stroke and fondle his tiny two-inch erection.

Aha!

Either bondage or the strange anticipation of everything else that lay ahead was turning him on despite his stupid male reservations – if even those weren't a sham in the first place. Perfect. Under the guise of giving myself room to work I pulled his chair back a bit, allowing the recording camera to capture both his miniscule prick and what he was shamefully doing with it. Then I plugged in my curler and picked up my hairbrush.

I've always loved Eric's hair.

Thick and full, shoulder-length, it's still truly black, and not the deep dark brown that is often misidentified as such. Already clean and shining, I nevertheless gave it a good twenty strokes with the brush, more for my own enjoyment than anything else. Then I put down the brush, picked up my pick and curler, and began to professionally style those delicious locks.

Okay, true, I wasn't yet a licensed professional. But I'd been learning on my own for years, and I intended even then to go on to cosmetology school right after graduation, despite the fact that I'd never need the money. Styling hair is just something I've always loved, and indeed probably the original seed that eventually drove me (along with the other above reasons) to finally sissify my man. I shit you not, since I first saw them I dreamed of getting my hands on those long, silken tresses. And once I finally did I enjoyed every second of it, making that cool hippy-hair into a true feminist work of art.

Remember, these were the late eighties. Big hair was in big-time. Over the course of an hour I used my curler, pick and hairspray to transform my nascent slut-boy's locks into such a bushy, curly mass of decidedly slutty ringlets that he proved irresistibly attractive even to himself. Finally I pulled back, allowing him access to the mirrors.

"How do you like your new hairstyle, Erica?"

"I...I...I really do look like a girl!" he stammered. His breath was coming fast, and he continued to play with his pitiful little stub of a prick.

"Yes you do," I teased.

"You look like a deliciously sexy little slut! So, are you getting in touch with your feminine side yet, Erica?"

"I...I guess so." He was blushing almost purple, and squirming furiously against the restraining belts.

"Good girl," I breathed. "Because I am just getting started on you! Now, let's get that pretty face of yours all made up!"

I moved back around in front of him, blocking his view of the mirror again, but not the camera's view of him, of course. Then I went joyfully back to work.

Foundation, blush, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, et cetera, I practically troweled on the cosmetics. Soon I had him so heavily made up he looked like a caricature of the prototypical prostitute. Then I applied long, dangling clip-on earrings and once again moved around behind him, letting him see the results.

His eyes popped wide in shock. He gasped, and then started breathing heavier than ever. His fondling took on a renewed urgency, as I leaned over him and began whispering dirty-talk into his ear.

“Look at you, you disgusting little slut!

“You are a slut now, aren’t you Erica? You’re a sexy, sleazy, sissy little slut-boy. And you’re incredibly turned on by it. Don’t even try to deny this. Your puny little penis is as big and hard as it can possibly get – bigger and harder than I’ve ever seen it before. So admit it for me, slut-boy! Tell me that you’re a slut and how much you love it!”

“I...I’m a slut!” he instantly moaned. “I’m a wretched slut and I love it!”

And with that he suddenly explosively groaned, wrenched against his bonds and ejaculated all over himself.

Fantastic!

Once again I couldn’t believe how easy it all was. I had expected whining, resistance, and a whole shit-load of pathetic male posturing. But this silly little slut-boy took to his transformation like a duck to water. I had him right where I wanted him then. And I lost no time letting him know it.

“Look over there at my computer table, slut-boy. Do you see it? Please notice that my webcam is on, and that it’s trained directly on you. I just got a recording of you made up like the lowliest slut, admitting that you are a wretched little slut, and then coming all over yourself as you make the admission. According to the time-honored tradition of blackmail, that means I own you now, doesn’t it? If you don’t want the whole school, and indeed the whole world to see that recording, and know what a disgusting sissy slut you are, then you had better obey me in absolutely everything from now on!”

Oh, his dismayed, appalled goggle was priceless!

“Are...are you serious?”

“You bet your slutty, sissy ass I am, Erica. You have just become my eternal slave. I now own you body and soul forever. And you have just begun your permanent transformation into a disgusting she-male. So admit it again! Say, ‘Yes, Mistress Tara, I am forevermore your personal property, a slutty little she-male sissy slave.’ Say it right now, or I’m going to go over there and email that recording to everyone we know, and then post it on the internet, for the entire world to see! And of course, it’s all password protected, and already uploaded to a secure server. Not even killing me and destroying my computer could prevent its eventual dissemination. I have planned for every contingency!”

Erica continued to goggle disbelievingly at me. But when I merely stared sternly down at her she at last swallowed hard, dropped her eyes and quietly husked out her acceptance.

“Yes, Mistress Tara. I am forevermore your personal property, a slutty little she-male sissy slave.”

“Louder, slut-boy!” I immediately shrieked. “Look straight at the camera and say it loud and proud for the record!”

Tears of shame were streaming from her eyes, but Erica clearly knew she had no choice. With one diabolical stroke I’d claimed ownership of her forever. She even willingly elaborated on her oath of service.

“Yes, Mistress Tara! I am forevermore your personal property, a slutty little she-male sissy slave. I will do absolutely anything you say for all eternity.”

“Good, slut-boy,” I mocked. “Now, I’m going to get you appropriately cross-dressed and into bed. Then as promised I’m going to fuck your slutty little brains out. So don’t you dare try to resist me in the slightest! Not only will I beat the shit out of you, I’ll immediately out you to the entire world!”

Of course, what Erica didn't know was that all my cheerleader friends, and everyone else at the party, was still watching this entire scene live. Everyone in school would know about Erica's transformation soon enough regardless. But even by tomorrow it would be way too late. Soon I'd have an even more implacable hold on her.

In any case, Erica remained docile and compliant when I released her from the chair and dressed her in my cheerleader's uniform. She offered no resistance at all as I bound her wrists together, led her over to the bed and ordered her to lie flat on her back. I stretched her arms above her head, and tied them securely to the headboard. Then I adjusted the webcam to keep her in the picture.

"Be good now, Erica. I have to go change. But I'll be back soon to make this all transformation worth it for you by fucking you absolutely senseless!"

Haughtily I turned my back on her then, marched into our shared wardrobe and slammed the door. She'd learn what (and who) was coming soon enough!

Erica's Tale

I couldn't believe what I'd gotten myself into, and all to escape a stupid party. I'd thought I knew what humiliation was: having a bunch of girls making jokes about my inadequacies. No, humiliation was being dressed in knee-high stockings, saddle shoes, a pleated miniskirt and skimpy sweater, being coiffed and painted up like a slut and tied to the bed, waiting for the girl who'd just cruelly enslaved me to come back and do whatever she wanted to me.

Okay, it's true I still felt a weird thrill at being made up like a girl. I don't know why it turned me on, it just did. But the thought of being forced to live this way constantly, and to have to endure absolutely anything my girlfriend felt like inflicting upon me was horrifying.

Not as horrifying as everyone finding out about it though. It was bad enough they all knew I had a little dick. If they all saw me made up like a slut, admitting that liked it and coming at the same time, I'd never be able to leave the house. Or so I thought at the time. But then the rest of that first night of the rest of my life saw changes to me and my relationship with my former girlfriend that made everything I used to care about moot.

After fifteen minutes or so she came back into the bedroom excitedly dressed up in my football gear and uniform: shoulder pads, helmet and all. Her hair was tucked-up hidden inside and she'd even stuffed the pants with something long and cylindrical to simulate having a big hard cock. She looked as tough, broad-shouldered and masculine as I felt weak and feminine, and again I felt that shameful charge, that kinky turn-on at our switched roles. I even felt my recently spent penis begin to get hard again. Straightaway Mistress climbed onto the bed, cleats and all, and reached under my skirt. She grasped my stiffening cock, pinched and pulled it, and laughed softly at my helpless moan.

"What's this? Girls aren't supposed to have dicks! Not that I'd call this microscopic stub a proper cock. More like an impotent little clit. I'm the one who's got a cock: a big, hard, manly erection! Want to feel it, slut?"

She yanked my legs apart, lifted up my skirt and lay down atop me. She crushed her crotch down into mine and started rubbing that big hidden bulge roughly against my comparably tiny erection.

I gasped in that insane arousal, and Mistress looking down at me through the bars of her facemask only inches away (she'd even put streaks of lampblack under her eyes) laughed grimly.

“Oh, yeah, you feel it, don’t you Erica? That’s what I call a cock! Lift up your legs, slut-boy! Spread ‘em high and wide! I’m going pin you down and pound you to the bed like a stud does to a slut until you go mad with lust!”

I know she’d extorted eternal, unquestioned obedience from me, and that I had no choice in the matter. But choice didn’t even enter into it. I literally couldn’t help myself. I splayed myself eagerly open and yearned my crotch upward, feeling sexy, feeling slutty, feeling wildly perverse and impossibly turned on. Our panting breaths mingled together then as she began humping herself against me.

“Uh, uh, uh, uh!”

She hooked her hands over my shoulders and powerfully pumped her butt, simulating male-superior intercourse. Her hidden cock crushed into mine, the coarse weave of her uniform pants roughly chafed its sensitive underside and her heavy weight felt somehow delightfully right on the insides of my thighs. “Slut, slut, slut, you disgusting little slut!” she chanted as she humped me.

“Yes, Mistress, Yes, Mistress, oh God yes!” I cried in response, thrusting my own butt rhythmically up, rubbing my burning hot cock against that big exciting bulge. I couldn’t spread my legs wide enough; my balls were tingling and tightening in that telltale way that always precedes my moment of shame. And sure enough, after only a minute or so of being humped and pumped and rubbing our cocks together I couldn’t help myself. I cried out with release and ejaculated for the second time in under an hour.

This was shame and ecstasy and crushing disappointment all at once, for Mistress ceased our exciting copulation simulation immediately, just as I was most enjoying it. She rose up, kneeling before my spent genitals and split-wide crotch and sneering down at me with limitless contempt.

“You useless piece of trash! You were never any kind of man. You just proved it yet again. Well, you won’t have to worry about that anymore. You’re nothing but a slutty fucking she-male from now on. And your new owner is about to show you how fucking is supposed to be done, slut!”

She unlaced the front of her bulging pants, revealing what she had for me. Harnessed about her waist and crotch was a hard rubber strap-on dildo. Exquisitely lifelike, four times the size of my own erection, this bobbed enticingly as she pulled it free. Mouth suddenly dry, heart pounding harder than ever, I could only pant and stare and feel my butt tightening fearfully up as she slowly stroked it.

“Prepare to be properly fucked, slut! I am going to slam my huge cock up your slutty tight sissy-pussy until you’re reduced to nothing but a drooling idiot. You will learn what being a she-male slut is all about!”

I couldn’t believe it. Of course, this was obviously the logical end to which the night had been heading. Still the prospect was so shocking, so shameful, that I’d never even suspected it. Once again I found myself limitlessly appalled. And yet as Mistress produced a tube of lubricant and slathered up her impressive prick I found my perverted arousal somehow spiking up again. My secret slutty awakening femininity suddenly turned my insides into an aching emptiness desperate to be filled. Moaning with anticipation I squirmed in place, pulling at my bonds and stretching my legs out and up wider and higher than ever. I looked timidly up at my Mistress hulking above me, her helmeted head and armored shoulders impossibly intimidating. Her eyes and teeth gleamed in the shadows. And then she moved into place, aligning her glistening prick with my virgin entrance and preparing to take me.

Her strong hands gripped my hips. Her blunt tip kissed my opening and I shivered uncontrollably. Then she thrust forward, pushing into me and finally changing my life irrevocably.

How can I possibly describe that unprecedented penetration? Which conflicting feeling achieved primacy?

Was it the pain, so impossibly intimate and yet wonderfully welcome?

Was it the horrible humiliation of having the last of my vestigial manhood eradicated?

Was it the amazingly arousing excitement of truly embracing my new femininity to the fullest?

Was it the will-sapping sensation of finally realizing that I would indeed do absolutely everything in my power to endlessly ingratiate myself with my owner if only she would do this to me regularly?

All of these feelings competed and combined so potently in my body and psyche as that firm hard length drove deep up into me that I could only groan in helpless ecstasy. And then Mistress pulled back and punched up into me again, and again, in a brutal succession of soul-stealing thrusts that soon had me sobbing in an excess of emotional overload.

She fucked me, oh, Goddess, she fucked me and fucked me and fucked me, plunging her penis so endlessly and relentlessly into my hungrily accepting sissy-pussy that I was truly out of my mind with the emotional intensity of it all. Hearing her shriek out repeated orgasms as she loomed over me and pounded down into me only exacerbated my maddened frenzy, until I was indeed drooling mindlessly, driven to oblivion by this utter sexual surrender. When she finally had her fill of me and pulled out at last, I could only lie there spent and shudder all over, looking dully up at this deity who had just so effectively claimed me forever. I could barely react at all when she then most appropriately put paid to any future penis use of my own.

"I told you that you wouldn't have to worry about performing any more, slut-boy. And I meant it. I'm about to cure your premature ejaculation problem permanently."

She got off the bed and turned away for a moment. Then she came back, and in her hand was a tiny shiny steel contraption. She slipped this over my quiescent cock and balls, inserted a key and turned it. I heard a chilling click, the key was withdrawn, and Mistress promptly threw it in the garbage can.

"There!" she declared. "Now you're impotent. You've gone from coming too readily to never coming again. No great loss. And every time your banished manhood tries to assert itself in the form of an erection, you'll be punished with great pain. That cock cage you now wear is extensively spiked on the inside."

"Of course, punishment and great pain are a regular element in the life of every slave. Let's see how you deal with your first whipping!"

As I said, I was so wasted with aftermath I couldn't react despite the awful finality of this. It would take the next twenty years of agonized arousal and endless deprivation to truly bring the enormity of such a sacrifice home to me. In the meanwhile though, my Mistress had the perfect way to slap me back to reality.

She placed a big firm pillow next to my waist and ordered me to roll over onto it. Once I was straddling it, my freshly caged cock crushed into its plush and my clutching crotch embracing it like my lover's own impressively endowed waist, Mistress picked up the thickest of her discarded belts and knelt beside my elevated ass.

"Okay, slut-boy. It's indoctrination time. I'm going to whip your ass in five-stroke increments. After each five I will spell out another aspect of our new relationship. At the end, if

you have whole-heartedly and eagerly accepted each aspect of your new life, I will reward you by fucking you over and over again for the rest of the night. If you demur in the slightest, I will instead hogtie you up tighter than you can believe and leave you lonely and suffering on the kitchen floor for twenty-four hours. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I managed. “I will accept anything to be fucked by you again. I worship you and your glorious penis more than anything in the entire universe.”

“Good,” she smirked. “That’s a good start. To show that I have compassion therefore, I will allow you to alleviate the pain by giving you something to bite down on. You can respond to my instructions by merely nodding your head.”

“Thank you, Mistress!” I gasped. She nodded nonchalantly, and removed her beautiful cock from the harness about her crotch.

“Open wide, slut-boy!”

Oh, Goddess, yet another shaming/exciting lesson in womanhood! Eagerly I complied, and right away she shoved her enormous manhood deep into my mouth.

“There you go, cocksucker,” she giggled. “Get used to it! I’m going to be fucking your slutty little face just as much as your ass. But first we have business to attend to...”

Indeed! The first slash of the belt across my ass wrenched a scream from deep inside me. My liberal parents didn’t believe in corporal punishment, and I’d been too popular in school to get in any fights. I’d been sacked dozens of times as a quarterback, even got my bell rung a few times. Still, there’s a vast difference between being manfully wounded in the heat of action on the field of battle and lying submissively beneath your female owner and allowing her to inflict terrible pain on you at her own whim and pace. She had me sobbing miserably by the third stroke, and desperate to placate her by the time number five welted my proffered backside.

“Okay, Slut-boy. It’s time to formalize our new identities. From now on you are Slut-boy Erica. That is your new title and first name. And I am exclusively Mistress to you – or perhaps Goddess, if you are feeling especially worshipful. Understand?”

Most vigorously I nodded my head. This was elementary Mistress! In response she nodded perfunctorily back.

“Good girl. Now for six through ten...”

Again the belt sang, whipping wicked welts into my buttocks, wringing strangled screams from me and again birthing a desperate need in me to agree to whatever Goddess required. My butt-cheeks were flaming like a furnace by the time she reached ten, and I was struggling to remain coherent when she finally addressed me again.

“Are you listening, Erica? Are you ready for this? I’m about to validate your entirely pointless heretofore existence!” Tearing my mind from my agonized ass with a monumental effort, I nodded again.

“Good,” she gloated. “Here it is: you and I will be married as soon as it can be arranged. We will spend the rest of our lives together – high school sweethearts and all that. Except in this case you will be taking my last name, and legally changing your own to Slut-boy Erica, of course. Isn’t that the most wonderful news you’ve ever heard? Nod most emphatically ‘yes’ Slut-boy, or spend the night hogtied on the floor alone!”

There was something upsetting in there, something that rang a disturbing bell from before. But whatever it was, it was lost in the sea of agony in my ass and the rapture that overwhelmed me at the thought of Goddess fucking my ass every night for the rest of my life as her legally sanctioned wife. I indeed nodded so emphatically that drool leaking from around her cock in my mouth splattered all round.

“Good girl!” Goddess giggled again. “You’re halfway to getting fucked all night and for the rest of your life, Slut-boy. Hang in there – here comes five more!”

Those five were the worst yet. And yet Goddess’ words of encouragement enabled me to endure. And when she made her next pronouncement the other shoe dropped. Finally, too late, I understood her duplicity, the unalterable fact of my ineradicable debasement, and I at last gave up the phantom hope of any kind of quasi-normal public existence.

“Okay Erica, I hope you’re ready for this. You should have figured it out already, but dumb fucking jock that you are, you probably missed it. In any case, here it comes: you are dropping out of school tomorrow. Not only that, as my new sissy-slave wife, you will spend the rest of your pathetic existence publicly revealed as a shameful she-male!

“You didn’t really think this could be kept a secret, did you? How naïve! In fact, since the moment I started recording this video, I’ve also been transmitting it, to the very party you were too ashamed to attend! They’ve all been watching your transformation all night long. In fact, I’m sure they’re still watching now! Who could tune out such an entertaining show? Face it, Slut-boy: you are now a sissy little Slut-boy forever! Your old life as big fake-stud tiny-dick quarterback is over! Now face the webcam, smile a slutty little smile at the whole world, and finally truly accept your permanent public role as my sissy-slut she-male wife!”

Oh, Goddess, oh the horror, oh the gut-churning, endlessly debilitating, life-ending humiliation! Oh, how could I ever endure it? Sucking on Goddess’ cock, feeling the flame of her lash on my ass and the cruel steel bite of her cage on my cock, looking at her standing there tall and strong with a whip in her hand and a fire in her eye, what choice did I have? Looking the death of my former self in the face, I somehow forced a ghastly smile and nodded my acceptance of whatever my Goddess decreed. She laughed delightedly at that, a mirth no doubt shared most scornfully among everyone I’d ever known, and limbered up her whip again.

“Here we go, Slut-boy! Five last lashes before everyone watches you love getting viciously fucked up the ass again you outrageously lubricious little butt-slut you! Give your classmates something to remember besides the ecstatic rapture on your face as your slutty ass is rammed and crammed and slammed yet again! Show them you’ve still got some balls. Or have you always been a sissy little faggot at heart?”

Maybe. In any case, I did as I was told, and struggled manfully not to cry as the belt whaled away at me one last time. Only a few choked sobs escaped me even though the pain climbed to astronomical proportions by the time the twentieth blow fell. But at last she tossed the belt away, and informed me that in the morning I would have ‘Slut-boy’ branded on my swollen, blistered butt and tattooed onto my cheek, forever marking me as her personal property.

Somehow I quietly accepted even this ultimate horror. Goddess pulled her spit-slickened cock from my mouth and reattached it to her crotch.

“Congratulations, Slut-boy. You’ve taken to your new life beautifully. And now comes your reward: a whole night of innumerable fuckings. I hope you enjoy our new sex life as much as I do. Of course, I’m going to have to cuckold you a lot, since I still like taking a hard cock myself, and yours is locked up forever. But rest assured, fucking you will always be my favorite thing to do!”

With that she moved around behind me. In full view of the camera she spread my black and blue buttocks and drove her deliciously thick and slippery cock brutally back into me. And oh, my Goddess, it was even better lying on my belly! As my implacable owner started fucking me again with all of her divine passion and power I lifted my ass even higher to her and reveled in

that impossibly sensual stabbing. It was all I had left to live for. And it still is, more than twenty years later.

Chapter Twenty Three

Just Another Morning

I'm alone in my bedroom, in the north corner of this big old empty house. My gaze flicks constantly between my computer screen, the sun on the wall, and the digital clock on the dresser. It's nine-fifteen in the morning. Any time now, I tell myself, and I squirm helplessly in my narrow bed. I've been lying here awake for the past five hours, waiting with desperate, ever-growing anticipation for the arrival of my private duty Personal Care Nurse. You see, I'm a C-5 quadriplegic, have been since I was fourteen, and all I can move on my own are my head, arms, neck and shoulders. But that doesn't mean I've been lying here completely motionless all night. Every once in a while my legs will tremble and then kick or spasm uncontrollably. My hips will buck up or my back bridge, and my constant painful erection will pulse harder than ever.

Normally I take thirty milligrams of a powerful muscle relaxant every six hours to quell these unfortunate side effects of a serious spinal cord injury. But last night when she put me to bed, my nurse-mistress denied me my dose of pills. She knows they cause temporary impotence, and she likes the sight of me rigidly erect and squirming out of control. She loves the way I buck and flop and kick like mad while being beaten, and especially the manic spastic convulsions that overtake me in the throes of an orgasm. She said she wants every muscle, particularly that most important one, rock-hard and quivering and all ready to work on when she arrives. Of course, as usual, she's gotten her wish. Lying here in my fully adjustable hospital bed with a tough rubber condom taped tightly to my penis, crimping my mindlessly reflexive erection painfully off, I've been trembling and spasming helplessly, fondling my agonizingly trapped and strangled but blindly persistent hardness until I'm nearly mad with the potent mix of pain and arousal. And of course, this torture is but the merest harbinger of the insanity that lies ahead. Visions of what will finally happen to my poor vulnerable, crippled, yet still completely sensate body when the waiting actually ends and my mistress arrives torment and tantalize me all the more. She's supposed to be here at nine, but these days she's always up to half an hour late. She must know how these last few minutes of all the long, slow hours of our separation torture me...

At last I hear her car pull into the driveway. Her boots crunch on gravel, her key hits my lock, and soon she's stamping through my downstairs hall. She takes the elevator straight up here, enjoying all the conveniences provided by my disability, then she strides down the hall, pushes open the door and steps into my room.

As usual I go absolutely weak at the sight of her. A beautiful Latina of just twenty-five, she's fit and petite with a tiny waist, an unbelievably round ass and large, very pointy breasts that when freed of restraint jut out from her chest like deadly horns of flesh. Now she's wearing a long leather overcoat and shiny black stiletto-heeled boots, and with her long, thick, raven-black hair, her large dark eyes and clear, slightly dusky skin, she's so stunningly gorgeous that I know I could never refuse her anything. She barges right in on me most familiarly, flashing her usual brilliant smile. Then this is quickly transmogrified into an evil grin, as she very deliberately turns and shuts the bedroom door behind her, turning the lock and running home the bolt.

Long ago, distinctions have been made between public and private, and by mutual acknowledgement of agreed-upon rules, we are now no longer Mister Robert Lanzig and Nurse Cassandra Maria Aquila. With that snick of the second lock we eagerly assume different, simpler names and profoundly altered roles. Breathless with the addictive excitement, I dive wholeheartedly into my chosen part.

“Buenos días, my beautiful, beloved Mistress. You look absolutely gorgeous this morning. I hope you are muy well and happy today!”

“Hello, my helpless little Slut-boy!” Mistress’ eyes gleam with limitless devilish intent. “Are you ready to be trussed up, used and abused by me? Are you ready to serve me with your entire body and suffer every cruel indignity that I can possibly dish out?”

“Yes, Mistress. I can’t wait for that to happen. I’ve hardly slept a wink all night, thinking about it. I’ve been so incredibly hard without my pills, this condom is killing me!”

“Well, that’s too bad, you stupid little Slut-boy! We can’t have you peeing on the bed! That would mean I’d have to change it, and that would call for such a severe punishment! Speaking of peeing, when was your last urination, Slut-boy?”

“Just a few minutes ago, Mistress. I wanted to time it just right for you.”

“Good, very good.” Mistress unbelt and removes her coat, revealing a short black leather skirt and a tight blue sweater. Her breasts inside are harnessed up high, but the big sharp nipples are erect and obvious, poking cup-less out through the yarn. I goggle greedily at them, as without further ado she strides on her thigh-high boots to the side of my bed. Brusquely she reaches over the tubular aluminum side railing, and strips away the sheet and blanket. Naturally I’m completely naked underneath, even shaved clean of body hair the way she likes me. The only exception is the collection bag, drainage tube, and tough rubber condom currently crimping off my erection. Despite the weight of the connected tube, this still juts proudly into the air, bobbing with the urgency of its need to swell beyond the present limits of its confinement. Helplessly I moan aloud, squirming beneath her gaze, as finally, after long hours of relentless pain, need and frustration, Mistress unwinds the tape and strips away the cock-imprisoning condom.

Heavenly bliss washes instantly through me, as Mistress sets this drainage rig aside and grips my gloriously ballooning erection. She squeezes, fondles and pumps it, marveling at its rapid growth and rock-like rigidity. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you this hard, Slut-boy! You look like you’re about to burst! I love it when you skip your pills! I think we need to preserve this state of affairs!” Mistress pulls open the top drawer of the bedside cabinet, and reaches in.

She rummages around with one hand while bending and twisting and pinching, cruelly manipulating my aching-hard penis with the other, stimulating it relentlessly. I’m gasping and groaning, even crying out with agonized arousal before she finally withdraws and swiftly applies a tight cock and ball harness: a contraption of thin, black leather straps and snaps that emphasize and trap my swollen genitals in their current state of painfully engorged rigidity.

Once this implacable harness is tightly in place, Mistress gives the grossly swollen head bulb once last cruel flick with a long, exquisitely manicured fingernail. Giggling at my bleat of pain and need, she grabs the control module for my extensively adjustable bed and raises the head to about forty-five degrees. Then she produces two pairs of shiny steel handcuffs. As if being crippled doesn’t incapacitate me enough, she immediately shackles each of my wrists to the top corner of each side railing: chaining my arms up and out to either side above my head.

Now I’m truly helpless, handcuffed and paralyzed, alone in this big old house in the country miles from any help. Delighted to take zealous advantage of the situation, my mistress-caregiver proceeds to prepare me for torture. Leisurely she deftly applies hideously tight pressure clamps to my nipples, earlobes, the tender skin underneath my arms and of course all up and down and all over my bulging, blood-filled prick and balls. This cumulative exquisite pain makes me shudder and squirm, spasming and writhing uncontrollably, and I whimper piteously. Mistress giggles at me. “You poor little Slut-boy! You know, if there’s one thing I can’t stand, it’s to listen to a trussed-up slut-boy cry. Here!” She pulls out her favorite head harness-ball gag, and

straps it about my head. The big hard ball is forced between my teeth, the buckles are all tightened and locked, and now I can only moan and whine through my strap-bracketed nose. Mistress grins, and this time her fingernail cruelly flicks the protruding tip, making my eyes water. By the time I've blinked them clear, she's withdrawn two more sets of handcuffs.

These she locks to each ankle, but rather than shackle me out spread-eagled (for which she prefers me face down atop a pile of pillows), Mistress raises each leg above my head and locks the cuffs to the same top bars of the side rails that hold my hands. Lying on an incline, this doubles me up and raises my ass in the air, exposing my buttocks and the undersides of my two spread legs. It also beautifully displays my swollen, harnessed genitals and vulnerable, open, inviting-looking boy-cunt. Next Mistress crams a big fat pillow under my kidneys, solidifying my position, and at last she steps back.

Her face is literally aglow with dire intent, and feasting her eyes on my cuffed and harnessed form lying there just begging for her attentions, she slowly begins to strip off the sexy sweater and miniskirt. Beneath these she wears only a complex body harness of thin, tight, crisscrossing black leather straps connected by silver rings and buckles. Those incredibly pointy breasts are both uplifted and separated, thrusting out through the cup-less bra like deadly weapons, and my ball-gagged mouth begins to drool at the sight. Watching my mistress strip, I can't help but recall how this all began, that uncomfortable morning over two long years ago.

I have long been in the habit of using my computer's picture viewer as a screen saver at night, programming it to flip through an endless slideshow of pictures. Then if I wake up and can't get back to sleep, I have something to look at through all the long hours. My favorite pictures all portray superior females in the act of dominating and torturing their hapless male slaves, and I sometimes lay awake fantasizing and fondling myself all night long over these. I can't ejaculate or even enjoy a pain-free erection without removing the condom and assuming a position with my legs free to kick and spasm, so pain and frustration contributed to my infatuation with this dreadfully compelling fetish. But at last during one particularly horny night, when I purposely skipped my pills in order to torment myself, I suffered a stroke of bad luck that, no matter how unlikely, led inexorably to my greatest stroke of fortune ever.

I pinched and pulled and squeezed my rubber sheathed prick in a veritable frenzy, my eyes glued to the images of domination before me. My legs kicked, my back bridged and then I slammed back down, dislodging the trackball that controls the computer. To my sudden horror I heard it fall and roll away across the floor. Not wishing to shock anyone with my private fetish, I always managed to close the picture-viewing program before the morning nurse arrived. But with the trackball out of reach on the floor across the room, there was now no way to do this. Serious embarrassment was certain, and I lay awake there for hours, watching the damning pictures flip by: women binding, whipping, sodomizing, brutalizing and humiliating their male prisoners, feminizing them against their will and forcing them to perform the most outrageous acts of abasement. Paradoxically, my dick began to strain ever harder, the coming humiliation before the new and beautiful Nurse Aquila seemed to be turning me on almost against my will. And when she finally did arrive she was quick to perceive what had happened to me, and even quicker to seize the opportunity presented. Eventually she had me type up and sign a form that admitted in humiliating detail all the shameful perversions I craved, and stipulating that I had begged and paid her to perform any and all conceivable acts of bondage, punishment, and female domination upon me during the course of our regular daily routine. This document would emasculate me and exonerate her completely if our strange new relationship ever came to light, and with it safely in hand Nurse Cassandra Aquila became Mistress, I became Slut-boy, and she

proceeded to enslave me utterly. Now, after two years of serving her in any capacity, I'm so deeply in love with her that every bit of pain, humiliation and subjugation she forces upon me only binds us tighter. I live to be her submissive, and I can't begin to imagine trying to survive without her diabolical attentions. When she took a vacation recently it almost drove me out of my mind. Now at last she's back, naked except for her sexy body harness, and as I watch she pulls open another drawer, the dreaded and beloved drawer, and withdraws two more very familiar items.

The first is a big, long strap-on dildo, a beautifully molded shiny black affair that's two inches thick and over nine inches from life-like balls to the pitted head-bulb. This big hard cock is attached so tightly to her crotch that it acts exactly like a real erection: bobbing only barely as she finishes securing it. Then she picks up the other item, a hand whip designed for a variety of cruel uses. Jet-black as well, the handle of this wicked instrument is also shaped like a cock: one fourteen inches long, heavily ribbed and with the big bulbous prick-head forming a knob at the butt. At the other end, beyond a pair of simulated balls, dangle like dreadlocks a dozen two-foot floggers: steel-tipped braided leather thongs that crack and swish and punish like little else when flung through the air and into helpless flesh. Brandishing both the weapon in her hand and the one sprouting from her crotch, Mistress smiles evilly at me. Sexily she minces her way back over and uses the remote to lower the entire bed until the mattress is only a couple of feet off the floor. Leaving me tilted, chained and hung up at a forty-five degree angle, she thus makes me into the most comfortable, accessible target possible. Then she begins to whip me.

The floggers lash into my helpless body, striking the unprotected underside of my thighs, then my ass, belly, chest, but especially my groin and hugely erect genitals. Mistress whips away with a sadistic glee, the sound of her weighted tails smacking into me loud in the big old empty house. My gagged agony is extremely erotic in tone, and soon counter-pointed by the heavy breathing of my mistress. She considers this her morning work-out (at least one phase of it anyway), and so she goes all out, swinging her arm with all her might, getting her whole body involved in administering the beating. Soon she's broken a healthy sweat – although it's nothing compared to the rivers I'm pouring forth. Straining at my chains, struggling futilely for escape, I'm perspiring profusely, and each new drop adds more stinging salt to be whipped into my growing pattern of welts. Still more of this natural oil trickles down to pool in my navel and anus, slapped away by the floggers but continually replenished. Familiar with this almost daily process, Mistress at last concentrates her strikes on my chest and clamped nipples, letting the excess sweat accumulate where she wants it. When at last enough of this convenient lubricant is in place she suddenly reverses her double-ended weapon, stepping up closer and roughly probing me with the big head-knob butt-bulb of the whip's cock-shaped handle.

Invading my anus, grinning at my helpless groan, she plunges and gouges and rotates, rubbing my prostate mercilessly. But at last this simulated sodomy is too tame for her, and it's time for her other big dick to take over. She lowers the head of the bed a bit more, reducing my angle of incline and raising my ass even higher. Then she climbs on.

Her nipples are swollen and erect, darker than ever, betraying her arousal. Without ceremony she moves into place above me. Then, with only my own sweat to ease her entry, she penetrates and rapes me with her big black penis for what seems like an hour. All the while she talks dirty to me, turning us both on with the degrading filth that spills constantly from her lips. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! You like that, don't you, bitch? Sure you do! You're my little butt-bitch! Aren't you, Slut-boy? My faggy little slut-puppy bitch-boy. My disgusting little bugger-boy, just begging me to slam my giant cock up your ass!"

The only breaks in this tirade come when she does, interrupting her rhythmic pants and grunts and bursts of words with shrieks of gleeful orgasm, as the rhythm of her fucking and the butt of the strap-on against her privates provides her with all the stimulation she needs. I myself can only groan and keen, watching as she pinches and twists her pointy breasts, working the nipples both deftly and forcefully at the same time as she relentlessly pumps her giant penis in and out of me. I know what's coming next, and sure enough, soon my ripe young Latina mistress starts spraying milk, spurting it out of erect nipples the size and shape of onyx arrowheads. She groans and spurts and comes repeatedly, constantly pulling and pinching, working her breasts like mad and soaking me with their warm, nourishing output.

This is part of her regular sexual rhythm, although on rare occasions she does allow me to nurse. I don't understand how or why she's managed to maintain her steady milk production, or learned to coax it forth with just mechanical manipulation, but it's not my place to question. I just lie there erect and grovel as it splatters on me, knowing that the soiling with bodily fluids has barely begun. Then sure enough, eventually Mistress conceives a need for far more intimate, direct vaginal stimulation, and she at last pulls back, withdrawing her giant organ from my ass.

With practiced quickness she strips away my ball-gag, and settles herself astride my face. There she rides me, humping my extended tongue, holding a locked ankle in each hand and gasping with delight at every particularly satisfactory stroke. Such a ride can only end one way of course, and eventually Mistress comes for real, shuddering and quaking and ejaculating on my already milk-and-pussy slathered face with a series of especially piercing shrieks. Only then does she at last take a deep breath, climb off the bed, and switch from workout mode to worker.

Brusquely she uncuffs me. My legs are lowered from over my head, and with a buzzing hum she lowers the electronic lift used to transfer my crippled body around. A nylon sling is slipped under my shoulders and strapped about my thighs, rings at all four corners are snapped to descending chains, and with another motorized hum I find myself lifted off the bed and into the air. Mistress reaches between my stretched-apart legs then, and at last removes the many pressure clamps and the complex cock-and-ball harness restraining my genitals. Freed, my avid erection only grows, and with approval Mistress orders my daily milking. Enjoying the use of my hands and the convenient sling, which holds my legs and body up off the bed in a position where I can kick and spasm and thrash about without hurting myself, I eagerly comply.

After a brief period of anticipatory fondling, I clamp my straining organ in a two-handed death-grip and start jerking it viciously quick. Immediately my hanging body explodes into orgasm, kicking and flopping, bucking and spasming and flinging out semen so forcefully that it splats into my face in a series of hot, high-pressured jets. Because of my damaged spinal cord, every ejaculation of mine triggers this kind of violent, hanged-man-kicking-on-the-gallows neuromuscular response, especially if my body has recently been denied its necessary dose of muscle relaxants. Watching me shudder from head to toe, cry out with release and go into violent, wrenching, whole-body spasms as I soil myself, Mistress shrieks with excited glee.

Dutifully I cling to my prick and continue to pump away, working my spurting organ urgently, sustaining both spasms and ejaculation as long as possible. By the time I finally stop coming, kicking and convulsing and slump into limp-muscle aching exhaustion, my face is comprehensive soaked and smeared with both Mistress' come and my own, with sweat and breast milk and just about every bodily fluid imaginable, saving only piss and blood. Well, Mistress will see to fifty percent of that! Quickly she uses the lift then to transfer me across to the nearby bathroom and into the deep tub.

She lowers me into the empty bathtub, right onto the bottom, then unsnaps the sling from the lift and moves the descending chains aside. Still wearing her thigh-high, stiletto-heeled boots of shiniest black, she steps carefully up onto the rim of the tub, one foot on each side, straddling me where I lie helpless in the bottom. Towering over me, her big black cock and boots and pointy tits, and her exciting leather body harness all look desperately erotic. Then she bends at the knees, squatting slowly down to grip the sides of the tub with her hands as well. Splay-legged just above me, her glorious genitalia are in full view. Giggling at my expression of exalted, avid inspection, she then finishes my defilement by taking a deep breath and then suddenly peeing. Her hot stream splatters down, playing back and forth thoroughly all over my face, washing the many mingled fluids that soil me into my willingly opened mouth. So excited and triumphant does this make her feel that Mistress literally shrieks and whoops with glee, unable to believe that someone could be so devoted to her. She squeezes out every drop, shakes out, and then lets me use my tongue on her like toilet paper.

Afterward, she reverts to a nurse again. She grabs the powerful hand-held showerhead and hoses me off, then fills the tub, and very quickly yet thoroughly uses soap and a rough sponge glove to bathe me. My longish brown hair is washed, combed, and shaken out, etc, and before I know it I'm being returned to the bed.

Normally this is the point where she'd get me dressed and into the wheelchair, but apparently Mistress has other ideas. Instead she positions me crosswise, facedown atop a huge, wedge-shaped pillow purchased for just such occasions. The handcuffs are again employed, as Mistress shackles each of my ankles to its corresponding wrist. Then I lie/kneel there with my ass high in the air: my posture that of a suckling pig just waiting for an apple. Next to me on the bed, Mistress starts laying out a great many items, each more chilling than the last: a riding crop, a coiled bullwhip, a ping-pong paddle drilled full of holes. Also several longer, progressively thicker dildoes and butt-plugs, as well as an enema bag, catheterization equipment, several candles, a lighter, a pack of smokes, and four coils of thin, tough rope.

Mouth dry, I gulp weakly with mingled lust and dismay. But Mistress isn't near done yet. She moves to the room's small refrigerator, and pulls out a large, bizarrely shaped zucchini squash. From the freezer she withdraws a bucket of big square ice cubes, and carries these items over as well. Without deigning to inform me of her intent, she sets them down and straightaway inserts half a dozen ice cubes into my upthrust ass. Ignoring my moans and hisses, she follows them with a big genital harness-butt plug contraption designed to hold everything inside even after the cubes have melted into water. Then, just as they begin to do so, she finally moves around to confront my groveling face.

Mistress grabs me by the hair, pulls my eyes up to meet her. "I'm on until ten o'clock tonight, Slut-Boy!" she hisses wickedly. "We've got a damn long day ahead of us, just you and me and my many toys in this one little room. We'll have to work good and hard to keep each other occupied, don't you think? Why don't you get us started by sucking on my fucking cock, you sexy little slut-boy? I want to see if you're getting any better at it!"

So saying, she rams her big black prick through my mouth and into my throat, gagging me with it viciously. Soon she's pumping away, deep into a familiar rhythm. Blackly excited, heart hammering with love, devotion, and terrified sexual arousal, I close my eyes, purse my lips and suffer as she rapes my helpless face.

We've got a damn long day ahead indeed.

Chapter Twenty Four

Teacher's Pet

"It says here you're a senior."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Seventeen years old."

"Just turned eighteen."

"Ma'am"

"I'm sorry. Just turned eighteen, ma'am."

Silence from Super-bitch. She continued to study his transcript, her grade book.

Sam sat across from her and sweated. He had friends who would relish this after-school conference with Ms Phillips. The most notorious English teacher at West Side High, she was in her late twenties and almost unbelievably hot. Tall and slim, she was nevertheless tremendously stacked, with huge breasts. Contrastingly, she had such an incredibly tight waist and bulbous, muscular ass that many suspected her of wearing girdles to accentuate these. In any case, she also habitually wore daringly slit skirts and very high heels: showing off long, elegant legs that were the envy of every cheerleader for miles around.

Her face was gorgeous if a bit too angular, her pale blue eyes bright but cool behind a pair of quintessential horn-rimmed teacher's glasses. She even favored a silver chain to hang these from, and although her platinum hair was rumored to be waist-length, she always wore it up, in a variety of elegant yet severe styles that conveyed her always-stern personality perfectly. It was this (plus her general incisive viciousness) that had earned her the name of Super-bitch among the students (and much of the faculty). And although there were many males around so enamored of her beauty that they were willing to risk her daunting company, Sam was not numbered among them. At least, not this afternoon.

He was failing her creative writing class, and had cheated on his last assignment. Desperately needing to pass in order to keep his sports eligibility, he'd almost died this afternoon, when rather than return his paper along with the rest of the class, she'd instead given him a note ordering him to stay after school. Now he was missing football practice, and without a doubt he'd much rather have been running sprints up and down the stadium steps, or getting his head handed to him by the defensive line. Hot as she was, this haughty bitch just intimidated him so fucking much...and if he was busted here...

Ms Phillips made him sweat for five long minutes. Finally she looked up when he shifted uncomfortably. "What?"

"Nothing, ma'am. It's just...I'm missing football practice, and I'm worried about what the coach will say."

Her brow drew down. "Boy, you better start worrying what I have to say. You might never play sports again, at least not at this school. You've committed plagiarism. That's grounds for expulsion right there. I'm still trying to decide whether to merely fail your ass or have you kicked out of school entirely."

Sam's panicked stomach lurched. Before he knew it, he was begging. "Please don't do that! Oh my God, ma'am, Ms Phillips, please! I'll redo the assignment, twice if I have to, anything! Sports is all I have going for me. If I get failed or expelled, my life is as good as over!"

"Sports *are* all you have going for you," Super-bitch snottily corrected him. Deliberately she studied him from head to toe, cataloguing more than just his desperation. Her eyes were coldly speculative. At last she spoke.

"I might give you one last chance. I run a very private, informal program for incorrigible cases like yours. It's devoted to training discipline into all facets of a wayward boy's life.

"If ever someone needed to learn a little discipline, it's definitely you. Now I warn you," her tone sharpened, as Sam began to sag in relief, "that this is a very unconventional program. Both its demands and its rewards can be quite extreme. But if you measure up to all of my expectations, if you pass all of my private tests, I will not only overlook this obvious case of plagiarism, but I *will* give you a passing grade in creative writing."

"So what's it going to be, boy? Private discipline training, or expulsion for plagiarism?"

Super-bitch favored Sam with another long, smoking-ice look. Optionless, he squirmed in his chair. Desperate to escape expulsion, both madly turned-on and profoundly unsettled by the unspoken implications in Ms Phillips' words and manner, he hesitated for just a second, and then unsteadily agreed to whatever she had in mind.

"Discipline training, ma'am. I'll do whatever I have to in order to pass."

"That's good. Very good." Her cold smile sharpened even further. "In that case, let's begin. There's no time like the present, is there? Stand up boy!"

"Yes ma'am." Sam stood at attention immediately. Super-bitch stood up herself, moved slowly around her desk and went to the room's door. She closed it, locked it, drew the blinds, and then returned to stand behind him. "Don't turn around! Don't even move, or you're expelled!" she ordered sharply, as Sam stirred uncomfortably.

He froze immediately. Soon came the noise of chairs being moved around, and then the sound of zippers and clothes rustling. Holy, shit, it sounded like she was undressing! No way! A million juvenile fantasies suddenly swirled around Sam's adolescent head. Could this really be happening?

Moments later the clicking of Ms Phillip's high heels approached him from behind, and the fluttering in Sam's belly increased exponentially. He jumped when she touched him, running her fingers lightly over his hair. She felt his head, neck and shoulders, then ran her hands pretty much all over him, pinching and prodding his well-toned body critically. At last she arrived at the bulge in his pants, feeling and then tightly squeezing his erection. Her words were cold, almost angry.

"Your penis is hard. You see? That's your problem right there. No discipline whatsoever. I will instill this in you, beginning immediately. Now get your clothes off!"

Overwhelming disbelief stunned Sam as he slowly stripped out of his clothes, his penis indeed an emphatic statement about this bizarre situation. But then just as he rose from pulling off his last sock, Super-bitch stepped back around in front of him, and that upright organ pulsed even harder.

She had indeed removed her skirt and top, and now she wore only a tight black corset, sheer nylon stockings and her stiletto-heeled shoes. Still her hair was up and severe, her glasses in place and a pen behind her ear, and her face was set in a cold sneer. Sam had only a second to goggle at her incredibly gorgeous, gigantic and perfectly symmetrical breasts, and at her elegantly shaved and trimmed groin, before she suddenly slapped him hard across the cheek.

"Eyes on the floor, boy! You look no higher than my ankles, ever! Unless I order it otherwise. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. To not look at what you've always dreamed of when suddenly given the chance, that is discipline! The beginning of it anyway. But I can see that you need a lot more. Your pitiful

little penis is still pointing straight up in the air. We must do something about that immediately. Come over here to this chair!”

Sam obeyed, standing as directed behind an ordinary classroom chair. Super-bitch positioned his feet right outside the two back legs; then produced a wide roll of masking tape. Quickly she taped each ankle to the bottom of each chair leg, winding the roll around and around until finally only a knife or pair of scissors would be able to free him. Then she stood, grabbed Sam’s erection and pushed it painfully down. Against its natural upright curve she bent it back between his legs, then pressed his body tightly against the back of the chair. Then she repeatedly wound the tape around both the chair back and Sam’s waist, securing him back-bent like that, leaving only his upper body free.

Free, but for how long? Sam wondered uneasily as Ms Phillips went to her desk drawer, unlocked it and began rummaging around. Then sure enough, she rose with a pair of shiny steel handcuffs. Quickly Sam cast his eyes to the ground, but not quickly enough. The glorious sight of Super-bitch’s jiggling breasts was followed immediately by her viciously hissing voice.

“So! Raising your eyes already! I knew you needed discipline! Oh, I’m going to enjoy this, boy! The first of so many sorely needed lessons!”

“But...Ms Phillips...ma’am...”

“Silence!” she snapped back. “Boys in training speak only when spoken to!” She reached the chair, grabbed him by the hair and promptly shoved Sam face down over the back and seat, bending him all the way over and finally cuffing his hands together and around the low crossbar connecting the two front legs: trapping him in that uncomfortable, utterly incapacitating position. Then she went to the blackboard and picked up her pointer, a four foot-long, one centimeter-thick stick of strong, limber graphite. Bowing it slightly between her fists, she stepped deliberately over to Sam’s naked, up-thrust rear.

“Lesson Number One: never raise your gaze above the ankles of your mistress. You always belong on the floor beneath her feet, in thought if not in actual deed. Perhaps this will help you to remember, you insubordinate, undisciplined little shit!” Viciously she slashed the thin limber pointer across Sam’s naked ass, again and again and again.

Sam bit his lip as she caned him, struggling not to scream or cry, and wondering how he was going to explain the livid welts he was getting to the guys in the locker room. This worry gained new urgency as Super-bitch continued to lay down both the ass-flaying pointer strokes and the laws that now governed his existence.

“Lesson Number Two! Never speak without being spoken to! And never *ever* speak about the Mistress! Not to anyone, ever! It would surely get around, then the boy would be expelled, and the Mistress could lose her job! Then she’d have to hunt down and kill the boy, wouldn’t she? Yes she would! But first she’d commit all kinds of bloody castrating torture on him! So from this point on you keep those slutty lips, closed, little boy, no matter how much you might want to talk or scream! Only that way will we both get what we want. Which is more and more and more of this!”

Mistress continued to whale away at him, striping the undersides of Sam’s thighs as well as his ass, and before long he was sobbing and blubbering like a baby, but still not even dreaming of screaming, or of ever telling anyone the truth about this.

That truth was just too abysmally embarrassing and demeaning – especially in light of the state of his back-bent erection. That pounding bar of blood-filled muscle was just as hard and painfully needy as ever, and despite his comprehensive misery, Sam still found himself paradoxically, incredibly turned on.

Bowing before this gorgeous half-naked female authority figure suddenly seemed somehow both agonizing and appropriate, both as unendurable as nightmare and as necessary as life. He both needed it to stop and he wanted it to go on forever and ever. And indeed perhaps a hundred or more vicious strokes passed before Mistress Super-bitch was finally satisfied, and decided to move them on up to the next level of training.

The pointer clattered down. Mistress' voice was coldly amused.

"Good. Very good so far. Not one single scream. We're learning discipline now, aren't we? But soon you're *really* going to want to scream. And you'd damn well better not, boy. You don't want us to be interrupted in the middle of this lesson, I guarantee it."

She stepped back over to her desk, rummaging once again in its capacious bottom drawer. "Do you think your poor little ass hurts now, boy? Well that's nothing like it's going to hurt in a minute. It's time for Lesson Number Three: Sex with the Mistress."

Once again Sam couldn't keep his eyes on the floor. Despite the painful lesson just beaten into him, something in Mistress' voice simply forced him to raise his head. He looked, and his jaw dropped open in shock. Horrified, he couldn't tear his gaze away. Luckily Mistress was currently too occupied to notice this disobedience. Unlucky, however (to say the least), was the reason for her distraction.

Super-bitch was in the process of snapping a snug leather harness tightly about her bare groin. Jutting from the front of this otherwise quite sexy-looking studded three-strap contraption was Sam's worst nightmare: a long, flesh-colored, eerily life-like penis.

Sam had heard of strap-on dildos before; indeed, once he'd come across a story in a skin magazine that affected him so powerfully that he'd thrown it away in shame, unable to deal with the forbidden yearnings it had stirred up in him. But now it seemed that darkly compelling fantasy was fast on its way to becoming an all too terrible reality.

So upset was poor Sam that he barely registered the glorious sight of Ms Phillips' breasts shifting and swaying as she secured and tested her fit, tugging on her new erect cock. But at last he mastered himself, dropping his gaze just in the nick of time. An instant later Mistress straightened up and strutted back over to her new captive boy-toy.

"Many slutty little boys dream of having sex with their Mistress," she lectured. "This is of course impertinent, inappropriate, and terribly misguided. Learning discipline means learning to always submit, entirely and wholeheartedly, to every whim of the ruling Mistress.

"She may, if she chooses, use sex as a tool in her training of you. But in order to punish and eradicate that ridiculously improper fuck-dream, she will almost always invert the normal male-female relationship. The boy becomes the bitch, in other words, and as the dominant partner it is Mistress who wields the cock. Now I know you're a virgin to this kind of sex, slut-boy, so I'm going to let you start by servicing me with your mouth. That should provide us with sufficient lubrication for later."

Suddenly Mistress stood right in front of stunned Sam, and again she had him by the hair. This time she pulled his head up, allowing his gaze to feast on those matchless legs before finally confronting him with a much more daunting feast.

Her big rubber prick was right in his face, and nudging up against his mouth. His Mistress was implacable. "Open up, slut-boy. It's time for you to learn how to suck my dick. You never know when you might be confronted with a real one." Sam cringed, but of course he had no other options. After a brief hesitation he opened his lips, and with a firm forward thrust of her hips, his Mistress slid it in.

She gripped him by the head and started pumping then, fucking his hotly flushed face. Burning with humiliation, his gut churning at the spectacle he surely made, Sam accepted that big hard insult with little outward distress. But then Mistress started fucking him harder, pushing right through his mouth and into his throat, gagging him with her insistent rhythm. As her leather-clad crotch began banging his nose, and her big cock plunged in and out of his esophagus, she resumed holding school.

“That’s right, slut, take my entire big schlong. Relax your throat. The sooner you overcome that gagging, the better – at least for you. I don’t know, I kind of like it... Yes...that’s right...good. Now suck me off like the sweetest little sissy-slut in school. I bet you never thought having your face fucked could be so much fun, did you?”

On and on it went, both the fucking and the instruction, until at last Mistress seemed provisionally satisfied. “Well, all right then. I’d call step one complete. Now it’s time to see what your other tight little hole can do for me.”

Smoothly she withdrew from Sam’s mouth, leaving him relieved, disappointed, terrified, breathless with anticipation and blackly aroused all at once. Ignoring his incoherent whimpers, Mistress moved around behind him and gripped Sam by his slim, firmly taped hips. Then, with the ease of long practice, she aligned her big, up-jutting eight-inch member with his tightly puckered anus and began pressing her way into him.

Sam struggled helplessly, both inside and out. While his limbs fought to free themselves – and failed – his mind had similar nil success in shirking the awful humiliation and uncontrollable arousal generated by this unprecedented invasion. His own back-bent penis throbbed urgently, responding automatically as first the head of Mistress’ cock and then inch after inch of its thick, vein-wrapped shaft split his most secret center wide open and forced its hard, cylindrical way up into him.

He heard himself sobbing, he faintly detected his Mistress’ heavy, excited breathing, but nearly all of his awareness remained focused on the inextricable pain, shame and arousal of having his rectum violated for the very first time. When at last his Mistress had her entire big length buried inside him, she began grinding her hips, wagging her enormous boner around in the virgin-tight territory she’d just so deliciously claimed. While Sam groaned and wept and tried to deny the urgent pulsing of his own cock, she once again began fucking and instructing him.

“There, you see? You’ve got a big hard cock in your ass and you’re still alive. That little sissy-hole of yours stretches out real nice. You can take a much bigger one than this, and soon you will. But this is good enough for now. This is where I teach you all about fucking from the ladies’ point of view. Then we’ll see how eager you are to dish it out!” Already she’d begun pumping, working her matchless hips and sliding her big erect penis slowly in and out of him, but now she picked up the pace. She began slamming herself into Sam, responding to his agonized whimpers by fucking him ever harder and renewing her ever sterner warnings.

“Keep quiet, Slut-boy! Discipline, now! Show me you can take a vicious butt-fucking and still remain silent! Anything more than grunts and groans of pain and pleasure could damn us both and cost you your life!”

Almost as if on cue, a commotion began growing in the hallway just outside the room. The crashing, banging and tromping of the football team coming in from practice reverberated up the hallway, as all of Sam’s friends, coaches and teammates began to pass by less than a dozen meters from where he was presently being brutally corn-holed. If anything, Mistress’ manic rhythm only increased, hammering away at both Sam’s virgin rectum and his pathetic

preconceptions, until finally his combined pain, arousal and abject humiliation began to peak right along with the bedlam outside.

Grunts and groans of pain and pleasure indeed! Since these were all that were allowed him, Sam wallowed in them, groveling in an abyss of raped mortification as his ass was violently used in an almost-public fashion. At last the entire football team moved past, promising a bit of relief from his fear of discovery. But then to his horror, Sam heard the junior varsity cheerleaders following them. The tinkling voices of the freshman and sophomore girls, nearly all of them familiar to him, filled the hallway with giggles and chatter. Likewise they filled Sam with as much shamefully hot dread as that pistoning penis continued to pound ignominious agony into his ass. Sam's own back-bent hard-on throbbed against the back of the chair; his head swam and his entire groin tingled with arousal. Then to his horror the giggling voices stopped just outside the door.

The knob rattled, and finding it locked, the girls knocked on the glass, and called out loudly in their innocent little voices.

"Ms Phillips? Are you there? We need the assignment for Monday!"

Super-bitch only responded by picking up her pace yet again, now hammering herself into her slut-boy's up-thrust ass with a speed, power, and zealous abandon that was nothing if not contagious. Utterly surpassed, Sam's thick, conflicting stew of emotions boiled over at last. As the girls knocked and called out once again, he suddenly felt his captive erection spasm. Then suddenly he was shooting out jet after hot, wet jet of spunky-smelling semen.

Just barely did he clamp off his cry of ashamed release, and ever harder did his Mistress pound away at him with her own stiff erection. But at last the cheerleaders gave up and moved off, and Mistress' jackhammer pace slowed and then stopped entirely.

She slid from Sam's horribly aching ass, and snickered quietly down at him.

"Well, that was well done indeed, Slut-boy. I think you're finally starting to learn some true discipline here. However, that unauthorized ejaculation at the end is something we'll definitely have to work on. I'll want you to be at my house, tonight, at seven o'clock. There we'll resume your lessons in a more controlled, appropriate setting, where I can spell out the course of your training in more detail."

Mistress was removing her dildo, and even slipping back into her skirt and blouse. Back into the drawer went the strap-on. Then as Mistress was cutting the tape and unlocking the handcuffs, she gave her Slut-boy his first assignment.

"I want you to leave here now, go out and buy yourself some nice silk panties and a pretty, lacy brassiere with size D cups. You will wear these under your outer clothes when you arrive at my house tonight, Slut-boy. Is that understood?"

Sam had to clear his throat twice before he was able to respond. Then he did so humbly, with his eyes still cast firmly on the ground. "Yes ma'am."

"When we are in training, Slut-boy, you are always to address me as 'Mistress'."

"I am sorry, Mistress. I understand your orders, Mistress, and I will obey them."

"Good. Now get dressed and get out of here, Slut-boy. I'll see you later tonight."

"Yes, Mistress!"

Slut-boy slipped quickly, painfully into his clothes. Then he fled.

Mistress was gratified to see that he was moving quite gingerly as he did so.

Chapter Twenty Five

Camping Out

For our vacation this year I've taken my delightfully kinky husband out camping.

This is one of our favorite things to do together. Not only do we both love the outdoors, it's always invigorating to play our crazy games in a wild, uninhibited setting. Nothing keeps a sex life fresh like regularly mixing things up. This time we're spending two whole weeks at an isolated wooded lake we've never visited before, where the stars are exceptionally bright and the fishing is reputed to be outstanding.

That reputation quickly proved well deserved. After arriving and setting up camp around noon we spent most of the day pulling in bass after largemouth bass, keeping only the four biggest for dinner. While I quite rightly relaxed after that with a fat joint and few cold bottles of Corona, Anthony built us a fire, cleaned and cooked the fish. Then we enjoyed an absolutely fabulous meal. Afterwards we built the fire back up and cuddled by it until I felt the mood was right. Then I put the question to him.

"So, Tony, what shall it be? Shall I stake you spread-eagled, splayed-out naked under the stars, an enticing feast for all the mosquitoes, gnats and chiggers? Or should I bind you to a spit over the fire, and give you a long slow roasting? Maybe I could hogtie you up tight in the marshy, muddy shallows, prey to the cold water and all the slimy, slithery creatures of the lake. What would you prefer, my oh-so perverted love?"

Cute little thing, he ducked his head into my chest and squirmed uncomfortably in my arms. Finally he made his respectful request.

"We have two whole weeks to do all that and more, my lovely Mistress Myra. Please let me spend the night in the tent with you, wrapped up tight in your strong, wonderfully loving arms. Give me some appropriate punishment and then sexually take me in every way you can. Save your true cruelties for later. The anticipation will make them so much more intense when we finally get around to them. Don't you agree?"

I thought about this for a minute, slowly stroking Tony's baby-smooth cheek. I was really in the mood for something extreme, something that would keep him sobbing and screaming all night long. But perhaps he was right. Why rush things? A little loving fun can be almost as appealing as outrageous subjugation and pitiless torture, at least at a few select times. The contrast between the two is what keeps them both fresh after all.

"All right, my sexy little slave-mate," I generously acquiesced. "Tonight we keep it light. Get into the tent and get your pretty body undressed for me."

Of course he immediately obeyed. But before joining him I heaped a ton of dry wood on the fire (Tony had naturally established an enormous pile of this earlier), turning it into a veritable bonfire. Then I cut a long, limber green branch and stripped it of leaves and twigs. Armed thus with this kinky, knobby switch I followed him into our spacious, twelve foot-square, eight foot-high nylon tent.

Kneeling respectfully upright in the middle of the open sleeping bag – which he'd spread atop the already inflated air mattress – facing expectantly toward the opening, was my lovely Tony, already completely naked. Only that which he couldn't remove adorned him. About his neck was locked the silver-tagged collar that proclaimed him mine. Another smaller lock linked the piercing on the base of his scrotum to the one through the head of his cock, forever limiting his sexual pleasure to that which I might allow.

As was my privilege I paused a moment, relishing the splendid sight of him thus, particularly the eager, adoring, worshipful shine in his big brown eyes. Then I turned and secured the outer tent flaps open and the inner bug-screen shut, letting in the warmth and light of the fire while keeping out any unwanted insects. Then I set aside my switch, pulled over my big bag of toys, and started issuing orders.

“Okay, my delectably sexy slave, as always you must first kowtow down before me and worship your Goddess.” Immediately my eternally enthralled Tony bent forward and placed his face on the floor at my feet. Like a Moslem facing Mecca he solemnly recited the prayer stipulated by our marriage vows.

“Oh, my glorious, gorgeous Goddess Mistress Myra, I swear by all that is holy, by which I mean you of course, that I will serve, cherish, love and obey you throughout all eternity. My body will serve your body throughout the rest of our mortal lives. My soul will then serve your soul until the very end of all time. Your will shall be my will in absolutely everything forever. I now humbly beg you to take me into your service and do with worthless me whatever you desire to the ultimate limits of your divine satisfaction.”

“Very well,” I happily declared, thrilled as always by this outpouring of unlimited devotion. “In the name of sacred, superior femininity, I accept and claim your eternal subservience. Any disobedience or disappointment on your part will condemn you to the worst hell imaginable. Likewise perfect service on your part will allow you to experience the closest approximation to paradise your kind can ever experience. I now consent to allow you the briefest glimpse of the latter.” The formalities thus finished for perhaps the three hundredth time, I pulled forth four stout coils of nylon rope and moved in on him.

Leaving lovely Tony bent over with his head pressed to the ground and his ass held up high in the air I drew his arms down to either side until his forearms lay right alongside his lower legs. There I lashed each of his wrists tightly to his ankles and his elbows to his knees, securing him in that worshipful posture. Then I retrieved my wickedly thin, limber switch and knelt next to him.

“I now decree that you, Slave Tony, receive fifty lashes in penance for the original sin of being male. You will count for me slave, and thank me after each one.”

“Yes, my beloved Mistress,” he gasped, his bare skin already marbling with mingled fear and anticipation. Brimming to overflowing with righteousness then I viciously slashed my makeshift switch across his ass.

“One, my Mistress, I thank you!”

Grinning to myself I striped him again, this time across the backs of his thighs. Stroke after stroke then I laid down the welts, getting ever hornier as his response grew ever more plaintive. Soon he was sobbing like a baby, choking out his gratitude with ever increasing difficulty. By the time I’d finished his hairless flesh was overlaid with an intricate lattice of overlapping welts from the top of his buttocks to the backs of his knees, some of them open and actively seeping. Unabashedly weeping, poor Tony was reduced to purest abject misery, a state perfectly appropriate to every man in history. Yet how blessed he was to take this penance upon himself, and of his own free will! Men like Tony redeem his entire sex. Thus he deserved the wondrous reward he now had coming.

“Okay, slave,” I spoke kindly, caressing his wounded ass soothingly. “Now we can finally have sex. Beg me for a pegging, and if I consider it sufficiently sincere I will treat your ass to a pleasure that will far surpass the pain it has just endured.” Predictably then Tony immediately burst forth with a blubbing flood of supplication.

“Oh please, my incomparable Goddess! Please, please, please, please, PLEASE gift your lowliest servant with a proper butt-fucking! I know I don’t deserve such a supremely sublime honor, no more than I deserve to ever ejaculate. You have most properly eternally forbidden me the latter, yet in your divine mercy you occasionally graciously allow me the former. *Please*, I humbly and contritely beg you with all my limitlessly devoted heart and soul to take me now, to gift my unworthy ass with the incomparable attentions of your glorious, wondrous, most incredibly splendid penis!”

Thrilled yet again to hear such mindless, reflexive, unlimited obedience and devotion, I stopped my beloved slave’s desperate outpouring with a gentle squeeze on his never-to-be-emptied hairless-yet-still-despicable testicles.

“That’s enough, my slave. In my infinitely mercy I grant you this glory. Wait quietly now while I prepare myself to take you.” Tony immediately lapsed into appropriate subservience. Meanwhile from my bag I withdrew my ‘feeldoe’, a dildo designed to pleasure the woman wielding it as much or more than the lucky male gifted with receiving it. I unzipped my tight jeans and slipped the bulbous inner probe deep into my vagina where it rested perfectly against my waiting g-spot. Pressing the saddle firmly against my clit, trusting my pants and that genius design to hold these perfectly in place no matter how unrestrained my rhythm, I then set about fixing this delightful device’s one little flaw. The cock that now jutted up from my crotch was unfortunately only six inches long. A simple penis extension corrected this however, and the moment it was in place I was ready to treat my lovely little slave to the ultimate fulfillment of his existence.

Picking up a tube of lubricant I moved around between Tony’s legs. Spreading these wider apart I pushed the nozzle into his anus and squeezed, squirting a generous load of goop up into him. I followed this with a couple of fingers, spreading it around and coaxing open his sphincter. Grinning at Tony’s anticipatory moan I pulled back and replaced my fingers with my big stiff phallus. Then I gripped his hips with both hands, thrust forward with my own and pushed my dick smoothly, swiftly up into him.

“OOOOOOOOOhh Goddess!” he groaned. “Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! Please, take me hard and fast now like you always do. You know how I live for this!”

Indeed. I do. Not inclined to disappoint him, I pulled back and plunged in again right up to the hilt, gasping as the saddle stimulated my clit and the bulb pushed back against my g-spot. Then it wasn’t for little Tony that I began driving violently in and out of him but for my own insatiable pleasure. Like a rampaging rapist I fucked him, my hips slapping his latticed ass and drilling into his hungry hole in an ever-accelerating rhythm.

In an ecstatic duet our simultaneous cries climbed, a symphony of sexual congress that was all about runaway eroticism. Rocking against my love-button and rubbing wonderfully on my clitoris, that feeldoe provided me as always with the ultimate in vaginal stimulation, a turn-on far more provocative than any other kind of fucking could possibly provide. So exquisite were these sensations that every time I felt my good orgasm approaching I deliberately moderated my manic pace, putting off that moment of apotheosis for as long as I possibly could. But finally of course my mad need predictably overwhelmed me. I just *had* to pound pound *pound* into that wonderfully accepting ass with every iota of force I could muster, spurred on by lovely Tony’s helpless cries even as I shrieked out the transcendent ecstasy of my own amazingly intense orgasm. Yet even despite this sexual madness the outrageous sexcapades had of course barely gotten underway. Next it was time for my preferred kind of pegging!

Leaving him bound still elbows to knees and wrists to ankles I rolled lucky Tony over onto his back, gratified as always by his grateful weeping. Splaying his arms and legs out wide I saw right away that (also as always) his locked-down penis was predictably swelling and throbbing: straining helplessly, futilely to erect.

Of course that shiny brass padlock was still implacable, pulling his scrotum up and his purple glans down, stretching out his dual piercings unmercifully. Surely this was an agony for Tony, yet still he lifted his hips up eagerly and mutely begged me to take him again. Naturally I didn't hesitate to oblige us both. I moved into position, inserted my own greedy erection and fell to fucking him even more wildly than before.

In every posture possible I pegged my helpless slave's body: kneeling upright and leering down at him; leaning over him and reveling in the incredibly intimate eye contact; finally falling atop his body in the missionary position, crushing him flat, pressing my cheek to his, gripping his shoulders in my hands and stabbing myself ecstatically up his ass. Naturally my eventual climax proved even more rewarding if possible, and after it I needed a smoke, a beer and a serious rest before I went at him again. For hours thus, I repeatedly butt-fucked my beautifully submissive, utterly loving husband, until at last I recalled his request to let him spend the night 'tightly wrapped' in my arms. Well, whether he intended the phrase the way I interpreted it, I definitely meant to grant his wish. After one more glorious orgasm I finally pulled out of his ass, climbed off his bound body, removed my killer feeldoe and delved once again into my bag of tricks.

First I dug through my extensive belt collection and chose ten wide, tough, black leather ones of various lengths. Then I knelt by my humbly compliant husband and untied him. Casting the ropes aside I drew his legs down straight and his arms tight against his sides. Then I began immediately securing him this way.

First I used the three shortest belts to bind his lower legs together at the ankles, calves, and just below the knees. The next three bound him just above the knees, then at mid-thigh and just below the genitals. The four longest secured his arms against his sides at just above the groin, at belly-level, and below and above the nipples. Lacking my usual cocooning plastic wrap, this was as close as I could come to tightly wrapping Tony up.

With that accomplished I chose three more restraints and finished preparing my love for the night's final succession of sex acts. First I released the lock on his genitals, allowing his painfully straining penis to finally spring upright. With the lightest of careful touches then I coaxed him up as erect as he could get. Then I strapped a harness about his cock and balls, making them jut out beautifully from his body and ensuring that no amount of stimulation could bring on the forbidden ejaculation. Next I pushed a hollow, perforated plastic penis into his mouth and used the attached wide leather strap to gag him. Finally I used one of those sleeping masks people use on airliners to blindfold him.

Once I was sure Tony couldn't see me I quickly stripped. As his Goddess I have of course never yet allowed him to see me naked. Such a heavenly sight would surely burn the unworthy eyes right out of his head. But in order to maximize his sexual frustration I absolutely love to regularly let him feel me that way, to suffer the silken press of my voluptuous flesh rubbing against his own shrimpy little body. And this time I intended to truly maximize this. To make poor Tony properly appreciate this night later, when he was a staked-out bug feast, shivering in the shallows, roasting slowly over the coals or hanging by his feet from a tree all night, I simply had to tease and titillate him mercilessly. Let the memory of this night wickedly accentuate all that future suffering!

Quite deliberately I started at the top before gradually working my way down. Straddling his bound body at the belly I lay down atop my Tony with my breasts squashed against his chest and my face just above his own. Then I began lovingly kissing every bit of it I could reach: his forehead and cheeks, under his jaw, then finally his neck, which I spent at least half an hour covering with hickeys. Moaning like the willing victim of a vampire, my succulently submissive slave writhed erotically under me as I hungrily batted on him. After that I nibbled playfully on his nose and earlobes before seriously ratcheting up the intensity of my teasing.

I slid up higher on him, until my pendulous breasts were bracketing his unseeing face. Then I gripped his head in both hands and buried him between my tits before twisting violently from side to side. Slapping him about, grinding them against him, taunting him terribly with what his eyes would never see and his hands and mouth would never touch I grew more excited with every desperate moan of his hopelessly excited need. Then finally I slid my way back down.

Soon my sopping crotch was pushing against his stiffly upright cock, forcing it back until it was crushed flat, pointing down along the length of his legs and mashing his bulging balls against them. In that position I was able to do to him what he so frantically dreamed of doing to me: pinching, twisting, licking, biting and sucking on his stiffly aroused nipples until they were red and inflamed and so exquisitely tender that even the gentlest tongue flick sent a storm of sensation raving through them. Then finally it was time to move on to his greatest area of vulnerability.

Again I slid down his body, until his bound, bursting genitals were right beneath my hands and face, mine to play with as long as I liked. I started by gently fondling the erection I unconditionally owned, then began to slowly stroke it up and down. Again poor Tony writhed desperately – at least as much as his extensive bondage would allow – and I responded by taking his tightly compacted balls into my mouth. Then as I began jacking him as fast and furiously as I could I suckled madly on those never-to-be-empty nits. Oh Tony squirmed and sobbed, strained at his restraints and yet still lifted up his hips to me, desperate for the sexual torment consuming him. Then, when I felt he could surely stand no more, I switched the areas of my attentions. My greedy mouth engulfed the entire burning length of his erection and my strong right hand firmly seized his bloated testicles. Then as I performed expert, extended fellatio on him I simultaneously rubbed and squeezed his nuts at the precisely right times to drive him absolutely out of his mind.

Now he *really* squirmed and sobbed, his breath whistling through his nose – and the holes in his penis gag – like a tea kettle on the boil. Of course the only boiling going on was within his balls, where three years and more worth of unspent semen churned uncontrollably for release. How desperately would it be churning fifty years from now, I smugly wondered, after a lifetime's additional useless accumulation? Spurred on by this sadistic thought I increased the intensity of my ministrations even more, until I had Tony bucking up against me, his body compelled to seek release no matter how futile his mind knew it to be. I kept this up for several more minutes, until just before I judged despair might puncture his helpless, maddened rapture. Then I took the step most certain to pleasure and torment Tony the most; the most certain trick to stick in his mind throughout the upcoming fortnight of inconceivable suffering. I sat up, slid my way back up my slave's ramrod straight body until I could mount him. Then I pointed his rod up into my crotch and rammed myself straight down onto it.

Poor Tony's body immediately convulsed: an almost purely autonomic reaction to sensation overload. Of course as tightly wrapped as he was all he could do was repeatedly bridge, the middle of his body bouncing up and down while his heels and shoulders stayed in contact with

the mattress. Naturally familiar with this reaction I made the most of it, riding his bucking body like a rodeo queen atop an unbroken bronco. Indeed, the wildly uninhibited kind of crazed copulation made it almost as rewarding as my beloved pegging. Determined to break this involuntary insubordination I gave back as good as I got, fucking back against Tony's convulsing form even as I rode out its most violent throes. Soon I was shrieking out my umpteenth orgasm of the night, humping and pumping away until finally my slave's wildly firing nerve-endings and madly spasming muscles either exhausted themselves or admitted defeat. At that point Tony eventually lapsed into shuddering, sobbing flaccidity, and I knew I would get no more violent sexual satisfaction from him until his mortal form had had a chance to recover.

With an exhausted, supremely satisfied sigh of my own I finally climbed off my perfect husband. Then, leaving him tightly cinched up as hugely erect and woefully unspent as always I lay down next to him. Drawing the open sleeping bag over us I zipped it up closed. Snuggling up to my wonderful beloved I slid an arm underneath his neck and pulled him close to me. Turning into him then I pressed my big warm nude body against his bound up little one and cast a leg across his tied-up two. Then taking his still raging hard-and-hot cock in my free hand I once again began slowly pumping, squeezing and fondling him. Sleepily delighting in his body's unthinking resistance I bent his unspent erection around and around and all the way down, all the while scrubbing his most sensitive, softly questing tip with my thumb.

Immediately feeling the sweet, sticky wetness of the useless pre-come seeping from him, I smeared this all over his velvet-over-iron glans, treasuring his constant, abysmally frustrated whimpers as I cruelly prolonged his wonderful pleasure/suffering as long as I could. But then I felt myself slipping away at last, so I cupped his harnessed, forever bloated balls possessively in my hand, giving them a final goodnight squeeze. Then, still holding them, I dropped effortlessly off into a well-satisfied sleep. Indeed my final waking thought was about what a wonderful day and night we had just passed. And of course the next thirteen would be so much more rewarding!

Chapter Twenty Six

Mindy and Me

I love my wife – god, how I love her! But she is very controlling, and downright devilish when it comes to bed-play. She always takes me to the most outrageous extremes before finally allowing me to climax. Today was a perfect example.

I woke to ‘morning wood’, and Mindy’s insidious teasing.

We both sleep in the nude, and it’s impossible for me to hide those inevitable early morning erections. And since Mindy hadn’t allowed me ejaculate in over two months, this particular erection was amazingly urgent. Straining upright, pulsing hotly, it tented the coverlet impressively. Snuggled against my side with her nearly waist-length chestnut hair draping us both, my beautiful young wife (over ten years my junior) had noticed and begun to play with it.

First she just stroked me, running her fingertips gently up and down the sensitive underside, making me bob and twitch. Her long, lacquered nails scratched lightly at my bare base and balls (Mindy makes me shave daily), and then returned to fondle the throbbing knob.

I moaned helplessly, and Mindy giggled. Snuggling even closer, she nuzzled her mouth right up to my ear and began to nibble and tongue me – something she knows drives me absolutely wild. As her teasing hand closed on my shaft and began to oh-so-slowly pull it, she breathed her desires right into me.

“Mmmmmmm... Look at how long and hard and throbbing you are!” She paused to nip my earlobe, lick all around the pinna and drive her tongue inside, squeezing my ridiculously rigid penis even tighter. “I think maybe I’ve denied you long enough, husband! Would you like to ejaculate this morning? Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm?”

Her humming in my ear aroused me almost as much as her slow motion stroking on my raging hard-on. Squirming, I moaned and nodded my affirmative. Mindy giggled again, bending my urgent upthrust back down between my legs until I whimpered eloquently in competing pain and need. Then she thrilled me beyond belief.

“All right, my darling. This morning you can ejaculate. But not until I say so! If you jump the gun on me, I’m going to lock this penis away for a year! Understood?”

Again I whimpered an affirmative, writhing uncontrollably as she continued to stimulate me. But at last Mindy breathed her satisfaction into my ear. Then she began giving me orders.

“Excellent! First of all then, my obedient mate, I’m going to start by enjoying your slutty butt! I want you to pile pillows by your waist, and then roll over onto them, just like always.”

I said she was very controlling. And she’s so stunningly beautiful that I can deny her nothing. Mindy laid claim to my ass the very first night we spent together, and using it daily remains her most dedicated pleasure. This morning, as always, I submitted to her wishes with complete docility. Within seconds I lay face down in the center of the bed, my limbs spread-eagled with two firm feather pillows propping up my hips and elevating my open rear.

My pounding erection was bent back between my legs: painfully doubled over to keep it from sliding back and forth against the pillows, and possibly driving me into an accidental orgasm. I waited in face-burning, skin-crawling suspense, as Mindy opened a compartment in the headboard of our bed and produced a tube of lubricant and her favorite strap-on.

Quickly she donned her beautifully life-like eight-inch rubber erection and moved in behind me. She split my splayed-out legs even wider, then spread my buttocks apart and smeared me generously with jelly. Then she loomed over my prone, prostrate body, gripped my upthrust hips and prepared to take my proffered virtue.

“Here we go, my boy! My precious little Slut-boy! Mistress Mindy is going to fuck you senseless yet again. My humbly submissive little househusband! How I love to exercise my marital rights!”

With that she lunged forward and penetrated me. Sliding her hard cock easily up into my, by now, well-accustomed ass, she mounted my mute compliance and commenced an incredibly intense copulation.

Relentlessly she pounded herself down into me, quickly surpassing the rhythm of her usual bread-and-butter butt fucking. Her inspired pace, panting breath and gasped exhortations betrayed her greater-than-ever arousal, and before long she was crying out ecstatically in climax. Meanwhile I clutched the covers with both fists, groaned and groveled and raised my hips, wallowing in the unlimited intimacy of that invasion as those nonstop pneumatic thrusts kept thudding home. For what was perhaps an hour and a half then, my lovely young wife brutally butt fucked me, in what was an emphatic demonstration of who truly ruled our relationship. Then – as if it were needed – she took this logic an inevitable step further.

Still lodged balls-deep in my butt, Mistress Mindy finally stopped fucking my ass and fell atop me. Panting in my ear, she renewed her teasing banter.

“Ah, that was truly awesome! Wasn’t it? I just love to fuck my Slut-boy’s ass! But of course, you know that’s not the only way I like to use it. I love to color it as well! And you love that too... don’t you, Slut-boy? You feel guilty about how much you enjoy being buggered, and so you crave an appropriate punishment. Don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress Mindy,” I acknowledged, my heart still pounding within me. “Will you please punish me now?”

“Of course, my precious husband! Regular punishment is one of the foundations of our incredibly strong marriage! That you know your proper place in my life is absolutely essential!”

Mindy rose, and at last she pulled her cock from my aching, remarkably dilated rectum. Unfortunately for me though, she had one of her biggest training plugs ready to replace it.

First a tapered tip entered me, and then an increasing conical width, until my sphincter was stretched almost to tearing by the intrusion. But then the crisis point passed, and the big hard bulb was firmly lodged. I snapped back tight on the protruding neck, and tried to adjust to the enormous object I now carried in my bottom.

It wasn’t easy – particularly as the whipping soon began. Without hesitation Mistress Mindy took my belt and immediately began to strap me across the upthrust, stuffed-full ass. Every blow caused me to clench my cheeks, tightening muscles already sore and stretched beyond belief. Soon I was clutching that enormous plug rhythmically, involuntarily, just as I’d accepted my wife’s more limber and mobile boner.

Meanwhile I wept into the coverlet, grasped it with both fists and bit down on a fold of it, as the slashing, flaying strokes of the belt coloring my ass continued to sear into me. Squirming helplessly atop the pillow-pile, I sobbed and shook and yet took my just desserts like a man, allowing my much younger wife to discipline me however she saw fit. But finally my sacrificed ass reached a color she approved of, and Mindy stowed the belt. Without removing the giant plug, she instructed me to roll back over.

“Now I want you on your back, up against the headboard. Put one of the pillows under your poor little butt, and one under your head and shoulders. I want you elevated in just the right places!”

Once I was positioned Mindy straddled me in a sixty-nine. Crouching to confront my elevated erection, she pushed her tight crotch up and back and straight into my propped-up face.

I needed no instruction here. I ate my wife out in a slavish frenzy, exalted at being allowed to service such a heavenly fount. But then she pressed me tight against the headboard and fell into a familiar tongue-fucking rhythm: humping my outthrust oral organ as though it were a penis. Meanwhile my own long-deprived erection was treated to such a mad bout of fellatio that my orgasmic control was severely taxed. But somehow I held out, using the pain and smothering of my face fucking, and the horrible invasion in my wife-owned ass, to distract me from the insane sensation of Mindy voraciously gobbling my burning-hot cock. Only when she'd humped my tongue to an unknown number of climaxes did my domineering wife at last release my big pink candy cane from her own relentlessly vacuuming lips and swing herself around.

Finally she settled her glorious crotch atop mine. Her sopping vagina pressed my erection flat: soaking, heating, and teasing me without penetration. And then my wife made my month by pressing her delectably firm, ripe young breasts right into my face. While she squirmed on my hard-on and murmured endearments into my ears, she curtained me with her shimmering hair and rubbed her heavenly endowment against my cheeks and features until I was gasping in both anoxia and ecstasy. At last she even let me fasten and suckle one distended nipple after another, until our moans of pleasure harmonized into a kind of symbiotic erotic symphony. Then, without warning, Mistress Mindy took me once again.

She slid up just a bit higher, until her holy opening found my head. Then she slammed back down atop me. My raging-hot, long-denied sex organ was engulfed in a fraction of a second. Clutching my cock with the strongest young cunt, my wife suddenly launched herself into female-superior sex like a woman possessed. Helplessly I lay there, exalted as she used me. Ridden like a rented racehorse, I goggled at those glorious breasts dancing in my face, gasped for breath beneath that pneumatic pelvic assault and struggled to contain the still-forbidden orgasm approaching. Still Mindy lunged and plunged atop me, her cries climbing higher at each successive stroke, until finally she began screaming out the granddaddy of all earth-shattering orgasms. Just as this apocalyptic paroxysm overcame her, my wife at last gave the order that I'd been waiting so desperately to hear for so very, very long.

"Now, Slut-boy!" she shrieked. "Come into me as I come on you!"

Her words galvanized me like an electrical current. I shuddered from head to toe, my balls clenching spasmodically, and in a moment of apotheosis impossible to describe, my burning, oh-so-rigid penis worked and spurted an endless stream of semen straight up into my incredibly hot young wife, just as she met my convulsive ejaculation with one of her own.

Our simultaneous orgasms were biologic magic. But at last I stopped shuddering and spurting, and Mindy came to a wonderfully sated stop atop me. For five minutes we basked in gasping aftermath. Then she nuzzled up to my ear once again.

"That was wonderful, husband! Well done! Now you can serve me breakfast in bed! I want you to do it naked, and with that training plug still in place! Later, after I eat, and after you bathe and dress me, and I go off to work, then you can take it out and put on some clothes. I would love to make you go nude and stuffed all day. But today I want the windows washed in addition to your usual housework. That might prove rather embarrassing, no?"

Mindy giggled at the idea, and at last swung off me.

"Get going now, Slut-boy. I want a two-cheese, three-egg white omelet, a peeled and sectioned grapefruit, and home fries. And don't forget the chocolate croissant!"

"Yes, Mistress Mindy. And thank you so much! This morning was what I live for."

Gingerly I climbed from the bed, and quickly made my awkward way toward the kitchen.

Chapter Twenty Seven

Dirty Pool

At the tender age of eighteen, I was enslaved for life. And this didn't happen in eighteenth century Africa, or some Far East sultan's brothel, but in the poolroom of my very own house, under my loving parent's roof.

They'd gone on vacation, leaving my older cousin Kelly in charge of me.

Actually she was my third cousin, and I'd only known her (and not very well at that) for about a year. She grew up in Arizona, far from the rest of the family, and had only returned to the area recently, after graduating college. Nevertheless my parents trusted her to move in, hold down the fort, and keep me strictly in line for the two weeks they were away in the Caribbean.

Kelly was twenty-three, after all, very mature and independent, supremely self-confident. She shone with the kind of feral, innate aggression that comes with a lifetime of being constantly proved exceptional. Beautiful and magnetic, powerfully driven, she'd never failed at anything she tried, or been denied anything she fancied no matter how small.

Over five years younger, I couldn't even dream of challenging her. Even as a teenager I was unfortunately a shy, retiring, hollow-chested, five-foot-six dateless wonder. Fully four inches taller at five foot-ten, Kelly's overwhelming beauty and sheer vitality intimidated me. As much as her long, slim legs, impossibly tight ass, high-set, upswept, perfectly rounded breasts and long blonde hair turned me on, her mocking looks and superior poise humiliated and belittled me. She was the epitome of sexual desirability, adored by all, while I was doomed to be a desperately lonely life-long celibate loser. Both of us recognized this obvious disparity, and we constantly, perhaps even at a pheromone level, mutually acknowledged it. That was all the power over me Kelly would ever need.

My parents didn't trust me home alone because I'd been getting into trouble lately. It was typical teenage stuff, sneaking the old man's liquor, mostly, and staying out too late. But the rules for this vacation were unbelievably strict. There was to be absolutely no parties, and no friends staying over. Only Kelly was allowed to have guests. I was in effect, grounded.

Naturally this pissed me off mightily. Yet my damn parents had chosen their chaperone well. I was even more loath to disobey Kelly than to cross them. Under-aged, outclassed, physically smaller and utterly in awe of her, I did everything she told me to, including preparing dinner and cleaning up everything afterwards. That first night then I sat there and watched some stupid DVD with her, trying not to drool over both her and her 'good friend' Katia, as they sat together across from me on the living room couch.

Katia was also a knockout, also slender and gorgeous.

Petite where Kelly was tall, she had even longer, shiny black waist-length hair and much larger, amazingly spherical breasts. They'd been sisters together in some sorority, and were clearly a bit closer than just 'good friends'. I sat there and throbbed and ached and blushed as they snuggled and caressed and smirked at me, and at last I couldn't stand it any longer. I took my burning boner up to bed all alone and jerked it off, reaching my climax in mere seconds.

As always, the extreme pleasure of ejaculation was inextricably mixed with a will-sapping sense of inadequacy, and even a deeply vicious self-loathing, which was the ultimate penalty for being judged not worthy of engaging in actual sex. Face burning then, I lay there splattered in shameful aftermath until at last I drifted off.

I woke up again at about three a.m., time for my usual raid on the liquor supply.

Kelly had to be in bed—with or without her incredibly hot friend. Why not sneak down to the den and help myself to a shot or two—or three or four, maybe. Then I could creep back up to my room and masturbate again, with the alcohol kind of aiding and abetting everything. Those two bitches sure had me worked up...

I slipped into a robe and crept down to my father's den.

Like medicine I downed a couple shots from each bottle, not caring what it was, vodka, bourbon, even mixers like vermouth. I didn't give a shit. I was deep into experimentation then. Next it was time to go back upstairs and experiment once more with some Jurgens hand lotion, slowly this time, while visions of the unattainable goddess currently in authority over me both exalted and tormented my worthless soul...

But then to my stunned disbelief, I gradually discerned the sound of panting females, and the urgent slapping of flesh on flesh.

Either my fantasies were coming to life around me, or I'd stumbled upon Kelly and Katia's trysting place. Across the big den, past furniture, bookcases, ashtrays and the like stood a pair of closed, curtained glass doors. Soft light leaked around the curtains, and through the cracks came that tantalizing sound.

My heart pounding, heat rushed to my face that had nothing to do with alcohol. Fire also rushed to my groin, my sex organs tingling as the blood flooded in and forced me to swell up as hard and urgent as I'd ever yet in my sheltered life been. Without thinking about it, I began creeping across the den, unable to help myself. Odysseus lashed to the mast couldn't have resisted that call...

I made it to the door without stumbling into anything, and put my eye to the edge of the curtain. The siren song of two women fucking was much clearer here, and the sight revealed more arousing than anything I'd ever dreamed.

Beyond the door was the old man's poolroom where he went to shoot billiards, drink booze, and bitch about his wife to his friends. But now all the balls had been cleared away. In the middle of the room, right in the center of the felt-covered table, two incredibly beautiful lesbians were glorifying, nay, sanctifying this unbearably male place, blessing it with a fevered copulation that was by any definition divine.

Goddesses they obviously were as they gasped and groped and lunged and plunged up against each other. Kelly was on top, completely naked except for a thick, black, tightly strapped-on dildo. Her body and breasts were more fabulous than I'd ever imagined, firm and toned here while quivering and jiggling there. She was the first real naked female I'd ever seen, and she remains to this day the most glorious vision of heavenly loveliness ever revealed to me.

A close second, of course, would have to be Goddess Katia. Lying on her back with her legs flung up and wide, her hair spread out in a sable fan and her huge breasts bouncing on her tiny frame, this other female epitome pumped her pierced sex up against that monster cock just as urgently as Kelly kneeled above her and pounded it down and in.

Coupling in almost psychic syncopation like this, both hot goddesses were wholly occupied with each other. Fiery eyes locked in flushed, beautiful faces, they panted and moaned and fucked like creating, warring, or even breeding deities.

Transcendent lust was spawned throughout their dominion, and I was more than close enough to be infused with it. The belt of my robe flew open, and then the robe itself. Of their own accord, my shaking hands found the painfully upright spike of my admittedly limited manhood.

Even though I'd jerked off barely four hours ago, my modest organ was throbbing away as big and red and hot and rigid as I'd ever seen it. My head spun as I closed it in my grip, and my knees were suddenly weak. Nevertheless I couldn't help myself. I was still in the thrall of the incredible scene before me, even now approaching its climax. Trusting in my stealth and reflexes to protect me, I started jerking myself frantically. Devouring every photon that struck my eyes like it was the last, I pumped my burning little piston up and down and mounted urgently toward my own pathetic apotheosis.

Unfortunately for me, this was where all the booze I'd so imprudently consumed caught up with me. Panting raggedly, practically swooning with arousal as I beat my meat and beheld my glorious goddesses fucking, I could suddenly no longer control my swimming head. Lust and dizziness, alcohol and hormonal overload abruptly overcame me, and I lost my balance. Even worse, I stumbled forward instead of back, falling hard against the curtained doors.

These crashed open beneath my weight, and I fell into the poolroom.

Distantly I heard Kelly shouting, and what sounded like a screech and then a laugh from Goddess Katia. My already muddled head shut down briefly in shock then. I literally couldn't believe what I'd done, and rather than acknowledge it, a circuit breaker tried to kick in. But by the time I hit the floor, reality had finally begun to penetrate. It seems I wasn't quite drunk and mortified enough to actually faint dead away.

Still my head spun, as I tried to get to my feet and somehow retreat. But immediately I was slammed back down onto the ground and then rolled over onto my back. The glorious lesbian goddesses had caught me spying, with my robe open and my shrimpy little penis still painfully erect. My ridiculously abject condition was so obvious that they crowed over me in scornful triumph and derision.

"So! A peeping Tom! Not only that, a jerking Tom! A spying, sneaking, shamefully masturbating, naughty little sissy slut-boy Tom! Caught red handed and hard-rodged, creeping around naked in the middle of the night! And you've been drinking too! You're obviously drunk and you reek of alcohol! Your parents warned me about that! Oh, I am going to have such terrible stories to tell them about you, slut-boy!"

"P...P...Please don't tell anyone. I'm sorry. I'll do anything...I know! I'll just go back to bed..."

I was stammering in stunned, drunken, mortified upset. But both older women just laughed uproariously down in response. Kelly was enormously delighted to both seize and relish the splendid opportunity I'd provided her.

"Oh, no! You're not getting off anywhere nearly that easily, you treacherous little teenage jerk-off! I've got a good mind to punish you myself!"

"Yeah, let's do it!" Goddess Katia was electric in her agreement. "Just like back at school! There's nothing more exciting than severely punishing and then properly indoctrinating a weak, inadequate, conflicted little supposedly male slut-boy. I haven't 'turned' one in months! And look how tiny his cock is! Still so young, untouched, impressionable, and ridiculously under-endowed! I bet we could train this hapless little cousin of yours into something much prettier, sexier, and downright useful than it is now in no time at all! That'll forever cure it of spying, and masturbation, too!"

Kelly grinned widely, and began to deliberately stroke and tug on the big hard prick she still sprouted. My eyes darted from this, to the four fabulous breasts confronting me, to humbly searching the floor on which I lay. Still my erection throbbed harder than ever, as my chosen authority figure loomed over me, stroked her own big cock, and finally came to her decision.

“You, Slut-boy, are going to serve the two of us as our lowly little panty slave for the rest of your parents’ vacation,” she announced. “That is your decreed punishment.

“You will be known around this house exclusively by the degrading name of Slut-boy. And you will belong body and soul entirely to us two goddesses. You will do whatever we say, whenever we say it, without complaint. You will dress as we tell you to dress, and serve us as we tell you to serve. You will also have to grovel and beg and submit to all of our most depraved, almost insane sexual whims, for the entirety of the next two weeks. And if I am satisfied at the end of that time with your performance as my lowly little sissy-slut panty slave, then I will agree not tell your parents (and everyone else) how I caught you drunk, spying, and jerking on your tiny little penis thing. Understood, Slut-boy? Speak up, you skinny little no-dick shit!”

“Yes, ma’am,” I humbly responded. What else could I say? And my admittedly undersized dick just continued to pound and throb and ache like a rotten tooth, straining urgently upwards toward its needed deity. A rebuke for each came swiftly.

“That’s ‘Yes, Goddess’ from now on!” barked Kelly.

“Yes, Goddess!”

“You remember, from now on I am Goddess Kelly, and this is Goddess Katia! And you are nothing but our little eunuch boudoir-boy, our captive male cunt-licker and lowly willing sissy-slut.

“And you will be profoundly grateful, Slut-boy, beyond your wildest dreams, for all the outrageous things that we are about to do with you—or to you, I should say. Your pointless excuse for a life is about to change for the better forever! But right away I have to tell you that from now on, you will be having no more fun with that ridiculous little stub of yours! That’s elementary. Those filthy, guilty days are over! You disgusting little pansy jerk-off! By spying on me while masturbating, you’ve lost all ejaculation privileges forever.

“I want you to take that hair-band off your ponytail, Slut-boy! Let those nasty brown locks down! That’s right. Then I want you to wrap that elastic band tightly around the base of your stupid little puny fucking worthless cock and balls! You will not be using those pitiful excuses for sex organs again for as long as I own you!”

Still stunned, drunk, mortified, scared shitless, and even more unbelievably aroused; I followed my goddess’s instructions to the letter. Soon my long hair framed my face and my measly little two and a half inches jutted-up so red and engorged, so hard and hot and needy from its elastic strangulation that I was squirming about it with an insane frustration.

But both goddesses just ridiculed me mercilessly as I lay there, comparing my painfully swollen yet still humiliatingly pitiful sexual equipment to various microscopic objects. But at last they were too eager to begin my punishment proper to rub my fundamental inadequacy into me any further. Manhandling me about with ease then, they once again roughly flipped me over, stripping away my flimsy robe in the process.

From this they took the belt, and the next thing I knew, my arms were wrenched around behind my back, all the way up into an inverted X, with my wrists crossing each other up high between the shoulder blades. That long silk sash quickly lashed my wrists like this, until my narrow shoulders were bowed right up and my skinny chest thrust out. With that my upper half was utterly immobilized. A pool cue was promptly pressed into service then, and they spread my legs out impossibly wide until they could lash my ankles to either end of this. Only then was I at last picked up, dragged further into the room, and then suddenly lifted up and flung down crosswise atop the big central billiard table.

My bowed-up torso landed on the felt-covered slate. My spread legs hung down off the side, with my widely bound feet dangling over a foot off the floor. Between these two, right at the crux, the raised side rail both bent my bound prick back, crushing it up into my balls, and lifted my tender, lily-white teenage ass up high into the air. This supremely inviting target was smacked appreciatively a few times then, as my goddesses debated about how to begin punishing—and training—me first.

“Let’s whip the shit out of him!” exclaimed Goddess Katia. “I can’t wait to see that unmarked ass all crisscrossed with welts, and bruised up entirely black-and-blue from the training paddle.”

“But we’ve got all week to whip and spank and paddle and cane our guilty little Slut-boy,” returned my cousin Kelly.

“I think we should first introduce the virgin little sissy-slut to his primary purpose now as a bull-dyke lesbian’s panty slave. Let’s show him how it’s going to be for him, every day and night from now on until the end. After all, the sooner he falls in love with providing us with constant greedy dick service, the sooner he can try to forget all about his own bulging blue balls and forever unfulfilled little centimeter-long stubby.”

To this Katia easily assented, and while I was still trying to sort all this out (and simultaneously masochistically agonizing over all the fully justified insults), Goddess Kelly moved up directly behind me. Again she smacked my upthrust, splayed-open ass, as she contemptuously addressed me.

“So, Slut-boy, you wanted to spy on us, huh, you worthless little jerk-off? You wanted to see how a couple of goddesses like the beautiful Katia and I fuck? Well guess what, slut? It’s your lucky night! You’re about to get a first-hand demonstration. This is how us lesbian goddesses fuck, like rabid rampaging juggernauts! And this is how our lowly little chambermaid she-male panty slaves learn to take it! Like squealing sow pigs gone mad in a rutting heat!”

My goddess gripped one of my plump, firm buttocks in each hand and spread them apart as wide as possible, opening me all the way up. Then, as I squirmed and sobbed and shook my head in horrified denial, she pushed the length of her big black penis (still quite slick from its soaking in Katia) deep up into my tight, virgin asshole.

Ah, Goddess, how I struggled and whimpered and fought what was happening to me! But of course, the real battle was being fought deep inside, where I was struggling not to acknowledge my suddenly wildly burgeoning arousal.

For some sick, inexplicable reason, the incredibly intimate violation being forced upon me by my new Goddess Kelly suddenly seemed not horrible and perverse, but actually madly exciting and utterly appropriate. This particular act seemed to epitomize our asymmetrical relationship, did it not? Powerful Kelly was in every way far superior to me; complete sexual dominance was thus her obvious and delightful right.

I was so far beneath her that the fact that she would stoop to use me in any fashion at all was astounding and immensely flattering to me in the first place, a singular honor far beyond my worth. As my goddess sneered at me, laughed at me, pushed her long hard cock up deeper and deeper into me, and then began to nudge and wiggle and finally start humping and pumping away with it, I at last gave up even all pretence of resistance. Not even the relentlessly escalating pain in that most private of all places could dampen my enthusiasm for being used by her. Indeed, the thought and sensation of her doing me damage deep up inside there only served to arouse me even further. Soon I was straining to lift my stabbed-out ass up higher to her,

sacrificing myself on her holy altar and simultaneously grinding my agonizingly hard and utterly back-bent erection against the rail beneath me.

Goddess Kelly brutally raped me then, beginning the first of surely thousands of occasions of violent anal intercourse between us. Truly, despite her slender build and incredible feminine beauty, Kelly is without a doubt the most dominant, bull-dyke lesbian dynamo anyone could ever hope to meet. She lives to use her many big penises. And if there is anything she likes to do with them more than reward and pleasure a beautiful creature like the Goddess Katia, then it is to punish and comprehensively sissify an unworthy little male loser like me. With my obvious physical, personal, and penile inferiority I was perfect prey for her. And after that first vicious attack on my guilty little rectum we were bonded together forever.

Never had she found a more willing convert. And never had I been so shocked and stunned and shamed into an appreciation of my proper place in the universe. To be bent over naked, bound and helpless before a gloriously beautiful, utterly unattainable goddess and have her physically demonstrate her ownership and authority over me in the most intimate and emphatic fashion imaginable was such a compelling experience that it was quick to arouse an insatiable craving in me. Soon I was responding to my goddess's promised rampaging juggernaut like the required bitch-pig sow in heat, grunting and squealing with ecstasy and need while hardly able to believe the extent and impact of what was happening to me. All I knew was that I was somehow being properly fulfilled at last, and that as she'd warned me, I'd never be the same again. My life had truly changed forever.

The fundamental humiliation involved in my acceptance, even my ecstasy, was bottomless. Even drunk, I was so ashamed of my all-consuming arousal at being violently anally raped that my face blushed bright red and my entire scalp tingled. And then suddenly I was confronted not just with an elemental personal reversal being battered into my rear, but with more exalted duties and unbearable beauties being pushed right into my helpless face.

Naked, the incredible Goddess Katia had climbed onto the table. She splayed her amazing legs out wide and scooted her way forward, approaching my helpless, blushing face with a grin of eager zeal on her own. Soon her trimly shaved groin was only inches away from me, and the first vagina I'd ever seen was all that I could see. Avidly I studied every fascinating detail of it, even as I continued to grunt and moan and whimper and lurch in response to the relentlessly spearing, rhythmic thrusts of Kelly's pounding hips and giant erection constantly thudding home. And then heaven approached too close for even that, as my goddess's wet, pungent center pressed itself up tight against my lower face. Goddess Katia grabbed my head and instructed me then.

"You're going to learn a lot about cunt-licking this vacation, Slut-boy. You're going to learn to service your goddesses' pussies like your life depended on it. You'll master all the best methods of eating us out, and you'll know which techniques we prefer and in what sequence. But since you're such an inexperienced little virgin loser with a tiny prick, you don't know how to do anything yet. And it's hard to teach the finer points of cunnilingus to a Slut-boy who's currently brutally losing his cherry (and obviously loving it!), so here's what you do. Just stick your tongue out hard, as far up my cunt as you can. Then just let the rest of your pitiful body go limp. Goddess Kelly's rhythm will ram your face up into me beautifully."

Indeed. Soon I was reduced to the status of a mindless sex toy, being pumped back and forth between the two lesbian sex goddesses' crotches like a mere extension of that rampaging strap-on dildo. Both women clearly had several orgasms, and their constant ecstatic cries were interrupted only when they wanted to curse and exhort and heap more derisive abuse upon me.

Yet even after Kelly finally pulled that impossibly long, hard prick completely out of me, having victoriously claimed my ass cherry (and my very soul with it somehow), that first apocalyptic butt-fuck was merely the barest beginning.

Next it was Katia's turn to wield the cock, and Kelly's to slather me with the juices that constantly poured from her cunt. The two of them switched back and forth like this for literally hours then, butt-fucking me senseless until finally it was almost dawn. Then Goddess Kelly got downright diabolical with me.

She seemed determined to continue my punishment, even though the night was coming to a close and her seeming inexhaustible libido was temporarily sated. She took the other pool cue, and unscrewed it. That long, tapering ash stick came apart in the middle, leaving Goddess Kelly with a meter-long half in each hand. Grinning eagerly, she handed the narrow portion of the cue to Katia, and approached my horribly reamed-out and helplessly upthrust ass with the other.

Relishing my fear, agony, arousal and humiliation, Goddess Kelly cruelly used that thick, hard, polished wooden handle to sodomize me then far worse than even the deepest strokes of her strap-on dildo had done. She slammed that giant ash spike in and out of me until I thought I'd go insane. Only her clenched fist could have hurt me worse, and my first brush with that experience remained several days away. Still, I felt like I was being buggered by a brontosaurus. At last she rammed the butt of her stick more than halfway up my ass and left it there, sticking up and out from my bent over and impaled body like a pump handle. Then she retrieved the other, more slender half of the cue from Katia, and began to beat me with it.

"Here then, Slut-boy! Since you enjoyed your first butt fucking so much, here's your first real whipping! We goddesses reserve the right to bind and whip your body at any time, in any manner we choose, and with whatever weapons are available. Clearly a disobedient shit like you will need to be punished often! Spare the rod and spoil the Slut-boy, I always say. Now, you responded well tonight to learning your primary new duties and purpose as our sissy-slut panty slave. I was impressed. But no amount of drooling dick-worship can forgive you that contemptible little microscopic sex organ of yours. So let's just see how you deal with the judicious infliction of a little discipline!"

The rod in her hand was maybe a meter long and tapered, too thick to be called a cane. Nevertheless Kelly used it as such, beating my ass, thighs and finally the bottoms of my feet with sadistic ambition. By the time she done I was bawling unabashedly. Yet still somehow I remained incredibly aroused. Every welt she laid down on me was in a way a unique badge of honor. As worthless a man as I obviously was, my wounds proclaimed me of value to her. If such an exalted creature as Goddess Kelly could get pleasure and satisfaction from torturing me, than I was finally providing her with at least some of the supreme fulfillment she ultimately deserved, regardless of my lowly celibate loser status. I was thrilled to be of even such limited use.

Goddess Katia took her pleasure this way too then, until I was sobbing and throbbing and driven deep inside myself in a strange insane dream of endless agony. But by the time Katia screamed and came yet again, the dawn was truly breaking—as was I. Finally my two new goddesses conceded that we all needed to rest.

Unfortunately, I couldn't be trusted not to sneak out of bed, much less keep my hands off my pathetic little off-limits teensy-weensy sissy-stub. So Kelly and Katia just left me lying there, tightly bound face down on the pool table, my spread legs still hanging off the side and the butt of the pool cue still rammed halfway up my welted, cored-out, upthrust ass. Giggling, blowing me ironic kisses, they bade me to rest and recover as they retired upstairs to my parent's wide

waterbed and lavishly comfortable master bedroom suite. Exhausted, battered, muzzy-headed and not really sure where or even who I was anymore, I did as I was told. I passed most blessedly out.

I awoke in the early afternoon, and my life was still completely changed. I was so cramped and numb from my bondage that I could hardly feel my flaming skin. My goddesses had returned, and this time they were dressed in beautifully filmy nightgowns.

They cooed over my condition and wounds, and congratulated me on my self-control. They had expected to be awakened before noon by my sobbing and wailing and bleating to be released. I was appearing more and more to be the perfect panty slave, a natural-born bondage slut that they might even consider making a lifetime's use of, if I could just continue to prove myself. Praising me this way, encouraging me to believe that my extreme humiliation and sexual submission, and even my broken, crippled-up physical condition was a most desirable state, both of my goddesses used every indoctrinating trick in the book to work on me. Positive re-enforcement, negative re-enforcement, punishment... At last they freed my ankles from the pool cue that was holding them so widely spread, and pulled the other thick, long ash stick from its agonizing place wedged so deeply inside my rectum. Leaving my arms bound, they helped me to my feet, peeled the cruel elastic band from around my genitals, and moved us all upstairs to the shower.

All three of us bathed together—a glorious ordeal for me that only worsened my constant state of frustrated lust. At last my arms were released. But these goddesses didn't need bonds to control me; their beauty and superiority would forever be enough. When at last they finished shaving each other, and turned the razor on me, I was as meek and obedient and painfully erect as ever. Despite my deep reluctance, I knew better than to even try to oppose them as my sissification proper got seriously underway.

It was explained to me that as a lesbian's panty slave and sissy-slut, I would be expected to aspire toward lesbianism myself. In addition to only experiencing sex like a submissive female, from now on I was also to dress and act exclusively as one as well. A pretty little she-male wanna-be was what they wanted me to be, glorying in my doomed, pathetic, ridiculous aspiration toward the much fairer, superior sex. A hopeless failure as a man, and utterly unworthy of sainted womanhood, it was only appropriate that I hover somewhere in between, an object of ridicule for both, and enjoying the fruits of neither.

First they shaved me bare everywhere, oiled and lotioned and powdered me up, then they dressed me in the sheerest, frilliest, laciest, most provocative feminine undergarments imaginable. My hair was styled and sprayed and decorated with ribbons, my finger and toenails painted, and my face was thickly made up to look like the sleaziest little slut. Costume jewelry, high heels, and perfume finished my appearance, and both ladies were soon laughing uproariously at the sight of their ridiculous little she-male panty slut.

I myself was mortified beyond belief. Supremely uncomfortable in my stockings, girdle, bra, et cetera, I was forced then to prepare a meal for us all, and then to clean the entire house from top to bottom, all the while mincing about in my new and limitlessly humiliating Slut-boy costume. True, I remained hard and needy all day long inside my silk panties, and was as desperate as ever to find a way to achieve sexual release. But my goddesses were far too vigilant, even following me to the toilet, where I was forced to pee sitting down, forbidden to even lay a single finger on my vestigial manhood.

All afternoon and evening they were after me, finding endless faults with my housework and posture, and flaws in my ongoing feminization that needed to be corrected. Then I was truly

whipped, with belts and canes and a wicked riding crop, or put into prolonged, contorted forms of bondage in an attempt to properly train me.

Of course, eventually once again the dildos came out, and not just one of them this time but several. Together my goddesses demanded their rightful service, and soon I was taking an endless succession of strap-on penises, one in my still tender asshole and the other one plunging relentlessly down my gagging throat. Together they double-dildoed me like that all through the night once again, until finally at nearly dawn I was at last allowed to spend a few hours sleeping in a bed. Still, I remained rock-hard erect and painfully needy, and my goddesses kept my hands bound behind me as a precaution, setting the pattern for the rest of that forever unforgettable fortnight.

For twelve more days this routine continued, until I finally I knew nothing else but the endless housework, cross-dressing, bullying, whipping, drilling, double-dildoing and occasional violent fisting. Utterly enslaved, willingly brainwashed and indoctrinated, I had become so dependent on my Goddess's big dick that I did not even recall the deal she had decreed for me. Two weeks? What was two weeks? I would now need her attentions forever. I was so dismayed to learn one night that my parents would be home and my goddesses gone the next day that I cried bitterly. I couldn't imagine trying to go back to my poor pointless charade of failed masculinity. Luckily my Goddess Kelly gave me the strength I needed.

First she soothed my insatiable thirst by once again strapping on her biggest cock and extensively, repeatedly, brutally sodomizing me with it. Then she promised to fix it so that we could eventually be together forever.

She was moving out of my house, true, but she would be back often, for further vacations, long weekends, and many secret trysts where she would continue to pitilessly dominate me.

"Make no mistake!" my goddess cried. "I will continue to own you, your body, your soul, and especially your sexuality. No matter how much time and space may intervene, I shall command your eternally-burning-but-always-impotent Slut-boy service for the rest of your abject, panty-slave life, Slut-boy! You are all mine. I will see to it!"

For two weeks I had been tormented by my ridiculously puny but still deathly insistent rock-hard two-inch erection. I was so used to it jutting up rigidly filled with blood as I dressed it up or twisted in my bondage or took my goddess's cock or whip that I often thought it would burst into orgasm even without any of the old forbidden touching. Perhaps Goddess Kelly feared the same thing. Or probably she had more global intentions. In any case, with Katia's help she ceremoniously used the occasion of that last night together to relieve me of responsibility for my vestigial masculinity altogether.

Properly docile, I lay with my legs spread all the way open as directed and didn't resist at all as my two beautiful goddesses piled icepacks onto my always painfully erect genitals. Gradually, this chilled the blood out of them, deflating them until they slumped and shrunk and shriveled up impossibly small. Then I watched with an indescribable mix of emotions as my puny little cock and shaved-bare balls were tightly locked into a tiny titanium chastity cage.

This was not to ensure that I remain a virgin of course—who would ever stoop to accommodate a loser like me—but to keep me from backsliding into any attempted masculinity while I was still living the life of normal manhood. And indeed my goddess's plan proved successful. I kept my frilly undies, my caged manhood and my changed being under my pants for a mere two more short months, surviving clandestinely on my goddesses' irregular visits. And then at last we were married.

And why not? Lesbians need husbands too—preferably forcibly feminized, eternally virginal, dick-under-lock-and-key whipping-boy butt-slut life-long eunuch chambermaid panty slaves like me. I now most joyfully exist exclusively as the cross-dressing cock-sucking she-male sissy Slut-boy belonging to Goddess Kelly. I do all of her cooking, cleaning, gardening, and other house and yard work, and most of all I greedily succumb to all of her many bizarre physical and sexual needs, as well as those of Goddess Katia, and all of their dozens of other sorority sisters, girlfriends, and miscellaneous lovers. Kelly has even found a few kinky males eager to do me lately, and now she regularly gifts them with my squirmingly reluctant favors. And yet, despite all the constant oral- and anal-to-genital service I seem to endlessly supply, I still remain a true virgin, with my own miniscule genitals still locked safely in my goddess's keep.

Despite my constant desperate heterosexual arousal, my puny little penis has never yet touched or been touched by a woman. In fact, it hasn't even been touched at all since my initial enslavement. I've haven't ejaculated since the night I got caught jerking off over fifteen years ago. It's almost a dead certainty that I never will again. Goddess Kelly laughs dismissively at my occasional abject begging, and then she punishes me for the flaw in my persona. Sometimes she just remarks distractedly that she believes she's lost the key, or that she destroyed it years ago. In the meantime, that tiny titanium cage gives me no room to erect at all, resulting only in constant frustration and a horribly familiar tightly pinched-off agony the more aroused I get.

Goddess calls this my most appropriate permanent punishment, and tells me to relish both the maddening arousal and the terrible pain as my only remaining connection to my former male self. As always, I hear her word and unthinkingly acquiesce. Utterly subservient to and completely dedicated to fawning upon and groveling before an immensely superior and even utterly divine femininity, I've sacrificed everything else to my chosen goddess, and all in return for her regular whipping, occasional fisting, and supremely dominating daily and nightly butt-fucking. I might as well enjoy it!

Chapter Twenty Eight

Swallow Your Pride!

I'd always prided myself on having a big cock – the biggest I've ever seen, in fact, outside a few porno movies. Little did I dream it would eventually be the source of so much pain, frustration, and above all, humiliation!

It all began when my girlfriend went out of town – or so she said.

We were college freshman, from different sides of the country. Despite this disparity, we'd hit it off immediately. By the time this unbelievable apotheosis occurred, we'd been seeing each other for over a month.

Naturally we'd done a ton of making out, and lately a lot more. Whoo-hoo! Then finally Sherry let me feel her up, and suck her incredible tits. Even better, she also soon delighted in playing with my own admittedly enormous member.

She'd caress the head, running her fingers up and down the forearm-sized shaft. Who the hell could resist even that? Seconds later both her hands were wrapping it round and she was pushing it painfully down, giggling at my conflicted moans. Then she began to pump me, briskly but only briefly, driving me out of my mind with need. She was clearly the world's worst dick tease, even going so far as to endlessly lick me: gently swirling her tongue around and around that incredibly sensitive tip.

Of course throughout all this, I constantly begged her to fuck me, to give me a blowjob or at least jerk me off!

No good: she was a virgin, and my prodigious erection would tear her up inside! More than that, she was a good girl! And good girls didn't suck cock or even jerk boys off – not until they were married at least, or had been together for maybe a year...

Goddamn it! The situation had suddenly become as maddening as making out or sucking on her tits was heavenly. But then came a revelation that convinced me to stick it out.

I'd barely known Sherry a month, but I was already head-over-heels in love with her. She was just so sweet, vivacious and funny – not to mention gorgeous. Of medium height and build, she had a perfect little ass and exquisite legs. Above her trim flat belly, her incredibly delectable breasts were shapely, upswept, and a bit too big for her body size. Her jaw-length hair was thick and honey-colored, her eyes a vibrant green and her complexion utterly flawless. To top it all, this vision of loveliness had lately begun intimating that she would indeed marry me someday – once I'd proven my fidelity and devotion to her.

This prospect filled me to overflowing with glowing hope.

Perhaps fittingly I was a virgin too. Inspired by her example – and despite my raging teenage need – I eventually convinced myself that it was not too unreasonable of us to abstain from real sex until after the ceremony. Surely the Christians were onto something, and all those months of anticipation would make the final consummation so much more intense. So I contented myself with enduring all Sherry's endless teasing, until I could finally get home and find relief by madly masturbating to the most graphic fantasies of our eventual union.

So this situation persisted throughout the latter two weeks of our relationship. (Sherry had allowed only kissing during the first two). But then suddenly my beloved declared a radical change of heart.

Perhaps her teenage needs had finally become as ungovernable as mine. Whatever the case, Sherry called me on Thursday evening and dropped an unbelievable bomb.

"Hello?"

“Hi Rickie!”

“Hey baby!”

“Listen hon, I’ve been doing a lot of thinking about us. And I want to ask you an extremely important question.”

“Sure, fire away.”

“Do you love me? I mean really, really love me?”

“Oh, baby, how can you ask? You know I do! More than anything!”

“Do you love me enough to want to marry me?”

Despite myself I caught my breath. Quickly I recovered though.

“I swear to you that is my dearest, fondest dream Sherry.”

“Oh good,” she warmly purred. “I really love you, too. More than ever!”

She paused a second to let this sink in. Then she plowed ahead.

“Now, I know we’ve only known each other for a month or so. But I also know without a doubt that you are someone infinitely special: someone I could love spending my entire life with. And after I realized that, I began thinking about how silly it is for us to be denying ourselves the pleasure of our wonderful bodies. Married or not, we were meant for each other! So I think we should forget about waiting, and start sucking and fucking like crazy right away. What do you say to that?”

“Are you kidding?” I cried. “I say I’ll be right over!”

“No, no!” Sherry breathed conspiratorially. “Cory is here right now.”

Cory was her roommate, a girl I’d seen little of so far. “How about Saturday evening around seven? Can you make it then?”

“Of course,” I exclaimed.

“Good,” she oh-so seductively purred again. “I’ll see you then. Love you, honey!”

“I love you too!” I gasped. But she’d already hung up, leaving me stunned and horny and breathless with excitement.

Thus I stayed, for the next two days.

In fact I was so excited at the prospect of losing my virginity that my cock was almost perpetually hard over those entire forty-eight hours. I couldn’t wear jeans or any other unduly confining clothes, nor could I concentrate on lessons or anything else besides my ever more lurid fantasies of finally fucking the exceptional Sherry. Yet even in the throes of all this madness I somehow managed to refrain from masturbating.

The biggest night of my life was almost upon me. And I wanted my first ever non-solo sex act to be fittingly unforgettably mind-blowing. By letting the anticipation of it – and the store of sperm churning in my balls – to build up relentlessly, I was certainly assuring that it would be so. Fortified thus I somehow I held out, until finally I found myself ringing Sherry’s doorbell at seven o’clock on Saturday evening. There I received the first of oh so many nasty shocks.

The door swung open. But instead of meeting an eagerly nubile, seductively dressed Sherry, I found myself facing her roommate instead.

Little-seen Cory was a senior, three years older than Sherry and me. While not as devastatingly hot as my girlfriend, she was still undeniably desirable, with perky tits, a bulbous butt and close-cropped jet-black hair framing a gamine face. Nevertheless my raging hard-on wilted a bit at seeing her. Hadn’t Sherry indicated that Cory would be out tonight? What the hell was going on? The answer (lie that it was) wasn’t long in coming.

“Hi Rick. I’m sorry, but Sherry had to leave suddenly. She left you a note. Come on inside, and I’ll get it for you.”

Incredibly crestfallen, I entered, barely noticing as Cory shut the door firmly behind me. I followed her into the living room then, and found myself incapable of not admiring her incomparable ass as we went. She was dressed in just a skimpy halter and exceedingly tight shorts, allowing me to see every curve and flex of her buttocks as she moved. Unconscionable as it was, I felt my erection harden anew, especially when she bent over to pick up a folded sheet of stationery from the coffee table. Naturally with the size of my prick, and the looseness of my own gym shorts and T-shirt, this was impossible to conceal. Cory immediately noticed, and grinningly eyed that throbbing bulge as she turned back to me. Oh well, turnabout was fair play – I'd been ogling her after all. I took the note and quickly scanned it.

“Dear Ricky, I'm so sorry, but something terribly urgent has come up. My brother Ronnie broke his leg playing soccer. It's really bad, a compound fracture in two places. I'm the only one in the family who can go to him. And unfortunately the hospital where he's staying is over a hundred miles away. I'll have to get a hotel room there for the weekend until my parents can come up. You and I will just have to put off our big plans until next week. I know you're disappointed, and so am I! Once again, I'm so sorry honey! Please try to make the most of this, and I'll see you again as soon as I can. Love always, Sherry.”

I couldn't believe it.

All that waiting, restraint, mad anticipation, and for what? Only to be let down like this! Despite the circumstances I felt a measure of childish pique at the love of my life after reading this. Ticked off I let the note sag. Then I noticed Cory still standing right in front of me, and still openly eying my outrageous bulge.

“Looks like you were expecting something better tonight, Dickie,” she smirked at me. Flushing with embarrassment, I stammered out my answer.

“W...w...well...well, yeah. Sherry and I were finally going to have sex.”

“Oh, poor virgin baby!” Cory mocked. “Better luck next time, boy.”

“Then again...” she suddenly cooed, “It seems a shame to let this big, hard, inexperienced thing go to waste...” To my shocked astonishment she stepped right up and boldly groped me, gripping my cock through my thin nylon shorts, squeezing it and running her hand up the shaft to where the velvety head poked out of the elastic waistband. Immediately her thumb started worrying it around.

For a minute I could only gasp in surprise and involuntary pleasure as she fondled me. Then I tried to get hold of myself.

“Wait, wait, I can't do this! I love Sherry way too much!”

“Well, she said to make the most of her absence didn't she? It seems to me you'll only be following her orders.”

With that Cory pulled down the front of my shorts with her free hand, exposing me fully to her devilish ministrations. Suddenly she was gripping my bare hot rod in her cool strong hand, and pumping me rapidly up and down.

Utterly unmanned I sputtered and swayed, my knees suddenly weak.

Never had I been so expertly touched. My heart pounded, my head swam, and my pique at being let down by Sherry suddenly returned full force. And curse me for a fool or not, that was it.

I was only human after all, and male. Despite all my heartfelt love and best intentions, despite my dreams of a pure, wonderfully monogamist relationship, after thirty seconds of such heaven I was lost.

My cock was so hard, and the pleasure of her pumping so surpassingly exquisite that I couldn't help myself. Of their own accord my hands found Cory's breasts, so springy and braless

beneath that skimpy halter. Feeling them fill my hands, any last resistance I might have mounted crumbled. My mind shut off and my body took over. I stood there panting and moaning as Cory yanked my shorts all the way down to my ankles. I kicked off my sandals and stepped out of them, then raised my arms and let her yank my T-shirt up off over my head. In another five seconds Cory was naked as well, and pushing me irresistibly back onto the couch. I collapsed there in a gasping sitting slouch, and she immediately climbed on top and straddled me.

Her hot cunt crushed my erection against my abdomen. Her fists were suddenly buried in my hair and she began grinding her breasts against my face.

“Yeah, suck me, virgin boy. Feed your lust! I’m going to fuck you like Sherry never could...”

I needed no encouragement. Cory pressed my face tight to her chest and I clamped my mouth to her succulent tit. Ravenously I suckled her, tasting salt and skin and feeling her nipple harden and sharpen into a greedy little point. Abruptly she yanked it away from me, rubbing that stiff, wet, rubbery tip all over my face before forcing the other one into me. Never had Sherry been so aggressive, and my crushed prick pounded and throbbed in the hot wet vise of her crotch. Being ravished by this older woman was suddenly somehow impossibly arousing, and when she began contemptuously demanding assurances from me I gladly gave them, careless of the cost.

“Yeah boy, you really want me to fuck you, don’t you? You’re going mad with lust, you can’t wait for it!”

“Mmmm-hmmmm!” My mouth stuffed with tit, my affirmation came out in a choked, desperate moan.

“You don’t even care that you’re cheating on Sherry! All you can think about is being fucked by a gorgeous, superior older female!” With that Cory started demonstrating her abilities by pumping her hips, sliding her hot slick center up and down the lengthy underside of my virgin shaft. This stropping was by far the most heavenly sensation in my experience, and again I urgently moaned my mad affirmation.

Oh, if this rubbing felt so good, how much more wonderful must penetration be? I was suddenly rabid to find out. But then Cory again tore her tit from my mouth and leaned back, bringing all her weight to bear on my impossibly throbbing cock. Still gripping fistfuls of my hair, she kept stropping my cock back and forth as she grinned unsettlingly down at me.

“That’s what I wanted to hear!” she snarled. “Because I am well and truly going to fuck your virgin brains out tonight. And you are finally going to get your cock sucked! But believe me, we are going to do it all my way!”

“Look over there in the corner, boy, behind that fichus tree. Do you see the camcorder wedged in the branches? That’s been on record ever since you came to the door. I now have documented evidence of you cheating on Sherry. If you don’t want her to see it – and she will surely never speak to you again if she does – then you will submit to me absolutely tonight! You will let me do whatever I want to you, fuck you as long as I like in whatever position I choose. Got it, boy?”

I thought I’d been shocked and stunned before. But these Machiavellian manipulations staggered me.

Such cruelly cunning treachery! And still Cory continued to grind our aroused privates madly together. It was all too much. But then heaven help me, for some reason I suddenly found my utter powerlessness even more arousing than Cory’s mad aggression.

Is it possible that the rabbit feels a kind of surpassing apotheosis as it is suddenly punctured by the talons of the eagle? Can the victim possibly find some weirdly appropriate erotic charge at the instant of victimization to compensate for the loss of so much else? I'd never considered such things before, but in that instant I knew them to be indisputably true. Crushed beneath the pitiless naked female blackmailing me, enveloped by her beauty, I felt neither panic, resentment, nor the slightest inclination to seek a way out of her trap. All I wanted was to humbly prostrate myself, and let her have her violent, aggressive way with me. Damn the consequences! Obviously the evening was wringing changes from me far more profound than just the loss of my virginity...

Suddenly Cory slapped me across the face hard, further inflaming my inexplicable if undeniable arousal.

"GOT IT, BOY?"

"Yes, Cory," I gasped, squirming uncontrollably beneath her, feeling my face flush red and my pulse pound in my squashed erection. "You are wholly in charge; you can do whatever you want to me!"

Apparently this slavish acquiescence wasn't good enough. Cory immediately slapped me even harder, further inflaming my insane arousal at being victimized.

"You will always call me 'Mistress' boy! Now try again! Swear your allegiance to me like you really mean it. Only when I'm completely convinced of your utter abject submission will I deign to fuck you!"

God, this situation was so fucked up and yet so outrageously turning me on! Savoring the flaming pain in my cheek as much as the hot stropping heaven taunting my cock I obeyed my new Mistress unthinkingly.

"I'm sorry, Mistress! You own me now, I belong to you! My body has become the least of your playthings, to be enjoyed or cast aside as you decide! I exist only to service you sexually, or however else you might demand!"

"Good enough," Cory growled down at me, obviously gloating in her power. "Stay there on that couch and stroke your cock while I get a few things ready. But don't you dare ejaculate, or I'll whip your entire body bloody and never, ever, ever fuck you!"

With that she climbed off me and strode across the room, leaving me painfully erect, amazed at both her and myself, and oh, so incredibly horny!

Well, it was obviously time for Act Two. In the corner of the room was a small, collapsible card table about four feet on a side. Piled atop this were a thick, folded blanket and a large cardboard box. As I slowly stroked myself and watched her, Mistress dragged all this into the center of the room.

She set the box and blanket aside, and then flipped the table over, so that all four supports stuck up in the air. Next she collapsed the two legs on the left, leaving only the two right ones upright. She took the blanket, unfolded it a time or two to make a thick pad, and laid this across the upside-down tabletop, between the legs, draping it onto the floor at either end to create a cushion. Then she strode back over to me, slapped my hands away from my cock and seized that steely-hard spike herself.

"Come on, boy." Dragging me off the couch by the cock, she pulled me over to that inverted table.

"Lie down here, on your back, with your head between the table legs and hanging off onto the floor."

Mystified (and yet no less aroused) I complied. Immediately Mistress rummaged in the box, and produced four small coils of stout cotton cord. She pulled my arms out perpendicular to my

body, until my elbows met those upright metal legs. With consummate professionalism she quickly lashed each elbow to the base of the leg where it joined the table. She bent my elbows ninety degrees then, so that my forearms lay along the legs pointing up. There she lashed my wrists halfway up, rendering me utterly helpless. Yet apparently the bondage was just beginning.

Mistress moved to stand above my head.

“Lift your legs up, way up over your body toward me,” she ordered.

Still mystified I obeyed. Once I was doubled up thus, she seized my legs and pulled me over even further, radically bending my back and compacting my midriff until only my head, shoulders and upper arms remained in contact with the floor. Soon my knees bracketed my shoulders and my lower legs splayed out wide on either side of my head, with my toes just resting on the carpet. Quickly Mistress used two more ropes to bind my knees to the table legs just above my elbows, securing me painfully doubled over with my ass sticking high up in the air and my still hard prick pointing down at my face from only an inch or so away.

Practically curled into a circle, I whimpered at the discomfort. What on earth were Mistress’ intentions here? I thought we were going to fuck! Timidly I questioned her, as she turned back to her box.

“What...what are you going to do to me Mistress?”

“I told you!” she snapped. “I am going to brutally fuck you! In fact, you’re going to get fucked and sucked at the same time, you lucky little virgin!”

She turned back to me, holding the strangest contraption I’d ever seen.

This consisted of two realistically shaped rubber penises, joined at their bases by a narrow plastic plate trailing a number of buckling leather straps. As I watched her agog, Mistress slid one of those faux cocks all the way inside her vagina, until the plate was flush with her crotch and the other big cock stuck out straight down between her legs. Then she secured this apparatus with all those tightly buckling straps. Relishing my look of horrified disbelief, she laughed grimly at me as she moved back in.

“That’s right, boy. I said I was going to fuck you. I never said you’d get to fuck me. Deflowering little virgin bitch-boys and turning them into the greediest of butt-sluts is what I live for!

“After all, you agreed that I could fuck you any way I wanted to, and in any conceivable position. Well this position is called the pile-driver, Slut-boy: deliciously degrading for you, and perfect for the kind of three-way action I have in mind! So get ready, bitch! Your ultra-submissive sex life is about to begin!”

How could this be happening?

It seemed the appalling shocks would never stop. Indeed, each one sprung upon me proved exponentially worse. Yet what could possibly surpass this insanity? Nothing at all in my teenage experience! Briefly I was overwhelmed with autonomic revulsion. While Mistress paused to slather lubricant all over that down-jutting cock I struggled furiously with my bonds.

Who was I kidding? My maddest efforts were woefully futile. And if I had managed to free to myself, what then? With that recording of my cheating, Mistress Cory owned me now. Despite the sheer horror of what she intended, I truly had no choice but to submit to it. Still, struggling did provide me with one paradoxical benefit. My uncontrolled wildness actually accentuated my helplessness, stoked my sense of victimization, and reminded me how arousing I found subjugation to be. An inch away from my face, my hard cock bobbed with the blood pulsing through it and I found myself once again squirming more with arousal than with pointless dread.

And then Mistress stepped up, straddling my bound, inverted body. She aligned the head of her cock with my timidly puckering anus and pressed it in.

Involuntarily I clenched up, my sphincter closing down tighter than tilly.

“Relax, boy,” ordered Mistress, slapping my ass smartly. “You’re becoming the lowest kind of slut tonight whether you like it or not. You’re just going to damage yourself by resisting. So relax now, open up to me, and take your first ever cock like the lubricious little bitch you now and forevermore are!”

Oh man, how humiliating! My face was already flushed from my inverted posture, but suddenly it was burning so hot I could feel my scalp tingling. Still my toes were curling and my cock throbbing, and my heavy breath betrayed my shameful arousal.

I’d never had so much as a doctor’s touch up there, and now something big and hard and thick and round was forcing entry. Abysmally conflicted I took a deep breath and did as ordered. And as soon as my muscles relaxed, Mistress bent her knees, lowering herself down and pushing deeper into me.

I groaned in pain, and at the same time Mistress gasped her pleasure, as the matching cock inside her pushed deeper as well. She placed both hands on my hips to brace herself, then rose up and pushed down again. Up, down, up, down, she flexed her knees and bobbed her body, driving ever deeper inside me, her every stroke simultaneously fucking us both. The stretching, filling sense of incredibly intimate violation was indescribable. I thought I’d go mad with pain and shame. And yet my consummate victimization thrilled me against my will. The deeper I was penetrated, the more horribly I was degraded, the more my perverse affinity for subjugation aroused me. Soon Mistress was filling me to the limit, her crotch plate hitting my ass with every downward thrust, her hard cock burying itself in my body to the hilt.

Once that was achieved she began bouncing on me in earnest: throwing her head back and crying out in ecstasy as her double-fucking pace escalated. Within minutes she was slamming herself down against me so violently that my contorted form was compacted even more. Instead of just pointing accusingly down at me, my raging erection was nudging my face, repeatedly poking my cheek as I turned away in distaste. Then of course came the next appalling shock my Mistress delighted to deliver.

“Hey, Slut-boy! Quit resisting it! Open your mouth and take your cock! Why do you think you’re tied up like this? That was the whole point of me seducing you!”

“Remember when I said you’d get fucked and sucked simultaneously today? Did you think was only an empty prophecy? I’ve always dreamed about making a guy suck his own cock, and from the moment Sherry told me how big you are I’ve been constantly scheming to bring this moment about. Now here it finally is, and you’re crazy if you think I’ll be denied. So do it, slut! Suck your filthy cock for me while I fuck us both! What could be more rewarding than a two-person three-way penetration? And I’ll bet you never dreamed you’d get your first ever blowjob from yourself!”

Ah, God, she couldn’t be serious! But of course she was. When I continued to hesitate she reached down and squeezed my testicles hard, making me yelp in pain.

“Do it, Slut-boy! Or I’ll squash ‘em like turds!”

And I thought I was humiliated already. What was being fucked in the butt next to having to suck your own cock? Surely this was the absolute nadir – and the ultimate in victimization. Tears streamed from my eyes down into my ears as I turned my face and slowly opened my mouth. And yet as the head of my pulsating prick was pushed between my lips it throbbed hotter than ever.

I pursed about it, my mouth closing around the rim of the glans. Oh, it was so hot, so velvety-soft and full of pulsing life! And did it feel good itself despite the appalling depravity of it all? Ask anyone who's ever had their cock in someone's mouth! For the first time ever I'd achieved penetration, and the sensation was more heavenly than I'd ever imagined. Despite my truly limitless disgust with myself I immediately began sucking at my penis like a pop-sickle, then scrubbing it with my tongue and drooling uncontrollably. Of course, with Mistress still pogoing violently up and down on me, the shaft was also sliding in and out, in and out of my mouth in time with her rhythm. Soon all I could do was purse my lips tightly and revel in the ecstasy as that thick slick shaft slid quickly through them.

Deeper and deeper my cock was driven into me, syncopated with the one plunging unstoppably into my bottom. Mistress was soon screaming with ecstasy, her obvious orgasm an irresistible goad toward my own. After all, hadn't I been saving myself for this day? And if my maddening anticipation had been for some far different consummation, that point was quickly becoming moot. I was indeed wallowing in my first ever blowjob – not to mention butt-fuck. And it was my recently unearthed affinity for victimization that made me mad need ever more imperative. As Mistress' wild rhythm peaked with her climax, as hard cocks stabbed ever more deeply and rapidly into my two greedy slut-holes, I could finally hold back no longer. Spasms shuddered through my balls, climbed the length of my enormous prick, and I could feel the familiar apotheosis of my plumbing beginning to pump.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" I moaned through my nose, as semen began to spurt endlessly out of my engulfed glans and into my slaver's mouth.

Oh, it was so hot, so pungent, so salty-sweet! And it just kept coming, flooding my oral orifice with its thick, slimy spurts. Convulsively I swallowed again and again, and when at last the flow slackened I kept on sucking, unwilling to quit, eager to drain myself of every last sticky drop. Only when it was inarguably over, only when Mistress pulled her cock entirely from my ass at last, and my barely softening prick slipped from between my lips, did I recall what an unbearably disgusting and humiliating thing I'd just done.

I might have swooned then and there, unable to face the contemptible creature I'd become. But then suddenly a nearby door crashed open, and the most cataclysmic shock of all burst upon me, nearly riving me of reason altogether.

Out of the folding louvered closet door, dressed in only thigh-high, stiletto-heeled boots and a matching black corset, carrying a thin, limber graphite cane, strode my beautiful, beloved fiancée Sherry!

Holy shit, she wasn't out of town, she'd been watching us through the slats the entire time! Laughing at my appalled, eye-popping chagrin, Sherry joined her roommate Cory standing before me, where they melded together and linked arms lovingly about each other's waists.

"That's right, Slut-boy," my beloved gloated, "I'm coming out of the closet both literally and figuratively right now!"

"In case you haven't guessed, Cory here has turned me into a bad butch lesbian, and a vengeful dominatrix to boot!"

"Like her, I will never, ever let any man fuck me, much less one with a ridiculously abnormal cock like yours! Instead, in addition to devoting myself to enjoying the sublime pleasures available to the superior sex, I've also conceived an overwhelming need to follow her example."

“Thus, I too will spend the rest of my life wreaking an appropriate vengeance on all male-kind, by wallowing in non-stop slut-boy fucking! You should consider yourself honored, little bitch, that I’ve chosen you as my primary recipient.

“Truth be told, Slut-boy, it was your humongous dick that truly doomed you. Making sure that you never get to use that thing on some poor, misguided female, and instead have to suffer compensatory assaults every day of your own life seemed an exquisitely fitting destiny to me. Cory of course agreed. And since I’m still a novice at all this, she generously offered to break you in for me, and to obtain the blackmail material that will render you into my power forever!

“You didn’t think the camera had stopped recording did you, Slut-boy?” Sherry inquired sweetly. “Of course it didn’t! I now have unassailable documentation of you not only enjoying being fucked in the ass, but also sucking your own cock to climax and greedily swallowing the entire load! So rest assured, Slut-boy: we will be married within weeks, and spend our entire lives together as planned. But if you step out of line in the slightest, if you dare resist my least wish ever, you can be assured that the whole world in perpetuity will get to see you as you truly are: a lowly, greedy little butt-slut cocksucker. I know you’re computer savvy, so I don’t need to remind you that once something’s up on the internet it’s there forever! That means from now on you are mine! You belong to me entirely! Any last words, slave?”

What words could I say? It was obvious that my fate was well and truly sealed. And perhaps, just perhaps, the perversities recently unearthed in me might provide some inexpressibly shameful compensation. Willingly I bowed my head.

“I entirely abase and submit myself. I am all yours, Mistress Sherry.”

“Good, Slut-boy,” she gloated. “But Cory is your Mistress, just as is every other woman on the planet. On the other hand, as your rightful, exclusive, perpetual owner, I am known as Goddess. You will never again use any other form of address.”

“Yes, Goddess. I understand.”

Somehow my cock was getting hard again. That wouldn’t last.

“Very well,” Goddess gloated again. “Now then, I think the first order of business in our new relationship is your punishment for cheating on me today! You deserve at least twenty lashes across the ass for that. Perhaps that will teach you to never ever dare betray me again!”

“Yes, Goddess,” I humbly repeated. Then I closed my eyes and braced myself for agony as she took up position next to me.

Agony I certainly deserved, and agony I received, in measures far beyond anything I could have conceived. Every slash of that cane across my ass tore a scream from my throat to match the wicked rip inflicted on my flesh.

This was one form of victimization I swiftly found impossible to savor. By the third stroke my cock had shriveled up as small as it could get, and by the fifth I knew I would henceforth devote myself heart, body, mind and soul to the service of my Goddess, in hopes of never earning such chastisement again.

By ten strokes I was sobbing unabashedly, and when Goddess at last cast the cane aside and demanded the double-dildo from Mistress I was so slavishly eager to please her that I couldn’t even dream of hesitating when she commanded me to perform yet another outrageously degrading chore.

“Here, Slut-boy!” She shoved that big rubber cock in my face. “Suck this off! Eat up Mistress’ pussy juices, make this cock nice and clean for me.”

I did the absolute best I could, even when Goddess thrust it so deep into me that I gagged uncontrollably. Both deities laughed at this.

“Oh, it looks like Slut-boy needs a serious lesson in cocksucking still! Well, we’ll surely see to that later! Right now I’m far too eager to see him service his own penis again – not to mention enjoy my first ever Slut-boy fucking!”

Goddess took a moment working that now pristine cock up inside her. Every additional inch saw her ‘ooh’ and ‘ahh’. Quickly Mistress stepped up to help her.

“Wait until you feel these clit stimulators honey,” she offered. “They’re built into the base, and the harder you fuck him, the more they’ll get you off!”

Good for Goddess. All I could think about though was how glad I was that hadn’t been ordered to clean the other cock too. Perhaps my Goddess was as merciful as she was vengeful. In any case, once she was properly filled, strapped on and lubed up, she was certainly a surpassing vision of divine beauty. Her intimidating boots, sexy corset, big trembling breasts and dangling erection had my monstrously foolish member twitching and swelling already as she strutted up to me. Despite the utter ruin of my former life, my cursed penis was once again bobbing and throbbing only an inch from my face by the time Goddess had taken up her appropriate place astride my ass.

“Here we go!” she cried. “My first ever Slut-boy fuck, and the start of our incredible sex life!” She pushed down into me, gasping with delight at the pressure on her privates. Soon she was fucking us both with wild abandon, utterly transported by the unprecedented intensity of the experience. As for me, I needed no encouragement this time. Even before my prick was pounded down close enough to engulf I was reaching for it with my tongue, licking and caressing the sensitive tip, then kissing it, then finally wrapping my lips around the head and sucking it in. Then as Goddess’ rhythm began pushing it in and out of my mouth I moaned in unadulterated ecstasy. Goddess giggled at this, and set about maximizing my humiliation.

“Look at you, sucking your own cock and loving it! You disgusting little cocksucker you! You do love it, don’t you, Slut-boy? You love having a big hard cock in your greedy mouth!”

Somehow I nodded, moaning even louder to signal my sincerity. Almost behind my back, I’d even come to love the deeply painful sensation of having my ass invaded. Maybe it was the fact of my beloved Goddess fucking me this time, or maybe I was just learning to accommodate myself to the unavoidable future facing me. Either way, Goddess gloatingly reiterated exactly how that future would unfold.

“Good for you, Slut-boy. Because this is the only kind of sex you’re ever going to get: being butt and/or face fucked. I swear right now that you will die a virgin! You will never feel a vagina enclose you. You will never even be allowed to masturbate. The only way you will ever ejaculate is by sucking off that silly big cock of yours. So suck yourself good, Slut-boy! Suck yourself off like a slut while I fuck us both into oblivion!”

I did as my Goddess decreed, slaver and suckling ravenously as she pounded both big penises ever deeper into me. So excited was I by my deplorable debasement that despite my earlier come-gusher I just kept getting harder and harder. Soon my prick was leaking copious amounts of pre-come, which I savored like sweet ambrosia. Indeed, if not for that convulsive orgasm of only twenty minutes before I would never have been able to control myself for more than a few minutes. As it was I got to fuck my face and revel in my relentless ass-stabbing for a seeming eternity before Goddess began building toward her own screaming climax. At last we came simultaneously, Goddess shrieking with glee as she pounded me while I quavered in rapture as my shuddering prick pumped a few scanty, disappointing drops down my throat. Finally it was over then, and I panted and whimpered piteously as Goddess removed her cocks, and consulted with Mistress about their next moves.

Minutes later Mistress returned to me, while Goddess went to rummage in the box. To my exceeding relief she finally untied my knees, relieving my extreme contortion and allowing me to lie out straight at last. Leaving my arms bound to the table legs, she spread my feet out wide and then stepped aside, making way for my Goddess.

As she moved in on me and crouched by my waist I saw a flash of steel in her hand. But what she was holding I couldn't tell until it was holding me. Goddess gripped my now flaccid member, threaded it through a cool steel tube, and then tightened a ratcheting ring around the base of my genitals. I heard the snick of a key turning in a lock, and then saw the key being strung on a silver chain about my Goddess' neck. Appalled yet again, I craned my neck, looked down, and saw that a tight steel chastity device now restrained the enormous organ I'd always been so proud of. Speechless with dismay, I looked up at Goddess and Mistress grinning evilly down at me.

"I told you were a virgin forever, and that your jerking off days were over," said Goddess. "Do you believe me now? The only time that thing comes off is when I decide to allow you to suck yourself. And you will have to obey me flawlessly, and please me extravagantly, in order to convince me to ever allow that to happen.

"In the meantime though," she interrupted herself with a gloating laugh, "I think it's time we taught you what else you have to look forward to for the rest of your life as my slave! Come on, Cory! Let's get Slut-boy here into our bedroom!"

Swiftly they released my elbows and wrists, and hauled me to my feet. Black spots bloomed before my eyes, blotting out my vision, and I almost fainted. Not to worry. Flinging an arm over each of their shoulders, my deities bore me up and dragged me, head swimming, into a big common bedroom I'd never seen before. My vision cleared up enough just in time to see an enormous king-size bed reflected from above by a ceiling mirror, and a huge X made of varnished oak bolted to the opposite wall. Then I was flung facedown on the bed, where I was promptly restrained once again.

This time my arms were bent around behind my back, and secured there tightly crosswise with some kind of arm-cuff. This wrapped about my doubled over forearms, and a series of buckling straps were wound about and locked. Once again nothing except the clemency of my deities would ever see me free. Next they set about securing my legs.

Goddess wrenched my feet widely apart. Mistress produced a long steel bar with shackles on either end, and my separated ankles were quickly locked into these. After that I could no more close my legs than kick, jump, or attempt to run away. Grinning with satisfaction then, Mistress and Goddess went to don strap-on dildos of more conventional design.

These were each over ten inches long, and jutted out perpendicularly from the crotch rather than dangle between the legs. The only constant seemed to be built-in clit-stimulators, which each deity betrayed through the oohs and ahhs elicited as they strapped their big pricks on. Then, grinning in dire promise, they both advanced on my helpless face and ass.

First they hoisted me onto a specially designed bolster, raising my head and torso nearly eighteen inches off the bed. Then Goddess knelt before my face while Mistress took up position between my widely spread legs.

"Okay, Slut-boy," Goddess growled with glee. "Now, as promised, you really get to learn how to suck a cock. You begged to do this to me, remember? Well let's see how you endure it!"

The answer of course was not very well. And that was a profound understatement.

The appeal of auto-fellatio was obviously that it was my own penis being serviced. The disgust and disgrace of doing the servicing myself was gladly subsumed in the ecstasy of having

my inexperienced prick finally enclosed in a warm, wet orifice. Instead I suddenly found myself with ten inches of big foreign object being thrust into my mouth and down my throat.

Naturally I gagged uncontrollably. Of course Goddess only laughed meanly at this, and burying her hands in my hair she started pumping her hips as fast as she could.

This was utter torture, especially when her mound of Venus began bashing into my nose. Tears poured from my eyes, and drool from my lips, as I gagged and strangled and sobbed and tried desperately to accommodate that huge, face-raping cock. Then at last Mistress provided me with a distraction.

Suddenly that other cock was spearing into my other end, spitting me between two pricks.

As vigorously as Goddess was fucking my mouth, Mistress was having a go at my ass. Due to my altered posture she was getting even deeper than before, and in my new rutting lust I raised my hips to her. Instead of preventing me from closing my legs, that ankle bar quickly began restraining me from spreading them wider. At last my rhythmic grunting overcame my gagging, and I was able to close my eyes, relax my body, and humbly wallow in being brutally double-fucked.

Goddess and Mistress double-teamed me thus throughout a pair of stirring simultaneous orgasms. Then they swapped ends, and at last I was forced to taste my own ass. This was horribly revolting of course, renewing my violent retching. But over the next few hours I learned to accept even this, as my divine femininities spent half the night breaking me in to my new sex life. Only when I was finally fucked utterly unresponsive did they concede that I was of no more use. But then, one's education in Slut-boy slavery can never be at an end...

My owners removed the arm-cuff and ankle bar, and rammed a big ball-gag into my mouth. This they buckled it tightly in place. Then they hauled me off the bed and over to the huge oak X bolted to the bedroom wall.

Unlike a traditional St Andrew's cross, the crosspieces were perpendicular to each other. Once I was lifted up, slammed against it and had my wrists and ankles clamped to the wood (my feet dangling a foot off the floor), I was widely spread-eagled, every muscle and tendon stretched.

"I don't know if you noticed, Slut-boy," remarked Goddess once I was thus secured, "But the space under our bed – oh, maybe fifteen inches high – has been converted into a cage, with bars all around and a locking gate at the foot. That's where you'll be living when we're not using you, or when you're not handcuffed, hobbled, and doing chores for us."

She paused maliciously for effect, and then continued.

"Except, of course, for all those other times, when we want to discipline you, or drive you out of your mind with unrelieved lust and envy. Then we'll allow you to hang out here and watch us. So enjoy the show, Slut-boy," she smirked, playfully slapping my face. "And don't neglect to pick up a few pointers on how best to satisfy your deity."

With that they both turned their backs on me. Leaving me hanging there in stretched-out agony, they returned to the bed and fell upon each other. There they resumed making maddening love for the rest of the night. After a while, despite my burning jealousy, despite my extreme exhaustion and debilitation, my cock began to swell anew, to pulse and strain and test the confines of its down-curving tube. Before long it was throbbing in its cramped entrapment like an impacted tooth.

So began an agony and frustration worse than any other ever, one which I've been forced to endure nearly every minute of every day and night since – and one which I begin to suspect I will for the rest of my life.

Perfectly fitting for a Slut-boy like me, of course.

At least, so say my Mistress and Goddess, and I would never dare differ with either of them about anything whatsoever – not if I truly hope to get a chance to suck my cock again, that is. Oh, how I desperately I look forward to that day!

Chapter Twenty Nine

Cruel Lucy

A knock came at the expensive hotel room door, and my already palpitating heart throbbed harder. Palms clammy, mouth dry, I croaked out a reply.

“Come...come in please.”

The door opened, and framed in its space stood the most beautiful woman I’d ever dreamed of seeing.

The room was dimly lit by only two candles, and the hall behind her blazed with incandescence. Gloriously backlit, she was at first but an intimidating silhouette: legs spread, shoulders squared, one hand holding a heavy satchel and the other the doorknob. Then she stepped inside, swept the door shut and locked it. Turning back to me she dropped the satchel and removed the thigh-length black vinyl raincoat she wore. Tossing this aside she posed silently a moment, hands on her hips, legs again challengingly spread, allowing me time to fully appreciate her exquisite perfection.

She was tall for a woman, this height augmented by the stiletto-heeled, pointy-toed boots she wore. These were of soft, supple black leather, and reached to just an inch above her knees. From there she was bare of both clothes and hair to just below the navel.

Her thighs were slender yet sculpted, her hips perfectly curved and the clefted gap of her center absolutely mouthwatering. A matching black leather corset girdled her torso, uplifting and barely containing a most impressive set of breasts. The upper halves of these made huge, symmetrical, smooth-skinned mounds, and I swore could even see two dark crescents of areole.

Bicep-high gauntlets dressed her strong arms, and that was it for clothing. Her sculpted shoulders and exquisite neck were bare and flawless, and her face – oh that face! It was soft yet severe, nobly patrician and yet with a fullness of lips and large limpid eyes that hinted at maddening possibilities of passion. Her hair was a thick chestnut flood that gleamed in the candlelight and cascaded down to the small of her back. Trembling I gazed in unfeigned adoration at her, until she finally broke her silence. Then her husky contralto and stern inflection proved just as irresistibly alluring as her body and attire.

“My name is Lucy. I already know yours, despite your efforts to keep it secret. My contact tells me that you desperately yearn for a woman to be cruel to you.”

“Yes and no, ma’am,” I managed despite this terrible possible betrayal. “I don’t like to be verbally degraded. I would beg that you speak to me as though you respected and cared for me. But I need you to treat my body with utmost cruelty. After all the innocent people I’ve hurt, I deserve it. Is this acceptable to you?”

“Very!” she declared grimly, with a wide smile of darkest intent. Retrieving her satchel, Lucy stepped up and set it on the table next to the king-size bed I sat upon. Her closeness, the scent of her skin and hair and leather, were all incredibly intoxicating – as was the immanence of the justice I craved. Head swimming, I watched as she opened the satchel and withdrew a familiar set of shiny steel police handcuffs and a wide leather gag with a ridiculously large ball fixed to the inside. She straightened up and stepped back.

“Okay boy, remove your clothes and stand by the bed.”

Hurriedly I complied, shaking helplessly with fear, excitement, and an absolutely insane arousal. Shortly I presented myself at attention before her, my raging erection criminally upright. She ran a gentle finger up and down this causing me to whimper helplessly. Shaking her head, she admonished me then.

“No, we can’t have you making any noise, boy. This place is classy, yet the walls are still thin. Open your mouth as wide as you can.”

Again I obeyed. And when I did Lucy lifted up that formidable gag. Forcing the huge ball into my mouth until it was painfully filled, she buckled the leather tightly about my head, sealing away the entire sprung and stuffed lower half of my face. Then she stepped back again, still holding the handcuffs.

“Shift your stance for me, boy. Spread your legs about two feet apart.”

Of course I complied. And the second I did she stepped forward again, swinging her right leg without warning, getting all the power and momentum possible into the brutal kick she slammed into my balls.

Howling in excruciation (and emitting only a choked gargle) I collapsed back writhing onto the bed. Taking ruthless advantage of my incapacitation, cruel Lucy cuffed my hands behind my back. After a moment in which I was dimly aware of her rummaging in her satchel she returned to roll me limply back over.

My insolent erection was of course ancient history, and before I knew what was happening Lucy had locked a cruelly tight chastity cage onto my genitals. Still suffused with the pain and nausea roiling through my innards I remained utterly helpless as she rolled me back over again and tied one end of a twelve foot rope to the cuffs on my wrists. Squirming around I blinked the tears from my eyes and watched as she tossed the other end up over a light fixture bolted to the ceiling above the bed.

“Up boy! On your feet!”

She yanked on the rope, dragging me up by my arms. Staggering, wobbling, still jelly-legged and nauseated, I somehow managed to stand. Still she hauled me upwards, until I was tottering on tiptoes with my arms stretched agonizingly up behind me.

The strain on my shoulders was incredible, contorting my form until my torso leaned forward. Finally Lucy tied the free end of the rope to my cuffs as well, securing me thus hanging by my nearly dislocated arms from the ceiling. (If only I’d known what was eventually coming!) Swaying and staggering on the tips of my toes, I danced about, seeking to find some proper purchase. Then Cruel Lucy promptly cuffed my ankles together too, leaving me to simply hang and slowly spin, completely at the mercy of gravity, momentum, and of course this fearsomely beautiful female.

Smirking at my moans, she went back to her satchel for more supplies. Returning, she mocked my initial plea by treating me with elaborate courtesy and affection as she prepared to increase my already woeful suffering.

“I do hope my cruelty is proving sufficiently adequate for you, my beloved boy. If not, you can rest assured that we’re barely getting started. I give you my solemn promise that I will increase your suffering constantly throughout the next interminable hours. This will be a night that will remain with you for the rest of your life!”

With that she attached clover clamps to both of my nipples, bringing a double bleat of pain from me. From each of these she hung heavy lead weights at the end of six-inch chains. After that she hung a much heavier weight – an iron dumbbell disc in fact – from the cage she’d locked about my still painfully throbbing genitals.

Again agony and nausea roiled through me.

Groaning and sobbing, retching against the giant ball stuffing my mouth, I could only swing from my arms and wonder why I’d ever thought the reality of submitting to a cruel female could be preferable to my endless depraved fantasies of it. And as she’d said the reality was barely

beginning. Through a prism of tears I saw one of those shimmering candle flames rise from its place on the table and approach me.

Frantically I blinked my gaze clear, and saw beautiful Cruel Lucy coming at me, the candle in her hand and a look of anticipatory zeal lighting up her perfect face. Whimpering with dread I shook my head. Of course she only laughed at me as she climbed up onto the bed.

“No, my beloved boy, you paid five hundred good dollars for this night of lovingly applied cruelty. And from what I know about you, you more than deserve it. You may be a ridiculous hypocrite but I am not. I am morally obligated to see that you get every single penny’s worth of your punishment. In fact, I respect and adore you so much that I might even give you a little bit extra, on the house, as payback for your scandalous career. So you just hang there quietly and submit to me while I burn off all your body hair!”

What choice did I have? Bondage aside Cruel Lucy clearly knew all about my city history. I was unexpectedly more at her mercy than I’d ever considered. Somehow I stilled my whimpering as she stopped my spinning with a gentle hand on my flank.

Oh, she was so beautiful!

Looking down at her upthrust breasts from so close I could indeed see just the tops of her nipples above that tight black corset. That sight set my dormant erection to twitching again, and as it swelled a new flash of pain was added to the constellation of agonies afflicting me. There was of course no room at all in that chastity cage and the harder I got the more that cruel metal pinched me. And then a greater excruciation than ever coruscated through me, as Lucy lifted her flame to my exposed underarm and used it to burn away the hair growing there. Gasping explosively through my nose, writhing in place, I squealed helplessly as that flame played over my tender skin even after the hair was gone. Then she did the other armpit, and again I suffered the torments of a localized hell. And of course my most sensitive areas still lay ahead.

Luckily my chest hair was limited to sparse tufts around my nipples. But as she burned these off the heat of her flame was transferred to the metal clamps, which continued to sear my tender crushed and stretched nipples even after she’d finished. And of course this was but a harbinger of what awaited me when she finally moved to remove my dense thicket of pubic hair.

For over five minutes she played that flame all over my groin, my balls, and all around my crotch, burning me uniformly all over and heating that cock cage until I was sure it was permanently branding me. Even after she’d finished burning all the hair off my ass – and burning the skin red as well – that only gradually cooling cage continued to torture my stretched out genitals. Finally, leaving me sobbing and swinging and hanging wholly from my arms (my legs had become too weak to provide me with even the minimal support of my toes) Cruel Lucy returned the candle to its holder and rummaged once more in her satchel. This time she withdrew an eight-foot bullwhip of tightly braided black leather.

Again I couldn’t help but shake my head and pleadingly weep, and again she only laughed lovingly at me. Then she stepped up next to the bed and flung that cruelly thin lash at me, her first blow impacting squarely across my extensively burned buttocks.

The agony of this was astronomical: far beyond anything I’d ever dreamed of experiencing.

Choking on my scream I writhed and shuddered and spun with the force of impact, my mind blanked out by the white-hot flare of pain consuming me. Then judging my spin precisely my tormentor struck again, laying another incisive line of fire across my buttocks.

I was dimly aware of additional agony in my nipples, as the wildly swinging weights and chains tore at those burned and stretched little buds of flesh. But nothing could possibly compete

with the explosive excruciation of my whipping. And of course again the agony had barely begun.

Cruel Lucy began to circle the bed, finding ever new angles of attack. Long, thin, livid welts she laid across me everywhere: on my back, belly, flanks and thighs, but always most particularly upon my purposely burned ass.

Constantly I twisted and writhed, my toes never finding more than a split's second purchase on the bed. Thus the agony in my cruelly extended shoulders climbed constantly, as did that in my yanked-in-ever-unpredictable direction nipples and crushed and stretched-out balls. And still these torments remained forever subsumed by the transcendent pain of my never-ending whipping. Indeed it seemed an eternity I was carved up by that slashing lash, dimly listening to Lucy's gloating laughs punctuated by that hissing-whistling-CRACK! Perhaps it was only an hour, objective time. But by the time she finally laughed her satisfaction and stowed the whip away I'd suffered more than the foulest sinner in Satan's domain. Then, unbelievably enough, it was time to take my interminable agony to yet another level.

Cruel Lucy returned to the bed, climbing right up on it this time. And in her gauntleted fist she held a forked electric shock-prod.

"Okay my handsome, beloved, tasty young boy. That's enough brute physical punishment, at least for now. Let's just see how much maximum pain I can inflict on you with only a minimum of effort..."

Stepping easily forward on the very firm mattress she again stopped my spinning and swinging with single gentle hand until we were face to gagged face. Once again I was looking straight down at those bursting-ripe half-globes and their barely concealed nipples. Again I was swept with uncontrollable arousal at the sight. But before I could even begin to foolishly attempt to erect she touched the dual tip of her shock-prod to my stretched, crushed testicles.

She was right: without exerting a modicum of effort Cruel Lucy immediately inflicted maximum pain on me. And unlike the brute physical trauma of her boot or whip, the raving wallop of electricity that blazed into me was pain on a much more insidious and intimate level. Shuddering all over, I thrummed and hummed like the proverbial live wire. Finally she relented, only to then shock the head of my penis where it protruded from the cage. This agony was even worse, and I twitched and drooled and jerked about like a puppet on a string. My nipples came next, followed by random shocks all over my body. For nearly another hour Cruel Lucy amused herself by electrocuting me in constant unpredictable fashion.

Not an inch of exposed flesh was spared the fiery bite of her shock-prod, though of course she concentrated most of her attentions on six specific areas: each testicle, each nipple, and tips of both my penis and nose. But finally she could restrain her true passions no more. It was time to indulge her most wildly burning need. Leaving me hanging miserably sobbing and shaking, she returned her prod to that capacious satchel. In its stead she withdrew a waist-and-crotch harness complete with an eight by one-inch dildo.

She strapped this tightly on, and within a minute sported an erection twice the size of my own greatest tumescence. As black as the rest of her outfit, this latest accoutrement made her far more fearsome than any of her earlier incarnations. Still terribly debilitated, indeed barely able to lift my head, I watched limitlessly appalled as she at last approached me. With that big cock bobbing with her stride and a grin of vilest intent wreathing her features, I couldn't even begin to express my horror and dismay.

Despite my years of ever more arcane submission fantasies, this ultimate in punishment, in dominant female cruelty, had honestly never occurred to me. I'd thought spanking, paddling,

bondage and whipping were the worst that could happen to me, and in my naiveté I'd lusted for and finally sought them out. Of course Cruel Lucy had already so far superseded these foolish extremes to such an extent that I'd cursed myself for an idiot a million times over. Now seeing her strut up to me with a big hard prick sticking accusingly out, and reading her obvious intentions in the palpable excitement emanating from her, I knew I was now facing an ordeal far surpassing even the hellish torments of the past two hours. And once again there was nothing I could do about it. That much was exceeding clear in just the madly sadistic gleam in Lucy's lovely brown eyes. Stroking her massive cock with one hand, she scrambled up onto the bed with me, breathing her intentions in an unholy rush of excitement.

"Yes boy, despite our great mutual love and respect, the fact that you've paid for my services tonight means that you can't fuck or even tongue me. That would be prostitution. But that doesn't mean I can't fuck you. That's just pure punishment: exactly what you paid for. And since I love butt-fucking a helpless, timid little virgin boy more than anything else in the whole wide world, we're both about to get what we both crave and need the absolute most!"

Still struggling to cope with all this, I was at last allowed a blessed distraction. Upon reaching me Lucy at last released my tits and balls from the weights tormenting them. Then she untied the rope suspending me, allowing me to crash down weeping upon that hard firm mattress. This was such a relief to my incredibly overtaxed shoulders that I momentarily swooned. When I came back to myself, I found that the shackles had been removed from my ankles, but not my wrists. I lay on my back, and my cuffed hands were trapped uncomfortably under me. Yet this would not be a problem for long, and it would be replaced by a discomfort far greater – not to mention a shame and pain far superior to anything in even my most recent experience.

Lucy had spread my legs and now knelt between them. Suddenly she seized one with each hand and lifted them up, folding me at the waist and bending them high above my head. Yet she didn't stop there. Still she lifted and bent me, until my ass and lower back came up off the bed and my widely splayed lower legs touched the mattress themselves. With my burned and welted buttocks up high in the air and only my head, shoulders, upper back, cuffed arms and lower legs resting on the bed she held me bent up double while she loomed splay-legged above me.

"Okay lover-boy," she breathed. "I wouldn't dream of degrading you by telling you that this is called the 'pile-driver position', the most degrading position of all in which a lowly disgusting slut gets fucked. I love you far too much for that. Instead I'll just go ahead and fuck you, and let you draw your own conclusions about how it feels.

"And let me also say that to prove my love and compassion I've most graciously lubricated my big erect penis first. I wouldn't want to overly damage you since I'm sure you will want to seek out this kind of sex every day for the rest of your life. So prepare to receive my loving penis, you respectable little sissy-slut you!"

And with that she sodomized me. For the first time ever I felt something entering my anus. Something big and round and blunt forced its way into me. All evening I'd been clenching my abysmally aching jaws around that huge ball stuffing them, trying to somehow stifle the pain. Now I did so in renewed earnest, as inch after punishing inch of big hard cock forced its way into me. Of course even as great as it was the pain could in no way be compared to burning, whipping and shocking. But the way it was compounded by the overwhelming insulting shame to my masculinity made it somehow so much worse. Groaning horribly I squeezed my eyes shut and tried desperately to shirk the reality of that monstrous invasion. Unfortunately Cruel Lucy had a

paradoxically appropriate way to deny me this escape. A powerful fist seized my nuts and pulped them yet again, reawakening their crippling pain.

“No, no, sissy-boy! We love and respect each other, remember? You want nothing more than to look into my loving eyes as I relieve you of your virginity. You are a virgin, right? You’ve never had any kind of sex?”

Shamed more than ever by this, I was forced by her merciless grip to nod the obvious affirmative. Her smirk grew scornfully wider.

“I knew it. That’s why you crave womanly cruelty. Your career has nothing to do with it. It’s your unworthiness that drives you to sacrifice yourself to the pleasures of the superior sex. Well the ultimate culmination and reward of your submission is upon you at last. Watch me in all my womanly glory as I induct you into the only kind of sex life you deserve or will ever have. Observe your wonderful lover as she fucks you!”

Finally after one more heartless squeeze she released my balls. Then she used both hands to spread my extensively wounded cheeks to their widest before thrusting her hard cock in to the hilt.

Oh, I gasped, I groaned, I gagged on my cry of agony as she penetrated me all the way! Still I did as instructed, avidly observing every nuance of her beautiful, gloating face, her incomparable body in its intimidating outfit and even every inch of her devastating erection as it disappeared inside me. Of course this maximized my humiliation and deliciously accentuated my anal agony, especially when she began bouncing up and down, withdrawing and then stabbing back into me, over and over again. But shortly circumstances determined that my observation would make everything both monumentally worse and ecstatically better.

The faster she fucked me the more openly those mad passions only hinted at earlier became more and more obvious. Those limpid brown eyes alternately melted and blazed; those lush, full, red, eminently kissable lips pursed and parted according to some crazed inner imperative mirrored in the mad violence of her pelvic thrusts. Best and worst of all, the violence of those thrusts at last forced free those incredible breasts from their leather confinement.

Watching avidly from below, I was suddenly treated and tormented by the amazing spectacle of those big firm rounds bouncing wildly up and down, the finally completely revealed nipples so big and brown and pointy-hard that I almost swooned again at the sight. Oh how they danced in the air just above me! And oh, how desperately I wanted, for the first time ever, to suckle one! All my life I’d dreamed of even touching a woman’s breast. Not only touching, but hefting, caressing, rubbing my face and penis and finally latching on like a leech and sucking, feasting, devouring for hours! Now suddenly the most heavenly pair ever was almost within reach! This temptation-tease was almost enough for me to discount the increasingly fervent attack on my ass and self-image. But then suddenly beautiful Lucy began screaming, and accelerating her stabbing rhythm so much that my attention was wrenched back to the trauma being inflicted on my insides.

Oh, so fast, so hard, it hurt so much! And still the pain and pace climbed, as did the pitch of her cries until I knew that though I’d never seen one a female orgasm was imminent. And then it was upon her. She flung back her head, chestnut tresses flying, and screamed her ecstasy at the ceiling. Simultaneously her ass-stabbing strokes peaked in a maddened frenzy that tortured me and exalted her in equal measure for yet another relative eternity. Somehow she expended herself however. She pulled out of my impossibly bludgeoned butt, collapsed gasping to one side and let my folded up legs and body finally fall back flat.

After a few minutes of my whimpering and her recovering, Cruel Lucy sat up and focused a stern stare on me.

“You were ogling my breasts, boy. I love you, but I cannot allow that. You deserve a severe paddling and strapping. And for the rest of tonight’s fucking you will be on your belly, facing away from me. Not only that but you will be blindfolded. Here...” Lucy placed a pillow next to my waist. “Roll over onto this.”

Whimpering again with renewed dread, I complied. Once my caged cock was crushed into that pillow and my terribly traumatized rear thrust up into the air Lucy returned to her satchel. This time she withdrew a heavy, perforated wooden paddle and a wide black leather blindfold. She buckled the latter about my head, sealing me in darkness. Then she took up position next to me and immediately began using the former to ruthlessly batter my burned, welted backside.

Soon those long-suffering buttocks were extensively bruised too. As each heavy SMACK impacted me I howled and sobbed and squirmed atop the pillow. Rattling my handcuffs I prayed in the darkness for this latest assault to quickly end – even though I knew that it would surely be followed by another brutal bout of buggering. Indeed: after about fifty strokes of the paddle I felt Cruel Lucy leave the bed and heard her once more accessing her satchel. Moments later she climbed back onto the bed and spoke to me out of the darkness.

“You’ll be happy to hear, my lovely sissy-boy, that this cock is considerably bigger: ten inches long and two through. You will find this butt fucking much more fulfilling. And trust me: you will soon thank me for this education in sissy sex. I absolutely guarantee it!”

Again I felt strong hands spread my cheeks. Again something big and blunt and hard pressed into me. Only this time it was indeed so much bigger! Biting down hard I sobbed miserably as my body was cruelly stretched. In contrast Cruel Lucy moaned joyfully as she drove her entire huge erection up inside me.

“Oh that’s so good, isn’t it lover? Fucking is just the ultimate in pleasure! It’s almost as exciting as being fucked. I envy you, boy, I truly do: finally getting your long-sought introduction to sex. FEEL me lover: feel every delicious inch of my erection as it draws back and plunges in deep again and again and again and again...”

Feel it I certainly did – how could I not? Such an enormous foreign object stroking unstopably in and out of me was impossible to ignore. Sobbing with heartfelt anguish, groaning with terrible pain, panting through my nose and running with sweat, I wrestled helplessly with my handcuffs as Cruel Lucy’s accelerating rhythm pounded my body against the pillow and bed. And then my torment grew even worse. So violently did Lucy fuck me that her hips began slapping against my upraised ass almost as hard as her paddle had. Thus not only was I being stabbed ten inches deep every second or so, I was simultaneously being brutally spanked. This double punishment kept me sobbing and squirming and struggling. But eventually, as Lucy became more and more excited, fucking me ever harder and faster and exhorting me to “Take it, feel it, love it!” I found myself struggling with more than just my bonds. My masculine self-image was taking such a beating that I was actually beginning to accept the new identity being so ruthlessly pounded into me: that of a disgusting little slut.

A slut craves cock. And though it was still very painful to have this one stabbing so relentlessly into me, Cruel Lucy’s runaway arousal was becoming infectious. Painful and perverse as it was, I was indeed finally experiencing sex, and with an incomparably beautiful and dominant female. Feeling her looming above me, her strong hands gripping my hips, listening to her panting and moaning and ever more vigorously working her body against mine, I began to get excited myself. Soon I didn’t care what it said about me. I had no choice but to accept the

mad stimulation I was getting from having a giant cock stabbing into my ass. Somewhere along the line my sobs had stopped, replaced by grunts and groans and appreciative moans. When I finally gave in completely, spreading my legs wider and lifting my ass higher, beautiful Lucy rewarded me wonderfully.

“You see? I said you’d thank me. Now that you’ve earned your new name, and learned to love your new sex life, I’m going to show you just how wildly exciting a slut’s life can be!” With that she suddenly fell forward, crushing me under her big beautiful body. Still imbedded to the hilt, her torso squashed mine into the bed, her firm, big-nippled breasts pressing against my bare back. Her wonderfully smelling hair tickled my face, and her hands came up to cup my shoulders. Anchored thus my body became more than ever her plaything, as Cruel Lucy lay between my spread legs and resumed her mad thrusting into my now gladly accepting ass.

Her cheek pressed against mine, her gasps and moans and ecstatic cries were right in my ear and her galvanic thrusts touched me the deepest yet. This was indeed wildly exciting, so much so that my caged cock finally tried to erect again. Of course this only caused me exquisite pain. But finally I’d found the same thrill in the actuality of punishment that I’d always craved in the fantasy of it. Now the agony in my pinched-off attempted erection merely added spice to my punishing new sex life, exciting me even more. For the next at least an hour, as Lucy fucked me ever harder and faster through another three screaming, incredibly ass pounding orgasms, I wallowed orgiastically in the amazing symphony of sensations she subjected me to. And despite my ever increasing bodily debilitation I was truly disappointed when she at last exhausted herself, pulled out of and climbed off of my body, and collapsed gasping next to me.

Finally she turned to face me. Tipping up my blindfold, she grinned at my crazed, red-rimmed eyes, and brushed the sweaty hair lovingly out of my face.

“Okay, sissy-boy. I told you that you deserved a paddling and a strapping for ogling me. And now the second I uncover your eyes I catch you staring at my breasts again. That means you deserve a paddling, a strapping, AND another whipping. Well you’ve had the paddling. So before I treat you to my monster twelve-incher I’m going to strap you silly.”

Laughing at my suddenly bugging eyes, she let the blindfold flip back down. Then she left the bed, only to return a moment later, kneeling next to me in optimal striking position. Seconds later the first cracking strap strike smacked across my ass.

The dimensions of this strap I could only guess at. It was wide and heavy and leather, and almost surely as black as everything else. All I knew for sure is that it was immeasurably painful. And as the cracking strokes continued to pitilessly impact against my ass they proved a supreme challenge to my new-found appreciation for true punishment. Oh the agony was so incredible! And yet Cruel Lucy had taught me well. Agony at the hands, and especially the dick, of a beautiful, superior female was more than just my just desserts. It was truly the only reason for my existence. What else was a pathetic, unworthy, never-to-be-really-laid male put on this earth for but to serve as a toy and receptacle for the limitless passions of the magnificent finer sex? If my agony was her ecstasy – as it clearly was judging by her breathy gasps – than that was not only wholly appropriate but ought to be equally fulfilling for us both.

Wait – not equally. That thought was the worst kind of heresy and blasphemy. Naturally her fulfillment should overtop mine exponentially. Still I was entitled to my own ridiculous excesses of sensation. And when the incredible pain of my ass-strapping threatened to overwhelm my adoring excitement, I managed to surmount this by imagining what wonders awaited me when Cruel Lucy finally saw fit to use her incredible promised twelve inches on me. Thus I persevered

throughout that unimaginably intense strapping, until finally she saw fit to inflict that penultimate anal assault on me. Then I got all that was coming to me, and eventually even more.

She left the bed, returned, and began to insert herself yet again. Right away I gasped with shock and squealed with pain. Again she chortled sadistically.

“That’s right, boy. This huge cock is not only two inches longer, it’s considerably thicker too. You’re about to be fucked with a horse cock, you simpering little sissy filly. Let me hear you moan with mad enjoyment as I tear your ass open!”

And with that she drove her enormous member powerfully up into me. Moan? At first I could only sob and squeal, the proverbial stuck pig. Within three strokes she was again slamming her hips against my more wounded than ever ass, her length stabbing deeper and her girth stretching me wider than could ever seem possible. Likewise her excitement had climbed astronomically. The power and pace of her thrusts and the mad exultation she exuded as she delivered them were truly terrifying and awe-inspiring. And once again the infectious nature of her passionate transport proved my salvation.

Who could not get caught up in such insane excitement? The fact that my incredible agony continued to climb beyond all mortal bounds was finally no match for the mad arousal permeating the atmosphere. And then once again the two combined in such a powerfully perverse stew that I eventually learned to cherish and crave the intolerably cruel combination.

Again my cock’s mad need to erect pitted itself against implacable metal, again it was defeated and again the agony of that defeat only fueled the delirium engulfing me. Gasping, snorting, sobbing and writhing, I lifted my ass to its immense impalement and reveled in each monstrous thrust. Cruel Lucy managed only two orgasms during the hour or so in which this assault endured, proving perhaps that even she had limits. But that would in no way prevent her from driving me far beyond even my own continuously expanding ones. Yet again she pulled out of my ass, now gaping like a mineshaft. Then I heard her removing her cock before I felt her shoving it roughly all the way back in.

“I don’t want you closing up on me. We still have the grand finale to get to. But first we have the well-deserved second whipping. And this time every slash goes right across your ass. You won’t be able to sit or lie on it for weeks! But that’s what you paid for isn’t it: limitless female cruelty. As I told you, I’m a woman of honor. You’ll get every cent’s worth. In fact you already have. You’ll have to settle up additionally for the next hour or so. Then, at the very end, I’ll gift you with the extra touch that means so much. For now though, just revel in the searing kiss of my wonderful whip!”

She went to get it. Expecting her to climb back on the bed before the punishment began I screamed and lurched in shocked excruciation as the first flaying stroke ripped into me. Foolishly I’d forgotten the whip’s greater range. By standing just next to the bed she was perfectly positioned to lay the last foot or so of the lash, the fastest moving, thinnest bit of it across my extensively bruised, burned, whipped and stuffed buttocks. Indeed it was that stuffing that proved my salvation this time. Instead of dreaming of that thick twelve inches it was the hard actuality of it that allowed me to endure. When that whiplash struck out of the blackness (I’d been panting and snuffling too hard to hear the whistling hiss) my incredibly impaled ass clutched up reflexively. The pain was still monstrous and unbelievable of course. But by clutching that cock with a desperate lover’s embrace I was able to distract myself long enough for it to begin to dissipate. Crazily a cigarette slogan clanged in my head: *so round, so firm, so fully packed. And oh wasn’t I so fully packed!* Then I heard the whistling harbinger of the next stroke, and I clenched up even harder in anticipation: biting down on the ball so achingly

stretching my jaws even as I squeezed my entire lower body about the enormous penis pitilessly filling it.

The second whiplash sliced open my ass, immediately superseding the only slowly receding agony of the first. Again I squealed in gagged agony, clutching my lover's cock like life itself and biting into that ball as though it was the throat of my most dedicated enemy. And so it went for another undetermined eternity, as Cruel Lucy cruelly carved up my swollen buttocks with constant precise slashes of her whip. Maddened far beyond my earlier delirium I somehow clung to my enormous impalement enough to survive the assault. Long before it was finished I could feel blood trickling down from my deeper weals. How on earth could I survive a further attack of her rapidly slapping hips as she fucked me one final time with who knew what kind of ungodly instrument?

Naturally I needn't have worried. Lucy had something far more insidious than anything yet planned for the culmination of my anal education. At last I felt her climb onto the bed and kneel behind me once again. She pulled her enormous erection out of my gaping, aching hole. Then, impossibly, she began forcing something even bigger in. Only instead of the symmetrical roundness of a penis this object was knobby and irregular, and so much more painful! Again I squealed like a cruelly stuck pig as it plunged in deep. Cruel Lucy laughed wickedly at this, and taunted me lovingly.

"Are you enjoying your first ever fist-fucking? Are you loving it so much that you'll never be satisfied with anything less? You'd better hope so my dear! Brace yourself now lover. Here comes my big strong arm right up to the elbow!"

She pulled back and punched in again, then again and again and again, getting deeper every time. Pounding her fist and thicker-than-even-that-dick forearm up into my rectum she continued to laugh gloatingly as I bawled like a baby and shuddered all over in reaction. With one gloved hand gripping my hip to hold me in place she brutally fisted me with the other until I was truly maddened by the ever increasing excruciation. Deeper than seemed humanly possible her big arm bludgeoned into me, ever faster and harder. Ever more hysterically I screamed and writhed and cried, spreading my legs out wider and wider in a vain attempt to lessen the pain. And still she pitilessly pounded into me, twisting her fist as she did so to maximize the agony. Perhaps it was only forty minutes or so that she hammered and gouged at my insides thus. But it was easily the longest forty minutes of my life. Long gone was the sexual excitement of punishment and intercourse. This was just pain and humiliation of indescribable magnitude. And yet even when she tired too much to continue she had one last insidious agony and indignity planned for my ass. Out came her arm and then right away pushed in a conical plug even bigger around than her fist. Cruel Lucy flipped a switch, and this began vibrating with a hot electrical buzzing that continuously tormented my already extensively traumatized insides.

Finally she moved up next to me and flipped up the blindfold. The first thing I saw (other than the fact that her incredible breasts were once again contained, if barely, by her corset) was that it was four-thirty in the morning. She had been torturing and sodomizing me for over eight hours. Grinning at my exhausted whimpering she kissed me on the tip of the nose.

"You may keep that plug and the gag and blindfold too, as mementoes of the most crucial night of your life. You got way more than you paid for tonight, yes?"

When I nodded emphatically Lucy climbed off the bed, picked up my pants and withdrew my wallet. She emptied it, tucking the thick sheaf of cash – more than a thousand dollars – into the corset between her breasts.

“That should even us up lover,” she declared. “Still I promised you something extra, didn’t I: the finishing touch that means so much? Let me just get you good and hogtied, and then I’ll explain what that is.”

Hogtied! Why would she bind me now, when our night together is at an end? Of course gagged as I was I could only wonder and watch with considerable trepidation as she went to her satchel and withdrew not a bunch of ropes but a big roll of inch-wide, sturdy but flexible perforated aluminum strip used by carpenters for securing drywall. She added to this a clear plastic box full of short little bolts with wide, rounded heads and matching nuts, and climbed back onto the bed.

Grabbing my split-splayed legs she pulled them together, closing them about the enormous intrusion buzzing away at my ass. Then she began wrapping round after round of that flexible metal strip tightly about my ankles.

“I like using this so much better than rope,” she casually remarked. “Anyone can untie a knot or cut a rope. But once I wrap you with four or five layers of aluminum and secure these bonds with a bolt through the screw holes (just like I’ve filled your screw hole – hah!) and then coat the nut with superglue, only a hacksaw or pair of *very* heavy-duty sheet-metal shears can free one of *my* prisoners.”

Of course my bewilderment turned instantly to terror at this pronouncement, and I began struggling furiously. Immediately Cruel Lucy fell atop me, crushing me to the bed. Her hand found the back of my head, and she pressed my face down, smothering me.

“Quit it!” she hissed. “If you want to survive this, and go on to live an excitingly perverse sex life, then go limp and submit to me. It’s that or die! I haven’t left any fingerprints; you don’t know my real name and my contacts can’t be traced. I could kill you and get off scot-free. So submit to me, and I will teach you about true cruelty!”

By this time I was suffering all the torments of suffocation, and had no wish to see them carried to conclusion. Somehow I managed to nod against the crushing pressure on the back of my head, and ‘Lucy’ released me. She rose off my body, and as I gasped greedily through my nose she pulled the aluminum straps about my ankles as tight as possible before slipping a bolt through the overlapping perforations and screwing on a nut. Too chastened and debilitated to do anything but lie limply as ordered I could only helplessly feel my increasing discomfort and anxiety as Cruel Lucy proceeded to put me into incredibly professional bondage.

After securing my ankles she likewise saw to my legs. Two inches both above and below the knees she strapped and bolted my legs so tightly together that the metal depressed my skin by nearly half an inch. Then she lifted my feet and bent my legs back until my heels hit my ass. There she ran another quadruple loop of aluminum about my ankles and thighs until my legs were locked so tightly flexed they couldn’t extend a micrometer. After that Lucy suddenly grabbed the pillow elevating my ass and dragged it back until it was propping up my knees. This caused my caged crotch to lose contact with the bed and my back to bow painfully up. But soon I had much worse to worry about.

“I’m un-cuffing your hands now, slut. Don’t you dare make a move!”

Yeah right. What possible use could resistance prove now, with my lower half so efficiently bound? Convinced of my defeated limpness, she removed the handcuffs. Then I felt her curiously turn my wrist.

“Nice watch. Is that a real Rolex? I believe I’ll take this too. I’ve earned it by pretending love and respect for you all night, you sissy little pervert!”

Hearing her debase me like this hurt more than feeling my ten thousand dollar watch being stripped off my wrist. After all, material losses can be repaired. Those to the self-esteem can often not. In any case after Cruel Lucy tucked her latest bounty away – undoubtedly in that heavenly, oh so splendid crevice between her breasts – she resumed binding me in pitilessly tight strips of unyielding aluminum.

First she bound my bare wrists together pulse to pulse, and I mean that: they were so secured that I could feel my heartbeat as the blood was forced through my constricted arteries. Yet what happened next was worse. This time she wound the metal strip about my arms just below the elbows, and yanked it so tight that my elbows and forearms were just as tightly pressed together as my wrists. Again she redundantly wound that metal strip around and around and bolted it in place before snipping the strip with tin-snips. Then finally, as a last cruel touch, she raised my legs even higher, bracing them on her own folded knee as she bolted the strip securing my ankles to thighs to the one strangling my wrists. She took a minute then using a squeeze tube of superglue to utterly incase every junction of bolt, strip and nut, just as she'd described. Then Cruel Lucy suddenly yanked the big firm pillow out from under my knees.

Gravity, and my incredibly cruel hogtying, caused my head and torso to be yanked radically upward even as my bound up legs and penis were pressed into the bed.

Oh, how can I describe the pain in my bowed-up back, wrenched-back shoulders, and the incredibly miserable indifference in my shriveled and locked-up penis? After all the unbelievable experiences of the past night, including being kicked in the nuts, bound and suspended, whipped and shocked and sodomized with ever bigger cocks, paddled and strapped and whipped yet again before being fist-fucked into madness and then robbed, it seemed nothing could possibly be worse. And yet truly the pain and claustrophobic horror of inescapable bondage promised to be the masochistic nadir that this idiotic night might hold in store. But then I saw Cruel Lucy pick up the phone. I heard what she said to the front desk, and then to me, and I realized that the true cruelties were still barely beginning, and would in fact last forever.

"Hello, front desk? Yes, this is Room 119. I'm afraid my lover is going to be terribly tied up for most of today... Yes he has a serious amount of heavy thinking to do. Can you put a 'do not disturb' order on him until after four p.m.? Yes, thank you. After that the maid should just knock and enter, okay? Okay! Thank you so much!"

Cruel Lucy hung up the phone and turned back to me, sneering as cruelly as anyone possibly can.

"Okay. Our oh-so-brief association is finally finished. We will never see each other again. I'm totally sure that I'll forget you within a week. But I'm even more convinced that I will haunt your nightmares forever! You see, it's time for my final, most momentous gift to you!

"Of course it's not your wonderful bondage experience. The maid will be here in twelve or so hours to begin the laborious process of trying to set you free. No, the true bondage begun tonight is far less rectifiable. I honestly defy you to find *anyone* who can release your virginal penis. Not all the money in the world can do that short of complete castration. That cock-cage is made of corundum coated titanium and is designed to be absolutely permanent. It cannot possibly be cut off. It doesn't have any keyhole and the lock inside is incredibly complex. So I want you to consider your hopelessly eternal chastity to be my most loving gift to you, my lovely, respected, beautiful little slut!"

Smirking outrageously at this self-inflicted, obvious irony, Cruel Lucy suddenly spat in my face, spraying her spittle into my bulging eyes. Nonverbally announcing unequivocally what she thought of me she then direly pronounced my eternal fate after this truly most momentous night.

“From now on you will have no choice but to seek out the wonderfully fulfilling kind of anal sex you so lubriciously enjoyed tonight!” She laughed harshly, and flipped that blindfold back down, trapping her spit against my face. Through my appalled horror, pain and humiliation I then heard her gather up her scattered belongings, pull her coat on over her incredibly sexy body and attire, unlock, open, and slam shut the door behind her, leaving me there ball-gagged, blindfolded, outrageously anally stuffed with an enormous vibrator, tightly metallically hogtied and permanently virginally cock-locked. Yet disregarding all the torments ahead in the near and endless futures, whatever would the papers have to say of me? ‘District Attorney Discovered in Bondage!’ My old life was obviously over. The only one left to me was that which Cruel Lucy had cruelly decreed for me: that of a punishment loving anal sex slave. The idea was terribly abhorrent of course. But thanks to her I had twelve or more hours to accommodate myself to it.

Chapter Thirty

Riding School

It was almost midnight. Although the stable was warm with the heat of dozens of horses, eighteen year-old Andi shivered with a delicious anticipation. Atop her fabulously heavy and yet burstingly upswept breasts (surely her best feature since she'd started to bloom at the tender age of eight), her nipples were as hard as diamonds, tingling like ice and feeling sharp enough to slice right through the fabric of her tight white uniform top.

Here at Rustic Hills Equestrian College for Girls she'd already gotten up to some amazing sexual adventures. Waking up her many new friends to the pleasures of their mutual femininity was one thing – some might call it excitement enough – but she hadn't yet showed them anything like what was in store for tonight. Their crash course in the wonders of womanhood was about to begin in earnest. Gregg, her treacherous twenty year-old soon-to-be-ex 'boyfriend', was due to arrive any second. Then he would receive his proper comeuppance, and Amy, Brenda and the rest would start to appreciate the unlimited scale of the power their blooming young bodies gave them.

All summer long this guy Greg had been sneaking onto the school grounds, meeting her in the stables after dark in order to kiss and neck and make out. Andi had actually been dick-teasing him mercilessly, to tell the honest truth, rubbing herself off on him, letting him feel her up big-time and yet expertly fending off his constant clumsy pestering for sex. This was all a delicious game, of course, one Andi enjoyed immensely since despite being two years younger she was far more sexually experienced than he. And at last the stupid shit had been driven to commit the costliest of blunders. He'd been spying on her.

Andi could practically feel his greedy eyes on her admittedly tremendous breasts when she got out of the shower the other night. Sensing him somehow, knowing he was there stealing a view that she'd been deliberately concealing from him, she'd purposely taken an extra long time toweling off. Giggling with a thrill of exhibitionism, she'd raised her arms to wrap up her fine blond hair in a towel. Then she very deliberately took a deep breath and stretched, arching her shoulders and back, fully inflating and thrusting forth her chest to show her incredible breasts at their very best. Then she very sensuously shook herself, vigorously jiggling her big, bulbous opulence, shaking hundreds of drops of water from those matching white globes and red erect tips before roughly rubbing her thirty-four double-D's all pink and warm and flushed with more soft terrycloth.

A clearly audible moan came from the other side of the thin wood wall, and at last Andi caught a glimpse of an eyeball peeping through one of the old knotholes practically right next to her. Then came another low moan, and an acceleration of frantic panting.

That was all the proof she needed. Andi didn't doubt for a second that it was Greg out there, with his poor deprived dick in his hand, jerking himself silly on the stolen sight of her swimsuit-model knockers. Hell, she'd even recognized the uncontrollable moan. She'd elicited it with her own slightly sinister caresses more than enough times already.

Suddenly Andi realized that Greg probably came here all the time, peeping into their showers, the locker room, even the big open dormitories, ogling her and all the other girls while he shamelessly masturbated. Thinking of the all-out way she'd introduced her wonderful new friends to the pleasures of sex, wondering how much of their cautious exploration, nubile wallowing and ultimately excessive dildo-play had been illicitly observed, Andi felt herself grow

hot with an eager flush of outrage. Her slightly giddy, exhibitionist arousal fled before a dreadfully familiar and much more powerful sense of vindictive carnal relish.

So, weaselly little Gregggy was a no-good spy, eh? A sleazy fucking jerk-off? Well, she knew how to repay that kind of behavior. No problem! Her cruel little game was finally getting interesting. Betraying no hint of her awareness of his presence, Andi continued to towel off and dress, conspicuously flaunting her tight, petite, yet tremendously endowed young body before her illicit admirer all the while.

She'd give him a show to remember, since it was going to end up costing him so very much. Immediately decided on how best to punish him, Andi played it out masterfully, not even responding to the final choked orgasmic grunt, or even the hasty sounds of zipper and retreat. And later she continued to meet with the filthy sneak after lights out: squirreling away with him in one of the empty stalls and desperately tongue wrestling. Just like before they'd grope and suck face for hours like proto-typical over-heated teenagers. Yet now Andi led the horny bastard on with a purpose.

Feverishly she devoured him, sucking on his tongue and lips like a vampire, covering his neck with angry red hickies. Lying all soft and hard respectively on a huge heap of straw, they constantly squirmed their bodies together: squeezing, stroking, fondling, and dry humping one another in a frenzy of adolescent passion. Temptress Andi finally even quit wearing her brassiere, at last allowing Greg to kiss and caress her unfettered flesh, to bury his unworthy face and childishly suckle. Letting him lap like a puppy she moaned into his ears, rubbed him relentlessly through his pants, and in short resorted to every last trick in her extensive repertoire to stoke his frantic lust to an excruciating pitch. Then, after that last especially maddening three-hour make-out session, Andi finally (apparently most reluctantly and with great gravity), allowed Greg to talk her into going all the way.

Buttoning her shirt back up over the objects of poor Greg's obsession, she'd instructed him to return as usual the next midnight. If he would meet her in the big back stall of the very last stable, where no one could ever see or know about their tryst (cynically she made this veiled reference to his voyeurism, and to her planned revenge), then she would at last break down and have sex with him.

Greg had of course ecstatically agreed, and she'd shooed the poor boner-bulging blue-balls boy on his way. Smirking at his twitching little ass, she wondered if he'd be able to resist playing with himself for a mere twenty-one hours – or even twenty-one minutes.

She seriously doubted it. In any case, however he managed to spend those hours (and Andi had certainly been busy!) they eventually somehow passed. Here it was finally midnight again, and everything was in place for Gregggy's big night.

The thought of all the things Andi meant to do to him in lieu of granting his pathetic fantasies once again sent excited shivers racing repeatedly up and down her petite yet astonishingly lush body. From her tingling blonde scalp all the way to her helplessly curling toes, from her rock hard nipples to her eagerly watering womanhood she was entirely marbled in delicious gooseflesh. Oh, you stupid Gregggy, paybacks were such a bitch and so was Mistress Andi when this emasculating need came on her...

Then suddenly Greg was there, slipping through the door of the big stable and whispering for her uncertainly.

"Andi?"

“Over here, Gregggy! Come on over here!” Step into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. Andi giggled uncontrollably as her ‘boyfriend’ uncertainly crossed the dim stable to the door of the last big stall on the end, where she stood, her arms held out in eager welcome.

At last he scampered the final ten feet into them. They molded together tightly, and immediately he began feeling her up, with his hands going under her short skirt and boldly groping her buttocks. In response, Andi lifted her legs and wrapped them around his ass, clutching him with all four limbs and grinding her body against his lasciviously. Their mouths locked, and for perhaps five minutes their tongues dueled aggressively, while their hot skins tried to friction-burn away the clothes between them. Brazenly the fiery minx ground her silk-pantied crotch against the throbbing bulge behind Greg’s zipper, dampening them both with an unmistakable demonstration of how eager she was to keep her promises. Finally the poor boy broke the kiss, panting for breath as he at last let her body drop to the ground.

“Oh, my God, you make me so fucking hot!” he groaned, staggering sideways into the big empty stall.

Giggling Andi moved in on him, pulling her skirt up and pressing Gregggy against the wall, where she resumed grinding her braless breasts against his chest, her swampy crotch against his own. “That’s because I’m so fucking hot,” she replied. “I’m the hottest fucking bitch you’ll ever meet. Don’t you think you should agree with me?”

“Yes ma’am! Absolutely!” Greg tried to kiss her again, and she let him, but then she put her palm on his chin and rudely shoved his face away. Still she pinned him to the wall with her demanding gaze, her squirming hips and breasts.

“‘Yes ma’am.’ That’s very sweet, Gregggy. I like that. Can you say, ‘Yes, Mistress!’ to me? I think I might like that even better.”

“Andi, honey, if you’re really ready to break down and have sex with me, I’ll call you anything in the world you want.”

“Excellent. And I’ll call you anything I want – Slut-boy. Now do it! Call me Mistress, or even Goddess, if you please, and beg me to have sex with you.”

“All right.” Slut-boy giggled a little uneasily. “Please, Mistress Andi, my beautiful gorgeous Goddess, I abase myself and humbly beg you to have sex with me.”

“What kind of sex, Slut-boy? Wild, kinky, outrageous sex?”

“Yes, Mistress. Please have wild, kinky, outrageous sex with me.”

“All right, Slut-boy.” Once again Andi was humping him with her crotch, feeling her idiot prey’s penis pulse in its confinement like a caged animal: desperately angry and frustrated. “I’ll have wild, kinky, outrageous sex with you – but only on one condition. I’m just a petite little girl. You’re bigger and stronger and older than me. And I don’t entirely trust you to be a gentleman. So I’m going to have to tie you up, and be the one on top. I believe all the manuals call that position ‘female superior’. Does that sound kinky and outrageous enough for a slut like you? Or at least appropriate?”

Slut-boy’s gaze broke away. “I guess so.”

“I guess so what?”

“I guess that sounds okay, Mistress. You can tie me up, if that’s what gets you off. My Goddess, you are the strangest, but definitely the hottest chick I’ve ever known!”

“Oh, I’m the hottest chick you’ll ever know all right. But you don’t know me yet at all! Not at all, you silly little Slut-boy! You don’t have the faintest idea what gets me off!”

This was a bit of a betrayal, before she had him incapacitated, but stupid Slut-boy spy was too desperately horny to realize how much hell he was in for. When Andi pushed a heavy oak

bench about four feet long, one foot wide and two and a half feet high into the center of the big empty stall and told him to sit straddling the end of it and take his shirt off, he couldn't obey her fast enough. When she pushed him back flat, supine on the short bench with his head hanging mostly off the other end, he didn't even protest his obvious discomfort. Quickly she pulled his hands around the stout wooden legs and underneath the seat. Overlapping his forearms, she used a thin leather rein to elaborately lash them together: trapping his hands behind his back and using his arms to bind his upper body to the bench. Then she passed a wide leather cinch strap around both his shoulders and the heavy oak seat and pulled it tight, further solidly securing him. At that his breath quickened perceptibly, a flush colored his face, and he finally tried to voice some kind of faint misgiving. Too late, fool.

"Silence, Slut-boy! Your Mistress will tell you when to speak!" Andi unsnapped and unzipped his jeans, further silencing any protest. "Lift up your hips!" she ordered.

Awkwardly he braced himself and complied, and Andi yanked the Levis down to his sneakers, both hobbling and undressing him in one swift motion.

Slut-boy's ridiculous erection was already poking out the top of his skimpy briefs, but Andi ignored it as she used another wide leather cinch strap to bind his waist just as securely to the heavy oak bench as his shoulders. Contrary to expectations, she had no sexual business whatsoever tonight with that imperfectly hard, notoriously unreliable and pathetically shrumpy organ. She had much better uses for a guilty little slut-boy than that.

Still, the game being played here demanded that she drag out the suspense as long as possible, and continue the malicious dick-tease right up to that priceless moment of accusation, throughout the subsequent confrontation, and if possible even through the long, drawn-out, incredibly painful and degrading payback that she so dearly lived for. Therefore, once her treacherous, lying, spying, masturbating 'boyfriend' was finally completely in her power, little Andi just smiled richly down at him, and then slowly, provocatively stripped out of her soaked-through panties.

She pulled the sopping crotch of these over Slut-boy's chin and nose; then stretched the elastic sides out to loop around his ears, tautly covering his entire face below the bulging eyes like a wet silk surgical mask. Then, still wearing her uniform shirt, skirt, white stockings and knee-high shiny black riding boots (polished spurs glittering), Andi stepped over his bound and elevated body: straddling both Slut-boy and the bench so that her juicy pink rose gaped open just above the upright purple plum of his desperately erect man-thing. Still smiling sweetly down (and yet charging her eyes with dark, unlimited erotic promise), she oh so slowly un-tucked and then unbuttoned her tight white shirt, opening it all the way down the front but only wide enough to expose that canyonesque cleavage, and two perfectly matched halves of the best breasts anywhere.

Stupid Slut-boy moaned like a baby, inhaling the scent of her sex with every breath. Still she hovered an inch above his erect prick, allowing him barely a glimpse of one puckered aureole. Then she began to speak, softly at first and with only the barest hint of the venomous hiss that lay just beyond.

"Finally you get to have sex with me, after all your pestering. How immensely gratifying this must be for you, Slut-boy. When's the last time your juvenile tactics worked?"

"Huh?"

"You heard me. When's the last time you fucked one of us? Or are you still a virgin despite all your hard-sell pressure tactics? That's it, isn't it? That's why you can't keep from pestering, begging, and degrading yourself for sex. Because you've never proved worthy, you're still a

virgin at twenty in an age when most kids are doing it at twelve. All right, then, when's the last time you jerked off?"

"Whu-what?" At last Slut-boy seemed to grok that something was going on here that was outside the traditional script. He floundered idiotically, sputtering into the pungent panties that covered his face. "I don't jerk off!"

"Hah!" Andi crowed out loud. "Priceless! As if any virgin Slut-boy could resist jerking off! Well, Mister Puritan, if I wanted to, I could take you out to the very spot where your spew hit the wall on Saturday night! I saw and heard you plain as day through that peephole, Slut-boy! You couldn't have been five feet away! How long have you been spying on me, you filthy, perverted, treacherous little cheater, you?"

Slut-boy gaped like a suffocating fish, his lips pulling the crotch of her masking panties into a perfect O. Before he could recover from his surprise Andi dropped atop his cock, pressing it flat against its thatch and using the groove of her flesh to hold it there: a temptation and tease-torture all at once.

"I'm warning you!" she barked. "Don't you ever lie to your Goddess! Confess all your sins at once, and maybe; just maybe the punishment won't be so terrible. Now answer up, Slut-boy! When's the last time you pulled your pud into pudding, and how long have you been spying on me? Make things easy on yourself!"

Now Andi began sliding ever so slightly back and forth, pushing down the skimpy briefs and slickening that burning spike of need, bathing at least one side of Slut-boy's pitiful little penis in fluids and feeling he'd likely be forever denied. At last his stunned, shamed, scared, and still uncontrollably aroused eyes winced away from hers. Searching the floor around him for alternatives and finding none, he at last cowed before his Goddess' glorious power and murmured his mortified answer.

"I beat off last night immediately after I left here. I couldn't help myself. And I've been watching you and your friends shower and change all summer. My house is only two miles from here, and I've been spying on the girls at this school since I was twelve."

"I knew it!" Andi crowed in scornful triumph, her weight coming down hard on that imprisoned rod.

"I knew you were a dirty little jerk-off, and a treacherous spy, too! And I knew you couldn't wait to get your filthy depraved hands on your pecker after I let you nuzzle and suckle on my tremendous tits! You're pathetic, Slut-boy! But are you sure that's all you did and saw? No peeking into the dormitories? No watching the girls get to know one another?"

"No, Goddess, I swear it! I...I tried, but it's impossible. There are no trees to hide in. I...I saw you guys kissing in the shower, licking and sucking on each other and stuff...and I knew more must be going on in the dorm...but I've never been able to get close enough, I swear it!"

As he talked about what he seen and done, Slut-boy's face flushed redder and redder and his cock pulsed ever harder. Feeling it throb against her sopping cooze filled Andi with both exultant satisfaction and a cresting torture-lust. Firmly she ground her cunt against it, twisting a bit and stimulating him mercilessly as she finally accepted his confession and then pronounced his penance.

"All right, Slut-boy. That last part is probably bullshit, but it doesn't matter anyway. Whether you actually saw us or not, I'm now going to gift you with the experience you were oh so hot to share. My fellow Goddesses and I are all going to initiate you into the wonderful world of girl-to-girl sex – after we punish you for spying on us, that is!

“Are you listening guys?” Relishing the expression of flabbergasted nightmare on Slut-boy’s face, Andi called out to her friends hiding in the next stall. “You just heard him admit that he’d been spying on you for years, jerking off and conniving to horn in our dildo orgies. Come on in and help me punish the shit out of this worthless slut, and teach him to never beg for sex again, especially from a lezzy he’s been treacherously betraying. We’ve got about eight years worth of payback to dish out, and only six hours to do it in!”

Immediately excited chattering was heard, tinkling giggles and jingling spurs. As Slut-boy watched horrified over his panties mask, a total of seven more adolescent girls pushed into the big square stall. They all wore the same riding school uniforms as Andi: black miniskirts, spurred boots, white silk shirts and stockings, but with at least one crucial difference: each was carrying a stiff leather riding crop.

Of course, big Brenda was in the lead, Andi’s best friend and next to her buxom lover she was the most eager and adventurous of all the girls. Tall and solid without being fat, she had best tits next to Andi’s and gorgeous red-golden hair. Behind her came Amy, Kristy, Kira, Beth, Julie and little Jasmine, all of them beautiful, nubile, sexy, excited, fascinated and wildly turned on. Andi ate up Slut-boy’s horror, consternation, and above all his limitless humiliation as they surrounded him, savoring it like emotional ambrosia. Then without warning she climbed off her captive slut, taking her place in the circle of his accusers and punishers and leaving his still desperately erect genitals straining blindly skyward. Just for good measure, she leaned over then and tore the ridiculous briefs to shreds, exposing those guilty organs to scorn and justice.

“There it is, girls! A puny example of what Andi’s toys far surpass. For the sake of these vulnerable, silly organs – just look at the way they hang outside the body like that! – this stupid little Slut-boy spied on us, betraying us all and dealing an unconscionable insult to femininity everywhere. We must punish this transgression extravagantly, in the most fitting manner imaginable. Brenda honey? Do you have my crop? Good! Thanks.”

Andi took her weapon, and smiled evilly down at Slut-boy. “Payback time, jerk-off! You’re about to learn one of the trillion reasons men are inferior to women. To wit: their external sex organs are ridiculously easy to access, and thus punish. Control the gonads and you control the beast, I always say. Take this, you spying little shit!”

She swung the crop and swatted his cock as hard as she could. Slut-boy yelped on his bench, and immediately brought his hobbled legs up off the ground, doing his best to protect the unprotectable. Prepared for this, and indeed for any other resistance, Andi got the other girls into the game right away.

“Here, you guys, grab his feet. Take off his shoes and socks and pants. Then tie his pants around one ankle and his shirt around the other. Tie them right in the middle, so it makes like a rope on either side. Then two of us can hold each leg, while the other four torture him. That way we can switch off, take turns, until he’s too exhausted to fight.”

Soon they had their helpless little Slut-boy properly fixed: totally naked with his clothes tied to his legs and four girls holding them stretched out wide in an extreme split. The other four surrounded him, Andi and Brenda between his legs and Beth and Julie smirking and giggling at him from either side. They all had their crops out, and Andi gave yet another warning to their captured spy before his punishment got underway.

“No screaming, Slut-boy! We can’t have you upsetting the horses. Blubber all you like, but as soon as you start to make too much noise, those panties come off your face and go into your mouth – those, or something even worse. So take your punishment like a man, baby! Show us you might be worthy of sexual consideration after all!”

Right away she began beating his genitals then, using her stiff crop to whip his erect cock and blue balls with a sadistic fury. Soon the other girls joined in, striking not just at his pathetically vulnerable sex organs – although naturally and appropriately this was by far and away the favorite target – but also everywhere else, from the terribly sensitive soles of his feet to his panty-draped cheeks.

Slut-boy indeed blubbered and sobbed like a baby, twisted and writhed in his bonds and struggled with the tethers holding his ankles, and all to no avail. He was beaten black-and-blue from head to toe until his urgent erection was ancient history, and indeed his entire groin was cruelly inflamed and abraded as well as bruised an ugly black. But at last Andi could no longer stand the anticipation, and she declared the preliminary foreplay at an end. It was time for the real punishment to get underway.

She called a temporary halt to the beating, accepting a bulky gym bag from Brenda.

“Okay, Slut-boy. I guess you’ve suffered enough – at least for now. It’s time to reward your initiative, sleazy as it might have been. You wanted to see what we were doing in the dormitory? Allow me to demonstrate.

“I promised to have sex with you, yes? Wild, kinky, outrageous sex? Well unlike you, I am an honest person, and I keep my word. The only thing is, your penis – even all swollen up like it is – is so small and limp and pathetic that I’m afraid it’s not worthy of use. We’re going to have to use one of mine instead. And since it’s my cock, then that means I’m going to be the one doing the fucking. That is what really gets me off.

“You see, Slut-boy, as sweet and petite and feminine as I am, I’m also a hard-core bitch butch lesbian. Why do you think I go by a boy’s name? And in addition to deliberately leading you on, what I’ve been doing in the dorm all summer is teaching all of my wonderful new friends how to take a big hard cock. Now I’m going to teach you the same thing. We’re all going to teach you, as a matter of fact. Tonight you’re going to join the lezzy club, and have all kinds of exciting same-sex adventures! I hope your fragile male self-image can handle the experience! Otherwise we might turn you into a fag forever!”

Andi dramatically emptied the bag onto Slut-boy’s extensively welted belly and chest. Of course it was full of strap-on dildos. There were seven of them as a matter of fact: one a slim hot pink one without any balls; three large perfectly life-like flesh-colored ones; an absurdly huge red device shaped exactly like Andi’s fist and forearm; and two more matching ten-by-two inch shiny simulated big black cocks.

Andi and Brenda donned these latter, doffing their skirts and passing the other perpetually hard artificial penises into the hands that clamored most eagerly for them. Then, while Slut-boy whimpered and squirmed in his bonds and struggled once again to bring his widely splayed-out legs back down and together, Andi cinched a tight noose-like nose-rein about the base of his horribly swollen and bruised-black cock and balls.

“I don’t want you spewing during sex,” she declared. “Slut-boys like you have no control. The sight of our bodies might drive you the edge, or your own disgusting perversion might cause you to come your brains out when I start fucking your faggot ass. Also, this cock-rein gives us another good hold on you, a way to enforce your obedience, control your body, and even anchor you against the power of our thrusts. I myself have been known to fuck a slut across the room and through a brick wall, practically.

“Stretch his legs out wide now girls! As wide apart as you possibly can! I’m going to do this dirty ugly Slut-boy bone dry. That’ll teach him to fucking spy!”

Kristie and Kira on the right and Amy and Jasmine on the left pulled even harder, increasing the tension until Slut-boy was spread out wide in a hundred and eighty-degree split. Whimpering as Andi wrapped the cock-rein in her fist and stepped up to align her big hard prick with his helplessly puckering opening, Slut-boy made one forbidden and clearly futile attempt to beg off his impending introduction to sissy-sex.

“Please, Goddess—”

“Silence, Slut-boy!” Immediately Andi yanked on his cock-rein, gratified by his instant yelp of pain. “What the fuck is wrong with you? Keep your slutty little come-funnel shut until somebody sticks a dick in it! Then you suck it like the sleaziest slut! Do you hear me? Answer up, bitch!” Again she yanked on his horribly abused cock, jerking an abashed affirmative from Slut-boy’s lips.

“Yes, Goddess!”

“Very well. Just be happy I don’t make you beg me for it. I could do it easy, and you damn well know it. But we’ve played that scene already, and I’ve made my promise. Right now I’m far more eager to fulfill it. I’m sure you’ll agree it’s way past time we had sex, Slut-boy. You’ve been pressuring me about it for weeks.”

Indeed, Andi hadn’t fucked and dominated a helpless little Slut-boy since leaving home in April. But now at last the culmination of all her clever conniving was at hand. After a long summer of maddening deprivation, true gratification was finally within her grasp. And what a perfect catch her little dick-tease game had landed her, a more pathetically guilty and deserving torture-slut than she could ever have dreamed of. Eight years as a virgin voyeur jerk-off! That was far worse than anything she’d guessed.

“So pay attention girls!” Andi called out to her friends (needlessly; they were all breathlessly riveted on Slut-boy’s humiliating emasculation), and pressed her penis up against his tight little boy-cunt. “This is how you butt-fuck a sissy-slut! We’re going to gouge out Slut-boy here until he can accommodate the biggest damn dick in the house! Then we’re going to make him take it ‘til he forgets that he ever had a penis of his own!”

“Do it, do it!” cried Brenda, egging her on excitedly, and that was all the encouragement Andi needed. She looked down at Slut-boy, her eyes flaming with sadism. Then with a savage roar of vengeful carnality she jerked up hard on her Slut-boy’s captive cock and simultaneously hammered her hips forward, drilling her big black dick up his ass despite its dried-up fearful-puckering.

Slut-boy squealed with agony, but then he quickly and obediently clamped it off, putting all of his energies into renewing his desperate struggles. Nevertheless these were deliciously futile: bound and tethered the way he was he could hardly move a muscle. And Andi gladly responded by forcing her penis in deeper, fucking him harder, roughly plowing her way into virgin territory and opening up a formerly hidden highway to all kinds of outrageous two-way traffic.

After maybe five minutes of determined invasion, she finally had her slut loosened up enough for her to establish and maintain her traditional manic, pneumatic rhythm. Viciously slamming her big hard cock all the way in and out of him, she anally raped her brand new Slut-boy with a pace and fervor developed over two long years of dedicated practice. Meanwhile she pulled and jerked relentlessly on his tied-up and grossly swollen genitals, expertly using her tight cock-rein to aid in her leverage. Reveling in Slut-boy’s obvious suffering, she stabbed away at his guilty ass with her African avenger for over twenty minutes then, performing before all her impressed new friends until at last her first orgasm of the night burst gloriously through her.

Somehow she clamped off her own wild screams, unwilling to upset the nearby animals. But she continued to pound her cock deliriously home until the last wave of ecstasy crested and fell within her. Then it was time to make way for somebody else.

Brenda was right there, of course, jealous and begging for a turn. "Let me do him Andi! God this is so fucking great! What an incredible thrill! Now that's what I call 'female superior'!"

"Damn straight!" agreed Andi, laughing even as she pulled her big black dick out of her new butt-slut with an audible pop. "We've got a total of eight superior females here, and unfortunately only one clearly inferior and horrendously guilty Slut-boy male. But even though they don't have sweet wet pussies like us (the number one reason men suck!), male sluts do have at least two out of three available fuck-holes. Who wants to rape this spying shit's mouth? Step right up and stick your dick in!"

Julie was closest, and she already had her skirt off and her cock on. While Brenda stepped up into Andi's place and started slamming her own homeboy hammer into Slut-boy's receptacle (using her size and solid muscle power to devastating effect), Andi circled the bench and at last pulled her panties from the ugly slut's face. This was now tipped back even further, as all the brutal butt-fucking he'd been enduring had pounded his body slightly forward despite the tight straps, and the restraint of his locked arms. Perfect – just the right position for teaching Julie how to face-fuck.

Julie had the long, slim, streamlined hot pink penis without balls – not the organ Andi would have chosen to face-rape the worst spy she ever heard of, but oh well. Surely she'd have plenty of opportunity later to pound her own big long jig-a-booo dong down his gagging throat. Andi showed her friend, who was just barely eighteen and as sexually ravenous as the rest, how tipping the head back opened up the esophagus. Then she guided them together until Slut-boy was sucking and then strangling on his very first blowjob, and Julie was raping the mouth and then gullet of her very first slut-male.

Soon the thrusting of Julie from the front and Brenda from the rear had Slut-boy shuddering between them like a tuning dork, and all the other girls clamoring impatiently for their turn. To mollify and occupy them, Andi reminded them of their riding crops. Then those weren't holding legs or fucking the slut (in this case Andi and the delicate-looking but viciously vengeful redhead Beth) resumed beating and whipping him.

Thus began a rotation that was to continue unchanged for over the next two hours. Each girl took turns holding him, fucking his ass or face and whipping his guilty body non-stop. Finally Slut-boy quit struggling, of course, and then Andi belatedly decided to tie off his legs for good. A rope was found and tied to one ankle, then drawn down under the bench and across to the other. This held him split wide open like an upside-down capital T, and freed all eight girls to either work on fucking and torturing him, or to find other holes for the dildos not currently in use.

This they did with an eager will, betraying the education that Andi had already given them, and soon every cock except for the monstrous red one was slamming happily into tight hot flesh. Not that any of the girls neglected their turn at torturing Slut-boy – clearly practicing that current curriculum was paramount. But eventually the amount of inspired dildo-play going on all around either forced or allowed Goddess Andi to start the next lesson in slut subjugation a trifle early.

Still the rotation continued, and the next time she made it around to his face, Andi rewarded her long-suffering Slut-boy with the sight of her unclad crotch.

Her shirt still hung unbuttoned, mostly masking her tremendous breasts (except when exertion whipped it open, which was often), and of course her skirt and panties were long gone.

But for once no big black balls and penis jutted from her tiny curvy crotch, no usurped weapon of conquest to be wielded against her unworthy opponent. Watching Slut-boy's bleary, miserably red eyes widen at the sight of her beautifully trimmed blonde-furred pussy approaching, she grinned and explained the situation.

"I have no dildo for you this time, my spying little Slut-boy. As much as I've loved ramming my big cock down your throat – which is about half as much as I've loved jabbing it up your sissy ass – Amy is currently using it to fuck her cousin Julie. But don't worry. Luckily I have an even better way to punish and degrade you available. Would you like to eat me?"

Somehow Slut-boy forced his abused throat into use. Still vulnerable to a good dick-tease, his eyes gained a desperate glimpse of hope as he managed to croak an affirmative.

"Yes my Goddess."

"Good! Wonderful! I am your Goddess and you are my subject: my postulant, my humbly devout and slavishly awestruck worshipper. We have a little religion all our own. Well, Slut-boy, like in any good religion, my followers have certain sacraments they have to perform. This is my body, lowly worshipper: take, and eat!"

Andi straddled Slut-boy's face, forcing open his jaws and hovering her naked crotch over his mouth. Unfortunately Brenda was once again hammering away at Slut-boy's ass, jarring his entire body and preventing him from eating. Andi called out for a halt.

"Hold on, girls! Slut-boy wants to eat me. Stop fucking for a minute and watch me provide for my disgusting sycophant like a true lesbo Goddess!"

Immediately all activity stopped and they were the center of attention. Grinning down, Andi loosed her bladder and pissed on him. But instead of sitting and sealing over his mouth she raised up a bit: making him drink her waste, but seeing to it that it also splattered liberally all over his face as well. Basking in the shock and amazement of her friends, savoring the electricity in the suddenly ammoniac air, she sprayed and sprayed and sprayed him, soaking Slut-boy's hair and face like a dominant animal marking her territory: comprehensively defiling him. Then Andi at last climbed off, and nodded to Brenda at the other end to resume butt-fucking the disgusting slut.

Except of course now Brenda wanted to be regarded as a Goddess, too. She and all the other girls immediately realized why Andi had told them to try not to use the bathroom all evening, and the erotic charge in the stall was palpable. Once again there was an impatient rotation, as each girl returned to beating and/or fucking Slut-boy and/or each other, but what they were really doing was waiting eagerly in line for their chance to straddle and baptize their lowly postulant.

Over the next hour or so, all eight of them moved atop him, forced him to open up, and then took the unprecedented and madly exciting opportunity to finally relieve themselves into a grown man's open mouth. Only little Jasmine, perhaps suffering a touch of stage fright, couldn't make herself go. In any case, Slut-boy's belly was so noticeably swollen by the time Julie (the last girl in line) was finished, that Andi reckoned he must have swallowed at least two gallons of teenage female piss. It was time for the night's climax. Once again zealously raping Slut-boy's seriously gouged-out ass, Brenda must have read her mind.

"All right, Andi! That'll teach the fucking cunt to spy on Goddesses! What other punishments have you got lined up?"

"Bigger and bigger cocks, of course. Always and forever that. So right now I think it's finally time for the big red monster, don't you? This piss-filled Slut-boy needs a fucking fisting!"

Andi finally pulled out and strapped on the huge red dildo shaped like a fist. "Check this out, Slut-boy! Look and see what I've got for you now!" She let that giant plastic monster jut out

over his soiled face, right in front of his miserably degraded, horribly terrified, exquisitely agonized eyes. "I cast this in hard plastic myself in shop class. It's an exact replica of my fist and forearm.

"You see, I absolutely love to fist-fuck people. I got started on my half-sister's husband, our captive housemaid and family Slut-boy back home. I'd evilly dick-tease him for hours, until he was absolutely crazy with lust, and then instead of letting him come I'd roll him over, tie him open and viciously fist him: just punching my arm up his ass. But as fun as that is, it's kind of hard to get your own hips involved, and work yourself into an orgasm in the process. So finally I made this thing, and now I can wear my fist like a cock, and punch with my legs and butt and back, which are much stronger than my arms anyways. That way I can fist a slut to death and still have orgasms galore!"

Laughing delightedly at Slut-boy's terror, Andi strutted around his body until she was once again standing before his already considerably cored-out ass. Then, while the other girls cheered her on, she handed the cock-rein off to Jasmine standing nearby, grabbed the cinch strap about Slut-boy's waist with both hands for maximum leverage, and viciously punched her big dick-fist deep inside his traumatized lower body.

Slut-boy squealed of course, sounding more like a stuck pig than even at his first skewering, but Jas was quick to jerk on his cock-rein, reminding him of his manners. Then everyone watched with rapt disbelief as Andi proceeded to pound her plastic fist and forearm brutally up into him.

Orgasms galore were indeed in store: the more Slut-boy struggled not to scream, the more sweat he poured to grease her penetration, the more excruciation he suffered under her relentlessly punching butt, the more turned on Goddess Andi got. She climaxed on her own a couple times, but then she wanted even more, direct stimulation.

"Someone step up behind me and fuck me!" she panted. "Fuck my pussy while I fist his ass! In fact, let's make a whole train!"

This was a game they'd played in the dorm: the fuck train. Still inserted to the hilt in Slut-boy, Andi halted her rhythm long enough for Kira to step up behind her and thrust her own dildo into her cunt. Likewise Kristy entered Kira from behind, and then Julie, Beth, et cetera, until seven girls stood lined up tight with their cocks stuck deep in the cunt of their lover in front. Then from Andi fisting Slut-boy at the head of the train to big strong Brenda in the very rear, powering the whole link-up with her piston-like thrusts, they had every dildo in action and every cunt filled with cock but two. The only girls without a hard prick in them were Brenda at the end and slender little Jasmine, who was unlucky enough to be on cock-rein duty, and stuck without a dildo either on or inside her.

To compensate the sprite, Andi had Jas sit on Slut-boy's face.

"Honey, you couldn't go before? Well, now's your chance to try again." Andi gasped as the whole train rocked in unison, everyone fucking and being fucked, only Jas left out. "You have to complete the train. I bet if you make Slut-boy lick you down there, soon enough something will happen.

"No doubt!" giggled Jas, holding the tight cock-rein for balance and squirming her crotch over Slut-boy's mouth. "You heard her, Slut-boy! Lick me out down there! Beg me to feed you!"

Andi rocked with the fuck train, slowly so that no one's dick slipped out, and so that Slut-boy could service Jasmine despite his ongoing fisting. Hesitantly his tongue lapped her pussy, and as it did so Andi saw Slut-boy's captive cock begin to grow amazingly.

Already inflamed, it quickly filled with blood that the tight cock-rein held trapped there. Bruised black and abraded, puffy from damage, Slut-boy's captive, defeated, but unconscionably defiant sex organ was rapidly turning a burstingly large and angry black. Equally amused and offended, Andi gave her stupid slut a moderate punch in the balls as she continued to dick-fist him. "Hey, Slut-boy! What are you doing erect? Your punishment just got worse for that. Jas, honey, look at what we've got to torture! Erect genitals are so much more fun to abuse than limp, wimpy pathetic ones! Make him sorry for licking you, and even sorrier for getting hard!"

"He won't go and jizz on us?"

"He can't! With that noose on his cock, he can't come or go limp. That erection is ours to play with for as long as we want. You've got the reins, honey, and you're the offended party. Go to town on those ugly fucking man-things! But make sure he keeps tonguing you out while you hurt him! You owe him a sizzling hot drink, and he owes you an ultimate show of devotion. Go on now! This train doesn't stop 'til we all get off!"

Jasmine yanked hard on the leash, again and again, then started slapping and punching at Slut-boy's boner. Finally she seized it and twisted, giving it a vicious Indian burn with both hands. Then perhaps even more torturous yet, she squeezed it tight and jacked it madly, pouring on the stimulation while promising to never allow him any release. Nevertheless, Slut-boy continued to obediently lap at her, almost as if he'd somehow come to obscure terms with his predicament. And Andi could see the effects of his constant tonguing on Jasmine's face as she gradually lost interest in her fascinating new toy, and began to sit up straighter and moan.

"Oh...oh! I think it's working...oh...I'm going to...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Perhaps too inexperienced to come, Jasmine finally went instead: pissing into Slut-boy's mouth and down his chin and neck simultaneously. She gasped and groaned like mad, voiding her Goddess' body into the most appropriate of receptacles. At last she finished emptying, to the cheers of all, and once Slut-boy sucked her clean she turned over the cock-rein and climbed off. Everyone jeered and laughed as the train broke up, and Kira asked excitedly what was next.

"There's got to be something else we can do to this spying little Slut-boy!"

Andi sighed reluctantly. "It's after six o'clock, girls. We have to get back to the dorm. But at least we can make his walk home interesting." She turned her attention to her seriously 'ex' boyfriend.

"Well, Slut-boy, now you've endured our sacraments. You can at last worship me and all other women as Goddesses for the rest of your life, living only to drink our piss and take our cocks on every day and night of the week. That should be appropriate penance for all your years of evil spying. If I release you, will you promise to never spy on or even try to penetrate any woman again? That you will seek instead to be the butt-slut and toilet-slave of any superior Goddess that will have you, from now until forever?"

When Slut-boy nodded eagerly, either genuinely brainwashed or merely desperate and cleverly acting, Andi untied his ankles and then pushed both the bench and bound slut over sideways.

"Good enough. Get up, slut! On your feet!"

Slut-boy scrabbled around on the ground. Still strapped to the bench he was extensively stiff, stretched, wounded and sore. But at last he made it to his knees, and then with a monumental effort staggered to his feet, his arms still bound behind his back around the heavy bench. Andi used the cock-rein still noosed about his still grossly swollen and erect genitals to tug him from the stall, and the triumphant girls led him from the stable.

There dawn was just breaking, and at last they forced Slut-boy to flee into the waning night: cored-out, piss-filled, naked and covered with welts, carrying the heavy bench on his back like Jesus' cross. Constantly tripping on the clothes still tied to his feet, the leash still strangling and dangling from his ridiculous erection, he fell heavily several times before he reached the perimeter of the school compound. They watched him struggle back up again and again, until at last he disappeared. Then, taking a deep, supremely satisfied breath, Andi led the other girls back to the dorm, and some deliciously steamy showers.

Chapter Thirty One

Nocturnal Submissions

I know for a fact that this is a dream. Despite being deeply asleep I recognize its regular recurrence. Indeed I have this dream nearly every night, and as always I greet it eagerly. I can't believe my luck at being with Mistress yet again.

This is the only name I have for her, and the only name she needs. My ultimate dream Mistress is some kind of mythical super-being, with attributes that are both elastic (more on that later) and impossible for a flesh and blood female. To start with she's always between eight and ten feet tall. Dressed only in skin-tight black stiletto-heeled latex leggings that climb to mid-thigh and matching gauntlets that rise to her biceps, her body is an absolute caricature of feminine desirability. Wherever it's not covered her sleek white skin seems to glow with an intrinsic luminescence. Her feet and waist are comparatively tiny, the legs between slender at first but then swelling muscularly into enormous buttocks and lyre-like hips, with her heavenly crotch completely bare of all hair. Not a hint of discernible stubble sullies her anywhere. Above that hourglass waist her tapered midriff is impossibly slender, especially considering the humungous size of the breasts just above.

Nearly a meter in diameter, these identical, grossly swollen globes are perfectly round and beautifully bouncy, as firm as medicine balls and yet as yielding as water balloons. The nipples topping their perky peaks are as lusciously red as her thick-thick lips, with conical aureoles as big as both of my fists. Jauntily up-tilted, the pointy tips of these are stiff and rubbery and as long and thick as my own big toe. The features of her looming face are no less extraordinary: huge, spacious, brightly sparkling blue-blue eyes over a cute pug nose and that incredibly lush, widely smiling mouth. Her hair is a shining sable mass so full and lengthy you get lost in it, but it's that beguilingly beautiful face that always captivates me. It perfectly expresses her always gleefully ebullient personality as she dominates me, that wholly unconscious supreme confidence that she doesn't need any force or intimidation to get what she wants from me. Simply being who she is, this is always more than enough to ensure my eager prostration before her. She can concentrate entirely on wildly enjoying every instant of every expression of her delightfully sadistic personality, every excitedly aggressive sexual excess that she's driven to perform on me. No matter how damaging or demeaning, these can only make me worship her more, forging an endlessly escalating feedback loop connecting our perfectly complementary natures and needs. And so the latest round of our constantly repeating symbiosis between domination and subjugation begins again.

Naked I'm kneeling before her, gazing up at this luscious behemoth with rapturous awe. From hidden behind her back her right hand comes out, revealing a perforated ironwood paddle at least five feet long and one foot wide, as black as her hair and as hard as diamonds.

"Assume the position, slave!" she cheerfully cries, a zealous excitement gleaming in her eyes. Right away I eagerly comply. Turning away from her, I bend forward like a Muslim at prayer, my face and arms pressed flat to the floor in front and my upraised behind presented expectantly for punishment. My erect cock throbs in rhythm with my madly devoted heart and I beg my Mistress with all of my utmost sincerity for her usual brutal butt battering.

"Oh please, my glorious Mistress, beat me with all your might! Punish me as extravagantly as possible! I live to be your helpless sycophant!"

"Yes you do!" she cries right back. "You exist only for my pleasure! And now I'm going to take that pleasure until I'm absolutely sated!"

Air shrieks through the holes in that inch-thick paddle, and the crack of it against my eager ass is an explosion of bliss I can barely contain. Pain is pleasure and pleasure pain; all emotion and sensation the same. Giggling with delighted excitement she swings again, not once or twice but a hundred, a thousand times, never tiring, thrilled beyond imagining to be endlessly belaboring my willingly proffered-up buttocks. Through all of it I bless her again and again for choosing me, honored beyond all measure to be the recipient of her supremely sadistic attentions. And of course this is only foreplay, and merely the first stage of it at that.

After uncounted eons of being beaten this way, I'm suddenly grabbed by the ankles and hauled upside down into the air. Mistress wraps those ankles with a rope, which she loops over a hook descending from some unseen heaven. Quickly my wrists are shackled with steel, and an enormous iron ball hung from them. Stretched incredibly out head down, I watch with wildly aroused anticipation as Mistress unlimbers a snaking bullwhip as long as an anaconda and incisively thin as a live wire. She shakes this out and snaps it in the air, the sinuous hiss and explosive crack electrifying us both. And then she goes joyously to work on me with it.

Constantly circling my dangling, twisting, agonizingly elongated body, she slashes her lacerating lash into my helpless flesh from all sides, tearing overlapping seams in my skin until it seems certain I must eventually just disintegrate along those million livid lines. And all the time, over the whistling and smacking of the whip cutting through the air and slicing into me; even over my endless ecstatic screams of excruciation, I can hear her laughing like a tickled-pink child at her favorite celebration. The clear, uncomplicated tenor of her innocent glee at torturing me is almost as fulfilling for me as the supremely deserved agony I'm suffering. I truly just exist to be whipped, to be sanctioned for all eternity by a justly vengeful femininity. Thousands of millennia of innate male evil must be answered for, and it is my awesome privilege to provide the most appropriate possible outlet for my Mistress-Empress-Goddess-Queen's divine retribution. All of the women who have ever lived and died and strived and suffered under an unconscionably brutish masculine hand are embodied in this giant potentate, and by eagerly accepting all of their combined judgment and punishment I'm finally allowed to assuage my ancestral guilt.

Of course the ultimate acts of payback, the true proofs of my willingness to sacrifice myself on the altar of clearly superior femininity are still to come. Mistress has more than just infinite physical pain to avenge and inflict. The quintessential recompense must of course be intensely intimate, fundamentally emotional, deeply psychological, and above all supremely sexual. Here is where Mistress' essentially protean nature combines with my most desperately submissive self to provide us both with the most appropriate culmination of our wholesale power exchange. After an ecstatic eternity of joyfully vigorous whipping it's finally time for the true domination of the infinitely culpable male to be carried out. This begins, fittingly enough, with the humble provision of a sexual service that is inherently asymmetrical and demeaning no matter how supposedly equal the relationship between provider and recipient might be.

Mistress grabs me around the middle, and my cruelly stretching bonds magically dissolve. She sets me on the floor at her feet, and again I kneel and prostrate myself, facing directly at her this time. Immediately she sits before me, spreading her legs wide and presenting her heavenly genitalia for service. No orders need to be given here, and I dive enthusiastically forward. Performing oral sex with a mad abandon I straightaway seek out the clitoris, which pops obligingly straight up. This is the size of my thumb, and urgently I suckle it as though it was, and I but a babe in arms. And this is where Mistress' magical elasticity comes into play.

As I service that heavenly protuberance, egged on by Mistress' delighted gasps and cries of pleasure, it begins to grow in my mouth. The more I suck on it the bigger it gets, growing long

and hard like a penis. And then to my deliciously mortifying excitement I suddenly realize that it is a penis. Mistress is protean at the core, able to transform herself at will to fit the needs of the moment. And this moment demands that the tables be turned, the roles reversed, so that I can properly suffer sex as all womanhood has done since its invention hundreds of millions of years previous. Ecstatically eager as always to demonstrate my infinite submission to the female godhead I redouble my already frenzied efforts, able to bob up and down now on the stiffly erect organ growing ever longer, thicker and harder between my greedily slaver lips.

Mistress' giant hand then cups the back of my head, palming my skull easily, and she begins rhythmically forcing me to ever greater efforts. By now the hotly pulsing cock in my mouth is six, seven, then eight inches long, and as Mistress presses me to take it all the way to the base the big velvety head enters my throat, easily slipping ever deeper down as it continues to grow under my manic ministrations. Soon I'm gobbling a foot-long wiener, the entire vein-wrapped shaft sliding swiftly through my lips and plumbing the depths of my gullet with every extensive sucking stroke. And still it grows, and grows, until my jaws are so achingly sprung with its impossible girth that they are threatening to lock up on me. At last, despite my absolute need to limitlessly abase myself through the most slavish oral service imaginable, my mortal orifice can no longer accommodate that relentlessly enlarging monstrosity. Gasping and gagging, drool slicking my chin and running down my neck, I'm forced to pull all the way off of it. But of course my fanatically worshipful service doesn't end there.

Jutting up impossibly large and thick, Mistress cock bobs and throbs demandingly at me, and I wrap both of my hands (neither able to make it all the way) around that slightly curved, incredibly rigid shaft and start pumping on it as hard and fast as I can. And of course every pull on it stretches it out longer, swells it up fatter, until even together my hands can no longer meet around it, and the impossible penis I'm madly, slavishly servicing must be over two whole feet of rock-hard, blood-filled, urgently pulsating flesh just bursting with enough seed to drown me. Yet as always, despite my wholly appropriate hunger to be shamefully doused by that burning flood, Mistress has other plans for it. The foreplay is finally over, and at long last the ultimate culmination of my comprehensive subjugation at the hands of supremely superior femininity can begin. With a sudden shove Mistress topples me over backward. There I lie supine with my legs waving spread wide above me, my pitiful little erection straining painfully up in contemptible imitation of that gargantuan god-head and my eyes feasting ravenously on the gloriously gorgeous epitome of magically endowed femininity looming over me.

All incredible size and incomparable beauty she leans forward, one vast hand reaching out and down. What the hell is this thing? Some ridiculous little anomaly that must be eliminated immediately! She seizes my questing, urgently turgid genitalia between her thumb and forefinger. Then with a mind-blinding flare of entirely welcome excruciation she pinches those offending organs off and tosses them negligently away. Not even a wound is left to mark their passing; it's suddenly as if they never existed. Her big finger pokes down lower then, inserting itself in my anus, which immediately dilates itself to accept her. Imparting her own elasticity to me she stretches it wider, until my opening is half the diameter of her hugely swollen pole. Then she takes this throbbing penis the size of my leg in hand, points the purple head of it (already glistening with lubricating pre-come) at my eagerly awaiting entrance and begins using all of her prodigious power and excited ebullience to force it inside.

Oh the monumental agony! This, and the intrinsically intimate mortification of that extreme stretching and supreme stuffing as my supposedly private insides are so fulsomely filled, is so utterly appropriate for the sinning male me that I wail like a banshee as she takes me. Still she

pushes forward, inch after inch and foot after foot of hugely stretching circumference and deeply impaling length, stuffing me so full of hotly throbbing hardness that my pelvis is forced to reconfigure itself. My widely splayed thighs are pushed outward ever further, and a semi-cylindrical bulge begins to protrude above my abdomen, clear evidence of the enormous organ vengefully occupying me. Forward toward my rib cage this big hump rises; the erection creating it surely pushing my insides rudely aside as fills me beyond any mortal possibility. And then at last our connected crotches are pressed tightly together; our bodies inextricably linked by that gigantic organic intrusion. Pitilessly spitted by Mistress' prick, stuffed to far past capacity with wonderfully suffering justice, I groan in the most appropriately pained and shamed stimulation ever as I gaze in terrified awe and utterly loving soul-thralldom up at her looming so hugely and beautifully above me.

"Are you enjoying this, slave?" she giggles delightedly at me. "Don't you just love having my big punishing penis splitting you open and stuffing you up?"

"Yes Mistress!" I gasp, squirming uncontrollably with physical and emotional excess. "Your monstrous cock completes me in ways I can't begin to articulate!"

"Good!" she gleams, tossing a darkly shimmering sheaf of sable hair off one humongous breast and back over her shoulder. "Get ready for a pain worse than childbirth then. Because I'm going to pay you back for eons of unjustified female suffering now by cramming it all back up inside you with my raging, raping, rampaging organ of revenge. I'm going to fuck you long enough and hard enough to more than make up for every bit of ignominious agony your kind has ever inflicted on mine. I'm going to take every last instance of despicable male sin and ram it right back up your ass where it belongs. And you will not only accept this, you will enjoy it and treasure it forever; be insanely, uncontrollably aroused by it, and love me more devotedly than ever before for this opportunity and experience of atoning for the destructive depredations of your contemptible sex that I'm providing you with!" And with that her enormous hands wrap about my torso. She lifts my lower body into the air until only my head and shoulders are in contact with the ground. Then pulling me toward her with her black-gloved arms even as she thrusts forward with her bunched, muscular haunches she falls to fucking me just as brutally, powerfully, and unstoppably as she always does.

The gargantuan globes of her breasts bounce wildly about, as Mistress puts the whole of her body into pumping into mine. Her hair flies everywhere, her eyes shine with effervescent glee as she delightedly regards me, and her white teeth gleam between those blood-red lips in a hugely stretched smile of sublime enjoyment at the exercise of yet again fulfilling the overriding purpose of her existence. And yes, her herculean erection bludgeons in and out of me with superhuman power and speed, redundantly teaching me all I'll ever need to know about the travails a cruel nature has seen fit to forever inflict upon the undeserving female. From merely stuffing and splitting me that elephantine penis commences to batter and brutalize me, its rapidly raping and endlessly repetitive penetrations stab-hammering so deeply and painfully into my body and soul that I'm swiftly driven into raptures of agonized acceptance. And of course those indelible lessons in transcendent ecstas-cruciation are barely beginning. This feminine epitome is Mistress not only of puny little mortal me but of the entire universe. The very fabric of time and space are hers to control and manipulate, and as she decreed she easily sees that this singular and yet cyclical experience is as infinite as it is ephemeral.

How else to pack ages of payback into such an unpredictably brief interval as a dream? Every instant of this lasts an eternity; civilizations rise and fall, intermittent ice ages come and go, mountain ranges are thrust up and worn away, continents drift into endlessly different jigsaw

configurations and still she fucks and fucks and fucks me ever more vehemently. Sublime joy and aggressive sexual ecstasy, manic arousal and triumphantly righteous vengeance; all these emotions and more simultaneously escalate endlessly along with her ever more ebullient exertions as she eternally holds me in her pitiless grip and powerfully pumps her butt and hips. And yet metaphysics dictates that even such cosmic imponderables as eternity and infinity must eventually submit to tangible reality. And so, somehow at last, the interminable crescendo of Mistress' surpassing passion peaks in an unearthly screaming of biologic climax. An orgasmic convulsion that shivers our universe to its foundations and seems to reverberate throughout the vastness of time and space explodes through her. The hard hot rock of that cock so potently punishing, extravagantly exciting, fundamentally fulfilling and inescapably reshaping me begins to spurt a scalding stream of semen into my wholly owned insides even as its pace accelerates by yet another impossible order of magnitude. Aided by the additional lubrication of that copious flood of come, Mistress' maniacally fucking prick culminates its endless possession of me in such a stupendous frenzy that finally I absolutely must succumb to climax myself.

Unfortunately in the context of this retributive necessity such a sacrilege is unthinkable impermissible, as evidenced by Mistress' most essential amputation of my required equipment. And so as always at this ultimate pinnacle of competing need and impossibility, this wondrous heaven suddenly shatters around me. Bursting out of this limitlessly fantastic reality and into a far baser one, I abruptly wake to find myself writhing in the act of ejaculation.

Panting explosively, heart hammering in my chest, I'm shuddering violently all over and urgently pumping out come all over my already splattered belly. With a sob of desperation then I do the only thing I can under the circumstances. Grasping frantically at the swiftly dissipating traces of my subconscious catharsis I grab my shaking, spurting cock and urgently jerk it. Delving inward and lurching upward, I gasp and moan and milk my vile maleness of every last drop and spasm and every available residue of psychic satisfaction. Then, utterly spent, I begin weeping in an excess of blasted passion. Miserably mourning the banality of my waking existence, I gradually cry myself back to sleep, my despicably guilty sperm drying to a flaky scale on my messy belly.

Chapter Thirty Two

A Gentle Beginning

Excerpt from the novel Dino-safari ©2000

Jack kissed his new wife on the tip of the nose.

“Come on honey, you’re going to love this. Blackroot Castle is just *riddled* with secret passages.” He took her by the hand, and drew her with him to the left rear corner of the room.

Passing a giant bookcase groaning with tomes, he led her around a large potted fichus tree. Behind it lay a narrow slit of black. Grinning back at her, Jack turned sideways, pushed past the branches, and edged into the slit. She followed, and soon they were behind the bookcase, sidling along a darkened space so narrow that Kira’s breasts brushed repeatedly against the rough-hewn basalt.

This set off a pleasant, anticipatory tingling in their tips, an excitement augmented by the charm and romance of the secret passage. Then Jack turned a tight corner, leading the way into a marginally wider but still uncomfortably strait corridor.

Here ancient iron sconces supported widely spaced candles, lending a dim yellow glow to the timeless stone. Proceeding in single file they soon caught the sense in Alex’ remark about ‘following their nose’.

Scattered underfoot were thousands of rose petals, and even whole blooms.

Their perfume was thick in the air, and growing as the flowers were crushed underfoot. Kira’s excitement climbed apace and she took advantage of the tight quarters to start pinching and prodding, goading Jack along with insistent gropes from behind.

He giggled a little, picking up speed, and after about fifty yards they reached another right-angled baffle. One after another they eased around the turn, slipped past a standing suit of armor, and emerged onto a small arc of landing.

Spiral stairs continued above and below, and this plus the curved wall indicated that they’d reached the promised tower.

Old-fashioned oil lamps mellowly illuminated the black stone throat of the passage, and the carpet of roses led on up the steps. Marshmallows, sugar almonds, chocolate kisses and other candies also littered the floor, and gay streamers and ribbons decked the walls and ceiling. Jack stole a quick kiss and then started right up.

Taking advantage of his greater elevation Kira gleefully continued her goosing and groping, driving her new man up and around, up and around, through a dizzy fog of scent-drugged excitement, until at last they emerged, breathless and giddy, into the East Tower’s uppermost chamber. Climbing through a hole in the floor they rose and froze, stunned into wonder by their awaiting boudoir.

The simple room was a perfect cylinder, high and spacious and minimally adorned. Yet here adornments were unnecessary, practically superfluous. The omnipresent black walls had been polished to an obsidian gloss, each stone reflecting the fires of over a hundred candles. The only exception was an open arc east, where a wide curved balcony offered a stunning view of the tropical sea and stars.

Planets and constellations shone in glorious profusion, but these distant conflagrations couldn’t hold a candle to the ones inside the stone. Interspersed with and encircled by a blazing galaxy of inch-high flames, the room’s few furnishings consisted of a series of smaller circles, strategically offset within the greater perimeter of the tower.

One of these sank into the floor, a whirlpool spa large enough for a hippo to bathe in. Already it was bubbling, churning, steaming. Past the heated racks of towels et cetera stood a small dressing table and wardrobe. But enormous against the far wall, dominating the rest of the room, arose the elevated, stone-girdled circle of the gigantic feather bed.

The trail of candies, flowers, ribbons and streamers led right up to the rim, the old black rock here worn almost waxy with the passages of millennia. There all but the petals petered out, and sumptuous furs and silken pillows took over.

Kira cast her glance upward, already knowing what she'd see. Sure enough, twenty feet above the bed was a matching round mirror, perfectly reflecting the scene below. The glass was even specially beveled to magnify the image.

Those Romans certainly knew how to live. At last her body remembered to breathe, and Kira sucked in a sudden huge breath.

Dizzy and a bit winded from the long climb, she felt the room spin about her: a million fireflies trapped in a can. Kira was in great shape though, and despite the evening's earlier excesses (and maybe because of those still to come), sufficient equilibrium soon returned.

She looked at Jack then, a long, heavily freighted look that shared their mutual decision to stoke those inner fires just a little bit further. They separated, Kira wandering over to examine the magnificent accommodations while Jack moved off to the balcony.

Another big mirror was situated where the stone circles of bed and wall met. Below this, right at the point of intersection, was a small stone lid. Curious, Kira lifted it.

Steam rose, disclosing a deep, heated well filled with hot, damp towels.

The new lady of the household Keller smiled to herself.

This Tonia didn't miss a trick when it came to arranging bedroom scenes. She replaced the lid, noticed the magnum of champagne chilling nearby, and spun the bottle to see the label.

Dom Pérignon, 2014. Naturally. Marveling at her new friends' hospitality, Kira moved at last to check the mattress.

Reputed to be goose-down, over two feet thick, it looked every bit as inviting as Jack's elaborate blandishments had led her to expect. She tested its plush with a push, and the springy, eager response of the bedding returned her attention to her reflection. She appraised the hot flush in her face, the flaring of her nostrils and the sparkle in her eyes. Then she reached up to tug free the restraints that bound up her heavy fall of hair.

Thick, shiny blonde locks tumbled free. She shook them out, teased them a bit, then unclasped and dropped her belt. Then, slipping free the buttons on her shirt, she moved at last to join her husband on the balcony.

The air was springtime warm, but a cooling breeze licked its way inside her loosened clothing. She moved up to Jack, still admiring the spread of the heavens, and slipped an arm about his waist.

"Hey, lover-boy, why didn't you tell me any of this before? It bothers me that there's so much about you I didn't know."

Jack turned to meet her gaze. Still looking up a bit, he found another scintillating infinity in the depths of her eyes.

"Because to do that would've made this trip a bribe. I wanted to win your hand on my own merits. This way I can call the coming week a reward, the best honeymoon in history in return for the most desirable bride ever."

Kira smiled at the flattery. But she took the repeated implications of payment as a challenge

“A reward, huh?” Her already whetted smile sharpened, taking on a familiar, extremely *devilish* cast. “I’ll reward *you*, Mister Mars-has-pink-sky-and-blue-sunsets. Never let it be said I couldn’t make commensurate recompense.”

She spun him around, propelling him violently backward and into the room. Ignoring his sputtering protests, she used her superior size and strength to drive him effortlessly toward the bed, picking him up at last and flinging him down into the receptive center of the flower-littered, fur-covered, silk-pillowed goose-down mattress.

“It’s time for *my* contribution to the incredible, unforgettable honeymoon!”

Panting and growling and absolutely *seething* with zeal she dove atop his squirming body. There followed a frenzied ripping and tearing of clothes, an unstoppable (and immediately unforgettable) female attack, and we will unfortunately have to exercise enough propriety to leave the new couples’ nuptial celebrations to themselves.

Chapter Thirty Three

Bathtub Torment

I'm lying on our bed, reading and watching TV, when my wife walks in.

"Strip, Slut-boy! Drop that book and kill the tube. I'm going to do you."

With a complex yet familiar shiver of fear, lust, humiliation and anticipation I immediately rise to comply. While I do so, she steps into the wardrobe to change. Three minutes later, as I stand naked by the bed (except for my chastity belt, which I am of course incapable of removing) she emerges transformed.

Always incredibly beautiful and unbearably sexy, she's now unsettlingly intimidating as well. Her waist-length raven hair is pulled back into a severe ponytail, emphasizing her high cheekbones and haughty expression. Her proud, generous breasts are thrust up even higher than usual by her black leather corset, and her strong arms and long legs are three-quarters covered by tight black gauntlets and stiletto-heeled boots. She carries a long coil of quarter-inch rope in one gloved hand and a riding crop in the other. But by far the scariest thing about her is her giant cock.

My wife is completely uninterested in conventional sex. This I learned to my dismay on our wedding night. Rather than eradicating my virginity in the unimaginable heaven of her vagina, I soon instead found myself locked into a chastity belt, then tightly bound and brutally buggered by a strap-on dildo. Whenever I tried to assert myself in the slightest, I had my bare ass whipped with my own belt until I cried, sniveled, appeased, and finally promised to obey my new Mistress in everything.

So here it is five years later, and I'm still a virgin. Mistress has accumulated any number of her own penises, of wide and varied shape, size, material and design, some for use on herself, but most for exercising her outrageous marital rights upon me. The one she's chosen for tonight's wicked fun is as black as the rest of her outfit, over two inches thick and twelve full inches long.

"Turn around and face the bed, you fucking slut!"

Meekly I immediately reply and comply. "Yes, my beloved Mistress."

Right away she begins to tie me up. My wrists are bound together behind my back, and then to the back of my chastity belt. Next my elbows are pressed together and likewise bound. Long years of bondage have made me limber enough for this, and the fact that my musculature is rather underdeveloped helps as well. The rest of the rope is then wrapped all around my shoulders, chest, and back and finally tied off brutally tight, encasing my arms and torso in an implacable harness. Already my shoulders are protesting at their cruel contortion, but Mistress remains unimpressed by my conflicted whimper.

"Kneel!"

As always I obey her without hesitation. Standing directly behind me, she immediately proceeds to ball gag me. The hard plastic ball that fills my mouth is so large that my jaws creak to accommodate it, and the harness that holds it in place brackets my nose and straps over and about my head and jaw in every which way. It seems then that at last I'm bound to her satisfaction, for without further word or deed Mistress bends me over the side of the bed, shoving me brusquely facedown on the coverlet and spreading first my feet and knees and then my vulnerable cheeks.

Her enormous boner is already lubricated, and this act is as familiar to us both as breathing by now. So these days there's rarely a pause for ceremony or preparation. "Here you go, you

little slut!” she hisses at me. “Here comes my big hard cock!” And with that she pushes forward and forces it in.

My drawn-out groan of pain and invasion is as eloquent as any oratory. The flush of shame that burns in my face originates equally from what’s being done to me, and from my own uncontrollable reaction to it. For years, serving as my Mistress’ slut-boy was a terrible torment to me. But the dearth of sexual expression she allows me has finally forced my psyche to accommodate and embrace this act, just as years of brutal use have sufficiently trained and stretched my anus. Lately I’ve even grown (groan) to love being used this way. Thus as Mistress starts pumping pneumatically into me, I raise my ass as high as I can, reluctantly welcoming and accepting her unstoppable assault.

Within a dozen strokes her hips are slapping my ass. Her enormous cock is boring me to the core, bringing whimpers, whines, and finally agonized cries that not even that giant ball can completely squelch. It feels like I’m being bashed up the ass with the fat end of a bat. And yet Mistress’ rhythm is relentless. After all, she’s barely getting started. For nearly an hour she pants and pumps and pounds my ass at an ever accelerating rate, punctuating her butt-punching thrusts with taunts, insults, orders, urgings, and even uncontrollable screams of glee. Helpless to do otherwise, I respond in kind: sobbing, squirming, and somehow enduring, all the while trying to tell myself that I really don’t like this; that her cock is only filling me, and not truly fulfilling me. But the futile attempt of my own cock to be constantly erect belies this, as do my tingle balls and racing pulse.

Mistress isn’t just in me; she’s onto me of course. She knows me far better than I do myself. And when she’s finally had her fill of fucking me yet again into slavishly servile eternal submission, she laughingly mocks me as she at last pulls that incredible club from my brutally battered ass.

“Quit your blubbering, Slut-boy! You know that you love being fucked! That’s why I’ve named you as I have: Slut-boy. You do love it, don’t you? You love it more than anything else in the whole wide world! Admit this for me, and you’ll get a reward.”

A reward? Might she actually, at long last, allow me an orgasm? Despite my inner conflict I nod eagerly, desperate to pursue any such possibility.

“Good boy. Good SLUT-boy, I mean. For that admission, I’m going to cut your nightly punishment from fifty swats with the crop down to twenty for tonight. I’m sure your ass is sore enough as it is!” Damn fucking straight! Still, my disappointment at this decree is twofold. First of course, my ridiculous hopes for an orgasm have been crushed yet again. Yet also my inner conflict, the incredibly deep shame that I feel at my arousal during involuntary sodomy, has turned me into something of a masochist. The truth is, after wallowing so unreservedly in such a debasing experience, I crave an ever harsher punishment afterwards. I deserve to suffer for being such a disgusting pervert, and only twenty strokes falls far short of the apotheosis I need to cleanse my soul of self-loathing.

Oh well. I brace myself to make the most of whatever pain my Mistress will allow me.

“One,” she calmly remarks, and slashes her limber leather crop across my ass.

My eyes squeeze shut, my teeth clamp hard on the ball between them, and my bound body jerks automatically. The sound that escapes me is somewhere between a grunt of pain and a bleat of need. Then that need is immediately fed.

“Two!” Again the crop bites me, this time at the tender junction of my ass and thighs. And again I suffer and savor the pain simultaneously. Then three, four, five, and each time the pain grows greater and my need incrementally less. By ten I’m sweating profusely, squirming futilely,

and mewling piteously and yet still nowhere near the point where I'll be able to face myself in the mirror. Perhaps sensing this, Mistress begins to strike harder, using all the power of her magnificently muscled arm to raise such fiery welts across my ass that I won't be able to sit on it for days. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and once again I'm sobbing unabashedly, drooling around the ball and running snot from both nostrils as I struggle to breathe. By the time the twentieth stroke is reached – an unbelievably vicious blow along the backs of my thighs – my fear of an inadequate punishment is eased. Mistress has seen to my needs, graciously fulfilling my less pressing ones in lieu of that ultimate thirst she is most loathe to fulfill.

As I pant through my flaring nose and struggle to recuperate then, Mistress trades her crop for another long length of rope. "Up on the bed, all the way," she snaps.

My legs are like jelly after tonight's entertainment, but somehow I struggle all the way up onto the mattress. Matter-of-factly Mistress proceeds to bind my legs together at the knees and then ankles before bending them up and back until my heels meet my reamed out and lacerated ass. The rope is stretched up until it can be passed through the harness at my shoulders, at which point Mistress lifts my knees up high off the bed. She pulls the rope cruelly tight then, arching my back as far as it will possibly go before running the rope back down, passing it between my bound feet and then back up to my head. There it is passed through a ring at the top of my ball-gag harness, once again pulled mercilessly tight until my neck is stretched radically back, and at last knotted off.

Finally I'm as pitiless hogtied as ever, my body crying with pain in a myriad of places. Yet not even that is enough for Mistress. She rolls me onto my side, and I see that she has six clothespins in her hand. Two of these she clamps onto each of my nipples, bringing four more whimpers of misery from me. Then she applies the last two to the head of my penis where it protrudes through the small, down-curved sleeve of my chastity belt.

"There!" she declares. "I need a bath after a workout like that – not to mention about a dozen orgasms. But this should keep you from getting bored while I'm gone. Also, I'm going to leave the door open, as usual. I order you to watch me, Slut-boy."

She marches away from me, stripping off her outfit as she goes. I watch in miserable longing then as this fabulous body I've so vainly and desperately desired for so very long enters the bathroom, fills the large, sunken tub, adds a generous amount of bath oil but no bubbles (they might obscure my view) and finally fills a large crystal snifter with brandy. At last my naked Mistress eases into the steaming water. She settles herself facing the open door and below the slanted, beveled mirror that not only gives me a perfect, unobstructed view from above, but also magnifies it enough to embellish every detail.

For a while then she just soaks, sighing blissfully every so often and sipping from the snifter. Eventually though she finishes the drink, and begins to slowly, leisurely, and sensuously bathe her body. Three times she lovingly lathers up every amazing plane and curve and intimate crevice before using the hand-held, pulsating showerhead to rinse the scented soap away. She finishes this extended process at her privates of course, and that's where my Mistress' baths always TRULY begin.

As I said, Mistress' taste for conventional sex is non-existent. According to her, real penises stink, semen is messy and disgusting, and no man could possibly know how to pleasure her body as well as she does. She prefers to punish men for their failings and abysmally humiliate them by turning the sexual tables – this is what she considers foreplay. After that a long, orgiastic masturbation session with a variety of toys is as sublime an experience as is possible in this

world. Thus once again I'm forced to watch, like a starving man at a harvest feast, as Mistress works her incomparably beautiful body to a seemingly unending series of ecstatic orgasms.

Squeezing her slippery breasts, pulling and pinching the nipples, she at first uses the powerful showerhead on her clit alone. Judging by the pitch of her cries, the jerking of her hips and all the expressions claiming her face – clearly visible in the overhead mirror – this twenty minute indulgence is good for at least two climaxes. After that she moves on to progressively larger dildos, the last even bigger than I've ever endured, thrusting away at herself until her legs and body make a capital T and her quavering cries threaten to shatter the crystal glass at her side. Only after at least an hour and a half of pleasing herself and torturing me this way does she at last find satiation. Then she pours another snifter and downs it as she gradually comes down herself, from whatever unimaginable heights she's managed to reach. Then at last she towels off, dons a short silk robe and returns to me, lying hopelessly bound on the bed of my misery. She sits down next to me.

"Oh boy was that good. Did you enjoy the show, Slut-boy?"

Somehow in all my agony I respond with a tiny nod. Right away Mistress pinpoints my source of greatest pain, as she uses an educated finger to stroke and tickle the amazingly bloated plum of my cock head where it juts from the chastity sleeve.

"I guess so! Look at this! Even with my clothespins you're as hard as you can possibly get! If not for your oh-so necessary and appropriate chastity belt, you might swell up to a whole three inches!"

She giggles at this familiar mockery of my penile inadequacy. Then she leans down, her gorgeous face tormenting me close to my own.

"How long is it since I've let you cum, Slut-boy?" she breathes at me. "Christmas day, wasn't it? That was your present this year as I recall. And that was over six months ago now. Almost a new record. Well I'll tell you what, my long-suffering husband. You've been a very good boy ever since then, I have to say. So I'm going to give you a choice."

Her expression gleams glee at me.

"I know you're in terrible pain right now. My hogtying skill is just that incomparable. So here comes your momentous choice. Are you ready for it? Here's the deal: You can ejaculate tonight, cum your ever-loving brains out, right now in fact. But in return you'll have to stay hogtied up like this through morning. Imagine how much pain you'll be in by then! Oh, will you be hurting! Or, on the other hand, I can untie you right now, and welcome you into my bed. But in that case you'll have to go another whole year in the chastity belt, without cumming, or without even achieving one of your pitiful little excuses for an erection. Poor deprived you! How blue will those bloated-full balls be by then? Quite a difficult choice, eh? So what's it going to be, my pathetic little pet?"

Stuck wondering about the worst of these offered hells, I waver. Mistress sees my uncertainty, and again giggles gleefully.

"Having trouble deciding, Slut-boy? Maybe this will help..." She moves back and removes the clothespins from my swollen glens. Naturally this causes a rush of agony, but Mistress supersedes this by running out her tongue and licking me. Indeed, she rubs and scrubs the pulsing head of my penis with her oral organ so aggressively that my long-deprived nerve-endings send out messages of ecstasy as searing as skyrockets. Before she can drive me mad by closing her lips and sucking on it, I squeal plaintively and try like hell to nod my head – impossible of course in my comprehensive hogtying. Still, Mistress gets the message.

"Does that mean you want to come? Blink rapidly for me if yes!"

Of course I flutter my eyelids like hummingbird wings. Mistress giggles again and there's a hint of hidden agenda in the tone of it. She gets up, and quickly dons a pair of latex gloves. She opens a wall safe, and retrieves the key that I spend every night unfailingly dreaming of. With a blithe lack of ceremony she unlocks the chastity belt, but due to my unprecedented attempted tumescence, she can't quite free it from me. It takes a swatch of the lubricant she used on my ass, and a sizable fraction of the likewise pain, before I'm finally free to swell alarmingly large – at least by my own humble standards.

Now of course, if I had my own way, at this point we would commence a long, intense, gradually escalating, deliciously prolonged succession of sex acts. But Mistress is the boss here as she is everywhere else. With one rubber-gloved hand she grips my already well-slickened dick, and cups the other at its eye. Then she pulls down against its natural curve and starts jerking me so quickly and powerfully that, given my excessive deprivation, and my endless daily stimulation, I'm absolutely helpless to resist. Within less than five seconds my eruption is upon me.

I shudder from stretched back head to back bent toes, and keen like a dying quail as my long-denied orgasm rips through me. Mercilessly milked by that firmly gripping fist, my penis pumps and pumps and pumps, spitting out six months of hot, steaming seed like an oil well tapped for the very first time. Ah, Goddess, that gusher feels like it will never play out. But of course it does, and all too soon, alas. And when that happens, my Goddess giggles yet again, and releasing me to go limp, she brings her other gloved hand, the one that caught every last drop of that prodigious ejaculate, up to my face. Smirking smugly, she smears that stinky spew all over my humiliated features. Then she addresses me once again. "Did you enjoy that Slut-boy? Good! Because you know me – when I play games I like to stack the deck. If you think back, you'll remember I said you'd stay bound THROUGH morning. That means you don't get released until noon tomorrow. And even better, when I said that if you chose to be untied you'd go a whole year without coming, I never said that you wouldn't go the year if you chose the alternative. So I'm going to lock back up your pathetic excuse for a penis now, and it's going to stay that way for one full year. And that's only if you continue to behave as well as you have lately. If you ever displease me in any way at all, I reserve the right to keep your puny little manhood under lock and key for the rest of your life."

And with that she does as promised: locking me back into my chastity belt, and even reapplying the clothespins to my poor little dick's still dripping tip. Then she kisses me tenderly on the forehead, away from both the smelly smeared seed and ball-gag straps.

"Goodnight sweetie. I'm going to sleep in one of the guest bedrooms tonight, so that your struggling and whimpering won't disturb me. I know it won't be easy, but try to get some rest yourself, ok? Remember, just because I torment you endlessly doesn't mean that I don't love you dearly. It's just that we both know, deep down inside, that that's what both us want and need the most out of our marriage."

And with that she slips out of the room and is gone.

Chapter Thirty Four

Closeted Slut

I absolutely love seeing him this way!

And I love showing him off thus even more. It gives my already incredibly expansive ego such a wonderful boost. Giggling a little with uncontainable excitement, I lead Zelda, my incredibly scrumptious new girlfriend, through the magnificent master bedroom of my million-dollar mansion to the tiny, unfinished corner closet where I keep my virgin husband whenever I'm not using him. With a wink and a grin, I throw back the three heavy dead-bolts and then dramatically yank wide the heavy, steel-core oak door, exposing him lying there just as I left him this morning: tightly hogtied on the bare concrete floor of a five-foot square cinderblock cell. Zelda crows with delight at the sight, and as usual I can't help boasting.

"Didn't I tell you? Isn't he just the cutest little slut-boy ever? Look how big and blue his eyes are! And see how they're just filled with fearful, worshipful veneration as he regards me! That's why I also always use tape over whatever I'm currently keeping him gagged with. You see how I've completely covered the entire lower half of his face (which is sprung painfully wide from the billiard ball crammed into his mouth) from just under his nose on down and from ear to ear with wide black strips of strapping tape? That wonderfully emphasizes those simply darling blue eyes, don't you think?"

"Totally!" agrees Zelda, tossing her long, chestnut-brown ponytail back off her shoulder. Her own lively emerald eyes are literally glittering with excitement. Then she proceeds to point out other touches that she particularly likes.

"That heavy mascara, liner and eye shadow really does bring out the blue too, and his pageboy haircut is just the cutest. I see you also like to keep him humiliatingly cross-dressed, with high heels, stockings, and a nice pink garter belt. And even though you've got him tied up so tightly he could never ever get loose – God, look at how much you've got him bowed up! His back must be breaking! – I see you also have him secured right up close to the wall with that short length of heavy-gauge towing chain locked onto his wide steel neck collar. What's that you have engraved on there?"

"One side of it says 'Slave Slut-boy', and the other side 'Property of Mistress Mora'. If you look down here, you can see the same two legends tattooed on his flank, and my own personal symbol branded onto his ass. All of that was done on our wedding night eight years ago, the same day he turned eighteen. And of course that heavy, three inch-wide collar wasn't the only piece of steel welded permanently onto him that night..." Peremptorily I call out to my contemptible little devotee gazing so adoringly up at me. "Roll over Slut-boy, and show your Goddess' new lover your eternally virginal penis!"

Immediately Slut-boy obliges, exposing his spike-lined, battery-equipped, cruelly tight chastity cage to scrutiny. "Watch this!" I giggle. Then I lift my cell phone and press the '5' button. Immediately Slut-boy squeals with pain and shudders all over, his helpless body quivering incessantly at the whim of the electricity being applied to the sensitive head of his impossible-to-erect, never-to-be-touched penis. I leave him suffering wonderfully like this for over a minute, certain that the sight is making Zelda as wildly horny and psyched for some aggressively sadistic sex as it is me. But at last I hit the '0' button, cancelling the current.

"I can control the intensity from one to nine, depending on which button I press. That was five, and you can see from the way Slut-boy is still sobbing and shaking that it's a wonderfully effective disciplinary tool. Now, shall we stand here admiring my loving young husband all day,

or shall we get down to seriously torturing him? My dungeon downstairs has every kind of restraining device, torture tool, and implement of discipline imaginable. Or would you rather just skip the foreplay, and fuck him to within an inch of his life right now?"

"I want to fuck him!" cries Zelda right away. "Let's just fuck the absolute shit out of him! We've got forever to torture the little prick. I'm intolerably hot and horny right now! I want to fuck his blubbling, made-up face and cute little ass until I come about a thousand times!"

"You got it, girlfriend!" I eagerly assent. "Let's get outfitted. You can wear any of my stuff you want. What's mine is yours, particularly my dick-addicted little Slut-boy!"

Leaving that ridiculous Slut-boy gasping and twitching on the cold concrete floor, I lead lovely Zelda over to my incredibly expansive wardrobe. After perhaps fifteen minutes of delighted incredulity and amazed exclamations she chooses a pair of thigh-high shiny white boots, a skimpy matching corset and a bright red strap-on cock at least ten inches long. Donning my own favorite skin-tight black latex cat-suit (complete with a built-in foot-long stainless steel dong) is quite a challenge, distracted as I am by the spectacle of Zelda changing.

Damn I love to see this girl naked, she is so incredibly hot! Her tits are nothing less than spectacular: huge and perfectly round, pendulous and yet upswept and topped by naturally pointy little nipples the size, shape, color and taste of Hershey's chocolate kisses. Once I help her squeeze into and tightly buckle up that corset these are so emphatically emphasized that it's all I can do not to ravish her right on the spot. But of course I've promised to introduce her to Slut-boy fucking tonight, a delightful treat she's never yet experienced. And so after tightening the straps on her big butch cock for her I content myself with just a few long minutes of fondling and kissing. Using one hand to heft her heavy breast and thumb-rub the stiff little cone of her nipple while the other one first strokes up and down her lengthy erection and then fingers her eager wetness, I tongue out her hungry mouth and caress her soft lips with my own until neither of us can stand it any longer. Then I take Zelda by the hand and lead her back into the bedroom.

Entering Slut-boy's closet, I unlock the restraining chain, lean over and pick him up by his roped-together ankles and wrists. This isn't that difficult – at just over five feet tall and a hundred pounds he's over a foot shorter than I am and about half my weight. Not that I'm fat or anything. As a professional fitness competitor my thick, solidly built body is nearly all bulging muscles and big strong bones. Slut-boy whimpers and bleats at the greatly increased stress on his bound-up body as I carry him over to the 'play corner', and Zelda snickers appreciatively at this.

That corner where I set Slut-boy down at last is mirrored from floor to ceiling for a distance of eighteen feet along each wall. Set in the center of this space is a four-foot square platform about four inches high with an upraised pillory at one end. That extra height ensures that when my husband is secured in the stocks both of his holes will be at the optimum height for fucking. For now though I merely lay him on his belly next to this platform, and release the rope that keeps him so painfully bowed up hands to feet. Leaving his legs bound together at the ankles and knees, and his arms likewise tied behind his back at the wrists and elbows with his forearms pressed tightly together, I position him kneeling straight up. Then facing him sternly I describe what's expected of him tonight – not that he can't guess for himself. Zelda isn't the first lover I've brought home to join me in enjoying him in the last eight years, or even the one hundredth for that matter. Nevertheless I revel in spelling everything strictly out.

"This is Mistress Zelda, Slut-boy. She has never had a slave of her own; never fucked and tortured a worthless, orgasm-less male virgin before. She is my new lover, and I have chosen to share her with you for as long as we are together. Soon I will put you in the stocks, and together we will fuck your opposing holes until we simply can't deliver another stroke. Then you will

remain restrained there while we sleep. Tomorrow you will serve us our breakfast, and then we'll all go down to the dungeon for the most wonderful torture session ever – along with a lot more double-fucking of course. But first you will service Mistress Zelda's penis like the expert, world-class, incomparable cocksucker that you are. I want you to give her the best possible blow-job in your extensive repertoire. Is that understood?"

Eagerly Slut-boy nods up at me, his bearing the absolute epitome of worshipful subservience. Satisfied – and still tickled to death at his mindless, consuming, fundamentally innate submissiveness even after all these years – I swiftly rip the tape painfully from his face and then squeeze his rouged and powdered cheeks, helping him to expel the big hard eight ball lodged between his achingly sprung-wide jaws. Then as it finally drops to the floor and rolls away I step back and wave beautiful Zelda forward into my place.

"Go to it, girlfriend. Enjoy your first-ever blow-job!"

Big breasts heaving and pointy nipples puckering, my latest lover steps right up. Seeing this gorgeous, slender and yet incredibly endowed woman sticking her big erect cock in his face, Slut-boy gleams with glee and opens his suck-hole right up wide. He sticks out his tongue, and uses its tip to teasingly tickle the questing, egg-sized head of that threatening prick. Then deftly wagging it back and forth he slowly, sensuously licks up its underside from base to tip before finally eagerly engulfing the entire thing. All ten inches of it slip inside his mouth and slide easily down his open throat. Then moaning with joy he clamps it tightly between his painted, ruby-red lips and starts briskly bobbing up and down in it, impaling his little face to the hilt perhaps once every second. Immediately Zelda marvels at his downright magnificent technique.

"My god Mora, you weren't kidding a bit! What a supremely eager and consummately professional little cocksucker! And you say he's never had his own dick sucked, or even so much as touched, not even by himself? That he was raised to believe that even masturbation was a sin, and never so much as even attempted it? How in the hell did anyone so completely ignorant of penile pleasures ever get so good at providing them?"

"Years and years of practice my love, and not just on fake cocks either. I won't ever let a man's seed touch me, and though I'm bisexual I won't bring one back here for punishment and fucking unless he's a bisexual too, and willing to shoot his filthy stinking load all over my prettily made-up Slut-boy's face – or down his open throat and deep up his sexy little ass. He has to start them up and finish them off for me every time. Yet that's not even close to the half of it. I regularly whore him out to just about anyone, and even host monthly slut-fucking parties for gay fetish clubs from all around the world – just to be sure he gets his constant fill of brutal gang-banging and slimy male semen. Call eating come my own blessed sacrament, if you like.

"Of course, he wasn't always like this. Slut-boy was a terrible, downright hysterical homophobe at first. It was that Christian upbringing of his you see; he actually thought he'd go to hell and be damned for all eternity if he so much as touched his own cock, to say nothing of someone else's hugely swollen, hotly pulsing, nasty stinking erection. He used to fight it like mad and resist with all his will; bawl like a baby, retch and gag and even puke at being forced to service real penises. I had to completely immobilize him, wrap him in chains from head to toe and even use a ring-gag on him, especially when it was black guys panting and grunting and rubbing their hard hot cocks all over his face before forcing them deep down his throat.

"But not to worry: I soon cured him of all that. I got a two dozen-strong gay motorcycle gang up here to double-tag-team him for a whole week straight. They pumped both ends of him so full of hot spunky come that it was practically leaking out his ears by the end. But finally he accepted me as his personal savior I instead, and acknowledged that his overriding purpose in

life was to slavishly service big hard cocks of any and all kinds for his lovely new Goddess' satisfaction and amusement. And now that he worships me instead of Jesus he can't get enough of them. He's finally found his earthly paradise and eternal damnation all in one. Look at him, for heaven's sake: this is what my eternally virginal never-had-an-orgasm-and-never-will dick-slut truly lives for: sucking off cock after cock after cock forever!"

Indeed. Grunting hungrily, moaning with rapturous fulfillment, Slut-boy is focused solely and single-mindedly on servicing that big red erection filling his mouth. So enthusiastically does he attack it that overflowing slobber slicks his lips and chin and runs down his neck; he pants explosively through his nose and his own useless penis is flushed red and swollen to the absolute capacity of its tight little cage despite the certain agony of the dozens of little spikes impaling it. All he needs to make him complete is someone brutally pounding his rectum at the same time, and he'll have that soon enough. Meanwhile he becomes more excited still when Zelda suddenly responds to my damning explanation by grabbing his head with both of her hands and beginning to yank it rhythmically toward her crotch even as she starts thrusting powerfully forward with her hips: fucking his helpless face as pitilessly as any of those violent bikers ever did.

Soon Zelda's panting madly herself, and unleashing urgent little cries as the base of her hard-on presses back forcefully on her clit. Of course as a committed lesbian she's no stranger to the pleasures of a good strap-on. But the special thrill of dominance one gets from doing an involuntarily virginal male dick-slave is truly incomparable. Harder and harder Zelda fucks the extravagantly slaving come-funnel of my wimpy little husband-slut, who kneels there helplessly bound-up before her and greedily accepts every vicious, esophagus-invading stroke.

Mesmerized as ever by this familiar spectacle I watch, burning with excitement and eagerly stoking my own giant cock, for over fifteen increasingly intense minutes. Indeed by the time Zelda finally begins fucking him harder than ever and shrieking ecstatically in orgasm I almost come in sympathy right along with her. And the second she pulls her big cock from his disappointed face and staggers back gasping in aftermath, I straightaway begin preparations for the serious sexual assault that's finally ready to commence.

Grabbing Slut-boy by the armpit I haul him to his bound-together feet – which are of course permanently locked into those cruelly pinching six-inch high fetish shoes. Then I force him to hop clumsily over and up onto the platform next to a pair of three-inch rings set bolted into it at the end opposite the pillory. Positioning his feet between these I use a pair of sturdy steel snaps to link them to the shoe locks just above his ankles, ensuring that he can't shift his wobbly, tip-toed stance in the least. Then I open the heavy oak stocks and bend him forward at the waist, until his bare torso is parallel to the ground and his throat rests in the center of the three wooden semicircles presented. Swiftly I use alligator clips to hang heavy lead weights from his nipples, and then I untie his arms.

After more than eight hours of being bound in that unnatural contortion these are as numb and unresponsive as deadwood. I'm obliged to lift them for poor Slut-boy and place his wrists in their own waiting semicircles, whereupon I swing down closed the top half of the stocks. Next I fit a heavy padlock through the hasp and snap it emphatically shut. There: once again my hapless damned subject is trapped helplessly immobile, restrained most uncomfortably in a position that will quickly become increasingly torturous for him.

Good! Perfect! I smugly exult to myself. Let him suffer endlessly as all men should! They are inherently evil, every one of them. However, am I not a benevolent Goddess as well as judgmental? In compensation for the night of excruciation that lies ahead, Slut-boy now has yet another brutal, interminable, face-and-ass double-fucking to enjoy!

“Okay my angel,” I call generously over to Zelda, “You’ve got the spit-slimy cock. That’s all the lubrication this dirty little slut ever gets. So step over here and let him have it! I guarantee that you’re going to find fucking an asshole so much more rewarding than even the tightest pussy. Especially this asshole – Slut-boy here has such a tiny, stunted body after all that it’s like that of an innocent little altar boy. And with both of his legs bound so tightly together it’s sure to be even better. So get ready for the best fucking sex you’ve ever had girlfriend!”

Sweet, sadistic Zelda needs no further invitation. She moves eagerly into place. Gripping Slut-boy’s plump little cheeks she spreads them wide, lines her impressive erection up and then forcefully drives that big hard cock completely into his waiting anus with one prodigiously punishing penetration.

Slut-boy immediately screams in response, his wild cry equal parts incredibly intimate agony and overwhelming emotional ecstasy. The terribly pained expression on his face is also a certain sign of unholy enjoyment for my limitlessly perverted ass-masochist, and I know for a fact that we’ve just more than made up for both his endless hours just spent alone and hogtied on the hard closet floor and those that await him bent over tip-toed in the stocks before breakfast.

Zelda too is obviously in instant heaven, and within seconds she’s established a hard-driving rhythm that’s truly admirable in a first-time-ever ass-fucker. Booted legs spread wide and body firmly braced, her hands gripping Slut-boy securely by the hips, she punches her thick ten inches so swiftly and violently in and out of his tiny body that her big round boobs bounce all around in a breathtaking display of uncontained erotic energy.

Naturally then I move into position to get the best possible view of this – not to mention join in the fun myself. Stepping before the pillory I align my own even larger organ with Slut-boy’s other lucky fuck-hole, which of course instantly gapes wide to accept me. Right away then I too plunge my urgent erection into him all the way up to the hilt. Then spreading my own legs in a power stance and gripping the sturdy pillory for leverage I fall instantly into my own usual maniacal rhythm, giving myself my most regular aerobic workout and simultaneously gifting Slut-boy with the kind of madly rampaging double-fucking he endlessly craves.

Together we take it right to him, pounding his opposing holes in perfect synchronization. Meeting each other’s ecstatic gazes we egg each other on to ever greater efforts, spurred as well by Slut-boy’s slobbery grunts of animal enjoyment as he’s so wantonly, recklessly, brutally used.

Again his excess drool drizzles from his lower lip and chin, puddling on the platform between my widely spaced boots and spattering both the pillory and my latex cat-suit due to the ever escalating violence of my thrusts. Indeed that suit becomes ever more stifling and restrictive as I work my big strong body, and soon I’m forced to lower the zipper from my neck to my belly, freeing my own melon-sized breasts to flop and bounce like Zelda’s icons of feminine perfection. And speaking of tits, our relentless double rhythm has also set the weights dangling from those of Slut-boy to swinging wildly about. This makes those cruelly-toothed alligator clips bite in even worse and stretch and yank at his already wickedly distended nipples in absolutely agonizing fashion, as evidenced by the nasally whines soon punctuating his endless urgent fuck-grunting. Additionally inspired by this just and exquisite suffering, Zelda and I hammer away at our respective receptacles more emphatically than ever, until we at last reach an absolutely earth-shaking, body-quaking simultaneous climax – the first of heaven knows how many.

Of course we promptly switch positions at this, trading holes for the first of any number of times before resuming our slut-fucking marathon. Indeed it’s after three o’clock in the morning before even our supremely fit bodies and insatiable lusts for damaging, degrading, and inconceivably dominating sado-sex have temporarily exhausted themselves. At that point we at

last pull our still rock-hard organs of abuse from Slut-boy's impossibly agonized and debilitated body – if only for the time being. Leaving him whimpering and blubbering beautifully in his inescapable bondage, we at last strip each other naked and repair to my enormous canopied bed.

Too wrung out to make proper love, we merely snuggle up together under the covers. Kissing and caressing and murmuring tender endearments – and ever more extreme intentions for tomorrow's surely incredibly rewarding torture orgy – we slowly drift off into blissfully loving, intimately entwined sleep, my suffering Slut-boy's endless lamentations the most soporific sound possible. Sweet dreams, my angel...

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