

Slut Boy

Stories of Female Domination



Lance Edwards

Slut-Boy II: Back-Door Blues

More Stories of Female Domination

By Lance Edwards

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Copyright © 2004, All rights reserved

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? Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmm?”

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 facedown 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 bugged, 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.

SWEET TEEN DREAM

My new girlfriend is absolutely fabulous! At eighteen she's four years younger than I. But, despite this, Nicole is much more experienced than I – and absolutely ravenous about sex. Yet not only is she a raving nymphomaniac, but she's also dynamite drop-dead gorgeous. To look at her you wouldn't think such an impossibly petite body could contain such an enormous blaze of kinky rage.

She says she's five feet tall and a hundred pounds. But that might be stretching it a bit. In any case, her hair is the biggest thing about her: a thick flood of honey, laced with striking golden highlights. Impossibly silky and lustrous, this hangs straight and heavy to the small of her back. Framed within it, her face is youthfully full with a fetchingly innocent yet unsettlingly fey cast. Her large dark eyes are direct and compelling and her full red lips most sensuously bowed.

Lightly tanned all over, her tiny body is beautifully curved everywhere: all grace and symmetry with small, but unbelievably protuberant, breasts. So high-set and upthrust are these, so firm and natural and buddingly young that it's like nibbling ambrosia to suckle on them. Yet if these ripe rounds are the fruit of holy Aphrodite, Nicole's hips and ass are Apollo's lyre: divine music made manifest in flesh. Her body's lines are simply sublime, clean and elegant and downright mystically inspiring. Spare and lean and yet soft and rounded; firm and hard yet limber and elastic in all the right places... Damn, can you tell how madly in love I am with her?

The point is, she uses this incredible body to devastating effect. They say petite women are more mobile in bed, and brother, they ain't lyin'. Nicole actually refuses to have sex in the missionary position. No matter how many times she fucks me (sometimes half a dozen in one day), whether she uses her impossibly tight pussy or

her even tighter ass, she insists on being the partner in charge. No other hips can even come close to matching the rhythm hers can set, and so she's never satisfied unless she's the one on top, setting the pace and doing all the work. I've been limited to sitting or lying submissively beneath her, bracing my hips and ogling her tits while she humps and pumps and screams and thrashes and violently has her way with me.

Not that that's any hardship. Besides the sheer excitement of this insane assault, the fact is that I've never ever had a girlfriend even close to as attractive as Nicole. I probably never will again. This gives her an instinctive authority over me.

She could leave me tomorrow, and I would mourn her loss forever – and we both know it. Any interaction between us at all honors me beyond my worth. Therefore I owe her my every obedience, especially in bed. If she wants to heavily dose me with Viagra, take Ecstasy and who knows what else herself and then manically ride me all night long...well, then I must be the luckiest son of a bitch in the world.

Wait a minute... Holy shit, here she comes! And it's only seven o'clock! She just fucked my brains out for lunch, and here she is coming back to start right in on me again already! I'd better hurry to let her in...

"Hello lover!" Nicole purrs salaciously as she flies into my arms. Her handbag bounces against my back as I catch and embrace her. Somehow I kick the door shut, and stagger back toward the big futon that dominates my little studio apartment.

Meanwhile Nichole has fastened herself to my face. Locked at the lips, our tongues slithering and dueling wildly, we soul kiss until we're out of breath. Then as we gasp and break apart at last, the

back of my knees hit the futon. I collapse back onto it with hot, young Nicole right on top of me.

Immediately she casts her bag down and begins tearing at my clothes. Roughly she strips me, and then doffs her own duds until we're both totally naked. Then, as I lie there panting and erect and trying to prepare myself for another long night of being used like some kind of erotic exercise machine, she reaches back into her purse.

Out come a handful of pills. She pushes a few of the familiar little blue ones into my mouth; then takes her own illegal concoction. Last comes a thick joint of high-grade weed. Nicole lights it up, hits it hard a few times, and then passes it over as she settles in next to me. We smoke, and caress; let the anticipation grow and the pills kick in. Then Nicole gives a shiver of suspense and starts us off slow.

"All right, lover-boy. While our buzz grows, I want you to worship me from head to toe."

This is a little game of ours where I use only my mouth to service her entire body. As soon as Nicole stretches languorously out on a pile of pillows I eagerly begin. As directed I start at her forehead: kissing her brow and eyelids and nose, nuzzling her cheek and neck, nibbling on her ears and murmuring endearments, before finally soul-kissing her passionately again. We suck face and make-out like crazy, until she at last gives me a push down, and forces me to make love to her inexpressibly perfect little breasts.

Ah, such cruelty. I lap and lick and kiss, and of course fasten and ravenously suckle at one stiff nipple after another: gorging myself at that heavenly smorgasbord. Together we begin to moan ever more urgently, each of us feeding on the other in some lovely symbiosis. But then Nicole's breath quickens more, as her

aphrodisiacs take hold, and she brusquely shoves me down further. Slavishly I begin worshipping at her holiest fount.

Her clit is like a just-opened rose bud whose petals never fall, but remain awash in nectar forever. Fervently I service it with lips and licks, moving on to penetrate her with my tongue only when Nicole suddenly raises her knees and splays her legs even wider. She shifts her butt back on the bed and lifts her open crotch right up against me. One of her hands finds the back of my head then, and it presses me down tight: forcing my probing oral organ as deep inside her as possible.

Right away she starts bucking and humping: fucking my out-thrust tongue. Obediently I hold it rigid and let her use me, submitting to the familiar insatiable rhythm she sets with the same aplomb as always. For an interval unknown to either of us, Nicole fucks my face then, until at last her first climax rips deliciously through her.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhhhhhh!” Nicole alerts the neighbors that the night’s begun, and soaks me simultaneously. Then as she gasps in aftermath, I continue my assigned duties. Continuing down from the top, I tidy up her sopping young cunt and then move on to servicing her bung. This I tongue just as thoroughly as her heavenly vagina, and Nicole responds with a wonderful grunt of pleasure. Again she lifts her ass, forces me deep, and humps my tongue. But soon enough she shoves me down once again. Time to finish the job.

Kissing my way down her slender legs, I finish going from head to toe at last. While my lover recovers from her first orgasm of the evening, I solicitously worship her perfect, incredibly beautiful little feet.

Every square centimeter, every possible nook and crevice I bathe with my tongue, paying particular attention to between the

toes. Indeed, I suck on each of those ten tiny digits as dedicatedly as I had done her nipples and clitoris. By the time I'm finished, Nicole is squirming with arousal once again, and my Viagra-aided erection is so rigid that it throbs quite painfully. At last my lubricious young lover uses her finished foot to push my face away from the one it's still worshipfully servicing.

"All right, lover boy. Well done. Now it's time to see what I can do for you! Let's see... You did me from top to bottom.... Tonight I'm going to do you from front to back! Let's start by getting that rock-hard dick of yours involved!"

This time it's my turn to lie back on the pillows. As always, Nicole makes sure the firmest one is right under my ass: lifting my hips and making my unnaturally huge penis the highest point of my body. But then she raises the head of the futon, forcing my head and shoulders up to face what she's about to do to it.

Once I'm positioned to her satisfaction, my incredible girlfriend spreads apart my legs and moves between them. Then she reaches for my straining erection and commences a session of dick-teasing cock-torture that keeps me thrashing and squirming and moaning uncontrollably, all to her giggling delight. She both abuses and exalts it: jerks it, tugs it, squeezes it, crushes it, pumps it rapidly or twists and bends and pinches it oh-so slowly. She rubs the raging head against her own erect nipples and all around her resilient breasts. Then finally she puts those succulent lips and that hungry tongue to work.

Moaning with relish, Nicole kisses and licks and at last engulfs me. She suckles hard, swirling me with her tongue, then starts bobbing professionally. Eagerly impaling herself, she fellates my entire record length without a shred of hesitation. For far longer than

I can stand she greedily gobbles me, rubbing and fondling my balls all the while.

I've ejaculated twice already today, and that's the way Nicole likes me. With my sack drained and yet a Viagra overdose keeping me impossibly hard, there's no risk at all of me letting her down. She can enjoy my erection for as long as she wants. And so she does, stimulating me incessantly as I grip the sheets and grit my teeth and squirm and whimper and try not to go mad from the endless un-relievable pleasure.

But all of this is just foreplay after all. At last the potent aphrodisiacs flooding Nicole's blood (as if a nympho like her even needed them) drive my beloved to seize consummation. Frantically she sucks and jerks me up to my greatest possible tumescence and then practically leaps astride me. With impossible athleticism she inserts me into herself and swings into rhythm almost before I can credit it. As her hot little body grips me tight and begins its usual rampaging onslaught, her beautifully fey, innocent-looking face glares down at me and pours forth a flood of the most appalling and arousing filth.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Give me that dick! Give it to me! Give it to me! Yeah! Yeah! Uh, uh, UH! It's all mine, damn it! Mine! Mine! MINE! UH, UH, UH! I want ALL of you, ALL the way in me! ALL THE WAY! Give it to me, you slut! Give me your big hard cock!"

Overwhelmed as always I comply. I brace my hips, lifting them ever higher, providing the firmest of elevated fulcrums for her to balance on. Feasting my eyes on the thrilling sight of her mindless abandon, wallowing in the demeaning and incredibly arousing position of being forcibly used for a superior female's voracious pleasure, I'm ridden like a beast of burden or an inanimate object for hours then.

Occasionally Nicole changes holes, or pauses to catch her breath after a particularly potent climax. Still she smirks possessively down at me, grinding her goddess-like breasts in my face, squirming atop my tightly socketed cock, and reveling in my eternally submissive position. Then she launches herself into copulation yet again, driving me frighteningly past any previous limits with her insatiable craving.

At last it's nearly midnight, and Nicole finally climbs off my still rock hard (and now painfully aching) cock. She lights up another thick joint, and snuggles up with me to smoke. As we toked away she continues to caress me idly. Then she speaks, and my swimming head nearly spins me off into a girlish swoon.

"Damn, that was so great! You're such a perfect slut for me. I just love to use your front like that. But I think it's high time I began to use your back, too."

"What...what do you mean?" I stammer.

"You know what I mean!" she responds with an evil smile. "You pleased me top to bottom. So I get to do you front to back! I'm going to introduce you to my own big cock now. I got it to do my girlfriends. But lately I've been driven to find guys who'll submit to it too. And that means you!"

Nicole stubs out the roach; then reaches for her handbag. As I observe in appalled consternation, she produces a large, flesh-colored dildo complete with a buckling black harness. Within seconds she's strapped this about her crotch. Tugging on her big hard cock, testing its firmness and fit, she grins at me with such infinitely devilish relish that I'm immediately conquered despite my considerable qualms. I lie quiet and submissive as my amazing nymphomaniac mate taunts me.

“Now you’re really going to be my slut, boy! You’re going to learn what being on the bottom is really like! My precious Slut-boy! Now spread your legs way out and lift them above your head! I’m going to do you like the sissy little bitch you are!”

This can’t be happening. Yet it is, and as always I have no choice in the matter. I don’t think I could disobey the beautiful Nicole if my life depended on it. With only a moment’s hesitation I do as directed. My heart pounds within me, flushing my features with blood and making my aching erection throb and twitch. This unnaturally hard monster points straight at my propped up face, and with my legs raised over my head, my elevated ass is supremely accessible. Stroking her own big cock, soaking it with baby oil, Nicole approaches my proffered hole.

“Don’t worry, Slut-boy. You’re going to love this. You’re going to learn to take my cock as eagerly as I take yours. And just think: from now on we’re going to have double the sex life we’ve been enjoying already. Can you possibly imagine it?”

I don’t think I dare to. Yet who needs imagination when confronted with reality? Nicole’s slippery dickhead kisses my pucker. Then, despite my virgin tightness, she pushes forward and forces it into me.

Thank goodness for the lubrication! My lover’s cock is far larger than my own, my hole even smaller than hers. Yet Nicole gives me no quarter, thrusting in until I’m impaled to the hilt. Giggling at my eloquent groan, she taunts me again.

“Oh, yeah! Feel that? Nothing like having a great big dick up your ass! I can’t believe I’ve waited so long to do this to you. You little bitch! You Slut-boy! Get ready for me to fuck you senseless!”

I try. And she does. Withdrawing and thrusting like a pneumatic piston, Nicole soon begins a sliding and slamming rhythm that rocks

the whole futon back and forth. Kneeling before my doubled-up and spread-open body, then leaning forward on propping arms above me, she stabs her huge cock into me with a speed and power that's downright astonishing. Constantly she exhorts me, belittles me, smirks and sneers and smiles at me triumphantly as she demonstrates her superiority at any kind of sexual expression. Meanwhile I can only lie there: my face burning, my hot cock throbbing and my formerly private insides trying to come to terms with this impossibly intimate invasion.

Oh Goddess, she's so hot! Despite the great pain and shame involved in what she's doing to me, I still can't help being aroused. Her beautiful little breasts bob right above me, her hair is a silken frenzy and her lovely face ablaze with passion.

Soon Nicole cries out a climax, so aroused to be butt-fucking me that she ejaculates yet again. Still this doesn't even slow her down. She just becomes more dominant, more demanding, more gorgeous and irrefutable than ever. So exciting is the sight of her that at last the agony in my ass merges with my general overall arousal until they become impossible to separate. I'm being butt-fucked and I love it, just like she keeps screaming down at me. Of its own accord my right hand encircles my raging hard-on, and Nicole's pace and exhortations pick up accordingly.

"That's right, Slut-boy! Jerk yourself! You love this, bitch! And you're going to get it every day now! I'm going to bugger your little boy-cunt until you can't even walk! Then I'm going to bend you over, grease you up again and keep on doing it! Slut-boy! My new fucking butt-bitch! God damn, how I love to corn-hole a man!"

On and on it goes, Nicole hammering me to climax after climax, while I moan and groan and grovel beneath her, shamelessly wanking my painfully hard crank. But finally she takes over this as

well, using her cock and hand on me in tandem. Then at last I pass beyond any possible limit or restraint, and my raging erection spasms. Despite my depleted balls I convulse in orgasm. Nicole shrieks in glee at this, and points my shuddering penis at my propped up face only a foot or so away. She jerks it hard, pumping with a pace and force that taps depths in me I didn't know I had. A spattering of hot drops fly out of me then, covering my face with the spunky white evidence of my depravity. Only when every last bit is evacuated, and my Viagra-aided erection stops working and even finally starts to slump a bit does my teenage girlfriend at last pull her own hard cock from my ass, and collapse atop me.

Nicole licks the semen from my humiliated face, teasing me.

"See, I told you that you would love it! Just wait until I tie you up, spank you good, and then do you doggy-style! Being my little bitch is going to become the highlight of your life, Slut-boy! Just you wait and see. Now, why don't you go and get us a couple of beers from the refrigerator? Me and my beautiful tits, hungry cunt and insatiable organ will all be right here waiting for you!"

Somehow, I do as I'm told. As promised, I can barely walk. Nicole giggles giddily at my limping gait, and her voice follows me to the kitchen.

"Ah, lover, you are just so much fun to fuck!"

Likewise, I'm sure.

GABRIELLA'S SECRET

Despite being fast asleep I awoke immediately when her key hit the lock.

The digital clock glowed red in the darkness, announcing that it was almost three a.m. Unpredictable as ever, my sexy secret mistress had chosen once again to exercise her rights to me in the middle of the night. My heart began pounding as the door opened and shut, and then came her merry tinkling giggle, as Gabriella dashed across the apartment and into my bedroom.

She was as stunningly gorgeous as always, a perfectly built black girl of five-foot eight. Her mouth was wide with thick lips and round, full cheeks beneath a beautifully broad nose and large, sparkling dark eyes. Her tightly braided cables of hair were tied up and back at the top of her head and ornamented with blue and yellow beads – the only concession to color in her entire attire. A tight, black knit dress clingingly encased her, accentuating her excellent curves from just above the awesome breasts to the tops of her naked thighs. A gleaming black belt was cinched about her waist, and she perched on matching pumps – if a bit tipsily – as she barged in and beamed down at me.

“Hi, Slave-boy! Are you happy to see me?”

I honestly gave her the required greeting. “Of course, my beautiful mistress! I’m absolutely ecstatic! Please take me and use me! I live for your lashing whip!”

“Damn right you do!”

Mistress Gabriella laughed delightedly, sending a wave of liquor-scented breath flowing into my face. I inhaled it greedily, as she hung her bulging handbag on the bedpost.

“I’ve got an incredible surprise in store for tonight, Slave-boy! Of course, as always, I’m going to beat and humiliate you, and play with

your monkey mercilessly, but afterwards I'm really going to make your millennium. Just you wait and see! Now tell me again, Slave-boy, when's the last time you had sex?"

"You know I'm a virgin, Mistress. Aside from what you do to me, I've never had sex."

"Ha! No shit, loser! And how long has it been since I've let you come?"

"You haven't allowed me to ejaculate in over eight and a half months, Mistress."

Mistress Gabriella giggled delightedly at me once again. "You poor deprived little lily-white cracker! Your balls must be bluer than Concord grapes! Here, let me see!"

She stripped off the covers, tossing them to the floor. As per her standing orders, I was naked in bed, wearing only her locked steel collar about my throat and the small, tight penis cage she kept similarly secured about my cock and balls. She reached between the cruel bars and pinched one of my testicles, hard, relishing my hiss and whimper.

"My poor little virgin honky! He lives only to serve his bitch black mistress, and she never, ever lets him ejaculate! Then again, who knows? Maybe tonight's his lucky night! We'll just have to wait and see, won't we?" Hitching her already short dress up her hips, Mistress climbed aboard the waterbed and then atop me. She straddled me, and without being told I raised my arms above my head, to where a set of shiny steel handcuffs had been permanently fixed to the mirrored headboard. Mistress grinned evilly at me as she shackled my wrists. "If only Raymond knew about you: my secret little Slave-boy sex-toy. God, he'd surely kill you! But you don't have to worry about that. You're my guilty secret, my precious little release valve. God, I just love abusing you so fucking much!"

Once she had me incapacitated, Mistress dropped atop me. Hitching her dress up even higher, she squirmed her body against mine. Rubbing me with her taut belly and braless breasts, she humped her naked crotch against the cruel cock-cage that both limited and punished my insistent erections. Gripping my head with both hands she clamped her lips to mine, devouring my face in a voracious soul kiss. Only after at least thirty seconds of tonguing out my mouth did she break our lip lock and pull away. "Did you like that, Slave-boy?" she gasped down. She continued to writhe atop me, with only the thin knit dress and the hard cock-cage between us.

"Yes, Mistress! I loved it!"

"Good. 'Cause I just got done sucking off my boyfriend, and I wanted to give you a taste of his delicious cock!" She giggled hilariously at my reaction. "What I really wanted to do was save his entire spew for you, but it was just too damn tasty! But we can still pretend, can't we? Here! Open your mouth, Slave-boy!"

Immediately I did as ordered, and Mistress hawked up spit from the back of her throat. Then she did it again, and again, looking me straight in the eye. Then she leaned down and spit it all onto my tongue, along with great bubbly strings of saliva. Clamping a hand over my mouth she snarled down at me. "Swallow it, honky! You swallow what I give you like a compliant little slut!"

Again I obeyed immediately, as Mistress giggled delightedly, intoxicated by her power over me. Still she squirmed our bodies together, driving me wild with desire. "Good boy! Do you want me to show you how I brought Raymond off? Would you like me to demonstrate my incredible technique?"

"Oh, God yes, Mistress! Please do!"

"Good. I will. And I want you to learn something from it, Slave-boy. I think you'll find it's a skill that comes in handy."

Without giving me time to wonder what that was supposed to mean, Mistress Gabriella slid down my body, unlocked and removed my cock-cage. Immediately my long-deprived prick began to swell up burstingly large. Mistress pulled the elastic band from her hair and wrapped it tightly about the base of my genitals, ensuring that my urgent erection would be both permanent and impotent. Then for a few minutes she shook her head, painfully lashing my swelling organs with the long, beaded ropes of her hair. Then she began slapping my hard prick smartly around, until at last it was so throbbingly hot and turgid that I was whimpering and gasping with pain and need. Only then did she at last catch it in her grip and begin the promised demonstration.

“First I jacked him like this, squeezing hard and pumping slowly up and down, at the same time pulling his big black cock down hard between his legs.” For several minutes she worked me thus exquisitely, then suddenly let me spring back upright, where she immediately commenced to pump me so rapidly and viciously that had I not been noosed I would have surely come all over myself. Nevertheless, ignoring my squirming paroxysms, Mistress continued to beat my meat maniacally, laughing delightedly as she did so. But at long last she slowed back down, and resumed her earlier ministrations.

“I did that to him in succession, first pulling all slow and hard and back-bent, then pumping him upright as fast as I could, over and over again.” And thus she continued to demonstrate, spending the next eternity relentlessly stimulating my aching hard-on, jacking my cock and driving me nearly insane with thwarted arousal. Changing tactics unpredictably, constantly trying to elicit ever more desperate cries of suffering, she played my erection like an instrument,

masturbating me with an intuitive feel for my every autonomic response. Then at last it was time to move on.

“Finally, when I had poor Raymond just about crazy, I took him into my mouth and sucked him like a red-hot popsicle. Using my lips, my tongue, and my hands either all at once or in clever succession, I gobbled that big bad blacksnake of his until it shook and shuddered in my mouth and spewed out straight down my throat – it couldn’t have taken him more than a minute. Of course, that’s what I like about you, Slave-boy: because of my restraints, you can’t spew. I can just jerk and jerk and suck and suck on your captive cock until I finally get my fill of it!”

So declaring she suddenly dropped down and batted on me. As she’d done countless times before, Mistress Gabriella began to torture me with pleasure. Engulfing me to the root, she commenced a syncopated mechanical bobbing that took her wide, thick, tightly compressing lips from my bound-up base to my pounding head and back in relentless rapid succession. That expert rhythm and lubricating suction – not to mention the amazing spectacle of such a beautiful creature so voraciously attacking my humble organ – was exponentially worse than just her manual manipulation. The escalating sensations swamping my consciousness soon threatened to rive my moorings altogether.

My entire groin was on fire, and my cerebral cortex catching. Yet there was no escape from that constant attack on my cock. Just when it seemed that Mistress had pushed me as far into thwarted arousal as possible, she pulled yet another weapon from her arsenal, a further glimpse into inexhaustible possibilities of ecstasy.

Even though Mistress generally only allowed me access to her greatest treasures on rare occasion, she suddenly slipped her big round breasts out of her dress and pressed my cock between them.

Soon she was using her incomparable mammaries to simulate a cunt, pumping my raging hard-on between those fat, but firm, globes and laughing yet again at the way I thrashed in my bonds, seeking some way to relieve the enormous erotic energy that built without release throughout my entire tortured form. All my efforts were futile of course, and when Mistress once again engulfed me to spend another ten minutes fine-tuning her fellatio skills, I whimpered and quivered convulsively and felt orgasm after orgasm after cruelly defeated orgasm struggle against the strangling elastic band.

Finally Mistress Gabriella had her appetite for oral temporarily sated. Leaving me limp and exhausted in every muscle except for my still raging and unfulfilled erection, she sat up and dragged over a big firm triangular pillow. Formed to support the head and shoulders while reading or watching TV, when inverted this made a perfect wedge of foam-stuffed corduroy. She placed it next to my waist and forced me to roll over onto it. This left me prone with my cuffed wrists crossed, staring past them into the mirror at my elevated ass thrust high in the air behind me. Between that hard supporting pillow and my sweaty abdomen was squashed my bound, urgent erection, and quickly Mistress spread my legs to shackle my ankles out wide. This is her preferred position for whipping me, and sure enough, as soon as she had me secured Mistress very grimly, deliberately (and yet with a barely concealed impatient zeal) unbuckled and removed her wide leather belt.

“I’m going to beat your ass now, Slave-boy! I’m going to whip the living shit out of you just for being male, and white, and pathetically inadequate! You timid little honky loser! You were such an incredibly easy capture for me! And now you’re my slave forever!”

The belt sang then, and I screamed, a lovely symphony conducted by the most virtuoso mistress around. For at least as long

as she'd played and fellated me, Mistress Gabriella knelt next to me on the bed and slashed her strap across my ass, 'whaling the tar out of me', as my own abusive mother used to call it. Her every stroke not only colored my flesh and elicited the most wonderful sounds of suffering, but also caused my tightly compressed erection to slip back and forth a bit along the rough hard pillow. Thus throughout the entire ass-beating the dick-tease torment continued, an intensely erotic undercurrent in the ocean of agony that swamped me.

At last Mistress had tanned my hide as black as her own beautiful skin. Running an admiring hand over my bruised buttock, pinching the puffy muscle approvingly, she tossed her cruel belt upon the bed. "Outstanding! There's nothing like a good whipping to loosen a couple up. Now we're ready for some serious bed-play!"

She gleamed at me in the mirror.

"I'm sure you remember, Slave-boy, that I said I had a surprise in store for you. I said I was going to make your millennium, and I will. If you live a thousand years, you'll never forget what's going to happen to you next. Tonight is your night, my lucky little slave! I'm finally going to break down and have sex with you!"

Grinning unsettlingly at me, relishing my gape of rapturous disbelief, Mistress continued. "You see I've been in kind of a quandary here. For months I've really, really wanted to just totally fuck your brains out. But you're just not good enough to enter my cunt, not really deserving of such a sublime honor. And I don't want to cheat on Ray. I really do love him. It's bad enough I've been keeping you on the side, for torture and playtime. But finally I hit on the perfect solution, the way I can both fuck you to uncounted orgasms, for me at least, and yet still keep my exalted pussy reserved for Raymond alone."

She climbed off the bed then, moved to her bulky handbag and withdrew the reason for its bulkiness. This was a beautifully molded perfectly life-like shiny black dildo fitted to a probe-equipped crotch harness. Standing beside the bed right next to my face, Mistress slid her dress up to about her belly and began to fasten herself into this sexy leather harness. Laughing gleefully at my jaw-dropping consternation, she ridiculed me as she donned her big black two inch-thick penis.

“That’s right, honky. I said we’d have sex, and we certainly will. From now on we’re going to be having a whole lot of sex together. But each time we fuck, it’s gonna be me doin’ the fuckin’. You’re going to be my bitch, Slut-boy, my hot, tight, compliant little she-male fuck-hole. And I’m going to be your cruelly dominant nigger-master, the big black cock-wielding rapist of your worst fucking nightmares. So I hope you enjoy your sex life, you sick little virgin pervert! This is the way it’s going to be!”

Then that big black cock was in place, so tightly strapped and intimately connected to Gabriella’s own organs that it might have been a natural extension of them. She pulled a tube of K-Y from her bag and climbed back onto the bed, eating up my frightened whimpers as she took up her position between my splayed apart, tightly shackled legs. Despite a lifetime of discipline, I struggled helplessly with my bonds then, cringing and puckering both inside and out. In response Mistress smartly smacked my bruised-black ass.

“Hold still, Slut-boy! Or you won’t get any lubricant at all! I’ll rape you dry no matter how much it tears you up inside. I’ll still get off; believe me! I might even enjoy that more. Then again, I could also start your cock-sucking education a little early: get my dick all wet for

your butt by raping your stupid sheep's face first. Do you want me to do that?"

Somehow I stilled my futile squirming. "No, Mistress."

"Of course not!" Gabriella laughed as she squirted cold jelly into my open, upthrust asshole. "Sucking my cock's for later, after I've soiled it good first!" And with that she spread my cheeks, aligned her dick, and stabbed its big length into me.

I screamed in pain at this invasion, and again my cruel mistress laughed delightedly.

"That's right, Slut-boy! Squeal like a stuck pig! A little lily-white piglet who just got spitted for the fire! Oh, God, I'm going to love doing this to you so fucking much!"

Straightaway she began pounding, thrusting with her hips like a man and fucking my virgin ass like the loosest damn slut's sloppy wet cunt. Moaning in tandem with my grunts and sobs, she let her cock's connected probes work her clit and g-spot as relentlessly as she gouged me out.

It wasn't long before Mistress was shrieking her way through an escalating succession of orgasms, getting off like never before on the outrageous experience of viciously butt fucking a helplessly chained-up slut. Through teary, bleary eyes I focused on her image in the mirror, my vision juddering constantly as those endless anal thrusts thudded home. The top of her dress had come down again, exposing her beautiful breasts as they bobbed with her panting rhythm, and with her beaded braids flying every which way as she fucked and climaxed, my mistress was an unbelievably stunning sight. My own hard cock, still clenched into an urgent erection and compressed against the hard corduroy pillow, slid back and forth as I was fucked in the ass in the most maddening fashion. Between that constant stimulation and the sight of Gabriella in her glory I was soon

as helplessly aroused as ever despite the depth of my violation. Indeed, perhaps it was because of the extreme, comprehensive nature of my subjugation beneath that rampant sexual attack that I was most aroused. Whatever the case, after ten minutes of being brutally butt fucked, I was no longer screaming in pain and shame – at least not wholly. I was also crying out blindly with unrequited arousal, as madly driven to needy extremes as her lips and fingers and whip had ever achieved. After twenty minutes, and uncounted orgasms indeed for my domineering mistress, I was weeping madly with frustration, still feeling her stroke relentlessly in and out of me and still unable to do anything about the physiological arousal boiling and churning in my choked-off cock and balls. Yet not until after over thirty-five minutes had passed, and she was running with sweat and exhausted from her erotic exertion, did Gabriella at last withdraw completely from my horribly reamed-out rectum. And still she laughed at me softly, caressing my bruised, elevated, slowly bleeding butt as I sobbed and gasped beneath her.

“Ah, my sexy little Slut-boy, was that as good for you was it was for me?”

“I doubt it, Mistress,” I managed to blubber.

“Oh that’s right. I had about a gazillion orgasms, and you still haven’t had even one. Well, I hate to tell you this, Slut-boy, actually, that’s a lie, I love telling you this, but that’s how it’s going to be between us forever!”

The gloating tone of Mistress’ voice, the smug sense of utter possession she exuded, caused my heart to squeeze painfully in my chest. And the lifetime she proceeded to outline for me made my mouth go dry and my long-suffering erection pulse yet again within its tight bondage and current state of compaction.

“I’m going to marry Raymond, Slut-boy. I’ve decided. But I’m always going to keep you on the side as my secret sex-slave torture-pet. After all, I own you, right? Completely. So that means I’m going to keep the keys to your collar and cock cage, and I’m going to continue to come over here whenever I want; tie you up and ride your face, beat you and punish you and play with your penis for hours on end. And every single time I come over I’m going to whip out my beautiful big black cock, make you suck it like a slut, and then butt fuck the ever-loving shit out of you. I’m going to core your ass out until I can fist it, Slut-boy! But I’m not going to allow you to put your pathetic little cracker dick in my wonderful cunt, ever. In fact, I’m never ever even going to let you ejaculate again. Instead I’m going to keep you soooo horny, just totally overflowing with lust and testosterone, permanently madly aroused and yet permanently virginal and deprived, for as long as I own you – which is of course forever, unless you find some way to escape me. But you wouldn’t dream of doing that, would you? You want nothing more than to stay right here, and keep being my dirty little secret, my private closet white slave, whipping boy, virgin-sissy, butt-slut. Even if all I ever do is come over once a week to ride your face, whip you raw, ream you out, and dick-tease you until you’re absolutely crazy, while never letting you achieve any release of your own. Isn’t that right, my sick, weak, contemptible little pet?”

“Yes, my beautiful omnipotent Mistress,” I managed to whimper, my face flushed red and my heart faltering within me at this horrifying prospect. Nevertheless I immediately followed this rather timid avowal with the traditional declaration of service she first taught me. “I’m now and forever entirely your slave, wholly devoted to your sexual pleasure and eager to accept whatever impositions you

choose to inflict, no matter how painful or degrading. Your collar and cage will never come off!”

“Wonderful!” declared Gabriella. “Well remembered and well said!” She climbed around to confront my groveling face then.

“In that case, it’s time for that aforementioned education! Open your mouth, Slut-boy!”

“Yes, Mistr—ungh!”

“Cock-sucking school in session!” she sang. Then she grabbed my head with both hands and once again began fucking me like a bitch.

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 sapling 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!

BEATEN BY BELINDA, AGAIN

I really love being hog-tied – at least for the first hour or so. Then for the next eight or ten, or even twenty-four, I wonder what the fuck I was thinking.

It's the best kind of bondage there is.

With all four limbs tied together behind you, you're as absolutely helpless as you can get. Yet there's still great latitude for struggle, and struggling is the best part. Desperately writhing around, futilely fighting your implacable bonds generates incredible erotic energy. And when you've been in a cock cage for four years, when the only sex you ever get is being brutally buggered up the butt by your big, demanding, domineering wife, any erotic experience is inexpressibly precious. And yet big Belinda ties me up so tightly, with my back bowed so extremely, and my arms wrenched so far around behind me, that after an hour or so I'm in serious pain with no way to relieve it. After two hours I'm in agony, after three, excruciation. And sometimes she leaves me bound this way all day, and all night too, while she gallivants around town cheating on me. But of course, the cruelly tight hogtying is the last act of our regular routine. First comes the wrestling.

Every other day, we wrestle over who will rule our marriage. Of course, Belinda invariably wins. But she never tires of the contest. At six feet-one and one hundred and seventy pounds, she overtops me by three inches. And as an amateur body-builder and all around fitness buff, she's all muscle. The only fat on her body forms her two big breasts. Her biceps are like boulders; her shoulders formidable indeed and her legs are as muscled as a running back's. When we face each other naked in our specially converted basement (padded mats covering the floor, mirrors and bondage gear covering the walls) I'm always stunned by her beauty and pulchritude, and

appalled by the thought of taking her on. But it's my only chance (miniscule as it is) of turning the tables.

Belinda takes the chain holding the key to my cock cage from around her neck, and hangs it from a hook. If by some miracle I should ever defeat her, I'll be free to take that key, release my manhood, and fuck the shit out of my wife for the very first time. I'll also be allowed to tie her up, to beat and punish her all I like – at least until our next match, and I lose control again. As it is, that's never happened. Belinda can beat me in less than a minute whenever she really wants to – though she usually toys with me, drawing the contest out for an hour or more. Then she has her brutal, pitiless way with me as always.

Of course, our wrestling rules are a bit different. No holds are barred, and you don't win by pinning your opponent. Off to one side, right before the biggest mirror, is a padded cylinder three feet long and one foot high built into the floor. Also built into the floor, surrounding this, are four shackles. The winner must force the loser facedown over the cylinder and into the shackles. Once the loser is thus incapacitated, the winner gets to take whatever liberties she likes with him.

It's been this way for nearly four years now. Yet as Belinda hangs up the key and turns to face me, I can't help but try futilely not to get erect. Even pulled back in a ponytail, her reddish-gold hair gleams, her lightly freckled face is as lovely as ever and her buffed-up body is a beauty to behold. "Come on, loser!" She beckons me, grinning. "Come on and fight me for your pathetic manhood!"

Groaning I charge, and she tosses me effortlessly. Then she drops atop me, and the test of strength is underway. Once again, it's no contest. One after another she clamps me into a never-ending variety of pitiless submission holds. Desperately I struggle with all

my might, my madly aroused cock a bulging ball of excruciation in its tiny cage. The sleeper hold, full nelson, figure-four, these and a dozen others she traps me in, laughing out loud at my desperately struggling helplessness. She meanwhile barely breaks a sweat, always releasing me a moment before I pass out, allowing me to momentarily gain the upper hand before performing a swift reversal, and clamping me once again into a fleshy vise I could never escape in a million years. Finally she catches my head between her amazingly muscled thighs: the classic scissors hold with my face buried in her sopping crotch. She squeezes, squeezes until I'm blue in the face, and then relents just enough to allow me a sip of air. Then she squeezes again, crushing me in her embrace until I'm suffering unimaginable agonies of suffocation and compression. This goes on for who knows how long, until she at last she tires of the game.

Finally she releases me. And by this point I'm so defeated and debilitated that I can do nothing but gasp helplessly for breath as she effortlessly manhandles me over the cylinder and snaps each of my wrists and ankles into the provided cuffs. Maybe forty minutes after our bout began, I'm once again shackled out tightly spread-eagled, with my gasping face to the mat and my vulnerable ass thrust up high in the air.

"There!" declares Belinda as she climbs off me. "You're STILL a loser! That means I can still do whatever I like to you. And you know what I like to do best..."

She strides to the nearest wall, where the first thing she does is put the gold chain dangling the key to my penis cage back around her neck. Then she pauses a moment, examining her enormous dildo collection.

There are literally hundreds: vibrators, cocks, and butt plugs in all shapes and sizes. But these are mostly for static use. Belinda also has dozens of strap-on cocks, in every length, width, and color imaginable, attached to any number of different harnesses. Usually though she sticks to the penis pants: tight-fitting latex short-shorts sporting built-in dildoes designed specifically to look exactly like real erections in every detail. Naturally she favors those with built-in vibrators, clit stimulators, and/or even deep-reaching vaginal probes. After a quick bit of contemplation, she at last picks out her latest acquisition. This cock et cetera is bright blue, about a foot long and equipped with all the above accoutrements. She steps into the exceptionally snug shorts, pulls them carefully up and at last has her giant cock fitted onto and into her as intimately as though born to it. Then she struts back over to my locked-down, up-thrust backside.

“All right, loser. Get ready for a butt fucking like you can’t believe! I’m going to prove to you, yet again, who truly deserves to use a cock in this marriage. And you’re going to learn, yet again, why yours deserves to stay locked up forever!”

She kneels between my widely spread thighs. I feel her strong hands gripping my cheeks and prying them apart, and her stiff cock probing my entrance. Knowing the futility of struggling, I try to relax. Then I gasp, and groan in familiar pain and shame, as she rams her violent way into me.

“Yeah! Take that loser! This is the only way that I ever fuck my husband! And he loves it! Don’t you, you little sissy loser?”

“No!” I manage to groan. “But I love you, Belinda. You’re big and beautiful and better than any other woman in the world. If this is the only relationship I can have with you, I’ll take it. If I can’t be your lover, I’ll be your bitch.”

“Damn right you will!” gloats my gorgeous wife. “Now take every goddamn inch!”

And with that she starts hammering away harder than ever, plunging her entire cock into and out of my ass with a speed and strength that soon has me weeping unabashedly. For at least forty more minutes she pounds away at me, panting and gasping and expending more energy than she has in our entire history of wrestling. And still she ridicules and belittles me, emasculating me with her words as thoroughly as she does with her relentlessly pistoning penis.

“Wimp! Loser! Sissy! Slut-boy!” She chants insults at me as she fucks my up-thrust ass. Only when she’s finally had her fill of mentally and physically dominating and degrading me does she at last pull out of my painfully cored-open backside. But that doesn’t mean my ass is now free. Immediately she stuffs in an inflatable plug, pumping it up until my entire rectum is agonizingly stuffed. Then she produces a similarly inflatable gag.

“Time for me to tie you up! But I don’t want to hear your complaining!” She stuffs the gag into my mouth, and then pumps the attached bulb until it inflates to the full, spreading my jaws and filling my cheeks completely. Both my oral and anal orifices are now achingly stuffed. Yet I know better than to offer any resistance whatsoever, as the shackles are at last released and the serious hogtying finally gets underway.

First my legs are spread wide, and my ankles locked to each end of a four-foot bondage bar. Then Belinda grabs my arms, and bends them so far up and around behind my back that my wrists are crossed between my shoulder blades, and not at the small of my back. Quickly and efficiently she lashes them securely into this position: bowing in my upper back and straining my shoulder sockets

considerably. When she's finished, only about two feet of rope remain. Instantly Belinda then bends my legs up behind me, yanking pitilessly until even my thighs come off the floor. The last bit of rope from my wrists she ties to the middle of the spreader bar, securing me so tightly hogtied that my body bows up into a semicircle. Yet still she isn't finished with me.

Next my amazingly hot, seriously sadistic wife straps a wide leather blindfold about the upper half of my head. She ties one end of yet another cord to the buckle in back, runs the rope down past my stuffed-up ass, and ties the other end about the base of my balls, just between my compacted testicles themselves and the pitiless bars of my cock-cage. Naturally she pulls this rope as tight as possible too, extending my neck radically backwards. Thus any attempt to lower my head at all will cause terrible pain in my balls.

All this cruelty serves to lift my chest off the mat just enough to provide access to my nipples. As a final touch, Belinda attaches two large, exquisitely tight metal clamps to these, and laughs harshly at my muffled bleat of pain.

"There! I'll see you tomorrow, loser. I'm going to go out and find a real man now, and have him fuck me silly all night, right upstairs in our bed. Think about that while you wait for me to come back! While you're suffering down here, some hung stud is going to be pounding my pussy professionally, giving me orgasms galore! In fact..."

Belinda's voice trails off as she steps over to the wall. "I'm going to open the intercom, so you can hear ever groan and gasp, every slippery slap and ecstatic scream. Enjoy the show, you cuckolded little cock-locked loser!"

I hear the snap of the switch, the barely audible buzz of the open intercom, and then my big bad wife's bare feet padding away from me. The door opens, slams shut, and I'm once again left alone

with nothing but my squirming struggles, shamefaced anticipation,
and gradually increasing agony.

C'est la vie, eh?

THE WEIGHT BENCH

My wife is in incredible shape – the quintessence of feminine pulchritude. At six feet and one hundred and sixty pounds she's tall and statuesque, perfectly proportioned, tight and toned and marvelously muscular everywhere. Even her beautifully bountiful breasts are amazingly firm. She works out daily on the specially modified weight bench that dominates our bedroom. She also works me over daily on that same bench, at the same time. Tonight is no exception.

"On the bench!" she snaps. Wearing only a simple body harness of black leather straps, she is an amazingly intimidating sight. I gulp weakly, timidly, and strip down until I'm naked but for the tiny metal cock cage she keeps me trapped in.

Mistress gloatingly locked this onto me on our wedding night, and there it's remained ever since. As I lie down upon the narrow, sturdy, lightly padded bench, a familiar agony grows in my groin, as that cruel cage punishes my usual unquenchable throbbing attempt at erection.

Mistress inclines the upper third of the bench to about sixty degrees, sitting me up just enough for her diabolical purposes. Then she pulls each of my arms around behind it, where she locks my wrists into specially added shackles.

Once again I am her hopelessly helpless prisoner. Yet as usual the bondage is barely beginning. Next Mistress uses a number of wide leather belts to strap me securely to the bench boards: one around my chest and shoulders, another at my waist, and two more binding my legs together at the ankle and knee and to the inclined plane of the lower third portion of the bench. Clover clamps are then attached to each nipple, and hung with enough weight to keep them

biting in and dragging down continuously. Lastly Mistress pushes a large rubber penis gag into my mouth, and locks it in place.

“Perfect!” she declares. “Are you ready for our regular punishment and sex session?”

With a quaking heart and a mouthful of hard rubber cock, I can only nod my head.

“Good!” Mistress smiles, and then she slaps me hard across the face. “I’m feeling particularly zealous today, and outrageously ravenous too. I’m going to fuck both our brains out. But first I’m going to whip you absolutely silly!”

Mistress goes to the cabinet where she keeps all of her toys and weapons, harnesses and restraints and such, and chooses a six foot-long single-tail bullwhip of black braided leather. Grinning evilly at me, she takes up position next to my tightly bound body and cocks her muscular arm. “Here we go, Slut-boy! Time to pay the penalty for marrying me!”

She flings the lash at me. It whistles through the air and strikes me like a thunderbolt, adding a fresh purple welt to the extensive lattice of slowly healing weals that intaglio my entire body. Biting down hard on the cock in my mouth, I choke back a scream and spasm in my bonds, feeling that familiar agony flooding through me.

This is what it means to belong to my mistress: humbly submitting to her, desperately lusting after her in eternally frustrating involuntary chastity, endlessly suffering excruciating agony for her and simultaneously being amazingly exalted by all three of these perversities.

Again and again the whip slashes down: on my belly, chest, thighs, neck, groin, even my tender feet. Again and again I try to writhe, and fail. Again and again I choke on a scream and feel the fire of excruciation being pitilessly stoked by my sadistic mistress

flare ever higher, hotter. Tears stream down my cheeks, my skin sizzles sickly and still my powerful, wonderful wife whips me, whips me, whips me, working up a sweat for herself and working out her endless anti-male aggressions at the same time. Seeing me abysmally suffering fulfills her like nothing else; knowing that she owns me utterly and can do absolutely anything she likes to me reaffirms her vastly superior status over me, and over the entire male sex by proxy.

It also makes her as horny as hellcat in heat. This, at last, is my torment and my salvation all at once. After vigorously flogging me for Goddess only knows how long, Mistress can finally not wait another single second longer for her own kinky versions of sexual intercourse. As I whimper and sob and gasp explosively through my nose, as I quiver and keen and shudder in only slowly receding agony, she towels off the sweat of her initial exertion and trades her whip in for a long, thick, ten by two-inch vibrator-equipped dildo. This big fake cock she affixes to the outside of my penis cage, giving me an erection over three times the size of any I could muster on my own that will also remain dutifully hard and hot for her for as long as she possibly needs it – which is always amazingly long indeed.

Excitedly Mistress straddles both me and the bench I'm bound to. Looming over me, breathing hard, with her muscles flexed and nipples erect from her incredibly arousing workout, she's as astonishing an erotic vision as any I'll ever see. Right away then she reaches down, and switches on the vibrator.

Immediately it starts buzzing, transmitting its pulses straight to my caged and straining cock. More blood pounds into this, creating an acutely arousing agony that is both terribly frustrating and irresistibly delicious at the same time. Then Mistress makes this sensory mess infinitely worse by deliberately mounting that

surrogate erection. She slides slowly down the shaft until she's sitting in my lap, her flawless breasts only inches from my face. She knows how this proximity torments me of course: rubbing my helpless face in all the intimacy and ecstasy that my cruelly enforced chastity denies me. So she immediately makes it worse by taunting me.

"Oh Goddess, that's so good, having a big hard cock inside me! Just imagine how it would feel if it was yours! Picture your puny, pathetic little three-inch erection fully formed and all the way inside my muscular cunt! So hot, so wet, and tight, tight, tight! Such a delicious friction as I start sliding up and down on it, like so..." Slowly, exquisitely she demonstrates, as I moan and whimper in agonized arousal and frustration. Still sliding up and down on that giant vibrator, her pussy juices trickling down its length to drip through the cage onto the hard, throbbing ball of my cramped, compacted cock, she resumes rubbing it in.

"Just imagine it, because you'll never feel it. My cunt is far too good for you, my under-endowed slave. You may get to eat me out whenever I demand it, but I'm keeping your tiny little weenie under lock and key for the rest of your life! No erections, no orgasms, no penetration or masturbation of any kind. You are my sex-toy, my Slut-boy, my involuntary eunuch butt-slut, condemned to serve me for your entire life in total chastity. So enjoy your terrible suffering, slave! Because now and forever I live solely for my unlimited mastery over you!"

And with that Mistress launches herself into her rhythm. Clutching the barbell supports above me, straddling my body with her legs spread wide to either side and her toes planted firmly on the floor, she pumps her whole body against mine in a copulatory frenzy. Taking the entire length of that hard hot cock deep into paradisiacal

territory forever forbidden to me, she fucks it like an animal, a machine; a supremely powerful and insanely driven human being. Bound and gagged and ridden like an inanimate object, tantalized and tortured by such energetic intimacy yet denied any hope of my own apotheosis, I endure this onslaught for at least an hour.

Periodically Mistress leans forward and grinds her glorious breasts against my face, slapping my cheeks with their firm, flopping weight. Just as often she leans back and slaps my face for real, her hard palm delivering smack after stinging smack. Then once again she flings herself into rhythm, fucking that fake cock like she can never get enough of it. Her orgasmic screams shiver the air of the room, as climax after climax explodes through her beautiful body. Dripping sweat and come and lubricating juices on me, she prolongs this exalting, exhausting ordeal until I'm finally in serious danger of losing my mind. But at last even her incredible reserves are depleted, and after one last unbelievable apotheosis she collapses panting atop me.

"Ah, Goddess, that was so great," she gasps.

Crushing me with her weight, gifting me with unexpected kisses, she remains draped over me for at least ten minutes or so, while she gradually recovers her strength. Then at last she lifts off of me: sliding off that long buzzing dildo and grinning down at me in a perfectly recognizable sinister fashion.

"Well, I've sure fucked my brains out. Now it's time for me to fuck out yours!"

She goes to the foot of the bench and removes the two belts restraining my legs. Then she lifts them by the feet, drawing them high above my head to where she locks them into another set of shackles specially welded to the barbell supports. This doubles me

up, spreads me out, and leaves me staring straight up at that big buzzing dildo – if only for a moment or so.

Once my new position is secure, Mistress removes her big cock from my crotch and mounts it on her own. Now she's wearing the penis, and as eager as ever to demonstrate her proficiency with it. Luckily for me, it's still slathered with her own natural lubricants. As Mistress once again straddles the bench, moves up close and inserts it in my ass, it slides in relatively easily. Nevertheless I groan in pain and humiliation as I'm taken yet again. Naturally my big strong taker only laughs at this.

"There, there, Slut-boy! It's not that big. If I can take it, you should be able to. Some mistresses use their fists, you know. You'd be wearing diapers by age forty if I felt like doing that to you. But luckily for you, I just like to give you a good hard fucking every day – something to make up for the fact that I've denied you almost your entire manhood. So take it, Slut-boy! Take my big hard cock, and love every inch, every stroke, every ass impaling thrust of it! It's all the sex you're ever going to get!"

So saying, Mistress starts stabbing. Sliding back out and spearing back in, humping and pumping away like the most powerful piston in the most incredible engine, she starts fucking my ever-loving brains out, just as she'd promised. Meanwhile I do as exactly as ordered: relish every dominating thrust; accept the pain in lieu of pleasures forever forbidden me. As Mistress starts panting and grunting with effort of her relentless butt-pumping, I begin moaning and groaning like a slutty little trollop: lifting my hips up to meet stroke. Encouraged, aroused, excited and entertained by this display, Mistress fucks me ever harder, faster, until she's gasping and panting and working us both just as energetically as she rode me earlier.

Once again this goes on far beyond any sane interval, until we're both running with sweat and can barely stand to receive or deliver another agonizing thrust. Yet still Mistress keeps it up, gasping out insults with each stabbing stroke: "Slut! Whore! Pig! Faggot! Loser! Slave! Cunt! Trollop! Dick-lover! She-male! Slut-boy! Slut-boy! SLUT-BOY!" At last, after one final mind-blowing frenzy of jackhammering, pile-driving butt fucking, she screams out the most convulsive of orgasms and once again collapses atop me.

Once again there is a panting interval of recovery, before Mistress at last pulls out, climbs off me, and begins releasing my restraints. "Whew! That was incredible. Come on, Slut-boy. Let's move over to the bed. I need a massage. After that you can go back into your cage until morning."

"Yes, Mistress!" I manage. "Thank you so much for everything!"

THIS IS HOW WE MAKE LOVE NOW

“Ah, Slut-boy, I just love to whip you so much!” Brenda breathes her anticipation into my ear as she tightens the restraints. She has me strapped to her custom-built torture horse. My neck and wrists are caught in heavy wooden stocks; my legs are spread wide and my body bent over the A-frame horse. Built-in belts encircle my chest and belly, and climb each leg from ankle to butt. Cruel, implacable bonds somehow grip even my engorged cock and balls. Almost immobilized, I squirm in desperate distress in response to my beloved wife’s teasing.

I am so lucky to have such an understanding life-partner! My Mistress Brenda has gleefully indulged all of my wildest fantasies by enslaving me utterly right in my very own home. Besides rudely ordering me about, and ruling over my every move, she constantly incapacitates, disciplines, and dominates me sexually.

Subjugating me this way is what gets us both off, and our daily lovemaking has long since transmogrified into long, torturous sessions of bondage, physical and emotional abuse, and perversely inverted sexual service. Tantalizingly, my leather-clad mistress describes some of tonight’s tamer possibilities to me as she finishes strapping me in.

“I can use my flogger, or my single-tail, or my cane on you for hours and hours on end and never get enough of it! Watching you squirm and scream and stripe up livid under my slashing whip just makes me go insane with a demonic power and lust! Sometimes the only way I can stop myself from putting you in the hospital is to remember that there are better, even more painful and degrading ways for me to dominate you!”

She runs a considering hand over my ass, before slapping me contemptuously.

“Of course, that’s when I strap on my monster penis, and butt-fuck the ever-loving shit out of you! Isn’t it? And that’s when you whimper and plead and beg me for every vicious stroke of my giant, rampaging, rock-hard, bull-dyke cock! Ah, sub-hubby of mine, we have the most perfect marriage ever! And to think that this is the way you’ve always wanted it!”

She’s right, of course. I have always wanted this. I’m desperately sexually driven when I’m subjugated to her. The crueller she rules over me, the hornier I get. Despite the incredible pain then, I’m truly in my glory as Mistress Brenda first does as she’s suggested, and whips me viciously for what seems like half the fucking night. I scream in agony, true, and I weep and struggle and beg for her to stop. Yet my insatiable erotic thirst for her abuse only grows worse. I writhe in my bonds as though trying to rip my dick off, and still there’s no escape from either my throbbing, captive erection or my fire-latticed butt and back – much less my own depraved cravings. The sound of gorgeous Brenda’s repeated orgasms as she relentlessly wields her whip stokes my own hopeless lust even further, and we build off each other heedlessly: my pain feeding her pleasure and vice-versa, endlessly escalating together until we are indeed in danger of seriously injuring me. Then at last, as always, Mistress Brenda recalls her far more effective – and even more rewarding – weapon for physically subjugating me.

“Slut-boy!” Dropping the whip she hisses at me, using the pet name she’s recently decreed.

“It’s time once again for you to serve me as my helpless little slut, boy!”

She grins lasciviously down at me. “You know how it is, my succulent slave! You may be the husband, but it is I who wear the pants in this marriage! I, Mistress Brenda, rule over your

contemptible body and submissive soul every second of your measly existence! Obviously therefore it is I, Mistress Brenda, who gets to wear the penis between us as well!

“As my subservient slave, Slut-boy, you are only allowed to eat me out, to keep me clean, and to enthusiastically service my many big erections. That is all! Your own pathetic little sex worm deserves nothing but the cruelest kinds of abuse! You are now my houseboy, my handmaid, my permanent voluntary eunuch, completely physically capable and yet interpersonally utterly unfit for the sublime and supremely wonderful pleasure of orgasm.

“As hard and needy as you always are, you never get to use that puny little thing again, Slut-boy! I want every last drop of your inferior semen kept safely inside, forever building up the pressure on you with no possibility ever of release. My slutty little blue-balls dick-slave! I want to see them swell up like ripening plums, while you go absolutely insane with unrequited desire for me! Your mistress is the only one around here who deserves to climb on top, stick in a big hard dick and hump and pump and fuck and come! Remember that, Slut-boy! I am forevermore the dominant partner in this so-called relationship in every last sense of the word!”

Mistress recites this familiar dogma as she’s strapping on her favorite, jet-black, ten-inch, hard plastic dildo. Stepping between my locked-apart legs, gripping my severely welted and abraded butt-cheeks in her fists, she spreads me wide and prepares once again to exercise her extensive – and exclusive – marital rights. Sporting a cock like God, sneering down at my blubbering and quivering captivity, she suddenly proclaims her eternal authority over me in simultaneous word and deed.

“You’re mine!” she cries, as she lunges forward and slams her stiff erection all the way into me. “All mine! FOREVER and ever,

amen!”

Then she proceeds to most emphatically demonstrate this, by butt-fucking me so long and hard and violently that she ejaculates an uncounted number of times before she’s finished. As for me, eventually I’m reduced to a pile of limp, knotted rags hanging from a rack, endlessly absorbing those frenzied stabbing thrusts in a nightmare of heroic erotic endurance.

Some nights it truly takes hours of almost non-stop pneumatic copulation before she’s finally sated. Some nights I’ll be forced to perform extravagant feats of cunnilingus, and others to simulate lavish fellatio as she breathlessly humps and pumps and rapes my strangling throat. But without fail, Mistress Brenda always devotes the majority of her efforts to brutally and repeatedly butt-fucking the ever-loving shit out of me, just as she’d so accurately described.

This occasion is no different. Mistress is her usual rampant, rampaging self. When she at last pulls her long, thick, ribbed prick out of my gaping rectum for good (well after three-thirty a.m.), I am a wounded, exhausted, testosterone-overdosed and orgasm-denied wreck, twitching uncontrollably from head to toe and moaning in delirium.

Fortunately however, Mistress sees something in this of which she approves. Rather than leaving me bound to the horse and locked in the stocks all night, she at last releases my many tight bindings, springs the main lock and opens the oak pillory. The worst of my wounds are quickly treated, and finally I’m allowed the sublime privilege of spending the night in Brenda’s bed.

Too exalted to sleep, I lie awake tracing my all my wonderful whip-welts and basking in her warm proximity. How arousing she smells, and how painfully hard and eternally unfulfilled aches my pathetic, contemptible little erection! Lying facedown next to her, I

can feel it throbbing plaintively under me with every shift of the mattress. I must be certain to do an extra special job on Mistress' breakfast in the morning!

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!

GODDESS KATIA'S PUNISHMENT

I don't know if she knows this, but I left those streaks on the mirror deliberately.

Granted, it's hard to perfectly clean an eight by twelve-foot mirror, especially when it's bolted to the ceiling over an enormous waterbed. And the fact that it's beveled to magnify the reflection makes any tiny imperfection that much easier to spot. Actually, I was counting on both of these convenient facts to both imperfectly mask and yet still draw attention to my purposeful, contemptible failure.

I knew that when she saw it Goddess Katia would be quick to punish me. Yet I also knew – or at least I hoped – that after that terrible ordeal she would follow her usual pattern and fuck me extra-vigorously: to show that she still loved me, and that all was at last forgiven. I'd been waiting in heart-throbbing suspense for at least two hours to see if my brazen (or maybe foolhardy) gambit paid off.

Of course, Goddess fucks me every day (and night) without fail. Even after almost ten years together she never tires of our admittedly bizarre marital relations. But after our punishment sessions her fucking is always so extreme and extravagant (probably because punishing me turns her on so much) that I always feel as if I've finally died and gone to our own special understanding of heaven, where serving my glorious Goddess in an infinitely agonizing, yet eternally abject adoration will be my final, well-deserved reward.

But first, of course, comes the punishment. When Goddess saw those two thin streaks on her supremely important above-the-bed mirror (one tiny flaw in my otherwise faultlessly meticulous daily cleaning of her incredibly opulent mansion) she rather unconvincingly feigned outrage. Pissed off or not, Goddess still never passes up any opportunity to discipline my slightest, even

imagined, error. This time she immediately ordered me to strip, and to precede her to her elaborate underworld.

Once down in the basement dungeon, and surrounded by her myriad of instruments of bondage and discipline, she ordered me to stand spread-legged directly under her most powerful ceiling-mounted winch. Then she first kicked my legs even wider and wider apart, until I was tottering for balance and she could lock my ankles into her longest spreader bar. This device truly is insidiously long – not only does it push the triangle formed by my legs and the bar way beyond equilateral to the seriously isosceles, but it brings my butt down low enough to be at the perfect height for her beautifully petite, ninety-eight pound, five foot zero-inches form.

Of course, Goddess didn't leave me tottering that way for long. Once my legs were spread and secured, she bound my arms tightly together behind my back, lacing them into a black leather bondage glove, and then hooked this to the cable descending from the ceiling winch. One touch on the remote, and this machine then hauled my bound arms high into the air, until my shoulder sockets were screaming with tension, my body was bent far over at the waist, and my widely spread feet balanced on tiptoes.

After that, Goddess seemed satisfied with my bondage and posture. Only the proper punishment remained. Truly in her element, she grinned at me threateningly, and asked the question that I knew was coming.

"You look wonderfully uncomfortable, my foolishly naughty, shamefully misbehaving Slut-boy. But you're not really in any serious pain quite yet. I think you need some clips and weights hung here and there, don't you?"

With an effort I cleared my throat, and then said what she expected of me:

“I desperately need whatever you decree, my glorious Goddess. I have failed you most miserably: repaid your generous ownership with shamefully shoddy service. Please, do to me whatever you need to in order to put things right between us once again. I lust only to be your perfectly abject slave forever!”

Goddess Katia smiled gloatingly down at that, reveling in her complete, total and eternal ownership of me. Then she turned, went to the nearest wall rack, and gathered up what devices she required.

Two tight, toothed clips were attached to my nipples – ouch! Then Goddess exacerbated this distress by hanging heavy weights from them, stretching my tits out torturously toward the floor. Yet that was nothing compared to what was coming. Next Goddess hung her heaviest weight of all from my soldered-shut cock-cage.

Goddess Katia has never forgiven me the premature ejaculation that sent me down the road to slavery in the first place. My manhood is now locked away forever, and if Goddess wants cock, then she merely attaches one of her giant dildos to the cage (giving me a prick many times the size of my own that never fails her), or she straps in place my inside-and-outside double-dildo-equipped wide leather gag and rides my face. In any case, my sex organs nowadays provide me exclusively with misery, as they constantly, futilely try to erect in their miniscule confinement. Or when Goddess shocks them, sticks them with needles, or as now, hangs them with so much weight they feel as if they’re being slowly torn from my body.

At last Goddess felt ready to begin beating me. Shivering with anticipation and delight, she chose a thin, limber cane from among her dozens of implements and approached my backside. “How many strokes do you think you deserve, Slut-boy?”

“Glorious Goddess Katia, I couldn’t possibly answer that. This is your universe, and I am but the lowliest of its creatures. Please

punish me as extravagantly or leniently as you see fit. Whichever it is, I will love you for it more than ever when it is done.”

“Very well then, Slut-boy. I decree that for each of those streaks, which you will clean as soon as you’re released, you will receive twenty strokes of the cane. Count with me to forty now, and thank me after each one. You know, as always, that this beating is entirely for your own good – well, almost. I do confess I enjoy it immensely...”

Thus began my horrible ordeal.

Forty times Goddess Katia slashed her cane as hard as she could across my naked buttocks. Forty times I somehow turned my scream of agony into an articulated number. And forty times I blubbered my gratitude to the gorgeous Goddess punishing me. At the end, when Goddess at last returned her cane to its place on the racks, I was so wrung out that I hung wholly from my bound arms, my flayed legs unable to support me in the least. Despite the screaming in my shoulders (which paled in comparison to that in my ass and upper thighs) I hung there so bent over at the waist that my face was at the same level as the lead weight dragging inexorably at my ineffectual sex organs.

“Whew! That was a bit of a workout!” exclaimed Goddess Katia.

Sweat ran down her beautiful face, and dampened her amazing flood of waist-length raven hair.

“I’m going to need a serious bath now. And I suppose I’ll have to wash myself for once. My naughty slave, Slut-boy, is going to stay right here, suffer appropriately, and think about what he’s done, until I finally find it in my divine wisdom to forgive him!”

And with that she swept into the elevator and was gone.

And so I’ve been waiting here, weights dragging agonizingly at my nipples and genitals, arms and shoulders stressed beyond belief,

backside flaming with the pain of my caning, humbly bent over in my bondage and counting every excruciating second until my glorious Goddess at last returns. And yet even all these many torments are nothing next to the agony of anticipation: will Goddess deign to fuck me when she finally comes back? And will she do so with the mindless abandon, limitless passion, and inexhaustible energy she almost always brings to the act after a particularly satisfying punishment session? Only time will tell I suppose...

Ah yes! At last I hear the elevator descending!

Goddess is finally returning to her underworld, and to her erring husband/subject/slave awaiting judgment. Heart pounding within me, I crane my neck, eager for that first glimpse of her, which will undoubtedly tell me everything I need to know...

Yes! Oh yes! Oh praise you and bless you, my beautiful, gloriously gorgeous Goddess! The door slides open and there she is, in all of her incredible beauty. Her hair is clean and shining, her face lit up with love and lust and her perfectly symmetrical, amazingly large, beautifully firm, round breasts dramatically displayed. Best of all, the only exception to her heavenly nudity are the skin-tight, flesh-colored penis-pants that she particularly fancies for fucking me. Not only is the enormous organ (twelve inches long and as big around as a beer bottle) equipped with an inner vibrator, it connects to clitoral stimulators and a deep vaginal probe that transmits every vicious thrust that she gives me right back into herself: fucking us both with every stroke.

Immediately my imprisoned penis starts to swell, doing its damndest to erect in its tiny confinement. Of course this only adds to the agony of all the weight suspended from it, but nothing can stop me from trying to get hard. From now until whenever our maniacal bout of fucking ends, my organ will be a compact ball of excruciation,

straining futilely at the bars of its cage. Helplessly I groan in pain, need, and unholy anticipation as my ruling Goddess approaches and addresses me. “Well, do you think you’ve learned your lesson, Slut-boy?”

“Oh yes, my Goddess, definitely. Thank you so much for correcting me!”

“Very well then. I forgive you. In a little while I’ll take you back upstairs, and after you clean the mirror properly, we’ll go to bed. Then I will prove to you how much I love you by allowing you to make respectful, worshipful love to your wonderfully omnipotent Goddess. We will kiss and cuddle and caress so slowly and exquisitely...you’ll be allowed to fondle and suckle at my bountiful breasts and big hard cock to your lowly heart’s delight...then you’ll service my heavenly vagina with your fingers, lips and tongue for uncounted hours.... I may even allow you to attach a giant vibrator to the outside of your cage, and pretend that you’re still a real man, and not an eternally impotent sissy-slave, by mounting and fucking me with it until I come about a thousand times. Wouldn’t you just love all of that?”

Weakly I gulp, trying not to think of the insanity-inducing amount of competing ecstasy and frustration this last always causes me, how I often end up weeping helplessly and banging my head on the wall in an excess of endlessly escalating, eternally un-relievable arousal. Swallowing down my lust and dread, feeling my caged cock throbbing angrily in its cramped little prison, I somehow answer her. “Yes, my wonderful Goddess. Those occasions torture me terribly, but I live for them nonetheless.”

Goddess smiles sweetly at me. “Yes, I know you do. And I know how exquisitely you suffer for me. I can hardly imagine how you live, and stay sane. Ten years without an orgasm, or even a complete

and pain-free erection! If I don't come my brains out at least three times a day I can't stand it! But as you know, your suffering and deprivation, your eternally burning and yet eternally denied need is what turns me on most of all. That you need to come so bad, and yet never can, thrills me endlessly. And what's more important, Slut-boy: your worst suffering, or your Holy Reigning Goddess' tiniest arousal?"

"Your arousal, of course, my Goddess! I exist only to provide you with pleasure, in the most miniscule amount! I couldn't live with the thought of you being unhappy, or even the tiniest bit unfulfilled. I only want to slavishly serve you throughout all eternity!"

"And so you shall," declares Goddess Katia. "I may be cruel in my unavoidable way, but I am also a most benevolent Goddess. And although I keep your cock forever locked, and allow you almost no manly pleasures at all, I delight in providing you with alternative fulfillment. So now I am going to fuck your sissy little brains out, just as I do every day, and later, after I let you worship, service, and fuck me, I will probably do it again and again and again and again, just to show you, as always, how much better I am at fucking than you are, and thus how appropriate our respective places in this universe are."

"Oh, thank you, Goddess, thank you so much!" I babble.

Goddess Katia merely grins, and then she picks up that big double-dildo cock-gag from one of the racks. She forces the shorter, four-inch penis into my mouth, and then tightly buckles the straps around the back of my head, leaving the longer, ten-inch erection jutting out from my gagged face.

"There! I won't be riding this just now, but you're going to need something to bite down on, Slut-boy. I'm going to do you extra-brutally right here. Which will be greater, the pain or the pleasure? I don't want to know until after I'm done!"

Goddess Katia strokes her enormous boner, pumping on the shaft and rubbing it against my face, teasing me with what's coming. Then she switches on the vibrator and circles around my bent over form until she stands directly between my locked-apart legs.

Despite the outrageous size of that cock, the only lubrication she needs is to spit on it a few times. After ten long years together, in which Goddess' favorite sport, pleasure, pastime and sexual act has been to righteously and exhaustively butt fuck me several times a day, my hole has been stretched out enough to accommodate even the most gigantic of her many penises. Now Goddess wastes no time at all. She steps up, spreads my cheeks out wide and stabs her vicious way into me.

As always, I groan in eloquent delirium, as pain, shame, unimaginable pleasure and un-relievable arousal flood through me. Goddess' laugh in response is both wicked and gleeful, as she begins to perform her favorite activity on me for maybe the millionth time.

"Ah, Slut-boy, you love it! You've loved it ever since the day I took your cherry! Remember how hard you came, all bound up in my bed, with a pillow lifting up your ass and me attacking it like mad? You shot more hot come out onto my pillow than I've ever seen any man produce, much less a sissy little butt-slut chamber-slave. Perfect experience for a first and last time respectively! And now we are bound together forever by this act: the quintessential expression of my unlimited eternal dominance over you!"

So saying she starts thrusting away: pumping pneumatically in and out of me until her hips thwap! against my cane-flayed ass and the length of her giant cock fills me completely with every stroke. Its hot electric buzzing stokes my arousal mercilessly, as does Goddess' panting and moaning and trash talking as she fucks me.

“Little slut! Little pig! Little dick-slave sissy-boy! Feel me take your tender ass! Feel me ram my monstrous cock all the way into you! Feel me steal away your tiny remaining manhood with every overwhelming thrust!”

Believe me, Goddess, I do. But what I also begin to feel, as her rhythm accelerates along with her enjoyment, are the agonies formerly relegated to my secondary awareness.

As my body is pounded back and forth by my brutal sodomy, the weights attached to my nipples and genitals begin to swing wildly too, re-awakening the agony in these areas and compounding it constantly. Likewise the bondage glove and cable bending me over and stretching up my shoulders is all that holds me in place (Goddess’ gripping hands on my hips excepted) and every time these restraints snub my forward momentum and snap me back into place, the stress on my shoulder sockets seems to increase by many orders of magnitude. Soon I’m biting down hard on the plastic cock filling my mouth, and screaming unintelligibly into the leather gag completely covering the lower half of my face. Whether the pain or pleasure is greater, or whether they are ultimately indistinguishable, is impossible to answer. I only know that I both want it to go on forever and desperately need it to stop immediately.

Of course neither of these outcomes is possible. As of now, Goddess is still only human after all (blasphemous thought, that is!) and cannot yet sustain her favorite activity for all eternity. But she is still an incredibly remarkable human being: fit and petite, tight and toned, amazingly mobile and driven by passions far more extravagant than any I’ve ever encountered. Somehow she carries on sodomizing me through at least three clearly recognizable orgasms, until perhaps an hour has passed and I’m once again hanging limply from my cruelly inverted arms. My legs have long

since quit trying to help support me, and the floor under my face is slick with the drool of my delirium and the snot expelled by my incessant sobbing. But finally, when I can no longer think coherently or differentiate between the many sensations continuously assaulting me, I somehow grasp the change when Goddess stops pounding her enormous penis relentlessly in and out of me.

The clamps are released from my tormented tits, and the terrible weight stops dragging at my agonized organs. Distantly I'm aware of my legs being unlocked, and when the cable releases my wrists I collapse helplessly to the floor. Cooing encouragingly at me, Goddess unlaces and removes the bondage glove, and spends a few minutes rubbing the life back into my deadwood arms. The pins and needles of this gradually prick me back towards full awareness, and at last I'm nearly coherent again as Goddess snaps a leash onto my permanently locked-on neck collar. Then she drags me staggering to my feet.

"Come on, Slut-boy, let's go. You can clean up the mess you made down here tomorrow. Right now it's time for you to fix your horribly faulty job on the mirror. Then we'll see what you can do for me, before I spend the rest of the night having my violent way with your sexy slave ass once again!"

Woozy, hurting head-to-toe and inside and out, I follow the remorseless tug on the leash, and gorgeous Goddess Katia's delicious anticipatory grin, into the elevator to upstairs.

I can barely bear to think of what awaits me up there...

A DAY AND A NIGHT WITH MY LOVELY WIFE

Goddess' eyes were shining like scintillant sapphires. Even though it was only noon, she was wearing her favorite black leather dominatrix outfit. A cup-less bra studded with spikes accentuated her beautiful breasts, a matching collar circled her neck, and a tight little harness was strapped about her waist and crotch. Her boots were thigh-high, shiny, and to die for. After surprising me on my way out of the bathroom, she'd dragged me into our bedroom, torn off all my clothes, and even unlocked my penis cage. Then she started issuing preemptory orders.

"Get on the bed and kneel before the pillow, knees spread!"

We have an enormous, custom-built waterbed. Placed in the very center, facing the giant headboard mirror, sat a big, hard, triangular pillow. Buck-naked and hugely, tremulously erect (for the first time in over a year), I obeyed her, as always, unquestioningly.

"I'm going to play with you all afternoon, and then fuck your goddamn brains out all night!" she declared, laughing with an eager zeal. I moaned a little at the prospect, my erection throbbing and straining as she grabbed a bunch of ropes and then joined me.

The first things my goddess bound were those turgid, finally freed genitals. She tied the end of a quarter-inch cotton cord redundantly about my balls, then about the base of my cock, and then wound the rope in a tight spiral about the straining shaft right up to the head, where she finally tied it off, leaving only that bloated purple plum protruding. The rest of the rope, maybe eight feet or so, she passed between my legs and tossed back towards the foot of the bed.

"Down on the pillow, now!" she snapped.

As I dropped forward, with my waist at the apex of this elevating wedge and my torso and thighs slanting down either slope, she

yanked hard on that rope, bending my hard-on painfully back down under and between my legs. I gasped at this, and then she yanked harder still, until my penis was pointed straight down at the foot of the bed. Goddess pulled the rope all the way down, until she could knot it securely about one of the regularly spaced cleats that lined the entire wooden perimeter.

Now my doubled-over erection secured me tightly to the bed. Yet that was barely the beginning of my bondage. Next Goddess tied a rope securely about each knee, and tossed their ends similarly towards the cleats on each side. But these she waited to tie off, for the time being at least. Instead she took another two long ropes, and bending each foot back up towards my butt, she tied each ankle tightly to its corresponding thigh, so that I would be utterly unable to unbend either leg in the slightest. Then she pulled my arms down straight by my sides, and used the rest of these ropes to add each wrist to the wrapping. With my wrists bound to ankles bound to thighs, I was soon fiendishly hog-tied. Yet still my goddess wasn't nearly satisfied.

Now she took each knee-rope, stretched it to each side until she'd spread my bound legs out painfully wide (practically in an acrobat's split), and tied them to their appropriate cleat. One last rope she had, which she first tied tightly to my right ankle. But before she could finish with it she needed one of her more esoteric restraints. I watched apprehensively as she withdrew her dildo-gag head-harness, and approached my face.

"Open up, slut!" she ordered. I complied, and into my mouth she immediately thrust the six-inch plastic penis. Straps bracketed my nose, met between my eyes and then continued as one up over my head and down the back to my neck, where they met the four that ran from the wide leather gag, past my cheeks and jaw to the base

of my skull. There they all buckled tightly together and were secured with a single lock.

Stuffed full of cock, my head was thus hopelessly harnessed. Yet the most diabolical feature of this device was a simple D-ring placed right at the crown of my skull. Goddess took the rope tied to my ankle, ran it up to my head, threaded it through this ring and back down to my other ankle. When she pulled it taut, and then tighter still, this yanked my head painfully back, until despite the downward slope of my upper body I was staring straight forward into the headboard mirror. Ironically this opened my throat, easing the intrusion of that big plastic penis and allowing me to breathe a little better despite the growing pain of my contorted posture. I watched then in agony, arousal, and enormous anticipation as Goddess finally tied this last rope off and then grinned at me in the mirror.

“There! One or two last little details, and then we can play. I just love to see you all trussed up and stuffed! But you’ve still got an empty hole, don’t you?” Goddess’ brilliant blue eyes twinkled with delight as she held up her biggest butt-plug.

From a narrow point this swelled quickly to a cone of an unimaginable diameter, before abruptly narrowing back to a neck that contained not only a handle, but also a small dial for controlling the powerful vibrator hidden inside the whole.

Goddess greased this insidious device considerably and considerately before moving toward my thrust-up and roped-open ass with it. Naturally I moaned and groaned most eloquently as it was forced inside, sweating and even squealing as its greatest circumference stretched my sphincter beyond belief. But at last I snapped back tightly about the neck, stuffed so full I felt as if I had two fists in me, and not just the one my goddess occasionally brutally used.

Speaking of Goddess, she switched the dial on full, and suddenly I was filled with a burning electric buzzing, as well as that immense foreign object. So overwhelmed was I by this combination that I was oblivious to what Goddess was doing to my bound-up, back-bent cock – until she suddenly attached two big alligator clips to the protruding purple head. This last note completed the exquisite symphony of suffering singing through my system. At least that is, until Goddess went to work on me in earnest. But now that she had me exactly how she wanted me, she hesitated maddeningly in deciding how to finally begin ‘playing with me.’

First she closed all the blinds and curtains, and opaqued the skylight until it was nearly pitch dark in the room. Then, humming softly and happily to herself, she went around and lit the thirteen fat candles that surround our giant bed. She programmed the computer and stereo system to play several uninterrupted hours of heavy classical music, and at last she was ready to begin. She went back to the large cabinet that holds her extensive collection, and chose a very slender, tough and yet limber whip-cane about five feet long. Bowing it testingly between her fingers, grinning with delicious promise, she climbed onto the bed next to me. “Let’s start with a good old fashioned ass-whipping, shall we? Then after we get warmed up we’ll get a bit more inventive.”

I could only moan in erotic distress at this, biting hard on the cock in my mouth and feeling my own amazingly hard one twitch in anticipation. Then my moan turned to a stifled scream, my cock throbbed even harder, and my stuffed-past-capacity ass clenched up tighter than tilly on its enormous occupier, as the first vicious stroke slashed down.

This whip is second only to Goddess’ ten-foot braided bullwhip in the amount of damage it delivers. Even after all these years I have

yet to accommodate myself to its bite. As Goddess knelt next to me on the bed and lashed it across my ass for what seemed a good hour at least, I continued to scream and bite down, clench my wounded cheeks and thrash helplessly against my pitilessly tight bondage for all I was worth. Yet none of my efforts succeeding in muting my mad agony more than a mite. Goddess began to giggle as she whipped me then, reveling in my mindless struggles and obvious excruciation, until at last her breath grew too short for such indulgence. Yet still she carried on, her only vocalizations the accelerating panting of her exertion and the guttural grunt of her effort as she slashed each stroke down with all the strength of her good right arm.

Goddess' arms are powerfully muscled after years of such work, and her conditioning fantastic. Yet even she eventually runs out of energy, and needs to take a break – or at least switch implements, and angles of attack. Thus at last, after an immeasurable interval of endlessly escalating excruciation, she sighed, laid down one last flesh-flaying cut, and then climbed purposefully from the bed.

“That’s enough of that. Your ass is so crisscrossed with long, thin welts that there’s hardly any white skin left. But I like it best when it’s completely black and blue, too. So let’s work on it with the paddle for a while...”

Naturally Goddess has over a dozen of these. But in keeping with her obvious zeal – and her need to get both arms into the action – she straightaway chose the biggest. This implement used to be an expensive oak canoe paddle. Yet Goddess has modified it – just as she’s modified me to suit her needs. The handle has been cut down to a mere two feet, and fitted with a rubber cover for a secure two-handed grip. Meanwhile the two-foot blade has been drilled full of holes, to substantially increase the velocity of each and every swing.

Still wallowing in a flame of residual pain from my wonderfully wounding whipping, I could only clench my teeth and try not to sob as my glorious Goddess and stage two of our daylong love-play approached me.

“Here we go, slut!” she breathed. Then like Babe Ruth swinging for the fences she swung the paddle through an immense arc with all the might of her muscular arms. The power of that blow as it impacted my extensively traumatized ass slammed me forward – only to have my momentum immediately snubbed back by the rope securing my cock and balls. And while the pain of that swat in my lacerated buttocks was wholly unsurpassed, that cruel jerk on my genitals was in no way a day at the beach either.

Again Goddess pounded me with the paddle, driving my bound body forward. Again my roped cock and balls were the only brake. And again, and again, and again... There was no stroke count, no set number of blows to be endured. Once again, Goddess just beat me and beat me and beat me, until she was running with sweat and couldn’t raise her arms for a single stroke more. By that time I was drenched with sweat myself, the salt stinging every whip weal and running continuously into my eyes, only to be washed away by my ever-flowing tears. My ass and organs were so abused I felt sure I’d never be able to sit on or use them again. Luckily Goddess at last seemed satisfied with the state of my ass. But unfortunately she was just getting started on my wholly owned genitals...

“How about a little CBT?” she asked me rhetorically – as if I hadn’t been suffering cock and ball torture for an hour or two, or even a year or more. Yet Goddess wasn’t really interested in any response – yet. My acceptance or rejection of her intentions has always been entirely irrelevant. She does what she pleases with me at all times, oblivious of my wishes. The only reaction she is ever

interested in is how desperately I struggle, how plaintively I moan, or how loudly I scream, as she has her sadistic way with me. And of course, it's always the more frantically, miserably, and loudly the better!

From the corner of my eye, I saw Goddess produce a very large battery. Helplessly I wilted in chagrin. So that's what the alligator clamps on my cock-head were for. They must be connected to wires. Touch those wires to the poles of the battery, and...

Carrying her portable power source, Goddess climbed back onto the bed behind me. Even though I was facing straight into the mirror, my up-thrust, black and blue butt blocked her actions. Yet still she could be doing only one thing: wiring one of those pinching clips to one of the battery terminals. Then all she would have to do would be touch the other wire to the other terminal to send twelve vicious volts surging into the tender head of my captive cock. And then of course it happened.

"Testing!" sang my gorgeous goddess. And immediately electricity sizzled into me. The tip of the penis is packed with the maximum number of nerve endings in the male body. Goddess' clips bit into mine from either side, and when the current was activated, excruciation like I'd never known burned through this most sensitive conduit into my soul. Trying to howl, I choked on the cock probing my throat, and shuddered violently from head to toe. For maybe ten seconds this lasted, before Goddess at last let me collapse. And then she did it again. And again. And again, again, again, again! Constantly the electricity surged into me, and constantly I writhed and howled and jittered uncontrollably. And yet CBT stands for cock and ball torture...

Finally Goddess just left the current on, burning remorselessly into me until I thought I'd go mad. And yet that wasn't the worst. She

had need of free hands, you see. Pinching each of my bulging, tied-off testicles between a thumb and fist, she began to squeeze.

Harder and harder she crushed my nuts, until I was retching as well as shuddering, and trying desperately not to vomit. Gagged as I was, that could mean my accidental death. At last she let up, if only for the moment. She even cut off the electricity, before resuming both tortures, in unpredictable sequence and combination. First one nut, then the other, then both, then the electricity, then nothing, then all of them together. For longer and longer periods, she always kept me guessing which was coming next, until I was practically delirious. She even sucked on a testicle once in a while, or bit down on it as though determined to rupture it with her strong sharp teeth. But somehow she always let up just at the last instant before permanent injury could occur. Finally, when she at last grew bored with this game, and removed the clips from my tortured tip, she sucked and tongue-washed that burned and bloated bulb until I found myself weeping with relief and ecstasy.

Yet the afternoon wasn't over yet. By now the big candles were brimming with melted wax. Some goddesses just drip their slaves with wax, from way up high, so that the air cools it considerably on the way down. Not mine. One by one, Goddess grabbed each of the thirteen candles and poured their burning fluid onto the skin of my back from less than an inch away. Scalding pools and searing trails of wax meandered over my back, burning me as they went. And when one area was covered with the hardened detritus of my distress, Goddess was always careful to move onto another, until at last my entire back was thoroughly burned and completely covered. Only then did she at last sigh, clearly disappointed that her delight was at an end, and return her last candle to its shelf.

“Well, the afternoon is getting on, my helpless little husband-slut. I’m afraid I have only one more ordeal for you to endure. I meant to do this to you earlier, but I forgot. You’ve only got one real surface left to torment, and that’s the soles of these cute little feet. Let me just get my riding crop...”

Ten seconds later Goddess was using her crop to whip the bottoms of both my feet. This stung like hell, of course, but after what I’d already been through (and was still suffering, like burns and welts and overstressed neck and back muscles, shoulder and leg joints) it seemed like small potatoes. Goddess must have thought so too (or she too may have been thinking of food) for she kept it up for a considerably shorter time than any of her earlier exertions. Finally she put her crop away, went to the desk and switched on a small lamp. She picked up the phone.

“Sun Wen Chinese take-out? Yes, I’d like to place an order for delivery.”

Goddess ordered dinner for herself (ignoring me completely of course), then slipped into a robe and pulled up to the computer. While I lay there suffering, recovering, and completely forgotten, she checked and answered her mail until her dinner arrived. Leaving the room only long enough to pick it up, she returned and ate at the computer, surfing idly around the web while working her chopsticks.

The spicy smells, and sounds of appreciation she made as she ate were maddening. Still Goddess ignored my groans, and when she finished, she rolled herself a fat joint and reprogrammed the stereo – George Winston, of course, piped into the bathroom speakers this time. Grabbing a big bottle of wine and an oversize glass, she stripped out of her robe and outfit, lit up her smoke and disappeared into the bathroom. Soon I heard the Jacuzzi, the clink

and gurgle of bottle and glass, and smelled the ambrosia of high-quality pot.

Indeed, I heard and smelled little else for at least the next two hours, as Goddess lounged and soaked, drank and smoked, and leisurely washed away the sweat of her strenuous afternoon. All the while my burns burned, my welts wept, my cramps worsened and that enormous plug stuffed and buzzed my insides until I thought I might die. I was practically incoherent with all this by the time my goddess at last returned from her bath.

She was most beautifully nude, a sight that more than made up for all my afternoon's suffering. Alcohol and the heat of the tub had flushed her skin until she seemed to glow. Scrubbed clean from head to toe, long-legged, big-breasted, muscular and toned, she was so ravishing it was easy to see why she utterly owned my mind, body, and soul. Yet still she ignored me, drawing out the excruciating expense.

First she changed the music yet again. This time it was Hendrix: raw, driving, primitive guitar, charged to overflowing with energy and passion. She opened another bottle of wine, downed another big glass, then chopped up and snorted several lines of coke. She seemed to expand with each intake, powering up for some unimaginable exertion that would put this afternoon's marathon to shame. Then at last she went to the cabinet.

Still as nude as the day she was made, Goddess dramatically withdrew her incredibly endowed penis pants. As you may know, these are designed for women who wear the pants in their marriage – and the penis as well. Goddess' version was skin-tight latex: so close fitting they were impossible to distinguish from her real flesh except in bright light. Once she drew them on, with the enormous twelve-inch dildo jutting up and the beautiful balls dangling below,

they might have been a completely natural, entirely integral part of her. The only real distinction was that Goddess' cock never got soft, and that the number of orgasms she could achieve with it was unlimited. After she smoothed away a last wrinkle or two, and made sure the inner stimulators pressed firmly onto her clit, she at last looked up and deigned to recognize me once again. "Okay, Slut-boy. It's finally officially nighttime. Now I'm going to fuck your slutty little brains out, just like I said I would. Get ready for the most amazing experience of your entire life!"

Straightaway she climbed onto the bed, her gigantic penis preceding her like a harbinger of doom. She knelt between my split legs and splayed cheeks, and the head of her enormous organ bumped my never-to-be-emptied balls repeatedly as she at last switched off my butt plug and struggled to withdraw it.

This was a struggle indeed, but ten years of marriage to this amazing goddess has rendered my bottom remarkably elastic. One last enormous tug, one last tearing pain, and finally I was aching empty, ready to be even more emphatically filled than ever.

This took only seconds to occur. Goddess' hands gripped my hips, her delighted laugh mocked my predicament, and a single thrust of her muscular butt impaled me to the hilt.

"Ah, yeah! How's that feel, my succulent little slut? Is it tremendously wonderful? Unbearably humiliating? Both of them at once? Oh dear, you can't answer me, can you? You've still got a giant mouthful of cock, and you can't even nod your head! Well, I hope you love it as much as I do. Taking my giant penis up your ass is the only sex you ever get after all. You're going to die a virgin; your pathetic little penis will never know the pleasure of insertion, friction, and ejaculation in a woman's vagina. Instead you will just get this, forever and ever and EVER!"

Goddess punctuated this last shout by withdrawing to the knob and then pounding forward again: commencing her attack on my ass with an unprecedented fervor. So violently did she begin fucking me that once again my whole body was being slammed down slope toward the mirror, only to be cruelly snubbed back by my bound genitals every time. This was an agony of course – it felt like my eternally impotent organs were in dire danger of being torn from my body. Yet it was nothing compared to the excruciation in my ass.

It wasn't just the greater-than-ever power and pace of Goddess' fucking, or the outrageously abnormal size of her erection. Nor was it the purposely-imposed posture of my facedown, butt-up, split wide, tightly tied and firmly elevated body – expressly designed for achieving the absolute deepest penetration possible. More than all of these factors, it was the damage that Goddess had done to me earlier that really piled on the pain.

It was bad enough that she'd whipped the skin practically off me, and then paddled what was left into a black-and-blue deep muscle bruise. But now as she brutally butt-fucked me to the hilt of her fantastic phallus, her hips slapped smartly into me with every in-stroke: stabbing and spanking me simultaneously. Both inside and out, I was under an attack I'd have earlier considered inconceivable. And Goddess help me, it had only just begun...

Indeed. For nearly an hour that first crazed copulation continued. Goddess screamed out at least three orgasms before at last running out of steam, and yet my respite when she at last withdrew from me was pitifully short-lived. Goddess paused only to drink more wine, and sniff up some more powdered energy, before having at me again. For uncounted hours she fucked me in my facedown, hopelessly bound, ass-agonizing position, as Hendrix' powerful riffs and jams, and the drummer's frenetic, pounding

rhythms boomed through the room, impelling my imperious goddess to ever-escalating efforts and ecstasies. I was hammered so horribly deeply into submission that I knew that even if my gorgeous goddess one day set me inconceivably free to resume my former life I would be utterly unable to attempt it. My life's sole mission was to be forever more in this position: spread wide, hog-tied, pervertedly inverted and with a gaping open hole receiving the endless spearing thrusts of my goddess-given fucks.

And then, of course, just as I was finally coming to this accommodation, Goddess changed things up on me. After who knew how many hours, lines, glasses of wine and climaxes that were utterly divine, she decided she wanted to try something different.

She put down her glass, having drained it once again.

"Time for the old switcheroo!" she tipsily declared. Once more she climbed onto the bed. But rather than straightaway resuming her endless anal attack, she instead untied the three ropes holding me to the bed: knee, knee, and cock-and-balls.

Grabbing me by the leg and shoulder she flipped me over, off of the big wedge-pillow, which she cast to the floor. Now lying on my back, I was at last able to ease the severe backward extension of my neck. But now the rope still connecting my head to each ankle pulled my bound legs back under me in a horrible new contortion and simultaneously raised my ass into the air.

Quickly Goddess went about re-securing the three ropes. Again my knees were tied out wide to either side, preventing me from easing the strain on my legs in the slightest. Yet that was nothing compared to what came next. Retrieving a heavy circular weight from her set of barbells, Goddess tied this to the end of the third rope, carried it above the headboard of the bed and dropped it down behind, letting it hang there.

This stretched the rope out taut as a banjo string, creating a constant, agonizing upward pull on my captive sex organs that raised my ass even higher off the bed. Then Goddess produced two more cords, these ones thinner and equipped with the dreaded alligator clips on one end. Two more, smaller weights were tied to the other ends, and surely you can imagine what happened next. The clips bit into my nipples, the weights and ropes followed the other one over and behind the headboard, and soon it was my tender nipples that felt as though they were being slowly torn from my body.

Goddess giggled gleefully at my pitiful whimpering, and then moved once again toward the first of her thirteen brimming candles.

“I’m going to do you missionary-style for a while. As much as I like getting so deep doing you the other way, I also enjoy being able to look right into your face, to see every flinch, twitch, and grimace, and to maximize your humiliation with endless eye contact. But first I have to play with your front a little bit. I wasn’t able to even touch it before!”

Once again she poured scalding wax all over my exquisitely suffering body. Of course, she saw to the worst first: encasing my screaming nipples and oh-so-swollen cock-head. But she didn’t stop there. Indeed, she didn’t stop at all until my entire torso was covered.

At least she was too eager to get on with the fucking to use her whip. Satisfied at last with my condition, Goddess once again took her eternal place between my spread legs and before my up-thrust butt. Once again she inserted her giant cock and started hammering away. Propped above me on her muscular arms, grinning past the stretched and straining ropes at my gagged and goggling face, she pounded into me like a pile driver. And every time I broke eye contact to try ogling her delightfully dancing breasts flopping so

vigorously right in front of me, she'd grab that cock-rope and yank it hard, returning my regard to its proper place.

Through yet another extended sequence of orgasms this continued, with Goddess pounding and pounding away, screaming out her peaks and reveling in every shred of evidence of my pain, shame, and eternal involuntary submission to her unlimited power and glory.

I have no idea how many hours of this I endured. All I know is that dawn came at last, announced by the unbearably carefree and innocent twittering of birds. At that point, finally overcome by alcohol, exertion, and unbelievable sexual excess, my incomparable goddess pulled her enormous cock from my brutally battered ass for the last time and collapsed blissfully next to me. In seconds she was snoring.

Still I lay there, suffering that unending drag on my most erogenous areas and praying to my omnipotent goddess that she release me as soon as she awakened – even if it meant the cock-cage went right back on for another year, or two, or twenty. So cramped, so sore, aflame with pain everywhere, hungry, thirsty, needing to pee almost as bad as I did ejaculate, I waited.

A DAY IN THE SUN

Ah, Goddess it was hot. So blindingly, blazing hot. So painfully, appropriately hot that Slut-boy might have been suffering in hell itself. Yet had he not campaigned for this very thing? And was not his glorious Goddess, the incomparable Lady O, rewarding and punishing him simultaneously for daring such a request? Ah Goddess, she was, and would he ever dare to pester her for anything again? Not likely! After all, was not her irrefutable will in all things incontestably supreme? How dare he think any wimpy little whim of his could possibly compete!

Yet he could not help himself. Ever since leaving the timeless limbo of the loft where he'd first been imprisoned, then trained, and finally claimed (such a premature sepulcher it'd seemed!) Slut-boy had been helplessly longing for any chance to leave the house, and see the wondrous sun he'd been born and raised under.

Just to spend some time, any time, outside again seemed worth risking any retribution for. And finally the glorious Lady O had tired of this constant pestering: this indecent affront upon what was really, after all, their honeymoon. And really, shouldn't he be merely ecstatic with just their new arrangement? Just to be out of the loft, and away from the cage, the rack, the bench, the dildo chair, and all the other insidious training devices. Perhaps he'd missed that intensity, perhaps he'd unconsciously, purposely provoked her; perhaps she'd just needed any excuse whatsoever to re-establish her unlimited dominance over him. In any case, this interminable day was the justified result.

At 5 a.m. she'd jolted him with the taser, shocking him out of his blessed nest in her discarded clothes at the foot of her own unbelievably sumptuous bed.

“Get up, Slut-boy! You wanted to see the sun? Well I’ve been watching the weather forecasts! And today’s the perfect day for what I’ve got in mind for you!”

Ah, Goddess, the Lady O was just as gorgeous as the day she’d enslaved him. So tall, so buffed and built and bursting with erotic energy that he grew weak just looking at her! She’d clearly been up and about for a while without waking him. The Lady Ondahlie wore not only a pair of thigh-high black leather boots that accentuated her milk chocolate skin most beautifully, and a chain-link top that glimmered and gleamed and emphasized her breasts most emphatically, she also wore the black latex penis pants she favored above all others for deflowering him. Not only was that ten-inch cock incredibly life-like; supported by balls and intaglioed with veins, it also connected to a deep inner probe that vibrated and thrust back up into her with every potent stroke that her hips delivered. Yet despite this unbelievable accoutrement, Goddess didn’t yet deign to use it.

Instead she made him shave everywhere, ensuring that his skin was as baby-smooth bare as always. Then, when she bent him over, she merely pulled the thick anal plug from his bottom and inserted a different one: a hollow, three-inch long perforated plastic spreader cylinder that held his sphincter dilated and his rectum accessible.

“Here!” she snapped, thrusting a two-liter bottle of water at him. “Drink it all!”

Slut-boy obeyed, though it was quite a challenge. Then he was ball-gagged, leashed, and sloshing like a filled goatskin, marched naked outside in the pre-dawn dimness. There the Lady O loaded him up with a large thermos, a small aluminum stepladder less than four feet high, and a heavy canvas bag containing a hoe, a ten-

pound sledgehammer, and four long steel spikes with each ring top linked to a set of manacles.

“Let’s go!” Pulling on his leash, she led him away from Towering Hemlocks, through a belt of the trees that gave the estate its name to a large clearing nearly a mile behind the house.

In the dimness Slut-boy could just make out a conical hill of dirt three feet in diameter and over two feet high. Goddess took the folded stepladder from him and laid it flat on the ground, its feet pushed up against the base of the hill. She then made him sit in the hole this made, straddling the dirt mound with his inner legs embracing it. “Now lie back!” she snapped.

Slut-boy did as he was ordered, lying back on the hard, cold, uncomfortable metal ladder. Six inches thick when so collapsed, this held his torso well off the ground, and its angled metal steps and sides dug into his bare back and neck terribly. His ball-gagged head lolled awkwardly off the slanted, protruding top step, but still his gaze faced more or less straight at the sky. There Goddess staked him out tightly spread-eagled. His arms and legs were stretched out painfully wide and shackled to the spikes, which were then driven deep into the ground by ringing blows of the sledgehammer.

These blows disturbed the earth, and dirt crumbled down atop Slut-boy’s naked legs and groin – dirt and something else. A few quick stinging pains assailed him, and in the growing light Slut-boy saw that the dirt mound was actually a large anthill, one filled with a big, red, only mildly venomous but extremely aggressive species of ant. Already they’d begun to crawl all over him: investigating, attacking, and stinging this monstrous intruder. Slut-boy gaped in horror up at his Goddess, who smiled smugly down at him. She poured herself a drink from the thermos, which proved to be full of

fuzzy navel. Then, as the sun crested the horizon, she held her glass up to catch its first rays.

“A toast, Slut-boy, to your day in the sun! I hope you enjoy it. I’d stay and share it with you, but it’s going to be much too hot out here for me. Nearly a hundred, they say – not a cloud in the sky, hot and humid the whole long, long, long July day. Instead I’ll be inside most of the time, with the air conditioner, stereo, and the rest of the booze. But I don’t want you to get bored, or lonely out here all alone. So to make sure you have plenty of company, I’ve decided to whip you up a little party.” She drank, and then lifted the thermos and poured more of the extremely sweet, thick-sticky, orange juice and peach schnapps concoction all over his belly, legs and groin. Then she picked up the hoe, and laughing wickedly she used it to knock a big hole in the side of the anthill, spilling dirt and angry insects all over his helpless legs and lower body.

Immediately the ants attacked, swarming and stinging like mad. Thanks to the elevating ladder, they had access to his underside as well, the big bugs crawling all around his balls and butt and even right up into his dilated hole. Slut-boy sobbed in pain and revulsion as they began stinging his rectum, scrotum, penis, legs and body. Goddess giggled at that.

“I wouldn’t do much crying if I were you. You’re going to need every drop of moisture you’ve got between now and sundown.” And with that she turned her back, and strolled humming back to the house, leaving him lying there.

And there Slut-boy stayed: staked out on the ladder with his legs and crotch embracing the anthill. The sun rose higher in the sky, the heat climbed remorselessly and the metal ladder dug ever more painfully into his neck and back. Worse, every couple of hours Goddess returned, strolling out from the house under the cover of a

gaily patterned parasol to pour more of her deliciously sticky-sweet yet stinging acidic alcoholic elixir all over his face (but not in his mouth, thanks to the gag), neck, body, and especially his groin, and to knock apart the anthill yet again. The third time (and each successive one) she brought the stuff out in an enema bag, and flooded his vulnerable rectum with it as well, before hosing it liberally all over him. That made things so much easier and more thorough, after all. How could she have forgotten before?

Of course, the ants grew angrier and more vengeful each time she disrupted their hive, and the sticky, sugary juice drew bees, wasps, and all kinds of other biting bugs, more and more of them as the sweltering hot summer day passed and word about the available bounty got around. Many of these became stuck in the thick glaze of sweat and sugar that coated him inside and out, and they bit and stung him again and again in frustration, only slowly dying, their bodies still held to him by adhesion and their imbedded stingers.

The newer bites burned like fire, the older ones itched like mad, and Slut-boy was starved, parched, overheated, glare-blinded, and incessantly tortured by the simple yet insidious combination of gravity and the ladder. After a while he began being wracked by wrenching, agonizing, muscular spasms as well. Attacked unceasingly by hungry or angry insects, viciously cramped, dangerously dehydrated, terribly sunburned a deep purple red, he was grievously stung all over his entire body – particularly around his shaved-bare groin and vulnerable genitals. Even the tender flesh deep inside his rectum was soon covered with hundreds of bites and stings, and his skin became quite puffy and inflamed from the insects' venom. Yet as always there wasn't a single thing he could do about it. Still, sundown somehow finally came.

Goddess returned yet again. Yet this time she soaked him not with warm fuzzy navel, but with a gleefully flung bucket of cold ice water. Slut-boy nearly had a heart attack at this: jangling his manacles musically as he spasmed and shuddered violently at the extreme temperature change. After a while though his shocked system finally settled down, and he lay gasping and twitching as the gorgeous Lady O grinned down at him.

“Feeling better, my little slave Slut-boy? Did you enjoy your wonderful day in the sun?”

Somehow Slut-boy managed to nod. Goddess gleamed down at him. “Wonderful! Well let’s get you back to the house then. Seeing you so helpless and suffering is making me horny as hell!” Slowly she stroked the big dildo she’d been wearing all day. Then at last she released the manacles from the stakes that held them.

“I think we’ll leave the stakes and the ladder right here. Since you loved this so much, and since you earned it so appropriately, I think we might have to do this once a week or so for the rest of the summer, or the rest of your life, or until our little friends give up and build another hill. Then we’ll have to find that one, right?”

Shuddering all over again at this appalling thought Slut-boy somehow managed to roll off the collapsed ladder. Finally he made it to his feet then, where he was once again leashed, loaded up, and led back to his owner’s lavish mansion. There his glorious goddess used her garden hose to sluice the fluid, dirt, and bugs from him, even directing the needling spray up his wounded butt. Naturally this was an agony, what with his terrible sunburn and thousands of insect stings, yet this was nothing compared to what was coming next. Goddess removed the ball-gag, let him drink from the hose, and then she led him up through the house to her enormous four-poster goose-down bed.

There his dangling manacles were locked to the pair of big steel ringbolts permanently set in the mahogany headboard. A pair of pillows under his back and butt elevated his body, and for once his legs were left completely free.

“You’ll spend the night in my bed tonight,” declared the goddess, as she stripped off her boots and top. “But believe me, you’re going to pay for the privilege!” Wearing only the formidable penis pants then, she picked up a heavy razor strop and climbed onto the enormous bed next to him. “I think you’ll find today’s preparations have made your skin especially sensitive!” And with that she slashed the strop viciously down on his now dry, tight, sunburned, insect-bit belly.

Slut-boy screamed and flopped in his bonds, the agony unbelievable. But of course Goddess was just getting started. For nearly an hour then she strapped him with the strop, from neck to knees and everywhere in between. Soon she was obliged to straddle his kicking, convulsing lower body, as autonomic spasms wracked him from head to toe. Finally she had to at last cast the strop aside, and collapse atop him, writhing her big, strong, glorious, fit body against his terribly traumatized one. For Slut-boy this was naturally heaven and hell all at once, arousing and excruciating beyond all measure. But still, that was nothing compared to what inevitably came next.

At last Goddess could put off her twin consummations no longer. She leaned back, grabbed her Slut-boy’s legs, raised and spread them. With an unholy wriggling she loosened and removed the spreader tube dilating his rectum. Then, after over twelve hours wait, she greased her big cock up and moved into place.

“Here we go, Slut-boy! I think you’re going to find your daily butt-fucking a whole lot more interesting than before!” And with that she

lunged forward, and stabbed her hard, hotly vibrating length violently up into him.

Again Slut-boy screamed in agony. The pain in his inflamed, bug-bitten butt surpassed anything in his by now extensive anal experience. Yet as usual his goddess gave him no quarter: hammering herself in and out of his ass in a mad frenzy. Whether kneeling between his legs or propped above him on her muscular arms, she pounded away at his already extensively wounded center until she'd achieved at least a half dozen orgasms. Only then did she at last pull out, remove her big cock and begin to use his erection.

This was swollen bigger than ever thanks to the hundreds of injections of insect venom it had received. Slut-boy whimpered uncontrollably as the evil Lady O manually manipulated it, using her consummate skill to coax it ever larger. But when at last she deemed it provisionally worthy of her, straddled him and sank down onto it, the hot wet heaven of her vagina was like a deliciously soothing compress. It was only when she once again launched herself into violent rhythm that her friction built up a fire that was more agony than ecstasy. Yet Slut-boy could of course do naught but endure this. Manacled to the headboard, trapped beneath that incredible onslaught, with his goddess' glorious breasts dancing in his face and her hips riding him like an Olympic rowing machine, he could do nothing but desperately hold out through the ever-increasing pain and pleasure as long as possible, until finally, in the throes of yet another indescribably divine climax, his goddess at last gave him the permission he'd been dreaming of.

"Now, Slut-boy! Do it now!" she screamed. "Now! Now! Now! Now!"

Slut-boy, of course, obeyed immediately as always. With a shuddering scream of release of his own, he at last let go and

pumped, pumped, pumped his tainted seed up into his owner, his entire body writhing and wrenching with the force of his orgasm.

For an eternity they ground themselves against each other. Then at last they were both utterly spent. Goddess collapsed atop him again; then took one last minute to mount his terribly sunburned face. Graciously she allowed her slave to clean their mixed ejaculate from her heavenly fount. Then, leaving him chained to bed, exhausted in aftermath and aflame with agony from his wonderful day in the sun, she lay down next to her Slut-boy and slipped off into contented sleep.

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

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 whole-heartedly 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 unbelts 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-muscled 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.

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

It was one of THOSE days.

About once a week, usually on the weekend, Olive and I go from being caregiver and client, home health aide and C-5 quadriplegic, to Mistress and Slut-boy. We're close to the same age, if of barely different race (she's half black, I'm all white), and she works intimately with my naked body every day: bathing and dressing me, helping with even more personal kinds of hygiene, and then finally getting me into my wheelchair for the day. Naturally we flirt a lot, and although she never gives it up, our risqué banter and her fabulous body both drive me absolutely crazy. Finally on my birthday a while back I at least talked her into giving me an innocent spanking.

Innocent: yeah right. Her callused palm smacking so hard against my naked ass turned us both incredibly on. It seemed we'd found a way to mix business with pleasure that didn't involve sex, strictly speaking, but which was erotically rewarding just the same. One thing led to another, and soon we began delving ever deeper into bondage and discipline. Now she basically does whatever she wants to me, and I gladly endure it. The truth is, I'm so starved for female interaction that pain and humiliation have become incomparably pleasurable to me – as long as it's a lovely, unattainable female inflicting it.

So as I said, it was one of THOSE days: Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock. Olive had just finished bathing me, and had returned me to my big waterbed. But instead of dressing me for the day, she justifiably decided instead that she wanted to play.

I wear a condom catheter attached to a collection bag to contain my urinary output. Unfortunately, this also acts as a chastity device in more than one way. Since I can't remove or replace it myself, it keeps me from masturbating or even touching my own dick. And

since the space inside it is limited, it punishes any attempted erection severely. As you can imagine, when it's off, and I'm in the tub being bathed by the exquisitely sexy Olive, I can't help but sprout an amazing hard-on. She always teases me about this: bathing it oh-so-slowly, over and over again, and yet never allowing me to come or even touch it myself. My crazed frustration tickles her to no end; knowing that I'm incredibly turned on and hot for her, indeed madly in love with her yet pathetically unable to do anything about it satisfies her sadistic streak like nothing else.

Unfortunately, it's also impossible to re-apply the condom while I'm thus ridiculously erect. Even after I've been returned to the bed I remain achingly immense, throbbing with the need to shoot my seed, desperate for even the barest breath of caressing breeze. For fifteen minutes Olive waited impatiently for me to deflate, so that she could apply the condom and get on with things. Then she decided she couldn't wait anymore.

"You're not behaving today, Tom. Your little monster just won't go back to sleep!"

"I'm sorry, Olive. It's just that he needs release so bad... Do you realize it's been nearly three years since I've had an orgasm? And you are the sexiest damn thing I have ever seen... I know you won't sleep with me, but if I could have just thirty seconds alone with him, I could make that little monster limp again in no time..."

"Yeah, and get your nice clean bed and body all stinky-spermy-spewy. No chance, Mister! I like you just the way you are: eternally unfulfilled. And I've got a much better way to make you all submissively limp!" With that she reached out and squeezed one of my testicles – hard. Pinching that bulging blue-ball so tightly that pain and nausea washed through me in a crippling flood (you should pardon the pun), she achieved in about ten seconds what my own

manipulations would have taken thrice as long. Then as soon as my erection had melted away, Olive applied the condom and plugged in the bag. Gloating, she smirked down at my distress, her eyes sparkling in that mischievous way I've come to simultaneously love and dread.

"You have most definitely been a very naughty boy this morning: begging me to let you jerk off! A naughty little Slut-boy! I'm going to have to punish you for that!"

"Yes, Mistress," I quietly acknowledged. And with that exchange of names, our roles were well and truly changed. Mistress went and shut the bedroom door, so that my housemate Alyssa couldn't hear what we were up to. Not that that's likely, of course: eighteen year-old Alyssa had two of her teenage girlfriends over last night, and judging by the noise, the coke party/fuck-orgy went on until nearly dawn. And anyway, as Olive gets me up everyday, Alyssa puts me to bed each night. She has seen the weekly welts and bruises, and even given me a sly knowing twinkle each time. Naturally I'm hopelessly in love with her too, but have even less chance of scoring – Alyssa is most exclusively a lesbian. Anyway, Mistress shut the door; then she opened the cabinet containing all our various restraints and toys. She withdrew three ropes, one long and two short, and the makeshift ball-gag we've fashioned from a small whiffle-ball and cord.

All the sudden my heart was pounding, and my cock trying futilely to once again erect. This was impossible with the catheter in place of course – my miniscule monster grew about two inches more and then was pitilessly crimped off. That didn't stop it from trying to erect further, however. Nothing on Earth could do that. Hot blood pounded throughout my entire groin, trying to force itself inside, and the pain in my cramped cock grew apace with my insanely

escalating arousal. Oh goddess, how I needed this... If the only intimacy I could share with this gorgeous, clearly superior female was submission to her every sadistic whim, then I'd gladly take it, and abjectly beg her for more, more, more...

Mistress took the wedge-shaped pillow used to prop me up for reading or eating in bed, inverted it and set it next to my waist. Then she rolled, lifted, and manhandled me over onto it until I was facedown, my waist atop the apex and my legs and upper body slanting down either side. My painfully pulsing organ and the attached bag were drawn out the back, between my legs, until the hard foam pillow held it back-bent and pointing down, straining powerfully not only to complete erecting, but to return to its original natural upright curve. Both were impossibilities of course, and the pain and futility of my condition increased my arousal constantly, compounding the insane situation endlessly...

Next Mistress spread my legs out as wide as they would go, practically in a split, and used her two short ropes to bind my ankles to either side of the bed. Of course, this wasn't really necessary. As a quad I can move only my head, shoulders and arms. Nevertheless, Mistress insured that no involuntary muscle spasms could cause my legs to jerk around once she really went to work on me. Then she grabbed her last, long rope and secured my arms. These were bent around behind my back until the forearms overlapped. Firmly they were lashed wrists to elbows, and wound redundantly around until escape was another utter impossibility. The rest of the rope was then passed up and around my shoulders and chest and back again and again, creating a tightly trussed harness that imprisoned my upper body absolutely. Next Mistress inserted and secured the whiffle ball, and at last I was ready for punishment: facedown, hopelessly bound,

firmly gagged with my screaming cock back-bent and my vulnerable ass thrust high in the air.

“Perfect,” Mistress smugly smirked. “Just one more little thing...”

A large, heavy metal manuscript clamp was suddenly attached to the underside of my rubber-sheathed penis, crushing in on its entire length from base to glans and compounding the agony and arousal in that eternally unused organ exponentially. Then, as I squirmed and whimpered and futilely fought my pitiless bondage, Mistress at last picked up my longest, heaviest leather belt. Kneeling next to me on the bed, she doubled it over and cocked her arm.

“Here we go, Slut-boy,” she breathed with unfeigned arousal and glee. “Punishment time!”

Her strong arm swung, the strap swished down and cracked across my naked ass with an alarmingly loud sound. Biting hard on the ball, I grunted with pain yet managed to contain it somehow. Yet that was only the first of many strokes. By the fifth I was screaming mindlessly into the gag. Shuddering and spasming uncontrollably, my backside was so afire with agony that I didn’t know how I could possibly endure it. Yet the strokes kept falling: ten, twenty, thirty cracks across the ass that rendered my skin a mottled blue and black and my mind a whirling maelstrom of competing pain and need. Yet through it all I still loved and lusted after my beautiful mistress desperately, finding in her abuse the only possible substitute for my eternally denied biologic release. I was actually disappointed when the count suddenly stopped shy of fifty, not understanding at first why my mistress had paused in giving me what I so clearly needed. Then I realized the bedroom door was open, and three curious faces were peering in.

There was leggy Alyssa, with her beautiful porcelain skin and shiny chestnut tresses: thigh-length and a bit disheveled from her

brief time in bed. Behind her was petite Tonia, shorthaired with pointy nipples poking through a threadbare T-shirt, and earthy, busty Wendy: blonde and voluptuous and as uninterested in me as the other three women in the house. Alyssa's voice was both shocked and amused. "What on Earth is going on in here? What are you doing to Tom?"

"Just a bit of ass-whipping," responded Mistress Olive. "You girls want to join in? After all, this isn't Tom. This is just Slut-boy, a humble little sexual submissive who just lives to service us women. He loves to be bound and whipped, and to submit to anything else I see fit. Every week he cleans my feet with his tongue; he'd even clean my cunt and bung if I'd let him. Wouldn't you, Slut-boy?"

Guilty as charged, I could only avert my blushing face and nod. Immediately Mistress slashed down another stroke of the belt, bringing another cry of erotic distress from me, and a gasp of astonished excitement from the three girls. Again Mistress made her demand.

"Wouldn't you just love to service and submit to all three of these lovely ladies, as well as me? Admit it, Slut-boy, so we can all go to work on you. Tell us we can do absolutely anything we want to your pathetic body and submissive soul!"

Again I nodded vigorously, still averting my face from this glory of femininity.

"Well how about it?" demanded Mistress of the three giggling girls. "Either come in here and help me discipline this pathetic little shit, or get out and let me get on with it!"

"Let's do it!" crowed Wendy immediately. "I know dozens of guys I'd love to pay back for all their assholery! This one can make do for all of them!"

"Yes!"

“Definitely!”

All three teens pushed into the room. Dressed in only panties and T-shirts that left little to the imagination, they spiked my already raging arousal considerably. Oh, how my pinched and back-bent, crimped off and eternally denied organ burned and strained at the sight of them! Mistress handed her belt off to Alyssa, and pointed the other two toward the cabinet. “Here Alyssa, you have a go at his ass for a while. You other two can each whip the soles of his feet!”

And so they did. While Mistress took a bit of a break, and encouraged the budding young dommes in their development, Alyssa took up beating my butt with a fervor I’d never have dreamed of in her. Grunting like Serena Williams, she delivered every two-handed forward smash like she thought it would be her last. No doubled-over strapping here: Alyssa held the belt by the end and swung its entire length. Four feet of leather hissed through the air and exploded into my ass with a concussion and crack! that had me sobbing abjectly within seconds. Meanwhile, standing on either side of the bed, Wendy and Tonia used smaller belts to beat the bare bottoms of my feet. Desperately I struggled for freedom, escape, even sanity, and was always implacably denied. And still the day was only beginning...

The three young ladies took turns whipping me: rotating around to give each of them access to my up-thrust ass. And when they finally bored of that, they began straightaway looking for other ways to abuse me. Tonia had the most insidious idea of all – at least at first.

“Look at him crying like a baby! But his cock is still twitching, still trying desperately to get hard! He obviously loves this! You know what? I’ve always wanted to pee on a guy – you know, just symbolically piss in the humiliated face of the whole male race!”

“That’s not a bad idea,” laughed Mistress immediately. “But I’m not changing the bed. Maybe later we’ll put him back in the bathtub. Then we can all take turns peeing on him!”

Needless to say, I was abysmally horrified at this prospect – especially at the way my cock throbbed harder than ever at contemplating the utter shamefulfulness of this. But then Alyssa topped even this outrageous idea.

“I know!” She was temporarily overcome with giggles. “I know what we can do! Here, you guys, come with me! Olive, we’ll be right back!” Giggling and whispering, then actually screeching with laughter, the three teenagers hurried across the hall, back to Alyssa’s room.

Mistress grinned at me. “We’re having some big-time fun today, aren’t we Slut-boy? I had no idea your housemate and her girlfriends were so kinky! We should have involved them long before now! Now tell me how much you’re enjoying all this!”

Dutifully I nodded – not sure, really, but utterly unable to disagree with my mistress about anything. She actually kissed me on the cheek then, and caressed me commiseratingly. Then Alyssa and her friends burst back into the bedroom, and changed my life forever.

“All right! Let’s go!”

For a minute I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. In all three cases, their panties had somehow disappeared. But now they each sprouted abnormally large penises in their place!

Now I’m not an idiot. I knew these girls were lesbians, after all, and there’s only so much satisfaction a tongue can give. I knew a strap-on dildo on sight, and even recognized the penis pants Alyssa was wearing. These three girls obviously had cocks to use on each other – what else was all that moaning and screaming until four a.m.

about? But why should they don them now unless...unless... Did they mean to... Would Mistress allow them to...

She most certainly would! As soon as she saw them, Mistress forgot all about soothing me. She clapped, cheered, and leaped up in the air. "Yes! Why didn't I think of that! You know what girls? At least twice a week, whenever Slut-boy has to shit, I have to stick a gloved finger up there, sometimes two or three, sometimes several times! And each time I stick him, he groans so deliciously...! Oh my god, we HAVE to make this a central part of his life from now on! Alyssa, Wendy, where did you get those cocks? Where can I get one?!"

Alyssa snickered evilly, dramatically pumping the thick, ribbed shaft of her amazingly long, up-curving erection. "Why I got this one right down the street! Two blocks down Monroe, there's a little boutique called 'Latex Lair.' I get all my sex toys there!"

Mistress went immediately toward the door, ignoring me completely. "I'll be right back," she declared. "You three have my permission to break in my little Slut-boy appropriately. Just don't do any permanent damage, okay? I'll see you soon!" And with that she was gone.

Three beautiful young ladies with three big, hard cocks immediately closed in on me. Desperately I struggled with my bonds, my paralysis, and my stupidly burgeoning arousal.

Mistress was right, every time she of necessity invaded me, my hard cock twitched even harder and I couldn't possibly stifle an ashamed, conflicted groan. Now it seemed my deepest conflict was about to be resolved – one way or another.

Alyssa leaped onto the bed, still stroking that big thick eight inch-long hard-on. "God this is going to be so great! I've always wanted to do this to a guy – just shove him down and brutally pound

my giant cock into his tender little asshole until he cries! And all this time, I had the perfect candidate right here: totally helpless, tightly bound, legs spread, ass up in the air...”

She moved in behind me, and in seconds I felt her prying apart my terribly bruised butt cheeks. Some sort of lubricant was squirted into me, and then I felt it happen: the loss of my ass cherry, and the absolute last of my autonomy. Something big and round and only slightly yielding pushed unstoppably into me. Much bigger than Mistress’ finger, this object stretched and filled and split my body nearly to the breaking point. I didn’t groan, of course – I chomped down harder than ever on the ball in my mouth and squealed like a stuck pig. But true to precedent, my traitor cock throbbed more powerfully than ever: testing the tough rubber sheath and pitiless metal clamp to their limits in its desperate attempt to erect. And still that gigantic thing pushed into me, far deeper than I’d dreamed I could endure: fat and hard and wickedly ribbed for its entire agonizing length. Alyssa gasped with excitement and arousal then, and gloated over me as she slowly withdrew and then thrust even more powerfully forward, penetrating me even deeper.

“Yeah! How’s that feel, Slut-boy? How do you like my big hard cock plunging into your ass? You’ve truly earned your name now, haven’t you? You lubricious little dick-loving SLUT!”

So saying she really started pounding away, stroking in and out of my captive, helpless body with a strength and rhythm that spoke of extensive lesbian experience. Meanwhile I could only groan and squeal; keen and sob and try to deny my wildly throbbing rod and raging arousal.

These both soon proved impossible however. After all, I loved Alyssa desperately, and to have finally established an intimate connection with her, even one so painful and humiliating and cruelly

inverted, thrilled me no end. Having her hips smacking my naked ass, her hands holding the bar of my bound arms and yes, her big hard cock stabbing relentlessly into me was exalting beyond words. Meanwhile Tonia and Wendy were becoming uncontrollably aroused as well. They stood rapt at the side of the bed, watching everything with shining eyes and protruding nipples, until at last Wendy moved around behind the smaller girl.

Tonia leaned forward, bracing her arms on the side of the bed – maybe a meter from my ball-gagged face. She gasped in ecstasy then, as Wendy pushed her latex cock into her burning cunt from behind and started fucking her like a machine. Moaning uncontrollably, she leaned forward further, until I could see down the front of her incredibly skimpy shirt. Soon her delightfully pointy breasts were flopping with their rhythm, as was the giant cock she wore strapped about her crotch. Despite being the smallest girl, Tonia clearly had the largest cock, and watching that twelve-inch monster flopping up and down for some reason turned me on more than even my own brutal defloration. Thus we all vigorously fucked, and watched each other vigorously fucking, until all three hot young ladies screamed out orgasms the intensity of which I can only dimly imagine. Then, naturally, they pulled out and switched positions.

Soon I wasn't just watching Tonia's cock, I was taking it, every enormous inch. This was more painful, and paradoxically more arousing and frustrating than anything I'd experienced in my entire life. Taking Wendy's somewhat smaller organ next was thus both a relief and a bit of a letdown for me. My ass was so severely traumatized, my cock so endlessly agonized, and my need to come so unprecedentedly intense that I was by this time practically out of my mind. And then of course the door banged open, and my gorgeous Mistress returned.

“Hi girls! Sorry it took me so long. I couldn’t find a cock I really, really liked, and I had to drive halfway across the town to get it. And so how are you, my submissive little Slut-boy? Enjoying your first introduction to anal service I hope!”

Wendy pulled out of my ass at last at that, and I could only lie there, gasping and brutally battered in my implacable bonds. But at last I managed a nod...

“Wonderful!” she cried. “Just wait until you see what I’VE got for you!”

Mistress slipped out of her pants and panties then, giving me a first-time look at territory forever forbidden to me. Then she reached into her bag and produced a pair of penis pants that had all of us gasping and marveling. In seconds she’d donned them, and we all stared, the girls in envious admiration, me in weak-kneed anxiety and lust. These hot pants were jet black, skin-tight latex that clung perfectly to every curve. Yet it was the cock of course that inspired so much envy, lust and dread. It was beautifully molded, shaped so exactly as to match a real erection that only its outrageous size set it apart. Surely no real cock could be so long, or so thick... It was bigger around than my wrist, perhaps as wide as the barrel of a baseball bat. And I didn’t need a ruler to know it was twelve inches long at least – my fluttering pulse and pounding penis told me that emphatically. Mistress stripped off her shirt then, and posed before us in only a lacy black bra – that barely contained her generous breasts – and that enormous out-thrust organ.

“What do you think, Slut-boy? Am I the amazing mistress of your fondest dreams, or of your worst nightmares? Or maybe of both at once?” Stunned and horrified at the same time, I at last managed to nod once again, and Mistress’ viciously zealous grin in response was

priceless. “Get ready then, Slut-boy! Get ready for my big black nigger-man cock, ‘cause here it comes!”

Mistress climbed into place behind me, relishing my moans of anticipation. She took a moment lubing us both up, then pried my already gaping anus open even wider. With an eloquent grunt of effort she thrust forward then, and somehow forced the first few inches of her giant dick into me.

Uncontrollable spasms shuddered the length of my body. I screamed into my gag and felt my confined cock throb harder than ever, if that were possible. The three girls cheered, Mistress gasped with glee and then lunged forward again, forcing yet more of her outrageously oversized organ into me. Luckily I’d already been considerably stretched, or she might have really torn me up inside. As it was, it took Mistress nearly ten minutes of grunting and pumping before she was finally able to establish a proper, ever-accelerating rhythm that pounded her entire monster cock repeatedly in and out of me.

By this time I was in heaven and hell both, fucked into an insane delirium that had me drooling around the ball and unconsciously trying to raise my ass ever higher, eager to receive each agonizing, emasculating thrust. I was only dimly aware of Wendy and Tonia once again enthusiastically fucking each other only a few feet away, but when Alyssa climbed onto the bed to confront my face I was finally forced to take notice.

“Everybody’s got a hole to fuck but me,” she complained, as she untied the cord and then pulled the slobbery whiffle ball from my mouth. The next thing I knew, her big hard cock had taken its place. This gagged me horribly for a moment, until Mistress’ fist knotted in my hair and pulled my head up and back.

This opened my throat up wide, and between the rocking of my body by Mistress' pounding rhythm, and Alyssa's own pitilessly thrusting hips, I was soon being as fucked as violently down the gullet as up the ass. Pinned between the two women I loved and lusted after most in the world, feeling their cocks plunge relentlessly in and out of me from both ends, I listened to them lay out my future in a state of ever-increasing agonized arousal and dazed, glazed acceptance.

"I hope you like this, Slut-boy," panted Mistress, "Because I LOVE it! I'm going to fuck your helpless ass with my giant cock every single morning!"

"And I'm going to do it every night!" put in Alyssa. "Right after I put you to bed, and whenever I wake up and can't get back to sleep. You know how I have insomnia – don't be surprised to wake up in the middle of the night five times a week to feel my erect cock slamming into your tight little ass! And I'm going to start spanking, paddling, and whipping you too; peeing on you and everything! I'm going to have so much fun with your crippled little body from now on!"

"Don't forget now," warned Mistress, as she pumped powerfully into me from the other end. "This is MY Slut-boy here. I make the rules! Whatever you do to him – or make him do to you – he never, ever, EVER gets to come. That's rule number one!"

"Okay," agreed Alyssa immediately. "But why?"

"Because until now, the only thing approaching sexual pleasure that Slut-boy here ever gets to experience is when I bathe him, or beat him. And by those things I control him. He never, EVER gets to touch himself. I wash his cock for him, and I do it so slowly: scrubbing the sensitive head of his erection over and over again, squeezing and stroking up and down the soapy-slippery shaft until

he's practically out of his MIND. But I always stop just before he can ejaculate, or if I misjudge, I clamp it off at the last second, leaving him with the worst case of blue-balls in the entire fucking world. Eventually he becomes so desperate for release that he begs me to beat him – don't you Slut-boy? – just to reach any kind of apotheosis at all.

“Maybe that will change now, and he'll beg me for my big black ass-raping cock, too. But regardless, by controlling his cock and his come, I wholly own his body and soul. And that kind of unlimited power turns me on more than anything in the world, even THIS!”

Mistress punctuated her point by pounding in and out of me harder than EVER. Picking up on her contagious zeal, Alyssa matched her impossible power and pace and obligingly outlined her own future contribution to my eternal submissive condition.

“In that case, I'll start driving him crazy too: going around naked all the time, leaving my door open while I'm fucking, doing him topless so he can see my tits bounce as I hammer my big hard cock into his ass, finger myself silly for hours right in front of him before I finally let go and pee and pee and pee in his face, and basically do everything I can possibly think of to hopelessly turn him on, to endlessly stoke his eternally impotent, eternally denied lust until it's absolutely unbearable. And then I'll just keep making it worse and worse and worse forever!”

“Agreed!” exclaimed Mistress.

And with that they dropped the chatter and devoted all of their considerable energies toward fucking my helpless face and ass even harder than ever before....

ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS

I don't know how long I'd been asleep – surely no more than an hour or so – when my bedroom door opened. The light came on, and Alyssa came in. She was wearing her skin-tight penis-pants, and nothing else. With her incredible hair pulled back into a meter-long ponytail, her perfect little breasts were beautifully displayed. My mouth watered, my confined cock tried yet again to erect and I felt the usual surge of hopeless, unrequited love and un-relievable lust.

“Wake up, Slut-boy,” she said. “I can't sleep. I'm going to do you again, longer, harder, and faster than ever before, until I'm absolutely exhausted. Then I'm going torture you pitilessly. After that I should be able to crash. But first things first: I really have to pee!”

As helpless as ever I groaned wearily. My ass still hurt inside and out from the brutal whipping and butt fucking she just gave me after putting me into bed. And crippled as I am, there's no way I can change the bedclothes if they get soiled. Alyssa knows this of course, and she offered me the option as she climbed onto the bed and straddled my face.

“Are you going to be a good little Toilet-boy, and drink it all down this time? Or shall I mark my territory yet again by spraying my pee all over your stupid ugly face?”

What a choice. Endure that awful taste and suffocation, or lay on a wet and stinking pillow the rest of the night. “I will gladly be your Toilet-boy, Mistress Alyssa.”

“Good!” she grinned smugly. Steeling myself, I took several deep breaths and opened my mouth wide. As Alyssa sat on my face I had a few seconds to ogle her unbelievably beautiful young pussy through the open crotch of her penis-pants. Despite what was about to happen to me, I felt my agonized attempted erection throb harder still at the sight. Then Alyssa sealed herself over the open drain of

my face, and all I could see was the long, thick, ribbed shaft of her cock sticking out only an inch above me. Then my ordeal began.

Alyssa started peeing. Holding my breath, I made no attempt to swallow. I just opened my throat and let that hot salty stream spray straight down into me. Still it continued: revolting me unbelievably, as I became ever more desperate for air. Far above me, Alyssa giggled.

"I thought three beers would put me to sleep, but all they did was bloat me up. Had enough yet, Toilet-boy?"

At last I had – it was either breathe or die. I twisted my head to the side, and Alyssa, taking her cue, rose up a bit. Still she peed, peed, peed: spraying my face as I fought for breath, soaking my hair, pillow, and the surrounding bedclothes.

Finally it stopped. "You got the best of both worlds that time, didn't you?" giggled Alyssa. "You can lick me dry now, but that's it. No attempted cunnilingus allowed. No man on Earth is good enough to eat or fuck my pussy!"

She lowered back down, I stuck out my tongue and did as I was told: exalted to be touching that heavenly cleft. I sucked up the last few drops and then lay there soaked and stinking as Alyssa climbed off, and began to prepare me for another brutal butt fucking.

One at a time she lifted my legs up and back, above my head, until she could shackle each ankle to a corner of the headboard. This secured me spread wide, doubled-up and with my ass slightly upraised. Alyssa compacted a pillow under my backside, firmly supporting it, and then pulled my arms above my head as well. My wrists were shackled to the middle of the headboard, and at last I was completely helpless and ready for her.

Alyssa knelt before my elevated hole and lubed us both up. Then she aligned herself, grinning at me. "Here we go again, Slut-

boy. How many times is this today that you've been righteously butt fucked into slavish submission?"

"Four, Mistress Alyssa. You did me just an hour or so ago, and Mistress Olive raped me with that monster of hers as soon as she arrived this morning, and then again after she got me out of the tub."

"Well, I'm not as strong as Olive, and my dick isn't nearly as big. But I still think this time is going to make you forget all about those earlier butt-bangs. I have to absolutely exhaust myself if I ever want to get some sleep..." So saying, Alyssa lunged forward, stabbing the entire thick, ribbed length of her big hard cock into me in one vicious, impaling thrust. Once again I found myself crying out in pain, shame, and dreadfully humiliated arousal, as the gorgeous lesbian goddess I loved in vain had her pitiless way with me.

First kneeling before me, and then propped above me in the missionary position with her incredible breasts dancing and her beautiful face just above mine, Mistress Alyssa fucked the living daylights out of me for what must have been close to two hours. She just kept pounding and pounding away: ignoring my sobs when they started and compounding the agony in my abused ass exponentially. Sweat dripped from her nose, chin, and nipples on me, and the shrieking ecstasy of her endless orgasms reverberated around the room. On and on the assault continued, until at last I'd lapsed into a state of mindless acceptance, becoming an insensate receptacle for endlessly escalating amounts of erotic agony. Only when she'd utterly spent all of her energies did Alyssa at last pull her thick ribbed cock out of me for good and climb off.

"Whew!" she panted. "That was incredible! If that were one of my girlfriends under me, she'd think she'd died and gone to heaven. How about you, Slut-boy?"

“Heaven for half an hour, and then endless hell,” I blubbered, still trying to get my senses back. Alyssa greeted this with weary glee.

“Awesome! Well, I’m too tired to whip you now, but I did promise torture. So let me set up our new machine for the first time. I think you’ll find this an electrifying experience!”

Mistress went to the toy cabinet, and withdrew a strange metal box covered with switches, dials and readouts, and trailing a profusion of thick wires. She plugged it into the nearest electrical outlet, then set it on the bed next to me. Then she started sorting through the wires. “First goes the anal probe...”

This wire ended in a six by one-inch shiny metal cylinder with a number of nubby protrusions. This was pushed deep into my already extensively traumatized ass. Then Alyssa pressed down hard on my bladder, causing it to reflexively void into the condom catheter and collection bag I always wear. “You’ll be going without the condom the rest of the night,” she explained, “And you won’t be able to pee. Better get it all out now.”

Once I finished urinating, she stripped away the condom and bag and set them aside. Immediately my eternally denied erection asserted itself, swelling up in seconds toward the glorious creature it lusted for in vain. “That-a-boy,” Alyssa purred, “Get real big and hard for me!” She wrapped a rubber strap tightly about the base of my genitals, ensuring both that I stay big and hard, and that I remain unable to achieve the eternally forbidden orgasm. Then she made my day by gripping my cock in her tight fist.

“Being a lesbian, I’m probably not very good at this, but here goes. The bigger and harder you are, the better this will work.” Immediately she started jacking me: pumping my straining erection like a pro. I gasped, shuddering and spasming from head to toe. In

seconds I was huger and harder than ever in my life, my balls boiling and trying endlessly without success to spew ejaculate past that strangling rubber band. Alyssa continued this until I was nearly insane from the exquisite pleasure and extreme frustration. Then at last she was ready to resume her preparations.

“Perfect!” she declared, giving my immensely engorged organ a final flick. “Now you’re ready for the penile probe!”

She separated another wire from the tangle, this one ending in a long, slender metal wand. She lubricated this, then grabbed my ridiculously erect prick and began carefully threading the wand up my open penis-eye and into my urethra. The pain and discomfort of this was indescribable – yet nothing compared to what was eventually coming. In any case, at last Alyssa succeeded in sliding that slim metal wand all the way up into me, until only a thick black wire snaked out of my painfully penetrated penis. Yet still my evening mistress was just getting started...

“Two more for your tits...” The next wires she produced ended in alligator clips. She clipped one of these onto each nipple, giggling at my hiss of pain. “Oh, that ain’t nothing, Slut-boy! Just wait ‘til you see what you’ve got coming tonight!”

The last wire ended in a penis gag, which also had a pair of small metal prongs protruding from it. Alyssa forced the plastic cock into my mouth and buckled the gag tightly around the back of my head. With my mouth thus filled, I found it impossible to shift my tongue to a position where it wasn’t poked by those metal points. Eying the cord trailing away from my face, and those from my cock, ass, and nipples, I had a horrible realization. Alyssa met my dismayed gaze with a gleeful giggle and excited shiver.

“That’s right, Slut-boy! The rest of this night is going to be a shocking experience for you! Let’s just test it, shall we?” She twisted

a dial, and current immediately coursed into me through the five most intimate conduits in my body. From inside my ass and penis electricity savagely burned me; my nipples screamed and worst of all my wet tongue thrummed in my mouth. My entire body was galvanized: muscles that hadn't moved in a decade vibrated violently, hair stood up on me everywhere and I shuddered with sustained paroxysms. For at least five seconds I rattled my shackles and tried helplessly to scream, until at last Alyssa dialed back the juice.

"That was level three," she smiled sweetly. "This dial goes up to ten. I'm going to program this thing to randomly vary the intensity from one to ten, the frequency of the shocks from one second to five minutes apart, and the length of the shock from ten seconds to two minutes. For the rest of the night, until Olive gets here at nine in the morning (though now that she's your morning Mistress she's often over an hour late, isn't she?), you will be shocked at the very least once every five minutes. You'll never know when they're coming, how powerful they'll be, how long they'll last, or through how many wires you'll get it – just one, two, three, four, or all five at once. Think about it: at some point tonight you're going to get level ten for two minutes straight through all five contacts! And to make things even more interesting for you..."

Alyssa strapped a heavy leather blindfold over my eyes, locking me into total darkness. "There! Now you can't see the clock, either. You'll have no way of knowing when the end is coming. Oh, Slut-boy, this so great! Knowing that you're undergoing non-stop torture in here, and that you can't possibly sleep, should allow me to finally get some rest myself. It's already two-thirty a.m. Damn this insomnia..."

For a moment she was quiet as she fiddled with the controls. Then, as I waited in dreadful horror and suspense for the shocks to

commence, I heard her preparing to leave. “Good-night, Slut-boy – or should I say bad night?” She kissed me on the blindfold. “I think we can agree you’re going to have one. I, on the other hand, have been having an absolutely fabulous night. So you just think about me with every shock, and look forward to morning, and Olive’s enormous nigger cock! Although you never know, once she sees how wonderfully I have you wired up, she might just decide to take the day off, and leave you like this for another twenty-four hours. I might even suggest that to her. Oh wait, I almost forgot... We don’t want the birds alerting you when dawn is near!” Mistress Alyssa pushed thick plugs deep into each of my ears, and with that she, for all intents and purposes, disappeared. Only smell and touch remained of my senses, and they reported only torment to me.

My still-soaked pillow and bed reeked of urine, and then suddenly the first shock sizzled into me. Burning into my erection, rectum, and tongue, it was far more powerful than the test shock, and lasted at least a minute. At last I collapsed back limply in my bonds, every muscle quivering in aftermath. Another long shock to my nipples followed almost immediately then, and in my bound paralysis, my deaf, dumb, and blindness, my hopeless love of and devotion to a pair of women whose only use for and greatest delight in was butt fucking, torturing and humiliating me, I wailed most miserably in muffled despair.

It was going to be a long, long, very bad night indeed.

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
Where as 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!

ENTER AT OWN RISK

It began like any other occasion of our admittedly peculiar lovemaking. But it ended up taking me to places I could have never dreamed.

I awoke to acute pain in my groin area. This was caused, naturally enough, by the chastity belt I nearly always wear. My wife Trudi has kept my manhood under lock and key since before we were even married. Yet not only does this belt boast a small cage to imprison my genitals (and keep them from erecting) it also has shackles on each hip to hold my wrists. The latter keep me from filching the covers at night, moving too much and disturbing her or (heaven forbid) ever attempting to caress my wife's fabulous body. So there I was, lying next to her at seven a.m. in our king-sized feather bed, flat on my back and ramrod straight, with my arms locked down at my sides and woefully afflicted by that fabled 'morning wood.' That is to say, a stupid erection was futilely, relentlessly attempting to strain its way into being, and of course being implacably denied by that cruelly tight steel. Involuntarily I whimpered a bit at this, and at once Trudi yawned, stretched, and rolled over to face me.

"What is it, my dearest darling?"

"I want you," I moaned. "I'm soooo hard, yet so trapped."

"Well that's exactly the way I like you silly!"

At once Trudi rolled over atop me, straddling my near-naked body with her silk-sheathed one. Kissing my forehead, cheeks and nose, she hitched up her skimpy negligee and began rubbing her bare crotch against my caged and straining one. At once we moaned simultaneously: she in bliss and me in misery.

This is pretty much the extent of our normal, bread and butter sex: Trudi on top of my helpless body, either riding my slavishly

working face or rubbing herself off on my imprisoned member. She even has a big ten-inch dildo that mounts on the outside of the cock cage, and she regularly rides this perpendicular projection to unimaginable realms of orgasmic oblivion. Only on the rarest of rare occasions does she free my own penis, and allow me the sublime ecstasy of being inside her body – though never, ever, ever am I allowed on top of her. She is in all ways my utterly dominant superior, and never lets me forget it. Knowing it was almost certainly hopeless, I nevertheless begged her most contritely for my only allowed apotheosis before she could really get going.

“Please, Mistress, won’t you let me inside you now? I need that so bad it’s killing me!”

“Why, whatever could you possibly mean?” cooed Trudi down, still kissing and oh so exquisitely humping me. “I let you ejaculate not six weeks ago!”

“Yes, but not inside you,” I moaned. “You made me masturbate in front of your friends!”

“I did?” she teased. “I’m not sure I remember precisely. Tell me how this all came about, slave!”

I swallowed hard, trying to string coherent words together against the overwhelming distraction emanating from my groin. “First you and LaTonya and Anna and Shawna dressed me up like a girl...”

“Like a cheap little corner-walking slut, you mean!” corrected Trudi.

“Yes, Mistress. Like a slut. Then you freed my cock, tied me to a chair, and forced me to watch the four of you fuck each other for half the night with your strap-ons.”

“Ah, yes,” Trudi sighed, “That was so wonderful! Then what happened?”

I gulped hard at the memory, yet winced as my penned cock paradoxically strained in its cage. "You made me suck on all four dildoes, Mistress."

"Cocks, my pathetic little slave-mate. You must always refer to them as cocks or penises."

"Yes, Mistress. I sucked on each of your cocks."

"Yes you did, didn't you? And you gagged horribly for the longest time. But finally we taught you how to deep-throat, and you gobbled each of us all the way to the balls. And then?"

"Then you saw how incredibly hard I was, how my penis was like a big pink exclamation point, and you graciously freed one of my hands, and allowed me to masturbate."

"And how did that go?" Trudi pursued.

"You all stood around me and mocked me, humiliating and belittling me, and I came quickly, an incredible amount – about six months worth of seed I believe."

"And what happened to that seed?" teased Trudi remorselessly. I writhed in distress, and tears began leaking from my eyes. Still Trudi kept rubbing against me, and maintained the demand of her stern but playful regard. Huskily I managed to answer.

"You forced me to jerk off into a champagne flute. Then you poured it all over the head and shaft of your cock."

"And then?"

"Then I sucked your cock again. I sucked up and swallowed all that sperm I'd just spewed out!" I hitched in a breath, and more tears of shame trickled down my cheeks.

"Yes you did, my come-guzzling little cocksucker slut. You sucked off both me and yourself at the same time!"

Trudi gleamed down at me triumphantly; then began licking my face with great long swipes of her tongue. "God, I love the taste of

your tears!" she gasped, and obligingly I wept some more; she licked it up. After maybe five minutes of this Trudi at last propped herself up on her arms, and accelerated her humping rhythm to its usual manic pace. Right in front of my face her beautiful double D breasts danced beneath her thin silk nightie, sharp black nipples ripping at the fabric, until she'd ridden my trapped body and caged cock to an absolutely ecstatic orgasm. Then she collapsed back into her former position and addressed me between panting breaths.

"So why, after such...a treat, should I...consider...letting you...inside me?"

"Because, Mistress, I haven't been inside you in over a year now. And you guys enjoyed yourself so much that night. Don't I deserve a reward?"

Mistress laughed dismissively. "Your reward was learning how to suck my cock, slave-boy! And don't think you won't be doing it again, and quite regularly, too! God, the look of your lipsticked mouth pursing around my thrusting penis, your eyes wide and your little white dick standing up so emphatically! The thought of that makes me so damned hot, even now!"

She paused, her gaze going momentarily distant. Then a gleam of delicious glee crossed her features, and she suddenly unexpectedly relented. "Well all right. I'll tell you what. I will let you inside me today. You won't be coming, of course, but you'll enter each of my wonderful orifices. And in return, you will be supplying me with a special treat that I've been contemplating ever since that special night. Today we are going to surpass even that incredible experience!"

Stunned at my success I gaped at my mistress while she laughed gleefully and climbed off me. She flung the coverlet to the floor, and from a chain around her neck she removed the keys to my

cage and shackles. Within seconds I was free, and my amazed erection surged at once into long, painfully rigid hardness. Throbbing like a rotten tooth, it strained for the ceiling, until I marveled at my remarkable, unprecedented tumescence. Meanwhile Mistress Trudi moved to the nearby bed-stand, wherein resided all of her ropes, restraints, whips, weapons, and assorted other kinky paraphernalia. She issued orders to me as she went.

“I want you to sit cross-legged Indian style in the very center of the bed, slave. I want you to sit on the end of a pillow, so the other half sticks out behind your back.”

“Yes, Mistress.” I obeyed, my heart pounding in my head, chest, and erection all at once. When Trudi turned back to me, she was holding a roll of black duct tape, a perforated ball gag, and a long white coil of quarter-inch cotton cord.

“Lean back on your hands,” she ordered. I did so, and right way Trudi tied one end of the cord around my legs where they crossed each other at mid-calf. Then she began winding it around and around, first one way and then the other, until my legs were firmly lashed together and only about four feet of cord remained. She tied it off, leaving me hopelessly bound up cross-legged, and then stretched the remaining rope towards my groin.

“Now lean forward.” Again I obeyed, shortening the distance to my still bulging and pulsing genitals, and Trudi proceeded to tie the cord first around the base of my scrotum (wrapping the rope around and around until my balls were compacted and bulging), and then around the base of my hugely straining erection. Once this was finally tied off only a few inches of rope remained, and my engorged sex organs were tethered tightly to my crossed calves at a distance of only six or eight inches.

Satisfied, Trudi picked up the tape and moved around behind me. She crossed my arms behind my back, overlapping them so that each hand met its opposite elbow, and then wrapped them tightly together with so much tape from end to end so that they made a single perpendicular bar bisecting my spine. When I was at last thus helplessly secured she moved back around in front of me, popped in the ball-gag and tightly buckled its strap. Then she smiled at me sweetly.

“Comfy, love?” I nodded obediently. “Good!” Her smile became a devilish grin, and she pushed me hard in the chest. At once I flopped over backward on the bed, letting out a choked squeal of pain and dismay. The method to Mistress’ madness was immediately apparent.

With my arms locked behind my back and the pillow beneath my butt and kidneys, my belly and waist were thrust high up into the air, at least six or eight inches higher than my head and shoulders and tightly crossed legs, which remained flat on the bed. And of course, thrusting up another eight inches and pointing directly at the ceiling was my screaming, straining hard-on. With the distance between my groin and crossed calves nearly doubled by this insidious change of posture, the connecting cord was now pulled taut as a bow string, stretching my sex organs agonizingly out from my body and pulling my erection down from its usual belly-brushing curve to point perpendicularly straight up into the air – just the way my mistress likes a hard cock. The pain of this was amazingly intense, but more amazing still was my continuing rampant tumescence. That tightly tied cord trapped all the blood and passion permanently into my raging prick, while simultaneously preventing the escape of any semen. I’d become a helpless sex toy, as incapable of release or relief as any inanimate dildo: perpetually providing pleasure until my

sadistic and insatiable mistress was damn good and done with me. From the zealous gleam in Trudi's eyes as she finally stripped off her negligee and picked up a bottle of baby oil, that could truly be a long time off. Her next words confirmed this.

"You wanted to be inside me, slave? Well today you'll be gripped inside every crevice in my incredible body, and pumped until the endlessly escalating pleasure drives you completely insane! By the time I get around to claiming my special treat – and maybe springing another surprise or two on you – I don't think you'll ever want or need to use that ridiculous dick again!"

She poured a palm-full of oil, and then grabbed me where I stuck up so rigidly straight and high. "First you'll be inside my fist. Enjoy, slave-boy!" She pumped and twisted and rubbed up and down, spreading the lubricant all around, before going to work on me in earnest. Soon she was jacking my slickened, straining dick-spike like mad, forcing me to writhe uncontrollably in my bonds, as the pleasure and pain surpassed anything in my previous experience. So adept was Trudi at manual manipulation that she was able to get both her hands involved: pumping the shaft like a piston (and squeezing it like a vise) with her right while using the left to worry and rub the sensitive head at the same time. This combination had me keening into my gag and quivering spasmodically within seconds, as my balls continuously convulsed, only to find their only outlet denied. Yet first this trick and then a dozen others alternated in seemingly endless succession, as Trudi tortured me with the first of several surely sublime sexual pleasures. Only after perhaps a half an hour of this did she finally relent. And then came the inevitable escalation.

"Well, you've been inside my fist for a while. How did you like it?"

Still gagged, I could only roll my eyes in a pantomime of unbelievable excess. Trudi giggled gleefully. “Well get ready then, slave. Now I’m going to let you into my beautiful bosom!”

She poured more oil, this time between her big round soft-but-firm double-D knockers. While I goggled again in amazement, she swung around and straddled my head. Granting me an exquisitely close-up look at her beautifully shaved and divinely shaped vagina, she leaned forward then and squeezed my burning member deep into her incomparable cleavage. Then rapidly up and down she pumped me – the first titty fuck of my entire life – and I nearly swooned at the incredible sensations.

As I intimated before, Mistress’ breasts are normally strictly off limits. Of course she enjoys flaunting them before me. On a body that’s long-legged, tight assed, beautifully curved and as flat-bellied as a washboard, these are still by far the best feature. Wholly natural, perfectly symmetrical, upswept, big nipples, and delightfully resilient, Trudi’s tits haunt my every waking thought – and most of my dreams too.

Mistress knows they enthrall me of course, and she revels in going around completely topless, or in cup-less steel-studded black leather harnesses that lift and display these supreme paragons to their absolute best advantage. And while she allows her many girlfriends to stroke and caress and knead and heft and kiss and suckle them no end – usually right in front of my bound, cock-locked, agonizingly frustrated body and face – she has strictly forbidden me even the slightest touch of them. Cruel mistress indeed! But now suddenly, as I lay tightly bound and unprecedentedly erect beneath her, she was gleefully clamping them both tightly around the most erogenous appendage of my unworthy body and breathlessly using them to manipulate me to ever higher and more frustratingly

impotent peaks of pointless pleasure. Oh Goddess, the press of that holiest flesh, slickened by baby oil and barely yielding around my raging rod soon had me freely weeping with the need for any kind of release from my heavenly torment. But when this particular eternity of divine sublimity had finally passed, Mistress only ratcheted up the pressure on my mind and body even more.

Suddenly my pulsating penis was free, the air in the room magnificently cool on its red, wet, painfully turgid length. But this interesting bliss (for how could relief from intolerable pleasure possibly be termed bliss?) was short-lived. In place of that beautiful breast-press, I was suddenly engulfed to the roped root by Mistress' hot, splendidly educated mouth. For perhaps only the third time ever she began to perform fellatio on me, and her consummate skill showed indisputably how much I still had to learn in this mistress-mandated service.

Squeezing my balls, pinching my root, her hands were almost as much a part of the process as her thick soft lips and swirling, sliding tongue. For another timeless interval measured only by the drip of her juices onto my straddled face and the succession of defeated orgasms choked off by that implacable rope, I suffered the exquisite pleasures of oral sex until I finally deemed that madness might truly not be so far off. Relentlessly Mistress drove me on towards and beyond the most impossibly powerful apotheosis, only to have my inability to ejaculate stop my relentless ascension dead in its tracks. Indeed I was whimpering and weeping with unrelieved need before Mistress Trudi at last drew me out from inside her body with one long last slurping suck and punctured vacuum pop! Then, as I bathed once again in that cool bliss of being caressed by nothing but the room's increasingly steamy air, Trudi climbed off my body at last and swung around to face my lowly slathered head.

“More tears for me?” she cried. “How delightful!” She straddled me again, this time in the normal position, with her knees bracketing my belly, the crease between her cheeks pressing my massively erect member backwards even more, and her strong arms braced on either side of my well-slickened face. Leaning forward, she once again licked me clean: lapping up the products of my lachrymal glands and her sopping-wet womanhood with equal savor. Then, temporarily finished, she grinned down at me almost ruefully. “What’s wrong, husband? This is what you’ve been begging me for forever! And we haven’t even got to the best holes yet! Those better be tears of ecstasy, or I’m going to decide you’re not worthy of this ever again! So brace yourself slave-boy. I’m going to ride you like a rented pony, and not stop until I have at least a dozen orgasms!” So saying, Trudi slid backwards and up the height of my swollen pole until its bulbous head found her slippery hole. Then she came down atop my cock in one smooth swift motion that buried me to the hilt inside her glorious vagina.

I’d been denied this pleasure for so long that I’d nearly forgotten how truly wondrous it really was: that hot, wet sense of compressive insulation. I groaned from the very pit of my soul, the blood pounding in my upraised cock and lowered head and the incredible ecstasy swimming through me until I thought I might swoon. Slowly, slowly Mistress slid up and down, socketing me to the base and withdrawing to the tip again and again, torturing us both with sensation and anticipation. But then finally she settled all of her weight on my elevated waist, reveling in this maximum possible penetration. Grinning down again, she gasped, “Here we go!” And with that she launched herself into her preferred form of copulation: pumping her awesome hips back and forth like some pneumatic machine, rocking my bound-up erection to and fro inside her like a

metronome, pushing harder on her g-spot with each successive stroke.

Soon I was once again groaning like an overburdened bridge, and shuddering like a flagpole in an earthquake. Mistress was panting and moaning as well, then yelping and screaming with release as the first of her promised peaks was reached. No such apotheosis was possible for me of course – I was doomed to suffer my ecstasy in endless escalation. With manic dedication and insidious determination, Mistress Trudi stoked those fires relentlessly, each climactic convulsion of her tight inner walls wringing yet another strangled spasm from my boiling balls. Friction and constriction kept my blazing red rod burning ever hotter, pain and pleasure melding into a new sensation a hundred times more potent than either alone. And still the agony and ecstasy escalated endlessly. I needed it to stop immediately; I wanted it to go on forever. Drops of sweat splashed down from Mistress' face onto mine, mingling with my tears of delirium. Yet still she humped and pumped unstopably away, as inexhaustible as the energy of the sun: a nuclear furnace burning away all thought and sense in an incomparable conflagration of neuro-electric mayhem.

Yet even the sun must burn itself out after ten billion years, and so at last Mistress Trudi reached or exceeded her set limit of orgasms. Finally she collapsed atop me, leaving me weeping again with crazed relief, if not release. For at least ten minutes her cheek pressed mine, her beautiful breasts were mashed against my chest and her quivering insides still clutched the rigid upthrust of my captive manhood. But at last her labored respiration eased, and my wonderful wife was once again able to shift around, bring her tongue to my face, and again lick up all the evidence of our erotic excess.

Her smile afterwards was all bliss and balm. But her words brought another groan of denial from my throat.

“There! That was truly fabulous! And now there’s only one more hole to go!”

Like breast sex, I’d never been inside a woman’s ass in my life. Naturally (and on any other day) I’d be unbelievably delighted and excited to experience such an exquisite novelty. But not now! Ah, Goddess, I was so wrung out, so teetering on the very edge of madness after hours of such unending stimulation and unrelieved frustration. Yet there was nothing to be done but endure. My goddess is not to be gainsaid, and she responded to my shaking head and quaking chest with an indulgent chuckle. “Oh, yes. You wanted to be inside me, slave. It’s time you learned to be careful what you beg for! And you should be incredibly flattered! I don’t let just anyone inside my ass, and certainly not a lowly white slave – at least under normal circumstances. You can rest assured that it will never ever happen again! So my advice to you is to enjoy it! For all you know, it could be the last pleasure your pathetic little dick ever gets!”

She rose off me. I expected her to reach for the baby oil again, but apparently I was still so slathered with her previous ejaculations that no more lubricant was necessary. Using a hand on the taut rope to guide me, she sank down atop me once again. Slowly, grudgingly, her nether hole opened to accept me. With much wriggling, squirming, and up and down nudging, she once again took me all the way inside her body.

The compression was incredible, the tightness of this last orifice far surpassing anything that had gone before. Trudi’s grunts of accommodation indicated that the penetration for her was equally intense; indeed it took her several more minutes of slow sliding up

and down before she finally once again threw caution to the winds and launched herself headlong into manic copulation.

What followed was a repeat of the previous madness, yet even worse, if that could be deemed possible. Mistress rode me like an inanimate fuck machine, careless of the cost to my mental and physical wellbeing, concerned only with reaching that next climactic peak, and then the next, and the next. When at last she was sated I was truly delirious. Drool leaked from around the ball in my mouth, slickening my chin and neck, and I'd passed beyond tears to a kind of glazed state of mindless writhing neural overload. Mistress-wife Trudi giggled delightedly at my condition as she climbed off me at last, and turned once again to the kinky cornucopia in her bed stand.

"Well, I'd say you truly got your fill of being inside me, eh? All that remains now is for me to claim my own compensatory special treat. But I'm afraid that's going to have to wait until this afternoon. I'm absolutely exhausted! Right now all I want is a luxurious bubble bath and a big breakfast. Then I have to run some errands. Now I like you just the way you are, hubby, so you're relieved of your bathing and cooking duties this morning. I'll handle the former myself and then make the restaurant my first stop. But I don't want you to get bored while I'm gone. So look what I have for you in the meantime: a brand new bag of fifty clothespins! Let's see how many we can attach to you..."

It turned out to be all of them. Laughing happily at each hiss of pain, Mistress applied two pinching clips to each nipple, a vast unknown number all up and down and around the long-suffering shaft of my still forcibly erect and upright dick, and an even half-dozen on the swollen red head. She used the last batch on my ears, and finished by clipping the final one to the very tip of my nose, causing my eyes to water copiously: one last liquid delight for Trudi

to lap up. Then she blew me a kiss, strode naked out of the room and slammed the door behind her.

It was over three hours later when it at last opened again, though I didn't know it. I'd lost all track of time in my cramped, bound, clip-pinned misery. Once again I'd lapsed into a dazed state of mindless miserable endurance. Surely Mistress and her friends had been moving around in the rest of the house – their fearsome appearance made that plain – but I hadn't heard them. It was only when the bedroom door crashed open and they entered in all their glory that I struggled my way back to reality. Then I thought perhaps I was dreaming. Surely this was a nightmare...

It was big Anna that caught my attention first. All four ladies were exceedingly fit of course – after all, they met at the health club. But Anna was an amazing specimen. Six foot-three, nearly two hundred pounds she was huge for a woman without being the least bit fat. Not content with the impressive pulchritude nature had given her however, she'd been a body-builder since her teens, and now sported a sculpted, muscle-bound form that would intimidate anyone this side of an NFL defensive lineman. Add a dose of steroid rage, a passionate militant lesbianism that predicated a vicious contempt for all men and topped off by a close-cropped butch look from hell, and she'd always inspired major unease in me. But this time she sported accoutrements – indeed they all did – clearly designed to terrify.

The ladies had obviously been shopping. They wore matching outfits that began with shiny black thigh-high spike-heeled boots and ended with spiked leather collars about the neck. Between these they sported brand-new editions of Trudi's favorite: silver-studded cup-less tit-harnesses formed of minimalist black leather strips, and skimpy skin-tight black latex hot pants. Each pair of these painted-on short-shorts sported built-in dildoes though – oh, excuse me,

Mistress – they boasted cocks, big, long, upcurved, beautifully realistic looking ones complete with vein-ridged shafts, bulbous heads and simulated balls dangling below. The only variations in their otherwise identical get-up both belonged to Anna. In proportion with her monstrous physique, her cock was much larger, nearly a foot long and as big around as prize-winning cucumber. Pity the poor pussy that had to take that! And she was also holding a whip: a long, stiff but limber coachman's variety, nearly six feet long counting the handle at the butt and decorative tassel at the tip. She was eyeing me with a grim zeal that made my guts quiver, and it was all I could do to tear my gaze away when my mistress-wife greeted me.

“Hello, my helplessly bound-up slave-mate! Did you miss me?”

I nodded, and managed a garbled affirmative through my perforated gag.

“Wonderful! Well now I'm back, to claim my prize and change your life forever. But first Anna wants to try out her new whip. The poor dear doesn't have a slave of her own, so naturally I offered to share mine. Aren't you both lucky?”

I nodded again, and at once all three ladies concurred. LaTonya, a slender, petite girl with skin as brown and rich as Jamaican coffee was the most vocal.

“You are too good to us, Trudi, letting us use your husband like this. I'd give anything to have a nice compliant little eunuch slave-mate of my own. How did you ever manage it?”

“Easy as pie,” smiled Trudi, as they all closed in on me. “You were once just a perfectly normal white boy who happened to fall in love with me, weren't you slave?”

Again I nodded and garbled the required reply. Mistress nodded back, and continued. “But then I told a little white lie, a little white lie for a little white guy: that every male I'd ever trusted had cheated on

me, and that the only way I'd marry you was if you'd wear a chastity belt. Finally you agreed, though I doubt you'd imagined how stingy I could be with the key! That key was all I needed to train you into the perfect slave. By keeping you constantly stimulated, always horny for me yet only allowed the smallest pleasures at rare, unpredictable intervals, I've got you constantly fawning upon me, desperate to please me at all times, utterly obedient and willing to do whatever my whims suggest, no matter how painful and humiliating. Until now, finally, today, I've got you ready to take that final, irrevocable step. But first of course, Anna has a lot of anti-white-male aggression to work out, so she's going to beat you. In fact, wouldn't you like all of us to beat you slave? That's what I want, so that's what you want. Right, slave-boy?"

Once again I signaled my affirmative, and all four ladies cooed or (in the case of Anna) grunted appreciatively. Then as Trudi accessed her cupboard and handed out floggers to LaTonya and Shawna (choosing an incisively thin single-tail for herself), big black Anna stepped up next to me and without hesitation eagerly slashed down her first stroke.

Due to my arcane and contorted posture my upthrust belly and waist made the most inviting target. Anna's powerful form and devilishly effective weapon painted a searing livid line across my lower abdomen, I screamed and wrenched uncontrollably in my bonds, and the nightmare truly began. Another flaming stroke of the carriage-whip fell, then another, and then they were all around me. LaTonya and Shawna concentrated their floggers on my bound-up sex organs (quickly beating away those numberless clothespins biting into me and replacing bloodless numbness with even greater agony than ever) while Anna and my wife directed their attention toward crisscrossing my chest and belly with an intricate lattice of

long, thin, seeping weals of broken skin. Only after every inch of me from neck to knees was covered with welts did they stop to roll me over, and repeat the process with my back and butt. My screaming and sniveling must have been a heavenly symphony to them, for they only stopped after working up a sweat and passion that far surpassed anything they could have gotten in the gym. And then – after much kissing and fondling as they towed each other off (and I do mean off, through my distress I heard several terrycloth induced orgasms as they scrubbed at each other's sopping crotches), Mistress Trudi finally deigned to address me again.

“Well, slave, that was fantastic yet again. But now it's time for your big surprise, and for me to claim payment for all the honor and pleasure that my sainted insides provided you with this morning. Get ready for a truly life-changing event!”

As I lay there gasping for air, recovering from my worst-ever whipping and wondering what Trudi could possibly mean, she at last rolled me back over and untied my cramped, crossed legs – leaving the long rope still wrapped tightly about my cock and balls, of course. Then, while the tingling blood flow slowly returned, she and Anna replaced that rope with sheer pink stockings, frilly garters and toe-pinching pumps with five-inch stiletto heels. LaTonya towed the sweat, spit and tears from my face, and then she and Shawna collaborated on a make-up job even more outlandishly slutty than before. A flowered scrunchy secured my locks behind my ears, a silk choker encircled my throat, and despite the obstacle of my still tightly taped arms, a strapless bra was worked into place around my chest and an impossibly tight girdle laced up over my squeezed-in midsection. Then Trudi used the rope still choking my cock and balls both impotent and erect as a leash, dragging me off the bed and to my feet.

“Come on, Slut-boy! Over to the coffee table now! You know how I want you!”

Indeed I did. We have a three-foot square, eighteen-inch high coffee table Mistress has adapted as a whipping-bench out in our living room. Yet how much more whipping could she possibly have in store? Much more and I would need a hospital, to say nothing of performing my daily chores. And somehow whipping seemed insufficient to warrant all of her gleeful hints and warnings. Nevertheless, I followed the pull on my genitals and the two cruel women ahead of me (trailed by two more like a condemned prisoner under guard) out into our sun-splashed living room. Tottering in the pumps, my legs still jelly-like and my muscles still quivering all over in whipping-aftermath, feeling outlandishly humiliated and ridiculous dressed up like the cheapest possible slut, I stumbled my way to the coffee table by the picture window, inexpressibly thankful that it was still afternoon, and that glare on the outside would render the pane almost totally opaque to any passersby.

On either side of the coffee table was a row of decorative holes carved into the wood. Trudi threaded the end of the rope through the middle hole, passed it under the table and through the identical hole on the opposite side. Pulling further, she dragged me to the table, where I was obliged to fall to my knees, and kept pulling until my bound-up erection was drawn right through the hole and socketed tightly up against the wood. She yanked the rope taut once again, stretching my prick painfully out, and imprisoned me thus by tying her end securely to the hole.

Someone shoved my shoulders from behind, pushing me facedown atop the table with my by now numb arms still taped together behind me and my head hanging off the side, gazing down at the knot that held me so diabolically secure. Yet still the ladies

weren't satisfied, and they drew my legs out wide, splitting me open until they could tie each knee to its corresponding table leg.

Someone slapped each butt cheek smartly, and then pried them even further apart than they already were. A hand rubbed me back there; a voice proclaimed, "Perfect," and there was a general giggle of excited agreement. Then at last Mistress Trudi spoke, casting me at once into an abyss of denial, dismay, and deepest degradation that I have yet to emerge from.

"Okay, Slut-boy, it's time for your change of life. We've just about exhausted your usefulness as a functioning male. It's time to see what you can do for us as a slutty little she-male. You seemed to enjoy our penis-play so much last time – not to mention the limited 'taste' of it that we finally gave you – that from now on you're going to be a regular, integral part of it! Get ready to lose your cherry, Slut-boy. The four of us are going to break your sissy little lily-white ass in good!"

Flabbergasted, I suddenly struggled violently with my bonds. But of course this achieved nothing but acute agony in my erection, and roars of mirth from my tormentors. Meanwhile Mistress Trudi knelt behind me, pried my cheeks apart again, and held them thus while someone squirted baby oil deep into my bum. A pair of fingers followed, spreading the lube around and reminding me uncomfortably of my yearly prostate check – a medical necessity I'd always dreaded. Yet far worse was to come of course. Only seconds after the fingers withdrew, my wife's painfully big hard cock followed, forcing a howl of agony and humiliation from my throat. This the ball-gag mostly stopped of course, but there was no stopping that raping phallus. In to the hilt Mistress thrust it, while her friends cheered her and jeered me derisively. Her balls crushed mine, her hands left my cheeks to grip my hips, and then the pumping began. Out-in, out-in,

out-in, over and over again, spearing into my ass at an ever-swifter pace. Blushing blood flooded my face; my mortification knew no bounds, yet of course my ordeal was just beginning. For more minutes than I can possibly count Trudi brutally butt fucked me, teaching me in no uncertain terms what she'd earlier endured, until I was weeping unabashedly at the agony and indignity of it all. And then abruptly LaTonya doubled my trouble.

Hands unbuckled my ball gag, ripped it from my mouth and raised my head to face what was coming. This was another big black penis of course. LaTonya nudged it forward, giggling with glee.

"Open up, cocksucker! Slut-boys have two holes, and need to learn to use them both simultaneously! So suck my cock, slut! Open your throat and gobble my rod! I'm going to fuck your face until you can't tell it from your ass no matter how hard you try!"

Helpless to do otherwise I obliged. Within seconds LaTonya's balls were banging my chin as rapidly as Trudi's bashed into my own tied-up and compacted sack. Fucked from either end like the most mindless depraved slut, I whimpered and moaned and squirmed atop the table, consumed by such pervasive pain and shame that I wanted only to die, and get it all over with. And all the while there was still Anna's incredible size and strength to somehow deal with. Not content to passively watch, that big black butch-bitch soon moved behind LaTonya, inserted her massive member through a hole in her hot pants and then into her juicy vagina, and began fucking LaTonya as LaTonya fucked me. Taking her cue, Shawna moved behind Trudi and impaled her likewise, until the weight and passion of all four beautiful black girls were hammering me to jelly between them. Gasps of glee, cries of ecstasy, orgasmic grunts and groans combined in a symphony of excess, counter-pointed by my own choked and garbled moans, until at last screaming climaxes

were reached all around – my own unworthy self excepted of course. And then of course it was time to switch.

Shawna took over raping my rectum, while Trudi repaid the favor by taking her pussy from behind. Meanwhile LaTonya withdrew from my throat, and suddenly I was faced with Anna's incredible twelve-incher. "Open up, slut!" she growled. "I've been looking forward to dildoeing a man all my life. You're no man of course, just a shitty little sissy-boy she-male honky, and this is your face, not your ass, but for now it'll do just fine!"

What followed was a strangling horror, an unimaginable ordeal of having my esophagus invaded by a relentlessly plunging piston that rendered the non-stop assault on my ass a trifling irritant by comparison. Yet when Anna got her wish at the next switch, and she put that monster cock to work on reaming out my rectal passage, all previous torments were forgotten. The depth and power of her thrusts, the heavy-handed hammering she dished out had me screaming unintelligibly around Trudi's own pistoning penis, as my vicious mistress-wife had her gleeful way with my tear-streaming face. Around and around they rotated, enjoying every possible permutation as they spent the entire afternoon double-teaming me. It was only when all four of them were utterly exhausted, and the blood leaking from my split lips and ass warned that my state of health could take no more, that Trudi and Anna at last pulled from my face and ass respectively, and my mistress declared the slut-fucking at a temporary end.

The tape was removed from my arms, which were nevertheless as dead and useless as mud from their long cramping. The rope was removed from my cock and balls, which immediately shriveled up small. All sexual arousal had been banished from me by my ordeal, perhaps forever. Immediately Trudi re-applied my chastity belt,

locking up my helpless arms and exhausted organs and then pushing me back down on the table, face up this time. Gleaming triumphantly at me she then held up a tool from my own workshop. My emotions drained by the day, I noticed with little reaction that it was a soldering iron. Anna gripped my shoulders and Shawna and LaTonya my legs, but I was beyond struggling as my lovely wife first filled the keyhole to my cock-cage with molten metal, and then absently tossed the now useless key away. Dully I listened as she proceeded to proscribe the rest of my existence.

“Now, Slut-boy – and from now on that will be your only name, Slut-boy – you have been inside me for the last time. Indeed, you have experienced your last orgasm and erection, too. From now on, it will be me entering you. The rest of your life will be spent as my eunuch she-male slut, my cute little cock-sucking sissy-slave. You will always be dressed and shaved and made up just as you are now, and my friends and I will be using you every day, just as we did today. You’ve got a long full life of brutal-ass butt fucking ahead of you, Slut-boy! That is the price I claim for the sublime pleasure I allowed you this morning. Now, get your slutty little ass started on the housework!”

She reached down and unlocked my wrists. “We’ll expect a fabulous dinner for four at seven o’clock sharp! And right now we want drinks. Get going, Slut-boy!”

“Yes, Mistress.” Cheeks burning, head hung hopelessly, I forced my stiff and aching limbs to carry me humbly from their jeering presence.

BOUND FOR GLORY

My girlfriend and I were into bondage for about a year before we discovered the delights of full-scale female domination. A year after that, I was formally bonded into her total eternal servitude. And I've never been more fulfilled.

I started dating Jean when we were both 18. I was a virgin; she was not. She introduced me to all the wonderful pleasures of sex, and I was an avid learner. But after a year and a half of doing it daily in every practical position, she began to express boredom with our sex life. Hopelessly in love, desperate to keep her, I took a chance and confided in her a masturbation fantasy that had haunted me since childhood.

Even as a small boy, before I had any knowledge of sex at all, being tied up would give me an intense erection. Playing cowboys and Indians, I always wanted to be captured by the Indians (always my two older sisters) because they would tie their captives up. I had no understanding of my pounding heart, urgently throbbing hard-on and flushed face as they lashed me to a tree, but the feeling was overwhelmingly compelling. It remains that way to this day, when my bondage is so total and eternal that it is all I know.

In any case, I confessed to Jean that being tied up 'really turned me on', and she jumped at the chance to enhance our bed-play. Naturally we began as most couples do: with her tying me spread-eagled to the bed, and then riding me.

Not that it was so simple. Jean soon learned to place a pillow under my butt, firmly elevating my hips to improve penetration. She developed a sadistic delight in tickling me crazy, and in teasing, fondling, licking, stroking, jerking and sucking my painfully rigid erection for hours without letting me come. When she finally did mount and ride me, the resulting experience was so transcendent

that I was immediately in utter thrall to it. I would forevermore give absolutely anything to be tightly bound beneath her, unable to move a muscle as she had her vigorous way with me.

From there she moved on to tying me to a chair: a simple wooden rail-back desk chair.

Again I would be breathlessly erect through a lap dance from hell: an eternity of endlessly escalating titillation. Finally Jean would straddle the chair for real, landing atop my irrepressible cock and grinding her exquisitely firm but grudgingly yielding breasts into my face. That still remains my fondest memory to this day: sitting helplessly beneath a twenty-year old Jean, my engulfed erection at its aching prime, as she crushed her taut young breasts into my face and took full advantage of the unprecedented penetration our positions provided. She would literally fuck me across the room and up against the wall, then climb higher, crush me tighter and fuck my bound, braced body even harder, until both of us were out of our minds with ecstasy. Our competing carnal crescendos and simultaneous orgasms were divinely sublime.

Soon Jean began binding me in other ways, and ever more often, as she took my secret fetish and made it wholly her own. Hogtying became a favorite of us both, even though the prone and contorted nature of my body made it impossible for her to ride. Instead she'd demand endless amounts of oral sex, leaving my own raging genitals crushed beneath me, painfully back-bent, cruelly bound, or all three. Then she began leaving me tied up afterwards, for longer and longer periods. Or she would tie me up beforehand, and then leave to run errands and whatnot.

Only after abandoning me bound and burning for hours would she at last return to once again extravagantly satisfy our insane mutual craving. It was this last risky practice that finally rewarded us,

with the stroke of good fortune that has taken our depraved relationship to an endless succession of ever more gratifying levels.

I was visiting at her college for a week, staying at the big old boarding house where she lived with a dozen or so other girls. Jean had the spacious attic all to herself, and the other young ladies in residence (mostly lesbians) respected her privacy enough so that we felt comfortable playing our little games. At this point we were enamored of her weightlifting bench, which was hard, narrow, stable, and multiply adjustable.

Jean would strap me to it supine, my arms at my sides. Lowering the foot and inclining the back to about forty-five degrees each put me in prime position for teasing and riding. After the usual torturous foreplay, Jean would at last climb aboard and give her tightly toned young body a violent workout that never failed to test the limits of us both. But despite this at least nightly delight, she was still always experimenting with various new ways of hogtying me. One morning she hit on a particularly delicious idea.

“Here, honey, come kneel over here!”

‘Here’ was an eight foot-square gym mat in the center of the room. Naturally it was very familiar to me. Naked and already erect at the prospect of bondage, I eagerly complied.

“Kneel on all fours, with your knees and ankles spread wide.”

I did it. She immediately spread them much wider, and lashed each ankle to either end of an old broomstick.

“Now, I want you to stick your butt up way high in the air, and put your face down on the mat. Tuck your shoulders in, and put your hands and arms underneath you, down between your knees. Reach back as far between your legs as you can. That’s right! Scrunch right up and try to grab the stick between your ankles!”

Once again I did as she instructed, until I was kowtowed down before her, my erection poking my belly.

With my legs bunched and spread, my ass thrust up high in the air, my arms trapped down under and my back all bowed and compacted, much of my weight bore straight down onto my face where it was compressed into the padded mat. Immediately Jean grabbed each wrist, yanked them even further back, and then tied them securely to the broomstick: lashing them tightly just inside each ankle with so much nylon rope that I was quickly hopelessly bound into that contorted kowtow. Then she chuckled devilishly and produced one more quarter-inch cord.

Jean tied and wound this first about the base of my balls, taking up the scrotal slack until the testicles were compacted and bulging. Then she wound it back down and tightly up the shaft of my throbbing cock, finally noosing it about the bloated, purplish head. Then, giggling delightedly at my uncontrollable gasp, she abruptly yanked the rope backwards, pulling my bound erection down between my legs and back over on itself until it pointed out the rear: reversing its natural curve and bulging out my vulnerable balls even more. At least two or three inches they protruded from my upraised ass.

The end of this rope was then tied to the center of the broomstick, securing my painfully straining hard-on in as an unnatural position as the rest of me. Jean teased me a bit then by spitting into her palm and rubbing that slippery skin cup maddeningly all over the protruding plum of my throbbing cock-head, until autonomic muscles spasms were jerking my contorted form like a broken marionette. But at last she relented, and retrieved our makeshift ball-gag: merely a small 'whiffle' ball with another nylon cord running through it. She pushed this perforated plastic sphere

into my mouth and tied the cord behind my head. My simple but fiendish bondage was complete.

Jean gave a laugh of demonic satisfaction.

“Look at you! This is definitely my best job yet! Are you unbelievably aroused, my captive little lover?”

I managed to nod despite the blood pounding in my bowed head, and the relentlessly growing pain in my cheek and genitals.

“Good! Because I’m afraid I have to go off to class now. I’ll be gone for most of the day: until three-thirty, at least. That gives you, let’s see, almost seven hours to kowtow like this until I come back to righteously fuck you senseless! Can you possibly stand it?”

I whimpered eloquently at this, and managed to wriggle my upthrust ass. But I could do no more. Jean laughed again, kissed my flushed cheek, and then turned her back on me. She gathered her things, and opened the trap door in the floor barely six feet away from me. As she lowered the collapsible ladder to depart, she had one last remark.

“I’m going to leave the door open and the ladder down. But I doubt anyone will come up here. We’ll just have to risk it. See you this afternoon, sweetie! Think of me while I’m gone!”

And then she was. And so I did.

Slowly the morning passed, in torture and glory. Jean had placed large standing mirrors to either side of the mat, at a distance of about ten feet, and I could see endlessly repeating images of myself receding into infinity.

The sight was infinitely arousing. So, too, was the sound of people moving around downstairs in the rest of the house. Below me as many as a dozen attractive women aged eighteen to twenty-one were going blithely about their daily routine, totally oblivious to the

buck-naked captive male so tightly trussed up just above them. Thanks to the mirrors, I could see the wall clock as well, and somewhat chart their comings and goings as they came and went from shower to breakfast to class and back.

Soon the smell of cooking bacon drifting up tormented my own empty stomach, maddening me and compounding the familiar compelling miseries of my bondage. Yet this too, as well as the oblivious proximity of the adolescent women, and the implicit possibility of cataclysmic humiliation, kept my back-bent hard-on straining eagerly at its leash. Only in the relative lull between nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, when most of the girls were off at class, was I able to somewhat relax. Then I would watch the clock, the progress of the sun on the walls, think about my beloved and study every degrading feature of my hogtied posture in the millions of reflections.

I looked like a suckling pig trussed up for the spit, with a whiffle ball stuffed in my mouth in place of an apple. Finding it impossible to look away, I helplessly turned my face back and forth, squirming as I tried to relieve the pressure of gravity on it. But Jean had done her job too well. I was stuck in that ever-growing agony until she came back.

Eventually noon grew near, and the unsettling return of arousing distraction.

The girls came back: slamming doors, running on stairs, laughing and yelling at each other and generally raising hell.

Many of them were done for the day, and full of high spirits. Unfortunately for me, or so I thought for about thirty seconds, this caused two of them to leap the usual bounds of propriety. And everything followed from that.

“Hey, is Jean home? I want to lift some weights!”

“Good idea, I could use a workout too! We’ll swap spotting!”

“I love that bench she has!”

Alternating voices in the hallway below, and suddenly my heart was really racing.

“Is she up there? The door’s open. Hey, Jean! Can we use your weights?”

Both terrified and madly aroused, I squirmed frantically – but as quietly as possible. My mouth was dry, breath whistling through the whiffle ball filling it.

“No answer. Is she home? Why did she leave the door open and the ladder down?”

“Isn’t her boyfriend staying with her this week? Maybe he went out and left it open.”

“Well, let’s go see. She won’t mind if we use her stuff.”

And then they were climbing the ladder. The trap door was only feet from my face, and they were coming up!

There was nothing I could do about it. I was cringing, blushing madly with both arousal and humiliation, as the first pretty face came through the square hole and Jean’s housemate Liz let out a piercing shriek.

“What is it?”

Feet began charging upstairs from every part of the house. Voices were already congregating in the hall below. And Angel, the next girl on the ladder, was clamoring for attention before the shocked and goggle-eyed Liz could gather herself to speak.

“You won’t believe it. Oh god, I don’t believe it!”

“What!”

“It’s her boyfriend! What’s his name, Jim? He’s on the floor up here, completely naked and all tied up!”

“No way! Let me see! Go on up, hurry!”

Many other voices were similarly raised in shock, excitement and delight, and I found my heart pounding so hard I feared it would explode. Soon Liz, Angel, and six or seven other girls had climbed up into the spacious attic. One by one they gasped, goggled at me, and burst out into scandalized laughter. It soon seemed that everyone in the house had gathered to witness my hilarious predicament, and all I could do was squirm under their appalled scrutiny. At last Angel, who as a devoutly intellectual lesbian had an avowed contempt for all men, addressed me.

“Did Jean do this to you?”

I nodded.

“Does she do it often?”

Again I managed to nod, chafing my cheek against the gym mat.

“You like it, don’t you? You love it! You get off on it!”

More whispers, jibes, breathless giggles and a distinct air of growing sexual excitement in the room greeted my nod this time, and other girls began plying me with questions.

“How could you?”

“Look at him!”

“Doesn’t that hurt?”

“Of course it hurts!” Angel declared. “That’s why he likes it! He’s a pervert, and he likes it when women hurt and humiliate him. I did a paper on it for psychology. There’s a whole world of bondage, discipline, sadomasochism and female domination out there. I bet you I know exactly what he’s feeling right now!”

“You’re horny as hell, aren’t you, Jim! Unbearably humiliated that we found you, and yet desperately excited about it. Right?”

I hesitated, saw no point in dissembling, and nodded again.

“In fact, I’ll bet your deviant little mind is crawling with mad fantasies about what we could all be doing to you right now! Your

little cock is fucking rock-hard, and not just from being tied off like that! Look at it twitch that tight rope!”

I lowered my eyes and nodded again. Then I kept my gaze humbly on the floor in front of me, as the young women marveled over and debated the strange situation. But at last Angel made my life by cutting through the chatter with a bold proposal that electrified the entire attic.

“All right girls! Let’s do it! Let’s do all those things I read and wrote about! Jean won’t mind. And if she does, too damn bad! It’s your decision anyway, right pervert? You want us to take advantage of your bondage, don’t you? You want us girls to cruelly dominate and humiliate you! To rub your face in your rightfully submissive position! To take your mad fantasies to their absolute limit! You can’t wait for us to do that! Can you? Admit that you want this!”

Unbelievable. This couldn’t be happening. Yet all my bodily responses said otherwise. Heart still pounding, my scalp tingling with excitement and my face and cock so flushed with blood they felt afire, I could do nothing but pant through my ball-gag, roll my eyes like a condemned prisoner on the chopping block, and then humbly nod. And with that the rest of my unbelievably wonderful life began.

“Are we really going to do this?”

“Hell, yeah!”

“Definitely!”

“Why not?”

“I’m up for it!”

“Let’s do it!”

“Okay, so what do we do first? Angel? You’re the expert!”

Angel moved forward, her dark eyes gleaming. A Puerto Rican girl with big, pointy breasts, it was a shame she played for the other

team. Or so it seemed. I've since learned to decide otherwise. In any case, she'd certainly done her homework.

"The key here is humiliation. He's never felt worthy of femininity, so he purposely debases and humiliates himself before us. He humiliates himself with bondage by presenting to us an utterly helpless posture: like the submissive dog cringing and showing his belly to the matriarch of the pack. But this level of submission is rarely more than just the beginning. Simply put, it does not suffice. He must offer us more than just posture. And one of the most logical and indeed potent offerings that he can make to us is his manhood itself.

"This fundamental sacrifice is the key to his finally finding peace. And you can see that Jean has made a nice start in claiming Jim's. Those balls, for example, the root of the problem, here present an outstanding opportunity for conditioning. You can rest assured we'll capitalize on that repeatedly during the whole transformation process. And it may be that we will have to carry his emasculation much further than any of us expect: as far as is necessary to satisfy the particular depths of our compulsive little submissive's perverted need. In the meantime, though, I believe the first appropriate step after bondage is called 'sissification'."

Gasps and giggles greeted this, and then stilled as Angel expounded.

"In addition to the humiliation of being turned into an object of ridicule, cross dressing the submissive male provides other, more important rewards.

"Latent feminine tendencies are easily unearthed and encouraged in such a personality. This is crucial, for in female domination above all the male persona must be suppressed; preparatory to being altered, transformed as necessary, or even

eradicated altogether. In short, we must make our slave-male appear as a sexually excessive teenage girl, before we can hope to train him into behaving and finally living as one. So without disturbing Jean's excellent bondage job, let's make Jim up like a cheap little slut and dress him in women's dainties!"

The young ladies quickly kindled at this outrageous idea, and several rushed to gather make-up and lingerie.

Not daring to contemplate what I was getting into, wishing Jean were present to guide and manage whatever happened, I quietly submitted as they quickly made up my face. From eye shadow to lipstick, mascara to blush, they painted me up like an ignorant little slut. Someone even had an outlandish big-hair wig from the eighties – possibly part of a Halloween costume – and they soon managed to get it pulled down onto me properly. Then, since stockings, bra and panties were out of the question with my bondage, a girdle was worked around my middle and laced up dangerously tight. While I struggled to breathe, someone jammed frilly half-socks and high-heeled shoes onto my feet, completing my transformation within practical limits.

Everyone stepped back a minute then, to get a critical look. I, too, saw myself in the mirrors clearly for the first time. And my gut-churning, face-burning, yet cock-hardening humiliation exploded within me, as my tormentors roared with laughter and pointed a pair of whirring camcorders at me. Still Angel spurred them on.

"I think our little slut here needs a new name!

"Its own boy's name most certainly won't do anymore! It still is a boy, I suppose, at least biologically, for now... But it's obviously a total slut, too! So why don't we just combine the two, and simply call it Slut-boy? Such a wonderfully generic term!"

This was laughingly agreed, and the circle of women resumed mocking me: labeling me derisively with my descriptive new title. But all this light-hearted fooling around was merely foreplay of course, which fact was brought home to me abruptly when Angel once again upped the ever-increasing stakes.

“All right! The humiliation grows! Soon we will be able to take that killer, most decisive step! But first we must build our way up to that, with a process known in the literature as ‘softening up the slut!’”

She failed to suppress an eager chuckle.

“I told you that slut-boys crave humiliation from us, and it’s obvious that this one does! Note the heavy breathing, curled toes, helpless moans, penis twitches, and other obvious signs of sexual arousal. But he craves to be hurt by us as well. His own unworthiness, and guilt over eons of male sins, drives him to offer us his own bodily pain in compensation. So overweening is this lust for suffering that for us to deny it to him would be crueler than to satisfy it. Therefore I say it is our duty, ladies, to provide the punishment this Slut-boy craves, and in the manner suggested by the posture imposed by its owner. We must spank its upthrust ass, and not just with our hands! We must use hairbrushes and belts and sorority paddles and anything else we can find. A makeshift cane would be so great... I’ll start looking around to see what I can find. Liz, you were the one he startled with his perverted little surprise, so you’re the most offended party here. Why don’t you be the one to start spanking him? Jean’s hair brush is right there!”

Liz took it, and without hesitation moved in and started whaling away at my upthrust ass.

Stunned by all that had occurred, my head spinning with all this academic jargon, I quickly found myself tentatively accepting both it and the situation.

Just as Angel had claimed I would, I found myself more than just accepting the pain: soon I was savoring it, and indeed craving it the worse it became. Having a lovely female punish me was suddenly more arousing than even being tightly tied up by one! Why had I never encouraged Jean to beat me before, I wondered. The pain wasn't bad at all, on the contrary it was perversely rewarding: exactly what I deserved, and from all her kind! But again as Angel had said, it was the humiliation that really turned me on.

Being helpless and powerless while a self-righteous femininity punished me for all my failings literally exalted me. That's why Jean's brand of violent, woman-on-top sex had always turned me on so much: it had the effect of a physical punishment in itself, compounding massively the natural sexual arousal of copulation. Now as I kowtowed hogtied in a circle of jeering women, gasping desperately as they whaled away at my beautifully positioned ass, I found a state that almost approached that transcendent extreme, and without involving any real sexual contact at all: just the searing pain and compelling humiliation being burned into my body and soul by that assault on my buttocks. Truly physically and emotionally exalted, I wallowed in this pervert heaven shamelessly. And after Liz, someone else stepped right up and had at me. There was a scramble then as everyone present searched the house for the best belt, paddle, whip, or that elusive cane that they could come up with. But soon enough they all settled into a rough rotation: everyone watching or playing with their own weapons while some lucky two females excitedly whipped my ass and thighs from either side. Thus they tag-teamed me for a seeming eternity, until I could see through my gratefully streaming tears in the mirror that my upraised butt had sustained serious damage. Finally it was deemed prudent to save

some skin for Jean to whip off, when she finally came home and joined them.

Angel had found her makeshift cane by then, a thin, limber plastic stick used to open and close the levelor blinds. When unscrewed, this made a whistling thin switch with an agonizing bite. After a good twenty minutes, she at last moved her assault with it from my righteously flayed-open ass to the soles of my feet.

These are far more sensitive, of course. The agony increased exponentially, challenging my limits like the expanding cosmos. And then Angel began seriously putting her theories into practice. She began demanding that I renounce my manhood as she beat me.

“What are you? Are you a male?”

Weakly I nodded, gasping for breath in my unlimited agony and irresistible arousal.

“Wrong!” Angel hollered, slashing at me with her cane again, laying down another succession of soul-searing strokes. Then the question:

“What are you? Are you a female?”

Thinking to give her what she wanted, I nodded again. Correction came immediately.

“Wrong again!” Another series of slashing strokes. But then a cruel fist gripped my vulnerable, protuberant balls.

“If you were a female you wouldn’t have these disgusting things!” An agonizing squeeze made me choke on a scream.

“I can’t make the decision whether you deserve to keep these worthless plums or brutally lose them myself. That’s for Jean to decide. So from now until the day she makes that decision, the answer to my question, Slut-boy, is that you are a ‘she-male’: a biological male that plays the female part, both as an acknowledgement of your unworthiness, and an attempt to emulate

the superior sex. And, of course, because you have sacrificed your manhood to us to atone for your many failings.”

“Now then!” Angel declared with relish, lifting up her voice to the entire attic room. “The crucial time is at hand! Slut-boy here has submitted her posture and pain to us, and it was not enough! But as expected she has also willingly offered up her useless manhood. As a triumphant lesbian member of the superior sex, I am going to claim the first tangible installment of that sacrifice! I’m going to take our bound little cross-dressed Slut-boy’s humiliation to its most momentous level!”

She grinned down at me unsettlingly.

“All the research says this is the most meaningful act of subjugation, even when the emasculation process is carried all the way through to castration.

“This most fundament reversal of roles confirms and celebrates an enormous power shift from the traditionally dominant male to the triumphantly ascendant female. It’s the irrevocable step a so-called ‘straight guy’ can never recover from. By the Goddess, it’s just such an exciting concept! And I have to admit: ever since I learned about this, I’ve been dying to see it for myself. After all, I’ve only used my strap-on cock for fucking other girls before!”

Then to my appalled eyes she suddenly produced a large dildo complete with a harness.

Flesh-colored, beautifully realized and life-like, it was easily ten inches long, perhaps almost two at its corrugated thickest.

Shrill laughter exploded around the room at its appearance, and the sexual excitement generated by the cross-dressing and whipping cranked up appreciably.

The timbre of the titillated chatter climbed in pitch, and immediately several of the other girls left to dig out dildos of their

own. Meanwhile my gut churned, my face burned, my heart raced and my tightly bound cock pulsed like crazy. Kneeling there kowtowed I struggled violently with my bonds, but the real battle was taking place inside me. Instead of being horrified as I thought I should, I was instead most blackly aroused by this development, unable to control my suddenly fully raging craving for female domination.

Here was what I'd always truly needed! Regardless of the validity of all Angel's lesbian preaching, one thing struck me as obvious right away. The act she proposed to perform on me offered me everything at once: limitless humiliation and violent physical punishment, all bound up in the natural if viciously inverted sexuality of copulation. How infinitely arousing! Not to mention the fact that this option opened up whole new realms of sexual possibilities for us not restricted by the physical limits of my daily bondage. Jean could do this to me all the time, regardless of how elaborately I was hogtied...

By the time Angel had removed her skirt, and strapped her big penis on over her panties, I was shamefully eager for her to begin. My bound cock strained madly, and instead of struggling with my bonds I was yearning my ass upward. Suddenly it couldn't be spread out wide or thrust up high enough.

The girls noticed my excitement, and more laughter, marveling and derision poured down from all around. Soon deals were being struck between those who had dildos and those who did not over terms of use and order of progression and such. Pheromones flooded the air, and of all the arousal rampant in that attic, surely mine was the runaway greatest. Angel acknowledged this fact and

instructed me simultaneously as she covered her cock in Vaseline and moved around behind me.

“You see, Slut-boy, everyone? You see how eager she is to sacrifice her manhood? Today is the greatest day in Slut-boy’s life: the day she stops having sex like a male and begins to enjoy it as a she-male. It really should be Jean taking your virginity here, but ducking out and leaving you to us was her fault. So here we go, Slut-boy! Welcome to your new sex life!”

She gripped my upthrust cheeks with her fists and pried them apart as wide as they would go. Then, without even a finger to loosen me up first, she pushed the big head of her slippery rubber cock into my tight little virgin anus.

Gasps and whispers around the room couldn’t drown out my own conflicted keening, and the girls with the camcorders moved in close, recording multiple angles of my ultimate humiliation. Nevertheless I moaned deliriously, feeling that large, painful cylindrical object pushing ever deeper into the last privacy of my body. Soon I was stuffed so full of it I had to bite down hard on the whiffle ball, as my shocked insides slowly stretched themselves to accommodate that unnatural invader.

Angel’s excitement was as palpable as mine, and the entire atmosphere in the attic seemed concentrated and breathless as she slowly pulled back and then thrust herself forward once again.

Her hands gripped my hips now, holding me tight, even pulling my body back against that big in-stabbing club. Again I groaned and keened most eloquently, as she gloatingly violated the deepest core of my body.

Slowly she pumped it in and out, loosening me up until her well-lubricated cock could slide more swiftly back and forth in my rectum.

Then she began establishing a proper rhythm, slapping her hips into me, and my wonderful world of anal service at last truly opened up.

As I'd somehow intuitively known it would be, this act was the definitive epitome of my submissive existence. There could be no more authoritative statement of one being's dominance over another than for that being to fuck the other brutally in the ass. It is by far the most telling expression of power imaginable. And the harder that Angel fucked me, the more demanding the pace of the enormous organ she hammered in and out of my former privacy, the more I wallowed in the soul-stealing experience.

My physical and emotional abasement could not have been more complete – or so I thought at the time. This was truly the ultimate submissive thrill that being put into bondage only hinted at! Oh, please, Jean, I suddenly keened, come home soon and do this to me yourself! Do this to me forever and ever and ever!

Then, as if in answer to my prayers, another beautiful face pushed up through the open trap door. And this time it was indeed my beloved girlfriend.

For the very first time I called her Goddess in my heart. Appearing magically like my blessed salvation, she climbed into the attic where I was surrounded by her housemates and temporarily interrupted the proceedings.

“Holy shit, what’s going on in my apartment? What are you guys doing to Jim?”

“Nothing he doesn’t want and love,” answered Angel, punctuating her statement with an escalation in her raping thrusts that pressed my made-up face deeper into the mat and raised my weirdly erotic keening even louder. “And it’s no longer either a he or

a Jim. This is now a she-male called Slut-boy, and she's desperately eager to devote her entire life to you.

"She wants you to go beyond just tying her up. She wants you to dominate and subjugate her in every possible way: with bondage, whippings, punishment, and above all humiliation! She's even offering you as much of her masculinity as you want to take. From cross-dressing and feminizing her, to constant brutal bugging, to sucking your many other lovers' cocks and even having her own cut off, she's gladly devoting everything she is to serving and satisfying you for the rest of her life! She's all yours, Goddess Jean!"

Jean put down her book bag, and then knelt by my face: still being shuddered and chafed by Angel's endless agonizing thrusts into my ass.

"Is this true, Slut-boy? Are you happy like this? Is being dressed up like a girl and bugged up the butt even better than just being tied up?"

I put as much honest yearning into my eyes as possible as I met her look and nodded urgently. Slowly a smile of such infinitely devilish relish spread across my girlfriend's face that I went weak with seeing it.

"You want to go from being just my daily captive to my complete and utter sissy-slave? To serving me forever however I may demand, and all in exchange for me brutally daily raping your tight little ass? Even if I decide I like it better than riding you, and never ever want to have normal sexual relations with you again, or even let you masturbate?"

Again I nodded eagerly. Careless of the costs, captivated more by the deliciously ignominious experience of being publicly anally raped than by the ropes and broomstick that so tightly bound me, I

would have offered her my soul if only she would agree to step in and take over Angel's place.

Luckily that wasn't necessary – at least not yet. Jean was more than delighted to take me up on my outrageous offer. The dominating, sadistic streak she betrayed while tying me up and riding me now burst forth in full evolving flower. She giggled with unbelievable glee, and then gloated over me as she rose up and began stripping down to her black lace bra and panties.

"My own little sissy-slave Slut-boy! My eternally submissive, dildo-loving, housemaid bondage-toy! What a wonderful find you are! Could there possibly be a better boyfriend? Or husband? Something tells me we're going to be married very soon, Slut-boy! And since you've long since had my virtue, I don't see any reason for me to wait around until our wedding night before taking yours! Especially now that I'm your reigning holy Goddess!"

"Can I borrow that dildo, Angel? That's my Slut-boy you're butt fucking after all!"

"Of course!" Angel replied.

"I was saying earlier how I regretted usurping your place. I'll even help you shop for one of your own if you like. I know all the best places." She stopped raping me, backed up and pulled her huge cock out of my suddenly aching empty ass.

Despite their own obvious eagerness to use me, the other girls all backed up, and made way for Goddess Jean. Two of them had actually moved onto the bed, and were making out and playing with another strap-on, while two more were presently checking out the killer weight bench. It seemed a serious orgy might be in the offing...

Then Goddess Jean was ready to officially take over my emasculation. Wearing just her underwear and that enormous cock, she moved between my upthrust, spread-open and gaping ass-

cheeks. Formally she announced her intention to the growing party at large.

“Here I officially take over the penis in this relationship! From now on, every time I have sex with my Slut-boy, it will be by violently butt-fucking her! She still may get to eat me out, and suck my tits and cock. But she will never again use her inadequate little penis on me!”

Cheers erupted from all sides at this. Then Jean stepped forward and made this momentous change official. Spreading yet more petroleum jelly all over her big hard cock, she leaned forward, grabbed her new slave by the hips and aligned her dick. Then she slammed it into me with a viciousness that Angel had only aspired to. Soon she was fucking my ass as intensely as she'd ever ridden my throbbing cock.

For both of us this was an early apotheosis. Jean soon climaxed multiple times, right in front of her friends and their cameras. And I no doubt would have done so as well, had my sex organs not been wrapped in rope and tightly tied off. In any case, my mate cored me out violently, setting a precedent she continues to exceed nearly every time she feels like fucking me.

Her gathered friends were considerably impressed, and I was of course immediately more devoted to her than ever. Indeed, sex is so much more meaningful with someone you love, no? Angel had introduced me to this forbidden new delight and aroused me to unprecedented levels of satisfaction. But Goddess Jean made every stabbing stroke intimately special, infinitely more rewarding. It seemed she knelt behind me and fucked my asshole for hours that day, and the greater the pain she caused me, the greater the satisfaction I received. But alas, Jean truly was as new to this as me. She hadn't yet built up the formidable muscles she has today.

Eventually her endurance began to run out. And really, why should she strain herself, when so many of her accomplished lesbian friends were waiting?

At last she hammered herself to one last climax, and me into one more plumbless masochistic abyss. Then she finally pulled out. She unstrapped that monstrous penis from her crotch, stepped back and offered my services to the room at large.

“Whose turn is it to butt fuck Slut-boy? Truly she belongs to me, entirely. But sluts are by definition promiscuous. While I’m busy resting and planning things with Angel, the rest of you are free to continue introducing our new house slave to the kind of service she’ll be eternally providing. In other words, keep stabbing out her asshole until I’m ready to have a go at it again myself!”

More cheers erupted at this, and hot young women seemed to converge on me from all sides. Most of them had followed Jean’s example, and stripped down to their underwear. And in addition to the monster cock my owner had just handed off, two of them were already sporting their own erect dildos. As Jean moved off my ass was claimed immediately, and the on-deck cocks crowded around close.

Relieved of the Alpha-bitch presences of Angel and Jean, who’d gone off to discuss the theory and practice of female domination, the rest of the young ladies became quickly more uninhibited. They took turns enthusiastically fucking my ass like a slut of course. But the ones in waiting began to tease and torment me as well. They would whip my exposed back, or reach down under to twist and abrade the protruding purple plum of my forgotten throbbing erection head. Drenched panties were draped over my face, and degrading names scrawled across my flesh in bright red lipstick. And still the punishing new rotation rolled on, as I wallowed in each new humiliation yet

always pined for the glorious return of my own eternal Goddess' cock.

She was away quite a while learning. While their housemates fell with a fervor to violently fucking Slut-boy and each other, Jean read Angel's psychology paper and listened to all of her exciting lesbian theories. They discussed all the possible options and extremes available to a goddess while training a new slave, and decided on several rock-solid certainties.

Foremost of course was the already proclaimed fact that I would never again penetrate my lifelong mate. And although they yet disguised this from me awhile, they also agreed that I should never ejaculate again at all, nor even experience a pain-free erection.

Elementary as well was the fact that I was always to address Jean as 'Goddess', and every other female in the world as 'Mistress'. I would do all of Jean's housework, and as much of everyone else's as my extensive bondage and service time allowed.

After that the ladies turned to the Internet: surfing the seamier sites for ever more depraved ideas to carry out on their delightful new Slut-boy. These would ultimately cost me more than just my manhood, but at the time I remained oblivious. As Jean was getting inspiration by the second – and ordering scads of b&d paraphernalia from on-line stores with my credit cards – I was still wallowing in my wonderful new hell, a hell that would last not just through the rest of the week that I'd planned to stay there, but for the rest of my own personal eternity.

Soon there was a serious orgy underway indeed. Nor did it finish with nightfall. In fact, more and more girls seemed to learn about what was going on, and soon the attic was thronged with them.

As the only male in the place, and subject to the endless concentrated humiliation and abuse of them all, I was in outrageous ecstasy. Again and again I was re-tied in the most debasing postures, endlessly whipped and raped and forced to suck on cunts and dildos galore.

Day after day this went on, with the ladies constantly cross-dressing, binding, torturing, conditioning and wildly fucking me from either end, until my transformation from free agent male to enslaved she-male became hopelessly irrevocable.

The eventual complete sacrifice of my manhood was taken for granted by all, and my comprehensive sissification continuously reinforced. At last, after five straight days of this preliminary training (or constant brainwashing), on the night before I was supposed to return to my own college, Jean and her friends determined that I was ready for the next momentous step in my evolving transformation.

By now there were mattresses scattered all over the floor of the attic: comfort for all of the lesbian couples fucking while they waited their turn with the slut. With an air of great anticipation, Jean and Angel moved the largest queen-sized one out into the middle of the room, and passed two long ropes under it, from side to side at the head and foot. A pillow was placed in the center, and with that they were ready for me.

They stretched me out spread-eagled, with a pillow under my ass just like the old days. My wrists and ankles were tightly tied to the ends of the two ropes, and just like that I was bound helplessly out, like some kind of living advertisement for gang rape. Jean produced one of her new toys then: a shiny metal ring-gag. The inch and a half diameter ring was wedged upright between my teeth, holding my jaws sprung open, and the attached leather straps buckled at the back of my head. Another recent acquisition, a tightly

restraining cock and ball harness, was strapped about my engorged genitals, preventing orgasm.

Straightaway Jean began fucking me then, using her new skin-tight penis pants with the ten inch-long vibrator-equipped dick. I was in heaven as ever, and it seemed the orgy was merely going on as usual. My goddess loomed over me and hammered herself into my body in the most vigorous manner imaginable, and everywhere her housemates kissed and groped and licked and sucked and dildoded each other as well. But then I heard Angel's wicked laugh on the ladder, and voices too deep to be female.

Within moments she'd led four guys up into the attic: the only males I'd seen since my enslavement. They in turn eyed me with a hungry gleam, and I began shaking my head and howling unintelligibly through the ring-gag.

Jean responded by smacking me smartly across the face, an act that inflamed me almost as much as her butt fucking. "Silence, Slut-boy!" She pulled out of my now gapingly reamed-out ass, and again addressed both me and the attic at large.

"All right! Slut-boy's transformation into our she-male slave has been going beautifully! So far she has given up her posture, pain, freedom, male appearance and sex habits to embrace superior femininity! But now she must give up even more! She must sacrifice her ridiculous hetero prejudices. Slut-boy's ultimate goal is to be a lascivious girl, after all, and lascivious girls don't just fuck other girls! They fuck and service guys most of all! Luckily Angel has found us some local bi guys to join the party! These are Bill, Joe, Rod, and Corey. They've been told they can fuck any or all of us, but first they each have to fuck Slut-boy for us. So let's all gather around to watch the fun! Who's got the camcorders?"

These were already trained on me. Enthusiastic college girls immediately began ripping at the guys' clothes, their own erect dildoes wagging with excitement. Still I shook my head in horror. But immediately Jean was right there again.

"You have to get comfortable with this, Slut-boy! You have to learn to love it! You're a she-male now, remember? You love to suck on cocks, and to feel real hard hot ones stabbing and spurting into you. And you're going to get that an awful lot from now on. If you're going to be my slave, then you're going to have certain responsibilities, you know. Clearly I can't use your inferior cock anymore. But as a Goddess you can't possibly expect me to forgo the pleasures of good old-fashioned hetero sex myself! That's only for she-male eunuch slaves like you to have to suffer! But I would hate to be dishonest, and go sneaking around behind your back. So whenever I take a lover, Slut-boy, I'm going to do it right in front of you! And doubtless using you all tied-up first will be a significant part of our foreplay. So think of me, remember your devotion, and surrender to me yet more of your former manhood! Eventually I will have it all!"

She backed off, and immediately a naked guy took her place. Despite my unlimited devotion, and a sick, secret arousal at the unimaginable depths of humiliation I was being taken to, I continued to struggle with my bonds. I writhed erotically, bringing a gasp of appreciation from the crowd. But the guy straddled my chest, lifted my head, and forced his throbbing hot erection through the ring-gag and deep into my mouth and throat.

I gagged miserably as he face-fucked me, my impaled head swimming with shame. But of course Jean and the girls had done far worse with their considerably larger dildoes all week. I managed to control myself at last, and endured until the anonymous male had

worked up an appetite and lubricated himself well. Then he pulled out, backed off, and lay down atop me. Expertly he inserted himself, and then I was actually being fucked in the ass by another guy.

The crowd applauded, the cameras whirled, and of course soon enough I was straining my crotch up, using the abysmal humiliation being forced upon me to overcome my disgust. Soon I was moaning in ecstasy like a slut indeed, and when the fag suddenly accelerated his jabbing rhythm, grunted like an animal in my ear and then shot his hot wad deep up into my ass, I was left disappointed and unfulfilled.

No matter. Another cock took its place. Two of them in fact: one stabbing into my always-greedy ass and the other violently violating my esophagus. Fucked again from both ends, I took another load up my ass and had the other pumped out all over my degraded face within minutes. The last guy then fucked my ass hard, and then finished by shooting his load straight down my throat.

By this time the spectacle of my emasculation was having trouble competing with the more fleshy options all around. The wild lesbian orgy was once again well underway. Plus, the guys who'd paid their dues by introducing me to homosexual service were now recovering enough to reap their reward. Taking two or three girls to bed each, they were preparing for the sexual experience of a lifetime.

All except for one of them, that is. The last one to use me still sprawled on the mattress next to me. And my Goddess Jean soon draped herself over both of us, and began idly playing with the stranger's flaccid cock. She licked, sucked, and stroked it with all the expert skill I remembered so well, and soon it was no longer flaccid. Then she crouched over my face doggy-style, and encouraged this guy she'd just meant to fuck the shit out of both her pussy and her

ass only inches above me. At the final climax he pulled out, and spattered his depleted load all over my humiliated face and locked-open mouth. Then Jean sank onto my head with a sigh of exquisite contentment.

After publicly cuckolding me for the first time, and preparing me to service her future lovers, Jean informed me that I would not be going back to my own college the next day. In fact, I would be quitting school entirely, and moving into her attic room on a permanent basis. Thus my training and emasculation could continue around the clock, and my lifetime of servitude truly get underway.

I was far beyond arguing. Wholly devoted to my omnipotent goddess, impossibly addicted to the thrusting of her dildo, I accepted each life-changing humiliation as they came. As long as I was tightly tied up for most of each day, and whipped or dildoeed into oblivion by my Goddess and her friends, I didn't care what they made of me or my future. Jean continued to constantly cuckold me with men and women both, and I continued to humbly service them both before and after they fucked my beautiful goddess silly right in front of me.

As the months passed, Goddess experimented with various ways of denying my own renounced male sexuality. Just abstaining from touching it, or leaving it bound or tightly harnessed always wasn't enough. Besides denying me orgasmic release, she actually wanted to punish each erection. First she locked me into a chastity belt, and then a few months later into an even more confining cock-cage. Finally, on our wedding night exactly a year from the day of my initial enslavement, she used body-piercing to ensure my lifelong pain and frustration.

A pre-nuptial agreement transferred all my assets and even power of attorney to my goddess. She would handle all my worldly

affairs, and I would be legally and financially dependent on her. I would also be changing my last name to hers, and my former first name would be legally changed once and for all to Slut-boy. Goddess even reserved the right to eventually surgically transform me into a woman if she so chose. She'd been considering hormones, implants, and removing my genitals altogether. But she so loved to torture them... Perhaps later, after we've moved to our new house – all specifically designed with my constant bondage and complete and eternal subjugation in mind – she will at last personally slice my cock off, and place on the mantle in a jar of preservative as a trophy of my enslavement.

For the time being, though, I'm still locked into the diabolical bonds she placed on me on our wedding night. After whipping and torturing my extravagantly bound body for hours, Goddess had me pledge in blood to serve her for all eternity: damning my immortal soul into an endless afterlife as groveling and asymmetrical as the relationship we currently share. Then she sealed this pledge by piercing the head of my penis and threading a sturdy silver ring through it.

An identical ring had been installed at the bottom of my scrotum, and Goddess linked the two rings and welded them together. Any attempted erection now is an exquisite agony for me. And despite my confirmed new identity as a eunuch sissy she-male, my biological maleness refuses to be eradicated, torturing me endlessly with desires I can never again dream of being allowed to satisfy. Still, as long as Goddess continues to tie me up in endless painful ways, and to constantly use her whips and cocks to violently punish and subjugate me, I will continue to serve her gladly, slavishly, throughout all eternity, regardless of what I've had to give up in return.

It's the very least she deserves.

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'd panties 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 tiled 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 then 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 overhead 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!

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
Wedged 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?

I find the genesis of a personal fetish endlessly fascinating, and enlightening to share with others of similar bent. Here's my story, for whatever it's worth. I hope it provides insight, or at least passing interest to others enamored with female domination.

I was conquered by womanhood in high school, at the hands of my first real lover. We had typical beginner's vanilla sex at every opportunity for at least a year. Then one unforgettable Christmas changed everything. I gave Jean a ring she'd been particularly coveting. She gave me, probably inadvertently, a lifetime craving for sexual submission.

We had returned to her parents' house from some insufferable family function in the early afternoon. The place was empty, and as soon as we entered the living room Jean suddenly spun me around and violently ripped off my 'Sunday best' clothes. Her own dress followed, and she shoved me roughly down onto the middle of the couch. Ignoring my sputtering protests she immediately straddled me, grabbed my head and ground her gorgeous breasts into my face. Feral and aggressive, she squirmed in my lap and attacked me with her tits until I thought I'd go insane. Finally she mounted me and fucked my brains absolutely OUT. It was by far the best sex I've ever had, even to this day. I was so simultaneously shocked and turned on by her unexpected aggression that I had no defense to it. Submitting to her sexually just struck some irresistible chord deep within me. From that point on I was never truly fulfilled unless I was the one on the bottom.

We did it in the car that way all the time, with me slouched in the middle of the back seat while Jean straddled and rode me silly. We did it anywhere Jean could find a chair to push me down into. Even in the illicit luxury of her parents' bed, we always made love with her

in the superior position. And soon we were dabbling in things like bondage, spanking and mutual masturbation. To this day I've been contemplating ever more insane depravities, trying to recapture the overwhelmingly compelling arousal I felt at being brusquely stripped, roughly shoved down and violently ridden to an apocalyptic mutual orgasm by my smirking girlfriend. The dominant, sexually aggressive female has become an icon for me, inspiring dozens of ever-more lurid and pornographic fantasies – and some amazingly rewarding realities.

It's rather ironic that a few years after Jean and I split I suffered a broken neck in a diving accident. Now I am indeed condemned to the submissive position when it comes to sex. And as a C-5 quadriplegic I'm also subject to much daily pain, humiliation, dependence and physical indignity at the hands of female caregivers. Mixing these two situations may not be very professional, but that hasn't stopped me from developing some wonderfully kinky relationships with some of my more attractive and adventuresome aides and nurses. Now if only I could find one willing to marry me, to pin me down, ride and rule over me night and day for the rest of my existence...

In the meantime, I write ever more outrageous stories: paying the only homage I can to the glorious Goddess whose earthly incarnation I yearn more for all the time. May she find me soon! In any case, I hope you've enjoyed the preceding stories. Expect many more to come from my tireless pen!

Also by Lance Edwards:

Slut-Boy I

Big Linda's Midnight Visits

Caught, Taught, Tamed & Trained

Coerced Conversions

Dangerous Redemption

Hogtied & Electrified: More Slut Boy Stories

Judge, Jury & Jailor

Million Dollar Mistress

Nursing A Grievance

Sins of the Sitter

Tales of Female Depravity

Tales of Love & Cruelty

The Professor's Pet

Whips, Chains & Wicked Women

For a complete catalogue of Erotic Fiction... write, email or call:

Pink Flamingo Publications

P.O. Box 632, Richland, MI 49083, 1-877-629-0051