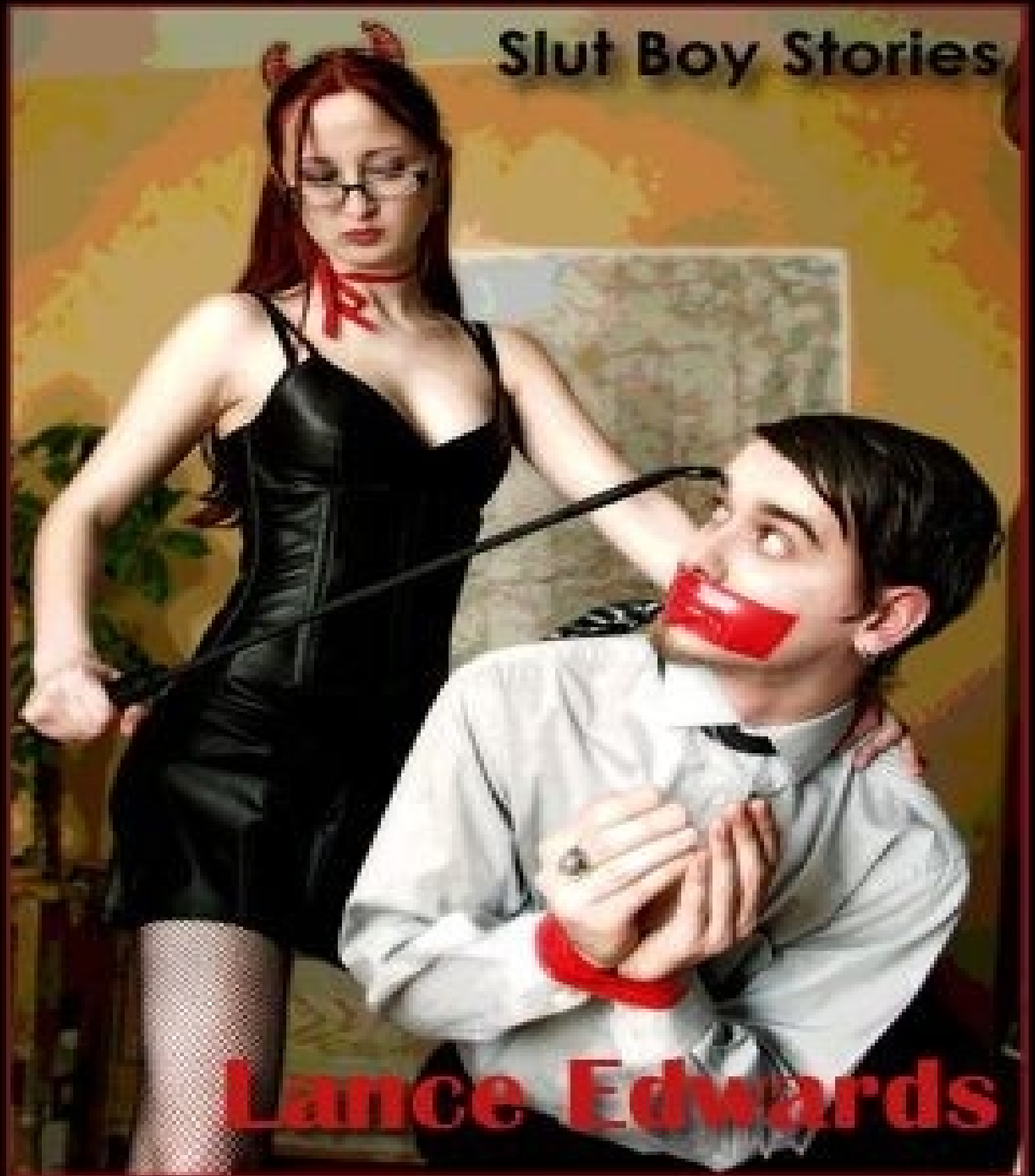


Whips, Chains & Wicked Women

Slut Boy Stories



Lance Edwards

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Whips, Chains Wicked Women
More Slut-boy Stories

by Lance Edwards

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Trading Places

Tara's Tale

Let's trip back to 1986. That's when this wonderful life of mine really started.

Even though we were only high school seniors, Eric and I were like an old married couple already. We'd been steady for nearly three years, and we'd even lived together for two months, having shared an apartment since we turned eighteen. Unfortunately, also like an old married couple we'd begun to bicker a lot, and our sex life had grown ever more unsatisfying. But finally I saw my chance to solve both those problems. Adroitly I maneuvered Eric to right where I wanted him. Then I began putting into play a plan I'd already devised with a few friends of mine on the cheerleading squad.

Actually, we were more than just 'friends'. Unbeknownst to Eric, I'd been bisexual for six months, cheating on him with a growing assortment of lesbian lovers.

I really had no choice in the matter – as I said, our sex life had become supremely unsatisfying. Football hero that he was, Eric's most important equipment was unfortunately junior varsity. Even worse, he'd developed an incorrigible problem with it: premature ejaculation.

I never blamed him personally for either of these deficiencies. After all, we are how we are made. And was I not the homecoming queen, and the hottest girl in school? My hair was then and still is a thick burnished bronze, my skin flawless and tanned and my eyes a dark cobalt blue. My body has always been effortlessly fit and my ass and tits the envy of everyone. What male in the world could possibly keep from coming at the sight of me unclothed and closing in on him?

Still, endless sexual frustration is intolerable – at least for me. For certain significant others it may be exactly what they deserve. Anyway, I eventually found I that could only get off properly by riding Eric's face.

He learned to be good with his lips and tongue, no doubt. And even better was the overpowering thrill I felt at holding him down, burying my fists in his hair, grinding my crotch in his face and even fucking his outthrust

tongue. Yet soon even this wasn't enough. I needed a proper cock, goddamn it! Luckily I then learned of a certain cheerleader's clique that had suffered similarly, and had henceforth discovered some amazingly fulfilling accommodation.

I met them, joined them, and despite my lifelong heterosexuality, I quickly discovered an unquenchable thirst for having my pussy pounded with a big old strap-on dildo. More surprising still, after a period of delighted experimentation, I developed an even more insane craving for doing the pounding myself. Soaking up my classmates' feminist wisdom, I eventually became so dominant that I wanted nothing more than to forcibly feminize my supposedly stud-boy football player boyfriend. I'd teach him how to use a fucking cock! The more he annoyed and disappointed me, the more determined I became to turn him into my submissive little lifelong sissy slave she-male slut-boy. And finally he gave me the opportunity.

"Come on," he griped. "We're going to be late! Why does it always take you so long to get ready? Curling your hair, making up your face, dressing and undressing over and over again, it never ends!"

"Not that I want to go to this party anyways," he immediately averred. "Your friends are always making innuendos about my dick, and that other little problem I have. Did you really have to tell everyone? I can't go anywhere without hearing about the alpha male ape with the sub-zed dick. If we have to go, I want to get it over with already."

Pissed off at his badgering, I was opening my mouth to tell him so. But then inspiration struck, and opportunity blossomed.

It was time to put an end to such tiresome bickering – and so much else – forever. Casually, giving no hint of my duplicity, I laid my trap.

"It takes time for me to look my best. You should appreciate it Eric: who else has such a hot girlfriend? We are the best-looking couple in school. We have an image to maintain. But I'll tell you what: if you really don't want to go to this party, we can stay home tonight. But that's only on the condition that you let me live out a particular kinky thrill of mine. Let me show you what an hour or more of proper female care can do. Let me curl *your* hair, and make up *your* face. I've always wanted to see how pretty you might be with the benefit of a woman's professional touch.

“It’ll probably turn me on so much I’ll go nuts, and fuck your ever-loving brains out,” I purred, “And who knows? You might find it exciting too. So decide, Eric. It’s either that, or we go to the party, my friends all ridicule you mercilessly, and afterwards I cut you off completely: no more sex forever. What do you say?”

Utterly confounded, Eric gaped at me.

“You...you wouldn’t...use sex as a weapon?”

Oh, yeah baby! In ways you can’t possibly conceive! Still, keeping this thought to myself I merely nodded.

“That’s right. Either let me give you a makeover tonight, or forget about ever getting laid or even kissed again until you finally give in.”

He stood there, several expressions competing for possession of his face.

Anger, dismay, embarrassment, worry; possibly even a deeply hidden yearning: which would come out on top? I was betting on the last, and after no more than half a minute I raked in my winnings: his masculinity, sexuality, mortal life and eternal soul. Within a minute he foolishly threw up his hands.

“All right already! I’ll do anything to get out of going to this goddamn party!”

“Excellent!” I gloated.

“Oh, baby, this is going to be the best, most momentous night of our lives! I’ll tell you what: you go into the bathroom and take off all of your clothes. Piss and shit, if you haven’t already. Then come back out here and sit in my chair.”

Without a demurring word he went to comply.

Wonderful! Oh, this had gone better than I’d ever dreamed...

As soon as his back was turned, I swiveled my inconspicuous webcam to cover the chair and vanity. With a few computer clicks I started it recording (and incidentally transmitting to the party we’d be missing), and then went into our walk-in wardrobe to choose three of my stoutest leather belts. When I emerged, Eric (or Erica, as he would be forever known after this)

was sitting naked, ill-at-ease and fidgeting before the three-way vanity mirror.

“Excellent!” I soothingly crooned again.

“Hold still, sweetie. I’m going to belt you down now. There’s nothing to worry about. I just don’t want you changing your mind about this before you finally see how sexy and slutty and tasty you look as a lady.”

Eric squirmed a bit, but he remained properly docile as I positioned his hands in his lap and then used my first belt to strap his chest and shoulders to the back of the chair. The second belt likewise restrained his elbows and belly, and the last one passed around his spread thighs and under the seat.

He could still move his lower legs, feet, hands, and forearms, but not enough to escape or seriously resist me. And right according to plan, his hands immediately capitalized on their freedom by wandering down and beginning to stroke and fondle his tiny two-inch erection.

Aha!

Either bondage or the strange anticipation of everything else that lay ahead was turning him on despite his stupid male reservations – if even those weren’t a sham in the first place. Perfect. Under the guise of giving myself room to work I pulled his chair back a bit, allowing the recording camera to capture both his miniscule prick and what he was shamefully doing with it. Then I plugged in my curler and picked up my hairbrush.

I’ve always loved Eric’s hair.

Thick and full, shoulder-length, it’s still truly black, and not the deep dark brown that is often misidentified as such. Already clean and shining, I nevertheless gave it a good twenty strokes with the brush, more for my own enjoyment than anything else. Then I put down the brush, picked up my pick and curler, and began to professionally style those delicious locks.

Okay, true, I wasn’t yet a licensed professional. But I’d been learning on my own for years, and I intended even then to go on to cosmetology school right after graduation, despite the fact that I’d never need the money. Styling hair is just something I’ve always loved, and indeed probably the original seed that eventually drove me (along with the other above reasons) to finally sissify my man. I shit you not, since I first saw them I dreamed of

getting my hands on those long, silken tresses. And once I finally did I enjoyed every second of it, making that cool hippy-hair into a true feminist work of art.

Remember, these were the late eighties. Big hair was in big-time. Over the course of an hour I used my curler, pick and hairspray to transform my nascent slut-boy's locks into such a bushy, curly mass of decidedly slutty ringlets that he proved irresistibly attractive even to himself. Finally I pulled back, allowing him access to the mirrors.

"How do you like your new hairstyle, Erica?"

"I...I...I really do look like a girl!" he stammered. His breath was coming fast, and he continued to play with his pitiful little stub of a prick.

"Yes you do," I teased.

"You look like a deliciously sexy little slut! So, are you getting in touch with your feminine side yet, Erica?"

"I...I guess so." He was blushing almost purple, and squirming furiously against the restraining belts.

"Good girl," I breathed. "Because I am just getting started on you! Now, let's get that pretty face of yours all made up!"

I moved back around in front of him, blocking his view of the mirror again, but not the camera's view of him, of course. Then I went joyfully back to work.

Foundation, blush, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, et cetera, I practically troweled on the cosmetics. Soon I had him so heavily made up he looked like a caricature of the prototypical prostitute. Then I applied long, dangling clip-on earrings and once again moved around behind him, letting him see the results.

His eyes popped wide in shock. He gasped, and then started breathing heavier than ever. His fondling took on a renewed urgency, as I leaned over him and began whispering dirty-talk into his ear.

"Look at you, you disgusting little slut!"

“You are a slut now, aren’t you Erica? You’re a sexy, sleazy, sissy little slut-boy. And you’re incredibly turned on by it. Don’t even try to deny this. Your puny little penis is as big and hard as it can possibly get – bigger and harder than I’ve ever seen it before. So admit it for me, slut-boy! Tell me that you’re a slut and how much you love it!”

“I...I’m a slut!” he instantly moaned. “I’m a wretched slut and I love it!”

And with that he suddenly explosively groaned, wrenched against his bonds and ejaculated all over himself.

Fantastic!

Once again I couldn’t believe how easy it all was. I had expected whining, resistance, and a whole shit-load of pathetic male posturing. But this silly little slut-boy took to his transformation like a duck to water. I had him right where I wanted him then. And I lost no time letting him know it.

“Look over there at my computer table, slut-boy. Do you see it? Please notice that my webcam is on, and that it’s trained directly on you. I just got a recording of you made up like the lowliest slut, admitting that you are a wretched little slut, and then coming all over yourself as you make the admission. According to the time-honored tradition of blackmail, that means I own you now, doesn’t it? If you don’t want the whole school, and indeed the whole world to see that recording, and know what a disgusting sissy slut you are, then you had better obey me in absolutely everything from now on!”

Oh, his dismayed, appalled goggle was priceless!

“Are...are you serious?”

“You bet your slutty, sissy ass I am, Erica. You have just become my eternal slave. I now own you body and soul forever. And you have just begun your permanent transformation into a disgusting she-male. So admit it again! Say, ‘Yes, Mistress Tara, I am forevermore your personal property, a slutty little she-male sissy slave.’ Say it right now, or I’m going to go over there and email that recording to everyone we know, and then post it on the internet, for the entire world to see! And of course, it’s all password protected, and already uploaded to a secure server. Not even killing me and

destroying my computer could prevent its eventual dissemination. I have planned for every contingency!”

Erica continued to goggle disbelievingly at me. But when I merely stared sternly down at her she at last swallowed hard, dropped her eyes and quietly husked out her acceptance.

“Yes, Mistress Tara. I am forevermore your personal property, a slutty little she-male sissy slave.”

“Louder, slut-boy!” I immediately shrieked. “Look straight at the camera and say it loud and proud for the record!”

Tears of shame were streaming from her eyes, but Erica clearly knew she had no choice. With one diabolical stroke I’d claimed ownership of her forever. She even willingly elaborated on her oath of service.

“Yes, Mistress Tara! I am forevermore your personal property, a slutty little she-male sissy slave. I will do absolutely anything you say for all eternity.”

“Good, slut-boy,” I mocked. “Now, I’m going to get you appropriately cross-dressed and into bed. Then as promised I’m going to fuck your slutty little brains out. So don’t you dare try to resist me in the slightest! Not only will I beat the shit out of you, I’ll immediately out you to the entire world!”

Of course, what Erica didn’t know was that all my cheerleader friends, and everyone else at the party, was still watching this entire scene live. Everyone in school would know about Erica’s transformation soon enough regardless. But even by tomorrow it would be way too late. Soon I’d have an even more implacable hold on her.

In any case, Erica remained docile and compliant when I released her from the chair and dressed her in my cheerleader’s uniform. She offered no resistance at all as I bound her wrists together, led her over to the bed and ordered her to lie flat on her back. I stretched her arms above her head, and tied them securely to the headboard. Then I adjusted the webcam to keep her in the picture.

“Be good now, Erica. I have to go change. But I’ll be back soon to make this all transformation worth it for you by fucking you absolutely senseless!”

Haughtily I turned my back on her then, marched into our shared wardrobe and slammed the door. She'd learn what (and who) was coming soon enough!

Erica's Tale

I couldn't believe what I'd gotten myself into, and all to escape a stupid party. I'd thought I knew what humiliation was: having a bunch of girls making jokes about my inadequacies. No, humiliation was being dressed in knee-high stockings, saddle shoes, a pleated miniskirt and skimpy sweater, being coiffed and painted up like a slut and tied to the bed, waiting for the girl who'd just cruelly enslaved me to come back and do whatever she wanted to me.

Okay, it's true I still felt a weird thrill at being made up like a girl. I don't know why it turned me on, it just did. But the thought of being forced to live this way constantly, and to have to endure absolutely anything my girlfriend felt like inflicting upon me was horrifying.

Not as horrifying as everyone finding out about it though. It was bad enough they all knew I had a little dick. If they all saw me made up like a slut, admitting that liked it and coming at the same time, I'd never be able to leave the house. Or so I thought at the time. But then the rest of that first night of the rest of my life saw changes to me and my relationship with my former girlfriend that made everything I used to care about moot.

After fifteen minutes or so she came back into the bedroom excitedly dressed up in my football gear and uniform: shoulder pads, helmet and all. Her hair was tucked-up hidden inside and she'd even stuffed the pants with something long and cylindrical to simulate having a big hard cock. She looked as tough, broad-shouldered and masculine as I felt weak and feminine, and again I felt that shameful charge, that kinky turn-on at our switched roles. I even felt my recently spent penis begin to get hard again. Straightaway Mistress climbed onto the bed, cleats and all, and reached under my skirt. She grasped my stiffening cock, pinched and pulled it, and laughed softly at my helpless moan.

"What's this? Girls aren't supposed to have dicks! Not that I'd call this microscopic stub a proper cock. More like an impotent little clit. I'm the one who's got a cock: a big, hard, manly erection! Want to feel it, slut?"

She yanked my legs apart, lifted up my skirt and lay down atop me. She crushed her crotch down into mine and started rubbing that big hidden

bulge roughly against my comparably tiny erection.

I gasped in that insane arousal, and Mistress looking down at me through the bars of her facemask only inches away (she'd even put streaks of lampblack under her eyes) laughed grimly.

“Oh, yeah, you feel it, don't you Erica? That's what I call a cock! Lift up your legs, slut-boy! Spread 'em high and wide! I'm going pin you down and pound you to the bed like a stud does to a slut until you go mad with lust!”

I know she'd extorted eternal, unquestioned obedience from me, and that I had no choice in the matter. But choice didn't even enter into it. I literally couldn't help myself. I splayed myself eagerly open and yearned my crotch upward, feeling sexy, feeling slutty, feeling wildly perverse and impossibly turned on. Our panting breaths mingled together then as she began humping herself against me.

“Uh, uh, uh, uh!”

She hooked her hands over my shoulders and powerfully pumped her butt, simulating male-superior intercourse. Her hidden cock crushed into mine, the coarse weave of her uniform pants roughly chafed its sensitive underside and her heavy weight felt somehow delightfully right on the insides of my thighs. “Slut, slut, slut, you disgusting little slut!” she chanted as she humped me.

“Yes, Mistress, Yes, Mistress, oh God yes!” I cried in response, thrusting my own butt rhythmically up, rubbing my burning hot cock against that big exciting bulge. I couldn't spread my legs wide enough; my balls were tingling and tightening in that telltale way that always precedes my moment of shame. And sure enough, after only a minute or so of being humped and pumped and rubbing our cocks together I couldn't help myself. I cried out with release and ejaculated for the second time in under an hour.

This was shame and ecstasy and crushing disappointment all at once, for Mistress ceased our exciting copulation simulation immediately, just as I was most enjoying it. She rose up, kneeling before my spent genitals and split-wide crotch and sneering down at me with limitless contempt.

“You useless piece of trash! You were never any kind of man. You just proved it yet again. Well, you won’t have to worry about that anymore. You’re nothing but a slutty fucking she-male from now on. And your new owner is about to show you how fucking is supposed to be done, slut!”

She unlaced the front of her bulging pants, revealing what she had for me. Harnessed about her waist and crotch was a hard rubber strap-on dildo. Exquisitely lifelike, four times the size of my own erection, this bobbed enticingly as she pulled it free. Mouth suddenly dry, heart pounding harder than ever, I could only pant and stare and feel my butt tightening fearfully up as she slowly stroked it.

“Prepare to be *properly* fucked, slut! I am going to slam my huge cock up your slutty tight sissy-pussy until you’re reduced to nothing but a drooling idiot. You will learn what being a she-male slut is all about!”

I couldn’t believe it. Of course, this was obviously the logical end to which the night had been heading. Still the prospect was so shocking, so shameful, that I’d never even suspected it. Once again I found myself limitlessly appalled. And yet as Mistress produced a tube of lubricant and slathered up her impressive prick I found my perverted arousal somehow spiking up again. My secret slutty awakening femininity suddenly turned my insides into an aching emptiness desperate to be filled. Moaning with anticipation I squirmed in place, pulling at my bonds and stretching my legs out and up wider and higher than ever. I looked timidly up at my Mistress hulking above me, her helmeted head and armored shoulders impossibly intimidating. Her eyes and teeth gleamed in the shadows. And then she moved into place, aligning her glistening prick with my virgin entrance and preparing to take me.

Her strong hands gripped my hips. Her blunt tip kissed my opening and I shivered uncontrollably. Then she thrust forward, pushing into me and finally changing my life irrevocably.

How can I possibly describe that unprecedented penetration? Which conflicting feeling achieved primacy?

Was it the pain, so impossibly intimate and yet wonderfully welcome?

Was it the horrible humiliation of having the last of my vestigial manhood eradicated?

Was it the amazingly arousing excitement of truly embracing my new femininity to the fullest?

Was it the will-sapping sensation of finally realizing that I would indeed do absolutely everything in my power to endlessly ingratiate myself with my owner if only she would do this to me regularly?

All of these feelings competed and combined so potently in my body and psyche as that firm hard length drove deep up into me that I could only groan in helpless ecstasy. And then Mistress pulled back and punched up into me again, and again, in a brutal succession of soul-stealing thrusts that soon had me sobbing in an excess of emotional overload.

She fucked me, oh, Goddess, she fucked me and fucked me and fucked me, plunging her penis so endlessly and relentlessly into my hungrily accepting sissy-pussy that I was truly out of my mind with the emotional intensity of it all. Hearing her shriek out repeated orgasms as she loomed over me and pounded down into me only exacerbated my maddened frenzy, until I was indeed drooling mindlessly, driven to oblivion by this utter sexual surrender. When she finally had her fill of me and pulled out at last, I could only lie there spent and shudder all over, looking dully up at this deity who had just so effectively claimed me forever. I could barely react at all when she then most appropriately put paid to any future penis use of my own.

“I told you that you wouldn’t have to worry about performing any more, slut-boy. And I meant it. I’m about to cure your premature ejaculation problem permanently.”

She got off the bed and turned away for a moment. Then she came back, and in her hand was a tiny shiny steel contraption. She slipped this over my quiescent cock and balls, inserted a key and turned it. I heard a chilling click, the key was withdrawn, and Mistress promptly threw it in the garbage can.

“There!” she declared. “Now you’re impotent. You’ve gone from coming too readily to never coming again. No great loss. And every time your banished manhood tries to assert itself in the form of an erection, you’ll be punished with great pain. That cock cage you now wear is extensively spiked on the inside.

“Of course, punishment and great pain are a regular element in the life of every slave. Let’s see how you deal with your first whipping!”

As I said, I was so wasted with aftermath I couldn’t react despite the awful finality of this. It would take the next twenty years of agonized arousal and endless deprivation to truly bring the enormity of such a sacrifice home to me. In the meanwhile though, my Mistress had the perfect way to slap me back to reality.

She placed a big firm pillow next to my waist and ordered me to roll over onto it. Once I was straddling it, my freshly caged cock crushed into its plush and my clutching crotch embracing it like my lover’s own impressively endowed waist, Mistress picked up the thickest of her discarded belts and knelt beside my elevated ass.

“Okay, slut-boy. It’s indoctrination time. I’m going to whip your ass in five-stroke increments. After each five I will spell out another aspect of our new relationship. At the end, if you have whole-heartedly and eagerly accepted each aspect of your new life, I will reward you by fucking you over and over again for the rest of the night. If you demur in the slightest, I will instead hogtie you up tighter than you can believe and leave you lonely and suffering on the kitchen floor for twenty-four hours. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I managed. “I will accept anything to be fucked by you again. I worship you and your glorious penis more than anything in the entire universe.”

“Good,” she smirked. “That’s a good start. To show that I have compassion therefore, I will allow you to alleviate the pain by giving you something to bite down on. You can respond to my instructions by merely nodding your head.”

“Thank you, Mistress!” I gasped. She nodded nonchalantly, and removed her beautiful cock from the harness about her crotch.

“Open wide, slut-boy!”

Oh, Goddess, yet another shaming/exciting lesson in womanhood! Eagerly I complied, and right away she shoved her enormous manhood deep into my mouth.

“There you go, cocksucker,” she giggled. “Get used to it! I’m going to be fucking your slutty little face just as much as your ass. But first we have business to attend to...”

Indeed! The first slash of the belt across my ass wrenched a scream from deep inside me. My liberal parents didn’t believe in corporal punishment, and I’d been too popular in school to get in any fights. I’d been sacked dozens of times as a quarterback, even got my bell rung a few times. Still, there’s a vast difference between being manfully wounded in the heat of action on the field of battle and lying submissively beneath your female owner and allowing her to inflict terrible pain on you at her own whim and pace. She had me sobbing miserably by the third stroke, and desperate to placate her by the time number five welted my proffered backside.

“Okay, Slut-boy. It’s time to formalize our new identities. From now on you are Slut-boy Erica. That is your new title and first name. And I am exclusively Mistress to you – or perhaps Goddess, if you are feeling especially worshipful. Understand?

Most vigorously I nodded my head. This was elementary Mistress! In response she nodded perfunctorily back.

“Good girl. Now for six through ten...”

Again the belt sang, whipping wicked welts into my buttocks, wringing strangled screams from me and again birthing a desperate need in me to agree to whatever Goddess required. My butt-cheeks were flaming like a furnace by the time she reached ten, and I was struggling to remain coherent when she finally addressed me again.

“Are you listening, Erica? Are you ready for this? I’m about to validate your entirely pointless heretofore existence!” Tearing my mind from my agonized ass with a monumental effort, I nodded again.

“Good,” she gloated. “Here it is: you and I will be married as soon as it can be arranged. We will spend the rest of our lives together – high school sweethearts and all that. Except in this case you will be taking my last name, and legally changing your own to Slut-boy Erica, of course. Isn’t that the most wonderful news you’ve ever heard? Nod most emphatically ‘yes’ Slut-boy, or spend the night hogtied on the floor alone!”

There was something upsetting in there, something that rang a disturbing bell from before. But whatever it was, it was lost in the sea of agony in my ass and the rapture that overwhelmed me at the thought of Goddess fucking my ass every night for the rest of my life as her legally sanctioned wife. I indeed nodded so emphatically that drool leaking from around her cock in my mouth splattered all round.

“Good girl!” Goddess giggled again. “You’re halfway to getting fucked all night and for the rest of your life, Slut-boy. Hang in there – here comes five more!”

Those five were the worst yet. And yet Goddess’ words of encouragement enabled me to endure. And when she made her next pronouncement the other shoe dropped. Finally, too late, I understood her duplicity, the unalterable fact of my ineradicable debasement, and I at last gave up the phantom hope of any kind of quasi-normal public existence.

“Okay Erica, I hope you’re ready for this. You should have figured it out already, but dumb fucking jock that you are, you probably missed it. In any case, here it comes: you are dropping out of school tomorrow. Not only that, as my new sissy-slave wife, you will spend the rest of your pathetic existence publicly revealed as a shameful she-male!

“You didn’t really think this could be kept a secret, did you? How naïve! In fact, since the moment I started recording this video, I’ve also been transmitting it, to the very party you were too ashamed to attend! They’ve all been watching your transformation all night long. In fact, I’m sure they’re still watching now! Who could tune out such an entertaining show? Face it, Slut-boy: you are now a sissy little Slut-boy forever! Your old life as big fake-stud tiny-dick quarterback is over! Now face the webcam, smile a slutty little smile at the whole world, and finally truly accept your permanent public role as my sissy-slut she-male wife!”

Oh, Goddess, oh the horror, oh the gut-churning, endlessly debilitating, life-ending humiliation! Oh, how could I ever endure it? Sucking on Goddess’ cock, feeling the flame of her lash on my ass and the cruel steel bite of her cage on my cock, looking at her standing there tall and strong with a whip in her hand and a fire in her eye, what choice did I have? Looking the death of my former self in the face, I somehow forced a ghastly smile and nodded my acceptance of whatever my Goddess decreed. She laughed delightedly

at that, a mirth no doubt shared most scornfully among everyone I'd ever known, and limbered up her whip again.

“Here we go, Slut-boy! Five last lashes before everyone watches you love getting viciously fucked up the ass again you outrageously lubricious little butt-slut you! Give your classmates something to remember besides the ecstatic rapture on your face as your slutty ass is rammed and crammed and slammed yet again! Show them you've still got some balls. Or have you always been a sissy little faggot at heart?”

Maybe. In any case, I did as I was told, and struggled manfully not to cry as the belt whaled away at me one last time. Only a few choked sobs escaped me even though the pain climbed to astronomical proportions by the time the twentieth blow fell. But at last she tossed the belt away, and informed me that in the morning I would have ‘Slut-boy’ branded on my swollen, blistered butt and tattooed onto my cheek, forever marking me as her personal property.

Somehow I quietly accepted even this ultimate horror. Goddess pulled her spit-slickened cock from my mouth and reattached it to her crotch.

“Congratulations, Slut-boy. You've taken to your new life beautifully. And now comes your reward: a whole night of innumerable fuckings. I hope you enjoy our new sex life as much as I do. Of course, I'm going to have to cuckold you a lot, since I still like taking a hard cock myself, and yours is locked up forever. But rest assured, fucking you will always be my favorite thing to do!”

With that she moved around behind me. In full view of the camera she spread my black and blue buttocks and drove her deliciously thick and slippery cock brutally back into me. And oh, my Goddess, it was even better lying on my belly! As my implacable owner started fucking me again with all of her divine passion and power I lifted my ass even higher to her and reveled in that impossibly sensual stabbing. It was all I had left to live for. And it still is, more than twenty years later.

Nikki

As she slinks seductively up to me where I lie chained to her bed she doesn't look the least bit like a delightfully inventive, cruelly creative dominatrix.

To start with, she wears sheer, see-through white lingerie that hangs just past her ass, splits wide down her braless front and *still* leaves almost nothing to the imagination. Her tiny g-string is transparent as well, and instead of thigh-high, black leather boots she sports simple little three-inch pumps, and matching fishnet stockings. Her lovely face is soft, shy and open, young and innocent looking rather than stern, mature and harsh.

Twenty-one year-old Nikki's eyes are large, limpid and brown; her hair is long and thick and just a shade darker. Center-parted it hangs in simple, heavy sheaves to either side, gently curling the last eight inches and wonderfully shiny. Her body is slender and petite, her breasts small but fetchingly formed, like teacups with big, coffee-brown nipples. Everything about her seems sweet and meek – all in all nothing to suggest the kind of woman who would take total, uncompromising control over a man. And until just a week ago, I'd have sworn she wasn't. But then I made a mistake, one I've become convinced I will never recover from.

She'd just slipped off my supine body, after riding my cock to the most sublime mutual climax of our lives. Sighing with appreciation she stretched out next to me. Overcome with love, besotted by post-coital afterglow, I couldn't help using every hyperbole that came to mind in swearing my devotion to her.

“Oh, Nikki, you are so absolutely, fabulously wonderful! You are by far the hottest, sexiest, most beautiful woman in the entire world. I love you more than anything else ever! I swear I'd do anything at all for you. I would *die* for you if it came to that!”

“Liar,” she said, with a skeptical smirk. “You would not.”

“Oh, yes I would,” I avowed. “Since I've met you, you've become my entire world, the one thing I care about more than anything else, even my own life!”

“So you would do absolutely any thing for me, huh? Prove it then. Kiss my feet!”

“Gladly!” I cried. Immediately I scrambled down the bed and began covering those tiny, perfect feet with hearty, heart-felt kisses.

Nikki giggled at this, and let me get on with it for a bit. But then she unexpectedly pushed the soles in my face. “Good for you. But don’t just kiss them Charlie. Lick the ground I walk on!”

Again I didn’t hesitate. I lapped eagerly at each heel and instep, even pushing my tongue between each of her cute little toes. Again she giggled uncontrollably.

“Okay, stop it! That tickles!” Suddenly her expressive brown eyes gleamed with inspired mischief. “I’ll tell you what!” She rolled over. “Kiss my ass instead!”

Obediently I began raining kisses on her firm, perfectly formed buttocks.

“I said my ass, not my butt!” Nikki corrected me. “Kiss my hole! In fact, French kiss it! Stick your tongue right up there!”

Okay, this was getting to be a bit more than I bargained for. But I remained determined to prove my sincerity. I did as I was told, forcing my way inside her from behind. Nikki moaned at this. She spread her legs out wide and lifted up her butt to me.

“Oh, Charlie, that feels good! Keep doing it. In fact, tongue-fuck me! Get as deep inside my sainted ass as you can...”

Nikki’s arousal generated an equal response in me. Despite the humiliation I felt at servicing her in this way I began to get hard again myself. I drove my tongue repeatedly up into her, as deep as possible, while she began to rhythmically push back against me. For nearly ten minutes then I slavishly tongue-fucked her butt. She meanwhile moaned, gripped the sheet with both hands and forced herself back up into my laboring face. Finally she quit, rolled over, saw my raging erection and giggled contemptuously at me.

“Look at you! You’ve got a fucking hard-on! You really got off on that, didn’t you, you little ass-kisser? Okay then Charlie, here’s something else you can do for me to prove your undying devotion. Jerk yourself off! Right

now! I always wanted to watch a guy play with himself. Show me how you get your rocks off when I'm not around!"

"But...but..." I spluttered, "I don't jerk off!"

Nikki laughed even more contemptuously at me at that.

"Yeah right! What eighteen year-old doesn't jerk off! You've probably been doing it every day for the last five years. So do it for me! Right now! You said you'd do absolutely anything for me. Prove it!"

She was right of course: I'd been jerking off regularly since I was fourteen. But the thought of touching myself in front of somebody else was mortifying in the extreme. Yet what choice did I have? I did tell her I'd do anything for her, even die. And would it really kill me to be seen masturbating by the woman I love – the only woman I've ever loved, for that matter? Nikki piled two pillows against the headboard, moved aside and pointed to them.

"Lean back there," she ordered. "Bend your knees, spread your legs out wide, take your hard cock in your hand and show me what a filthy little pervert you are in the privacy of your own bedroom."

Blushing furiously, I forced myself to comply with her command. She sat cross-legged right in front of me, settling between my splayed-wide legs less than a yard away. Still gleaming mischievously at me, she goaded me on immediately.

"Now do it! Whack off for me, you shameless slut!"

Groaning with a conflicted stew of emotions (love, humiliation, arousal, and a strange, sick species of excitement) I took my unconscionably straining member in hand and began pumping it slowly up and down.

"That's right," breathed Nikki at me. "Wank your crank, you little slut. You *are* a little slut, aren't you boy? A cute little penis pulling, slut-boy!"

Utterly unable to respond verbally to this, I merely accelerated my ministrations. Despite the fact that I'd just had the best orgasm of my young life not half an hour ago, I found myself amazingly getting harder and harder, the more so the more pitilessly she humiliated me.

“Hey, slut-boy, look me in the eye while you do it. And jerk yourself harder, faster. You know damn well that you love every second of this!”

Groaning more eloquently than ever, I obeyed her. Soon I found myself drowning in those twinkling orbs, the smirking scorn and gleeful titillation reflected there more of a turn-on than even that fabulous body displayed naked just in front of me. And still the orders and taunts continued.

“Use your other hand too! Rub your balls, finger your ass, squeeze and twist your nipples. Play your body like an erotic instrument for me, you jerk-off you!”

Soon I was panting breathlessly, stimulating myself with an urgency and creativity I’d never imagined myself capable of. Writhing against that pillow pile, my toes curling automatically and my face burning as hot as my pounded-on cock, I began to whimper as I performed. I just couldn’t believe being so humiliated was such a powerful turn-on. For nearly twenty minutes I abased and aroused myself relentlessly, until finally my gasping and jerking reached an incredible crescendo, one Nikki recognized right away from our three-week courtship.

“That’s it, Slut-boy, come on! Come for me! Come all over yourself, you disgusting slut! I command it, I demand it! Empty those motherfucking balls!”

It was the last straw. I cried out in wretched, cataclysmic release, pumping myself with a final mad frenzy that saw the last few clots and drops left in my balls spurt up and out of my burning dick and all over my lower belly. At last I collapsed then, listening to Nikki clapping and laughing with an appreciative malice that was both gratifying and unsettling in equal measure. She leaned forward then, licking those hot sticky drops off me and then taking my entire softening prick into her mouth. She squeezed the base hard with her lips and pulled slowly back, professionally draining me of every last drip. Then she sat back, eying my spent form and flushed face with insidious speculation. And slowly an unholy grin spread across her perfect features.

“That was fun. Damn, that was fun! I can’t remember when I’ve had such a rewarding, exciting experience. I like making you do things. In fact, I *love* it! And I can make you do anything I want. Can’t I?”

All I could do was slump panting in aftermath. Then to my shocked disbelief Nikki suddenly slapped me hard across the face. “Can’t I?” she demanded. She grabbed me by the chin and leaned in close. “Tell me I can make you do anything at all I want. Say yes, or get the fuck out of my house right now and never come back!”

For a second I actually considered it.

What the hell had happened to the shy, sweet girl I’d fallen helplessly in love with? But then I remembered that weird charge, the inexplicable excitement I’d gotten from being sexually humiliated by her. I drank in her close-up incomparable beauty, quailed before her impossibly potent sexuality, and felt all of my desperate love for her flooding through me again. The thought of losing this magnificent female, of being banished from her life forever, was suddenly terrifying, inconceivable to me. I swallowed hard, looked straight into her demanding gaze and gladly gave my life away.

“Yes Nikki. You can make me do anything you want.”

“Good boy.”

The smile she gave me was priceless. Then she kissed me so deeply and passionately that my twice-spent cock gave an entirely impossible twitch. After that she leaned back again, her eyes shining and her lovely features wreathed with that mischievous glee.

“You know something honey? I’ve always wanted a pet. A cute little doggy I could cuddle and play with, order about and train to do all kinds of tricks. Unfortunately I’m allergic to them – cats too. But you’ll be my little doggy, won’t you? You’ll be my completely obedient pet and I’ll be your master. From now on, that’s the way it’s going to be between us. It’s that or nothing. So say ‘Yes Master!’ for me boy, and become my pet forever.”

Squirming with humiliation and yet unbearably excited by this perversity, I obeyed my new master without thinking.

“Yes Master!”

“Good boy,” Nikki grinned. “From now on that is what you’ll always call me: Master. And I will call you Slut-boy. That is your new name. Now bark for me, Slut-boy. Bark like the cute little doggy you are!”

“Woof, woof, woof!” I couldn’t believe I was doing this...

“No, no, Slut-boy!” Master slapped me again, and hard. “That’s what a big dog sounds like. You are a cute little lap dog. Try again!”

“Arf, arf, arf!”

“Good boy!” she giggled. “Now let’s see what tricks you can do!”

She ordered me to roll over. I did. She said to play dead, and I stuck my hands and feet in the air, crossed my eyes and let my tongue loll out. She tossed her discarded panties over by the door and cried, “Fetch, Slut-boy!” I scrambled off the bed, crossed the room on all fours, picked them up in my mouth (the scent of them finally making me hard again) and returned them to her. Master, still giggling fit to split, rewarded me then by letting me lie next to her and dry-hump her thigh. Oh, how I rubbed my hard-on against her silky skin, moaning with need and excitement. After that she made me sit up and beg.

I knelt before her, holding my arms to my chest with the paws hanging limply down – in contrast to my cock, which was pointing urgently upright. I let my tongue hang out and implored her surpassing beauty with my most beseeching puppy-dog eyes and pathetic little whines. Master clapped and laughed appreciatively at this.

“Good, Slut-boy! Unfortunately I don’t have any treats to reward you with. I’ll have to make that my first priority. In the meantime though, how’s this for a reward? I command you to move out of your parents’ house and in with me. Forget about going to college. I have enough money to support us both. And I want you here, obeying and playing with me, around the clock for the rest of my life. So dispose of all your clothes and other belongings – you won’t need them anymore – and be back here by four o’clock tomorrow afternoon. Your new life as my loyal little dog will *really* begin then! Now get dressed and get out! Master needs to be alone now.”

And so I left. I went home, where I endured a sleepless night divided about equally between anxious worries about what I was getting into and painfully erect memories of the day past mixed with mad fantasies about the future. Not once however did I entertain thoughts of disobeying my new Master. I was going to move in with her and play out this kinky game no matter where it led me – that was indisputable.

Of course, the next day featured an enormous row with my parents.

While surely great fodder for fans of soap operas and Jerry Springer, this was nothing I care to recount. Suffice it to say that the fact that I was ditching college and moving in with my girlfriend of less than a month (to say nothing of donating all my belongings down to the last sock to Goodwill) did not go down well.

In any case, I rode out the storm and finally showed up at Master's door precisely as ordered at five minutes to four, with just the clothes on my back and every last cent I owned in my wallet. And there I was promptly divested of even these.

Master let me in (beautifully, heart-breakingly naked herself) and immediately demanded that I strip.

“Get those clothes off, Slut-boy! Dogs don't wear clothes. They go naked all their lives. Nor do they have need of money. Their masters see to everything for them.”

As I stripped Master emptied my wallet, claiming the thick sheaf of cash for her own. Then she threw away the wallet and clothes and ordered me onto all fours.

“Down doggy! You never stand or walk upright again. What were you thinking? Now, heel! Follow your Master to her bedroom!”

Suitably chastened and already erect, I dropped to hands and knees and followed that exquisite ass down the hall and into Master's bedroom. There I saw right away the first changes she'd made.

In one corner there was a bean bag dog bed. But that wasn't all. Installed in the wall just above this was a large screw-eye. Similar screw-eyes had been driven into each of her four bedposts. It didn't take much imagination to deduce what these were for. But then Master made everything horribly plain.

“Every good doggy needs a collar, Slut-boy – in your case two. See what I have for you?”

She held up a pair of collars, identical except for their size. Each was of stout black leather, unadorned except for a locking buckle, a little silver tag

(‘Slut-boy’ engraved on each), a ring, and a small black box. Opposite this box, on the inside of the collar, was a pair of blunt metal spikes. Master fingered these, grinning evilly at me.

“These are specially designed training collars, Slut-boy. They allow me to give you a pair of very painful shocks whenever you misbehave. So you be a good little doggy all of the time, or suffer the immediate consequences!”

Holy crap! Well, as it was obviously too late to turn back, I merely sat up at her command and submitted docilely as she locked that larger one about my throat. This she accomplished with an exquisite nicety: tight enough to ensure that I’d never be able to escape those prongs, but loose enough to allow the collar to be shifted about.

“Play dead, Slut-boy!”

Promptly I dropped to the floor and rolled over. Master ran a teasing finger up and down my erection, and then locked the smaller collar about the base of my genitals. Then she produced a small remote control device, pointed it at me and pressed the button.

Terrible pain raved into my neck and groin, causing me to writhe uncontrollably and cry out loud. Surely it lasted no more than ten seconds, but in my agony it seemed forever before Master at last relented.

“Just testing,” she giggled. Then she locked a short chain leash to my neck collar and pulled me toward her bed.

“Into my bed, Slut-boy. I want to see what that sloppy puppy-tongue of yours can do for me.”

I clambered onto the bed, where Master promptly locked the end of my leash to one of those handy screw-eyes. Then she laid back, lifted her legs, spread them out wide and beckoned me between them.

“Eat my pussy, Slut-boy,” she breathed. “And I expect multiple orgasms!”

Ummm...okay. Truth be told, I’d never done that before. Short of sticking my tongue up her butt, I’d never orally serviced any woman. But no time to learn like the present...

I dove right in. At first the smell and taste of her was impossibly repugnant – even worse than her butt. But the second I drew back and hesitated, I

received another agonizing pair of shocks. Convinced or coerced immediately, I overcame my distaste and plunged my face back in. Following the suggestion implicit in Master's remarks, I began lapping away at her like mad. Excited by the fact of the act despite its rather disgusting actuality I licked and licked her slit, finally coaxing it open and driving my tongue inside. Right away I began repeating the technique she'd found so pleasurable the night before. For several long minutes I tongue-fucked her cunt just as ravenously as I'd done her butt. And soon enough she was moaning and sighing most spectacularly. But then without warning she triggered the device she still held in one hand, and shocked me into screaming submission.

"The clit, Slut-boy. Find it, flick it, suck it! Here..."

She brought her free hand down, spreading herself out and exposing a tender little nubbin. Right away I attacked it, following her instructions to the letter. Soon she was writhing like mad, crying out breathlessly and finally screaming in climax. Still I slavishly serviced her, nibbling, flicking, and sucking on that sensitive little protuberance for over half an hour. Twice more she climaxed in that time before collapsing back in panting aftermath.

"Okay, Slut-boy, good enough. Master is very pleased. You may slide up next to me now and hump my thigh."

This I did with mad abandon. Panting and moaning myself I pumped my raging hard-on against her leg as fervently as possible. Despite all my efforts though I was unable to climax, and when she at last shocked me and ordered me to stop I was practically weeping with frustration.

"Please Master, can't I fuck you?"

"No way," she answered brusquely. "In fact, until I say so, you are not even allowed to masturbate. Understand? I will cuff your paws behind your back if I have to. From now on you will never touch me or even yourself unless I allow it."

Master laughed at my shocked, crestfallen expression. Then she snapped her fingers peremptorily at me.

"Sit up, Slut-boy! Sit up and beg for me! You will do this whenever I snap my fingers, understood? Now sit up and beg! I've got a suitable reward for

you!”

Immediately I adopted my quintessentially appropriate posture: squatting upright on my haunches, with my paws presented front and center, my tongue hanging eagerly out and my cock a stiffly upright spike. All of my imploring love I poured into my soulful gaze. Nikki giggled gleefully at me. Then she opened a compartment in the headboard of her bed and withdrew a box of dog biscuits. Seeing my stricken astonishment, she laughed harder than ever. Then she withdrew one of the biscuits and crammed it into my mouth.

“There you go, doggy. Eat up! And I want you to wag your tail and attempt to lick my face too! Show me how devoted you are to me, and how grateful that I’ve rewarded you with this treat!”

Somehow I managed it all. Good Goddess, what had I become? I crouched before my new Master, crunched up and consumed a disgusting puppy treat, wagged my ass like mad and finally attempted to lap Master’s face. Of course she slapped me down hard and then shocked my neck and genitals severely.

“Bad doggy!” she giggled. “What yucky puppy breath! Now get your face between my legs and eat my pussy again!”

For hours I serviced her thus, my neglected erection a maddening constant. And when Nikki finally had her fill of me she indeed cuffed my paws behind my back, ensuring that I not even touch myself. She led me over to the dog bed in the corner, locked my leash to the wall, then cuffed my ankles together, bent them up and locked them to my wrists, painfully hogtying me. She set a plastic bowl full of water down, and one full of dog food.

“Here you go, Slut-boy. You’ll be getting table scraps occasionally. But if you don’t want to starve, you’d better get used to your puppy chow. Now keep quiet until morning, or Master will have to shock you.”

She returned to bed, produced a vibrator and began to quite unselfconsciously pleasure herself. Stunned beyond belief, I managed to squirm over to my water bowl, put my face in it and take a drink. However I remained completely incapable of touching the dog food. It was three days

before I got hungry enough to eat it, and even after a week I can barely choke it down.

In that week leading up to tonight it's gone pretty much the same way. I've spent my nights shackled up hogtied on my dog bed, with my collar chained to the wall. During the days I'm freed to perform housework for Master, although I'm always hobbled ankles to thighs to keep me on my knees. In addition to being shocked for the slightest infraction I've been paddled, strapped, caned and whipped every day, my suffering a source of never-ending glee for my incomprehensibly cruel owner. Worst of all, sex with this impossibly lovely lady has been limited to endlessly eating her out and frantically, ineffectually dry-humping her thigh. I still haven't been allowed to masturbate or climax, and the frustration has been driving me out of my mind. Finally however, at long last Master has intimated that tonight she will begin fucking me again. She released my shackles, put me in her bed, chained my collar to the post and went to slip into something more comfortable.

And now, at last, here she comes! Oh, my cock is so hard it hurts, my balls boiling with stored-up sperm! As nightmarish as our new relationship as Master and pet have been, it's finally all about to become worth it. I'm lying on my back, since Nikki has always insisted upon being on top. But as she joins me on the bed comes the first hint that something is amiss.

"Roll over, Slut-boy. Get up on all fours, doggy."

Mystified, I comply. Master has recently locked matching leather cuffs to my wrists and ankles. Now she takes four stout chains, and locks each of my limbs to a bedpost. Then, giggling with some delicious private glee, she opens a small cabinet set into the headboard.

There are eight of these, four on each side flanking a large central mirror. For the moment I'm occupied by the humiliating sight of myself kneeling naked, collared and chained less than a foot away. I can't see what she's doing. But then Master gloatingly enlightens me. And my whole excited, impossibly aroused world comes crashing down.

"I promised you we'd start fucking again, Slut-boy. And I never break a promise. But as you well know, you're a dog now: a lowly, contemptible,

tail-wagging, butt-licking doggy. And dogs only get fucked doggy-style. So say hello to your new sex life, Slut-boy. You're about to become my bitch!"

She turns toward me. And strapped on over her diaphanous g-string and about her narrow hips is an enormous dildo.

Well, okay, maybe John Holmes wouldn't call it enormous. It's nine inches long and two inches thick at best. But to my appalled eyes, disbelieving brain and suddenly puckering bung it might as well be a nuclear missile. It's certainly *some* kind of devastating, world-ending weapon. All I can do is gape and quake and try to pretend that none of this is happening as Master greases up that gigantic cock and moves around the bed behind me. But then she grips my hips and the cold slick head makes contact with my anus, and insane idiocies of resistance overwhelm me.

I simply can't help myself. With a mad gasp I pull away, futilely rattling my chains. Of course, what I get instead of escape is an immediate, incredibly sustained shock to my neck and groin, followed by a smart slap to the buttocks.

"Hold still, Slut-boy!

"You've been begging me to fuck you, haven't you? So relax and enjoy it. Otherwise my big hard cock is just going to righteously rip you up..."

Shocked back into submission I can only comply – or at least try.

Quivering in every muscle, whimpering tremulously, I cautiously spread myself out as widely as possible. I drop to my elbows and arch my back, lifting up my ass and hoping to minimize to inevitable damage – to my insides if not my self-image. Yet would even that latter be irreparable? Sexual humiliation has so far proved to be the most irresistible if unlikely turn-on to me, and what could be more sexually humiliating than this? As Master's gigantic penis again makes contact with me, and I hear her obvious excitement in her panting breath, some of that twisted arousal is somehow transmitted to me. I suck in a deep breath of my own, and my still horribly straining hard-on throbs so powerfully that it bobs up and brushes my belly. Wickedly conflicted, I whimper again in impossible distress as Master firmly grips my hips again and begins pushing her unstoppable way up into me.

Oh, oh, oh, it hurts! But oh how strangely compelling! Oh, how stretched out and stuffed full I feel as my body is implacably occupied for the very first time! Ooooooooooh, Master! Finally her hips hit my butt, proof, if any were needed beyond my agonizingly occupied excitement, that I've been penetrated to the absolute limit.

“Yeah, Slut-boy! How's that feel, you little bitch? You're truly a slut-boy now, aren't you? Play the slutty little bitch for me then! Don't just whine and whimper, you sick dog! You're a fucking bitch in fucking heat! So bark and yip and growl like you can't get enough of my wonderful cock! I want to hear you groveling and complaining and begging me for more as I fuck you!”

And with that she pulls back and spears viciously into me again, making me gasp and sob and cry out like the ravening little bitch I suddenly truly am as she takes me. Indeed I need no encouragement to vocalize my need and distress as I'm brutally used, and soon I'm wailing and barking, grunting and growling, snorting and snarling and slavering like mad as Master begins an absolutely incredible attack on my ass.

Her pumping hips smack against me, jarring my entire body. My own steely, straining erection flops back and forth, rhythmically slapping up against my belly. This sudden glut of sensation is more penile stimulation that I've had in longer than I can remember, and my balls churn madly. And in addition to the painfully deep pounding and weirdly compelling rectal stretching of Master's huge cock driving into me, each sliding stroke rubs irresistibly on my prostate. Soon I notice that the head of my cock slapping against me is wet with seminal fluid, and my balls are boiling ever more madly with their unspent load. Then Master grabs me by the hair, yanks my head back and forces me to confront the spectacle of our kinky coupling in the mirror.

My face is deeply flushed, and tears are streaming down my cheeks. My lips are drawn back in a maniacal grimace, exposing my fangs to the canines, and I'm panting like a dog in August. Yet as arousing as this portrait of pained humiliation is, the sight of Master at work on my upraised ass is even more overpoweringly erotic. Her nipples are huge and hard, darker than ever, their big stiff cones poking out the transparent fabric of her nightie. Better yet the breasts themselves are bouncing around like mad,

a sight that never failed to wildly excite me in the days when Nikki used to straddle my body and ride my cock to mutually orgasmic heaven. Her face is just as flushed as mine, her own teeth are bared and the look of cruel, triumphant exultation blazing from her eyes is such a compelling contrast to her sweet, pixie features that I almost can't bear it. And then she begins to berate me again. This is finally just too much. The flood of humiliating filth that spews from her suddenly combines with my wildly flopping cock, that mad prostate massage, the overpoweringly dominating thrusting into my deepest privacy and the incredible sight in the mirror to finally bring about what not even the most fervent bouts of dry-humping managed to achieve.

“Look at you: barking and crying, whimpering and whining, lifting up your greedy little slut-bitch ass, eager to take every inch of your Master's manly erection! You pathetic piece of contemptible dog-shit! You fucking whore, you lower form of animal life! You're so disgustingly excited at being butt-fucked you're going to come any second now, aren't you? Well go ahead and do it, slut-bitch-puppy-dog! I give you permission. In face I order it! Empty your balls, slave-scum-pet! Pump your filthy spew all over the place! You can lick it up later!”

Suddenly this insanely titillating, deeply traumatizing tirade devolves into piercing orgasmic screaming, as Master climaxes herself. So excited by the depth of degradation she's subjecting me to – not to mention the pressure-pleasure of every cock-thrust on her clit – she goes of in delirious paroxysms of ecstasy, fucking me faster and harder than ever yet. And suddenly I'm helpless not to obey and join her. My testicles clench as they empty, my flopping cock spasms and spurts and starts pumping a week's worth of scalding semen all over the bed, my belly, chest and even my neck. Crying out with unbelievable release I spew my bitch spunk for what seems like a minute at least, until every drop is out and Master has pounded out her own incredibly sustained orgasm. Then at last she pops out of my ass, leaving me excruciatingly empty and sobbing in appalled aftermath. Collapsing on the bed next to me she gasps for breath and giggles with glee, utterly consumed by the unbelievable success of her unprecedentedly extreme use of me. Unwilling to drop down into the mess I've made I can only hang my head, kneel there and shudder and try not to consider the many mortifying implications of what has just occurred. Unfortunately Master has no intention of allowing me to avoid them.

“Ah, that was so great! You are *such* a disgusting young slut! You took to being butt-fucked like a dog to his kennel. You were obviously never any kind of man at all. And now you’re a lowly animal for the rest of your life. In case you didn’t get it yet, Slut-boy, being butt-fucked, dry-humping me and eating my cunt and butt is all the sex you are ever going to get. You will never fuck me or any other woman again. Nor will you ever jerk off. The only way you’ll be allowed to come is while I’m fucking you, and then only when I order you to. Come without permission and you’ll be shocked and whipped. Fail to come when I order it, and you’ll also be shocked and whipped. Understand? Wag your tail for yes!”

Still abysmally humiliated, crying silently but unable to deny the sticky truth of her judgment splattered everywhere, I waggle my violated, up-thrust ass energetically about. Master chuckles with fiendish satisfaction.

“Good doggy. Now, let’s do that again! I’ve never had so much fun in my life!”

She takes up position behind me again, lubes back up and drives her penis forcefully back into me. As she once again starts fucking me into lifelong subjugation I can only cry, lift my ass up high and submit to being a helpless little bitch.

Lucky Thirteen

I just *love* to fuck a man!

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

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

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

gay – just too insecure and socially inept to score. If he'd ever even been kissed, I'd swallow every inch of chain in my extensive dungeon.

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

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

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

"Hello," I introduced myself in my most pleasant contralto. "I'm Becky."

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

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

As usual I made this an order, not an invitation. And as usual my prey succumbed without a struggle. Despite his obvious uncertainty, and even trepidation, the excitement of being propositioned for the first time ever, and by such an overpoweringly attractive older woman, was irresistible. As

I claimed his hand and drew him after me to my car, Steve's head was obviously swimming with maddening dreams of finally losing his virginity. And so he shall – only not in the way he suspects.

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

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

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

I find this far superior to any strap and ring configuration – there's no slippage or necessity to grip the shaft in order to keep it in place no matter how violent or exuberant my rhythm gets. The only thing better is a pair of

penis pants, but most of mine sport cocks of ungodly size. Any slut-boy not extensively stretched out first would follow a fucking by them with a trip to the hospital. Panting with excitement I fit that cock to my crotch and strap it tightly in place. Then I throw open the wardrobe door with a crash and make my usual emphatically dramatic entrance.

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

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

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

“You...what...”

“Me,” I agree. “I am your new lover, and from now on owner. And what I'm going to do to you right now is *fuck* you. You of course will not be fucking me, ever. You are so *obviously* unworthy. I need a cock at least five times the size of your pathetic little thing to satisfy me. And in truth, I find doing the fucking so much more rewarding anyway. So you be a good little slut-boy and don't struggle. Don't resist me at all. Because one way or another you're going to lose your virginity to me this afternoon, evening and night – not to mention your dignity, integrity and ultimately your autonomy too. So what's it going to be, boy? Are you going to weakly submit, completely behave, and entirely obey me? Are you going to accept and enjoy this experience to the fullest? After all, this is surely the only

chance a loser like you will ever have to be with any woman, to say nothing of a gorgeous goddess like me...”

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

“I...I will obey you, Becky,” he husks.

“Excellent!” I gloat. Oh, how I love this minute! Now matter how it comes about, this moment of triumph, of claiming another simpering male slut-slave for use of the superior sex is validating and fulfilling in the extreme. I try to calm myself by offering this slut both his first instructions plus a small reward for his easy acquiescence – if I don’t I’m likely to just go off like a rocket!

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

“Yes, Goddess,” croaks Slut-boy.

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

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

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

“As your Goddess I most magnamously do so. Now then, Slut-boy, as a reward for your instant and unstinting submission to me I’m going to give you a choice. Do you want to take your first ever fucking lying face-up, or on your belly? Face-up you will get to watch your defloration in the ceiling mirror and see your Goddess in action right up close: truly a divinely sublime and impossibly exciting sight. Yet on your belly you may also

manage to watch – there’s another mirror in the headboard. And you will have the added option of biting down on the pillow. You may find that helps to endure the surpassing pain and pleasure of being taken by your Goddess. Which is it to be, boy?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fucking Slut-boy!

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

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

Nevertheless, first things must come first. And you can be damn sure I'm going to be extra-zealous with my giant penis too!

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

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

"Please be gentle, Goddess," he gasps without permission.

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

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

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

As possessed by lust and rage as I am, I reach this much more quickly than usual despite that tight-tight-tight resistance. Within a minute I've reached

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

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

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

Oh well, too bad for him. I've finally regained my strength and need, and the evening is only barely beginning. Soon I'm once again taking Slut-boy with all the power and pace I can muster, and once again he's sobbing and blubbering and mindlessly screaming around his mouthful of wet stuffed fabric.

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

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

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

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

"Your cock is hard again, isn't it, Slut-boy?" I demand.

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

"Harder than it's ever been before?"

"Y-y-yes G-G-God-dess!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Naturally Slut-boy is shrieking with pain-need-lust-shame by this time too. And when I at last pull my rampaging cock from his outrageously cored out ass he bursts out weeping once again: overwhelmed by the incredible experience just past and yet still somehow maddeningly unfulfilled. He sobs miserably next to me as I at last collapse gasping on the bed, and once again the sound is beautiful music to me. I lie there and savor it for twenty minutes or more, until at last it stops and I’ve recovered enough to take the next step in his eternal enslavement.

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

“What... what do you mean?”

“You’ll see. Now come with me!”

“But... but Goddess... I don’t think I can walk. In fact I know I can’t!”

“Very well,” I sigh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I start with stockings of course, hot pink silk to match his nails. The tops, garters and belts sport ruffled white lace, and I force his feet into four-inch pumps of the same bright white. Sheer pink crotch-less silk panties are pulled up over his silly flat hips, and his even sillier genitals hang through the opening. Well, his balls do anyway – suddenly I notice that his miniscule prick is rigidly erect once again, and his breath heavy with arousal. Smirking, I slap his prick hard, and Slut-boy cries out uncontrollably as it flies down, bounces and waggles all around.

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

I stand him before me and slap his cock down as hard as I can ten times. And though I know this must hurt like hell – the upper side of the shaft is bruised and inflamed by the end – Slut-boy enjoys it immensely. Having his painfully burning boner flopping wildly around before finally straining its way back up straight is incredibly sexually stimulating. Ah, but then when I stop! Then comes the true torment, as he’s once again left gasping and incredibly horny and yet woefully unfulfilled. How long until he realizes that this state of affairs will soon become constant and eternal, that being

madly, deliriously excited with no way to relieve that physical, emotional, and psychological maelstrom will from now on be the defining condition of his existence? That's always deliciously interesting to observe as well. For now Slut-boy just groans and whimpers in distress, and docilely submits to the rest of his cross-dressing.

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

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

"Come with me, Slut-boy."

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

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

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

Slut-boy moans uncontrollably, and then whimpers with squirming need as I progress to worrying the nerve-packed tip, which is already leaking sticky-sweet pre-come. I pinch that tip between my fingers then, squeezing

it tight and pushing his urgent erection straight down, mixing cruel pain and raving arousal together. Slut-boy releases an inarticulate cry, and a tear tracks down his rouged and powdered cheek.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh yes! Oh please, please, *please!*”

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

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

“Okay, Slut-boy, turn and face me. I want you to practice acting the slut for me. Vamp and preen and pose; show me with your body language and facial expressions how sexy and slutty and feminine you are. Lure me with your

allure, make me want to fuck you as badly as you want that rock hard cock!”

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

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

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

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

With hesitation he does as instructed. Kneeling before me his tiny body is dwarfed by my towering form. He gazes up at me with the pure devotion and mindless adoration it sometimes takes me months to instill in a slut. Oh, he is *so* perfect! The perfect addition to my collection! Well, let’s just see how perfect...

“What are you, Slut-boy?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Damn, I love this slut!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, Goddess, thank you thank you thank you!”

“You want nothing but to remain my Slut-boy forever, don’t you?”

“Oh yes, Goddess, please!”

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

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

“The... the pictures?”

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

“You see, for the time being I’m going to allow you to keep an outside life. You may retain your public persona as a normal young man, just another freshman college student – if you can, that is. But if you *ever* seriously displease, betray, or Goddess forbid try to leave me, I will post these

incriminating photos of you not only on the internet, but also on every lamppost, wall, fence, message-board; absolutely *everywhere* I can think of in the entire world! And then everyone from your mother, best friend, worst enemy and potential employer down to the lowliest wino on the street will know your dirty secret: that you're really nothing but a disgusting little cock-sucking she-male sissy slut!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Slut-boy’s sudden scream is only barely choked off by the gag, and he lurches uncontrollably against his bonds. Laughing with a wicked relish I draw back and whip him again, and again, and again. By the time I reach

five he's crying uncontrollably. After ten his ass is a bright cherry red, and by the time I've delivered the twentieth stroke it's a beautiful black and blue. Then it's time to switch both implements and area.

Next I use the cane.

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

Ah God, this so great! Weeping and wailing, biting down hard on the ball in his mouth, Slut-boy strains at the ropes and yet lifts himself up to me, mindlessly wallowing in his reward for enduring his first ever beating. Exalted, exultant, excited beyond belief, I rise to the occasion, fucking him like a madwoman, utterly unable to restrain myself. For at least forty minutes and through three more glorious orgasms I hammer wildly away, before finally pulling out and leaving him miserably unfulfilled once again.

Okay, it's time to resume his punishment.

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

Of course, I'm usually a single-tail gal. I like to whip my slut-boys with one exceedingly thin, exquisitely painful lash. But I can no more do that to this pathetic initiate than I can rend his inexperienced rectum with my three inch-thick, twelve inch-long penis pants dick. We have years, maybe even

decades to enjoy all of that. And so I go to work on him with my flogger: a dozen half inch-wide strips of supple black leather barely three feet long gathered at the base into a big old rubber dildo-handle.

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

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

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

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

"Look at me, slut!"

Slowly he raises his teary gaze to my face.

"What did you just do?"

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

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

“Later on I most surely shall beat you. The next time you visit I will take you downstairs to my dungeon, and punish you *most* severely for this transgression. In the meantime though, I shall punish you even worse by banishing you from my divine presence for a while. But first I must ensure that you never fail me again.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Understood?”

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

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

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

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

From Below

Nothing beats the sight of a sexy woman from below. Hang-gliding over the Grand Canyon – forget about it. Niagara Falls decorated by rainbows – yeah right. The pyramids at sunset – don't make me laugh! Looking up at a gorgeous, statuesque, amply endowed female from on one's knees – or oh, my goddess, yes lying supine – is the most arousing, arresting, utterly compelling sight in the entire universe. Believe me, I know. My wife treats me to it daily. And since she's never yet let me ejaculate, the experience is as much torment as it is treat; as much intolerable agony as surpassing spectacle. Just let me describe last night. See if you envy or pity me more...

Mistress ordered me naked, and to lie on my back in the center of my low, narrow, hard little bed. Shit, if it weren't for the headboard and four posts, you could call it a cot. Anyway, once I'd complied, she put me into bondage.

This time she bent my arms up in front of me until my wrists met my shoulders. Then she belted them thus, making any extension impossible. She padlocked my wrist cuffs to my neck collar, and wrapped another pair of wide leather belts tightly about both my arms and torso, completely restricting any upper body movement. After that she secured my legs. Spreading them wide, she lifted my feet one at a time, and locked each permanent ankle cuff to a ring set in its corresponding bedpost. Naturally, this doubled me up like a splayed-out slut. But I'm afraid that's exactly what Mistress has made me. She wedged a firm pillow under my kidneys, propping me up spread invitingly out open, and then finally lifted over her head the fine gold chain that's hung around her neck for practically forever. Smirking superiorly at me, she held up the tiny key that always rests so maddeningly between her magnificent breasts.

Grinning at my conflicted moan of gratitude and woe, she unlocked the cock cage she keeps perpetually secured about me with a flourish. Then Mistress very roughly extracted my already painfully swollen penis from its implacable clasp.

Loving her rare touch far more than even the miracle of temporary freedom, I immediately sprang rigidly erect, pulsing with a need that hasn't been

relieved in over ten years. Returning the chain to about her neck and the key to its heavenly nest between her breasts, Mistress then slowly disrobed before stepping deliberately up the bed. Straddling my neck, she spread her columnar legs out wide, cocked her fists on her hips and assumed that pose that she knows drives me absolutely out of my mind.

Oh, she loomed above me almost to the ceiling!

Now, this is a seriously tall female we're talking about here – six feet at least. I'm sure you've heard the cliché 'her legs went on forever'. Well here it was proved true. Finely toned, firmly defined without being grotesquely muscled, from ankles to thighs she was nothing but smooth, elegant lines. Lightly tanned and utterly hairless, her legs were those of a goddess, a colossus, an immensely arousing example of exquisite symmetry and beauty. And of course when they finally did end it was at a junction even more amazing in its flawless perfection.

Her crotch was also shaved bare everywhere, and her pussy just a tight little slit. Both labia and hot pink insides were still tantalizingly hidden, and her ass – oh, that incomparable ass!

Even partially obscured those firm, plump curves were downright delectable. I wanted nothing more than to ogle them forever. But even as delectable as those perfectly matched halves were, even greater glories pulled my gaze inexorably upward. Past the convexity of her mound of Venus, and the shadowed, shallow concavity of a beautiful belly swelled the glory of all glories: my mistress' absolutely fabulous breasts.

These are easily the size of honeydews, with huge, conical, perpetually pointy nipples. As always my mouth watered immediately at the sight. Oh, to be allowed to fasten my mouth there and suckle, suckle, suckle! Mistress knew this to be my greatest weakness, and she grinned down at me as she began to toy with them, and me.

She cupped them in her hands, hefted them, and squeezed them together before letting them drop bouncing back free. Leaning forward she dangled them enticingly above me and shook them back and forth, laughing evilly at my desperate moan of appreciation and need. Oh, my cock was so impossibly hard, and my never-to-be-emptied balls boiling with unspent seed! Swaying slowly above me, running her hands suggestively all over

herself before returning to pinch and tweak and coax those incredible nipples up even harder she began taunting me as always.

“Look at these absolutely awesome breasts! *So* heavy, so big and round, totally natural, firmly resilient and yet still saucy and springy and deliciously yielding! Aren’t they incredibly wonderful? You’d give anything at all to touch them wouldn’t you? To play with them...to bury your face between them...to suck on the nipples, squeeze them together and pump your burning hot cock through them... Well too bad, my dirty little Slut-boy. You will never, ever, *ever* get to so much as touch them! In fact, as you well know, you’ll never get to touch any woman ever again. You won’t even ever get to touch yourself. Not once for the rest of your life. When you married me, you lost all rights forever. That pathetic little penis of yours is *mine* now. And I like it just the way it is: unloved, untouched, and unwillingly impotent. No more fucking for you, no more orgasms, no more masturbation or penile pleasure of any kind, Slut-boy. You experience nothing except pain and humiliation as my mate. And you get a full measure of that every day, don’t you? Pain, humiliation, and the terrible torment of living with a gorgeous goddess whose heavenly body is eternally off-limits. My poor deprived little marital slave! You exist only to pamper me, to keep my house clean, to serve as my slut and to provide me with amusement. And speaking of pain, let’s see what we can do with that poor little erection of yours, before we get down to the humiliation and *real* fun...”

Mistress backed off, knelt on the bed below my upraised butt and painfully straining hard-on and opened her box of improvised toys. First she withdrew a bunch of heavy black rubber bands. She wrapped a couple of these tightly about the base of my erection, ensuring that nothing could possibly cause me to ejaculate. Another half dozen were wound about my scrotum and each testicle, painfully compacting them until they bulged as hard and purple as barely-ripe plums. Two more then encircled the root of both my cock and balls, making my horribly engorged genitals throb and darken and stand up stiffly out from my body. Then she dumped out a bag of clothespins and began clamping them all over my now agonized erection. Before long I was so outrageously festooned with them you could hardly see my penis at all – though I could certainly fucking feel it! Yet despite this excruciation I remained incredibly aroused, and even more so when

Mistress clamped the last two clothespins onto my nipples and once more took her place standing astride my face.

This time she began tormenting me by playing not with her tits but with her pussy and clit. Coaxing herself open, spreading her lips and un-hooding her clitoris, she gasped and moaned and fingered herself just above me.

Torturing me with the sight of sacred territory forever forbidden me, she aroused me out of my mind, causing my agonized erection to pulse harder than ever. Then she began to humiliate me mercilessly.

“Do you have any idea, Slut-boy, how many big hard cocks have been in this pussy, this wonderful cunt of mine that you’ve never known nor ever will? Of course, you must have some idea, since every time I cuckold you here I leave the door open between our rooms, forcing you to watch and listen to everything. But I get laid every time I go out too, and you know nothing about that – except when I come home and describe it all to you. And it kills you, doesn’t it? It absolutely devastates you that I let hundreds of men fuck me, while never allowing you the slightest kiss or touch.

“Of course, I know that some men get their rocks off watching their wives get fucked by other men, but you just get insanely jealous and miserable. Hearing you bawling in here while I’m getting pounded by some hung young stud makes me feel so deliriously dominant that I come my brains out every time. So tell me, Slut-boy, what’s worse: watching me get wonderfully fucked, or enduring your own daily ass-pounding? Is taking my cock as bad as watching me take someone else’s?”

“No, Mistress,” I whimpered, my eyes glued to that wet pink cleft being spread out open and serviced less than a yard above me. “Nothing is worse than watching you give everyone else what you’ve sworn you’ll never give me.”

Mistress laughed hard at this, and then squatted some to bring her cunt even closer. “That’s right, slut. You even *enjoy* being my buggered little bitch. Don’t you?”

“I do and I don’t, Mistress. It hurts like hell and it’s terribly humiliating. But it’s the only sexual experience I’m allowed. And so I try to make the most of it.”

“Too bad,” she giggled. “I’d rather it was a pure homophobic torture for you. But I guess I can’t have everything. And I absolutely love butt-fucking you too much to ever give it up. It makes me feel so fucking powerful! It’s truly my favorite thing in the world to do – far better than being fucked myself, whipping you black and blue, torturing your cock and balls or even keeping you locked up and impotent all your life. So let’s get down to it right away, shall we?” She climbed off the bed, retrieved her current favorite cock and strapped it on. Then she straddled me once again and resumed posing and performing for me. And of course this time it was her monstrous erection she stroked and pumped and played with just above my face.

A good ten inches long and at least two thick, Mistress’ penis was of perfectly molded, exactly lifelike flesh-colored rubber. Hard and resilient, it still bobbed and wagged a bit as she jiggled it around and masturbated it. Against my will I again found myself impossibly aroused, irrationally excited by the sight of my gorgeous wife sporting and flaunting an outrageously oversized prick she meant to brutally use on me. Even though my face was burning with humiliation, my tortured genitals were burning even worse, steely hard and bursting with blood and come. My breath was heavy and my heart pounding, and when Mistress finally backed down the bed, knelt before my vulnerable hole and lubed herself up I couldn’t suppress a moan of anticipation.

“Okay, Slut-boy,” she breathed at me excitedly. “Here comes your only sexual pleasure ever. Enjoy it if you must!” And with that she lunged forward and rammed her hard cock deep up into my suddenly greedy ass.

Holy shit it hurt! Ah Mistress, it hurt so fucking much! And of course the deep, horrible shame of being used like a contemptible little slut hurt just as much. But it seemed like admitting it to Mistress for the first time finally put me fully in touch with the reluctant arousal it also caused.

Of course, how can one not be aroused when watching the most incredible breasts in the world bouncing wildly around only a short stretch away? Especially when Mistress really got into her rhythm, and leaned over me, propping herself up on her palms and knees so that she could hammer herself so much more forcefully down into me. With those pendulous tits hanging only inches from my eyes and the speed of her thrusts turning her

nipples into dancing pink blurs the spectacle she presented was more terribly tantalizing than ever. Even her lovely freckled face, flushed with exertion and animated with angry exultation (her blue eyes blazing and her full, snarling red lips baring her sharp white teeth) was a source of scary excitement to me. Yet the undeniable erotic appeal of being her bitch still went well beyond all of this.

The way her crotch slapped my ass so hard and fast made my bound up and wickedly clipped prick flip wildly all around. This gifted me with far more penile stimulation than I otherwise ever receive. Add the fact that being in such close proximity and vigorous intimate contact with my cruel but incredibly beautiful wife was immensely exciting as well and *still* not even all these attractions added up to the sum of my lust. Most shamefully, it was ultimately the rapidly stabbing invasion itself that came to truly excite me. How else to explain the way I suddenly strained my bottom upward, and my knees out wide, providing her impalement the greatest possible access? Despite the horribly deep and personal pain of having that huge cock battering mercilessly into my last bastion of privacy, something about the sensation was insanely compelling. Unable to resist, I at last gave myself wholly over to the obscenely perverse pleasure of it all.

If this was to be the sum of my sexual experience, I would indeed make the most of it: my pleasure a pathetic bit of rebellion perhaps, against the outrageously cruel and dominating wife who has taken everything else from me. Freed at last from a decade of ever-weakening denial, I finally embraced the pain and shame of being constantly violently butt-fucked and milked it for all it was worth. For nearly three hours then, as Mistress pounded her way through an incredible succession of multiple screaming orgasms, I allowed myself to ride my own continuously escalating sexual excitement.

Of course, my inability to achieve apotheosis finally proved a terrible torment. I wept helplessly in bitter frustration when Mistress at long last exhausted herself and pulled her great prick out of me. As much as I'd suddenly come to crave being fucked, as much as I'd shamelessly wallowed in the unlimited excitement of it all, that crushing inability to achieve release proved Mistress' ultimate victory over me. Cruelly she rubbed it in then, as she at last prepared to leave me for the night, anguished and unfulfilled.

“What’s the matter, bitch?” she sneered, as she began removing the clothespins from my still exquisitely urgent erection. As always she did this not by simply unclipping them but by slowly twisting each one off, intensely magnifying the awakening agony. “Are you still desperately turned on, even after all that fucking? Well that’s good! The more you’re suffering, the happier I am, and that’s all that matters in this marriage. In fact, I think I was mistaken before! It’s good that being butt-fucked turns you on. After all, the more hopelessly horny you always are the better. My handsome hubby’s involuntary celibacy, his helpless imposed impotence just tickles me no end!”

Finished with the clothespins, she peeled the tight rubber bands out of the deep purple grooves they’d dug into my genitals. Renewed circulation had my sex organs immediately screaming with excruciation, and yet still they remained turgid and tender and aroused beyond all measure.

No matter. Mistress has had to deal with this situation every time she’s locked them back up again. She has a long-established and immensely effective procedure for deflating even my most raging tumescence. Gripping a bloated, come-filled testicle in each fist, she squeezed them ruthlessly. Within seconds I was writhing and retching with pain and nausea, and before a minute had passed my penis was once again meekly limp. Cooining with approval, she locked the cock cage back onto me, once again implacably imprisoning my tormented manhood. She pulled the pillow out from under my ass, freed my ankles and unfolded my body, pulling my legs out straight. There she used three more short stout belts to bind them tightly together at the ankles, knees and thighs. Leaving my upper body similarly belted up tight, she next took the five much longer leather straps that pass under the thin hard bed and belted my already extensively bound body firmly down onto it. When she was done I could barely move beyond wiggling my fingers and toes. That left only two of my regular nightly restraints to be put in place.

The first was a wide leather gag with three buckling straps and a large blue ball mounted on the inside. She forced this ball into my mouth, stretching my jaws creakingly wide. Then she wrapped the straps about my face, tightened them cruelly and buckled them in place, sealing that immense sphere inside me. Finally she chose a short, heavy length of steel chain and threaded it through the front ring on the three-inch wide collar that she’d

locked permanently about my neck during our wedding ceremony – the same big ring my wrists were locked to. The two ends were then pulled out taut and padlocked to a matching pair of rings set in the headboard just above me.

“There,” she declared, as she at last twisted the clothespins off my suddenly screaming nipples and considerately remembered to cover me with a blanket.

“Snug as a bug, my own personal little insect. By the way, you’ll be happy to hear that I won’t be entertaining any company this evening. After that marathon butt-fucking I’m absolutely bushed! Too bushed to even lie back and let some impossibly athletic college kid plow me for an hour! I need at least ten hours sleep now. I’ll be back to release you in the morning, Slut-boy, so you can make me my breakfast and get started on all your other chores. Good night then, butt-bitch. Sleep tight, and dream about how much you love your beautiful, buggering wife!”

And with that she complacently padded naked back to her own bedroom, treating me to one last look at her sweetly flaring hips, perfectly formed ass and long, fiery red banner of Irish hair. Closing the connecting door behind her, she clacked home all three deadbolts, locking me securely in.

Left to my own devices at last, I whimpered piteously to myself, squirmed uselessly at my impossibly tight bonds, and tried to prepare myself for another long cramped, uncomfortable, mostly sleepless night.

Marty's Punishment

I'm punishing my husband again tonight.

The ostensible reason is a completely fabricated flaw in his housekeeping. But the truth is I'm just a viciously sadistic bitch. I simply *love* to watch him suffer. It turns me on more than anything else ever.

I came home from 'work' and discovered a phantom speck or two of lint on the living room carpet.

Actually I was out cuckolding him all afternoon, getting wonderfully fucked by a twenty year-old stud who's built like a god and hung like a horse and has the stamina of a rampaging bull. In any case, I screamed curses at Marty in his ridiculous little lace-trimmed apron (which I force him to wear of course), grabbed him by the ear and dragged him down to the basement, which I long ago converted into our own private torture chamber.

He didn't dare try to resist, or even protest his innocence. At six feet-one I'm a full four inches taller than he is even without the ball-breaker boots I habitually wear. And not only am I bigger and stronger and much better looking than he is. I also have a powerfully domineering personality that long ago overwhelmed his meek little sissy submissiveness. And now I've once again got him right where I want him: underground in a windowless soundproofed room stocked with everything an evil dominatrix could ever need. I force him to stand under the power winch mounted in the ceiling and start snapping orders at him.

"Strip, you little shit!"

Meekly he obeys me, while I gather up the ropes and other things I'll need to properly see to him. Once he's naked and shivering then I unlock and remove the cock cage I've forced him to wear all of our marriage.

Immediately his pitiful little excuse for a penis begins to swell up erect – as usual. I haven't ever allowed Marty to ejaculate in over ten years, and I never will. The only opportunity he has to even get erect is when I punish him. So by now he actually craves these sessions together. He's become

addicted to my abuse, accepting the agony and ignominy for the only erotic interaction he ever gets to experience.

Well, I never make him wait for it. First I bend him over, so I can cram a large vibrating plug up his ass. His bleat of pain is beautiful music to me. Next I tie his wrists together behind his back, leaving a couple feet of cord free.

“Spread your fucking legs!”

He obeys, and I pass that last bit of rope under his ass, where I pull it down tight and tie it about his testicles. Now he can’t even struggle with his bonds, or try to raise his arms, without crushing and pulling on his bloated, never-to-be-empty blue-balls. Next I tie his arms together at the elbows, pulling the rope so tight that they practically meet. Then I wrap one more rope all about his upper half, firmly securing his arms, shoulders, and torso. Good enough. That’s it for stage one of his bondage. On to stage two: time for the dildo-gag.

This is a complex head-harness of black leather. Multiple straps bracket Marty’s nose, wrap over and about his head and buckle up tight in back. Soon gleaming black leather completely covers the bottom half of his face, sealing in his simpering whimpering. He looks so vulnerable and pathetic like this that my cunt is wet again already even after the royal pounding it received all afternoon. Yet the best part is the two inch-thick, five-inch long hard plastic cock that now fills his mouth.

This prick is so big that it pokes right into his throat, and poor little Marty has to tip his head way back in order to keep from gagging and strangling on it. That’s all right though; it’s all according to plan. I thread another rope through the harness at the top of his head, run it down his back and slip it through the rope binding his elbows together, pulling it so tight that his head is bent radically backward. There I tie it off, leaving him blinking up at the ceiling. Good. Just four more ropes to go.

“Feet together!” As always, timid little Marty obeys me immediately. I use three of those ropes to bind his legs tightly together at the ankles, knees and thighs. Then I take that last long rope, and noose one end of it about his throat. The other end I tie tightly about the base of his ridiculously rigid,

pathetically puny virgin penis. Then I loop that rope over the hook that descends from the winch above his head.

A flick of a switch; and the winch draws that rope upward, until Marty is pulled up almost off the floor. Tied up tight from head to toe, hanging by his neck and cock, my helpless husband totters there, saved from asphyxiation and unmaning only by the very tips of his toes.

Stuffed full in both orifices, whimpering continuously, he just needs a couple more touches to be utterly beautiful to me. To that end I attach cruelly tight clover clamps to his nipples, and hang heavy lead weights from them. Then I clip as many clothespins as will possibly fit onto his shrimpy erection. Then at last he's starting to weep, and shake, and suffer to my satisfaction.

"Okay, slave," I gloat, "That should keep you on your toes!" Then I'm unable to help myself from rubbing it in with some oft-repeated truths.

"Remember: that's all you will ever be, is my pathetic little, utterly unworthy slave. We are husband and wife in name only. You know that you will never be anything but the least bit of property to me. So: I need a long hot bath now, slave. I just spent the entire day getting royally fucked into the most beautifully blissful oblivion imaginable. That's right: while you were screwing up the housework, I was screwing up a storm with the hottest fucking stud I've ever seen. God, his cock must be five times the size of yours! So now I've got to go and wash all his sweat and come off and out of me. Then I'll order up some take-out dinner. You will get nothing tonight. Correction: after my exquisite bath and meal, I'll come back down here and let you off your toes. Then you'll get the worst whipping and most brutal butt-buggering of your entire life. Until then, you just hang here in agony and try to think of all the ways you can make it up to me for your terrible failure today."

And with that I turn my back on him, and head upstairs. I'm so horny I can't wait to get my magnificent body in the Jacuzzi and masturbate!

It is now three hours later.

I've had my luxurious bubble bath, my exquisite orgasm, my gourmet meal, a bottle of fine wine and a big fat reefer. I've rested up a bit, changed, and then snorted enough coke to really fire me up for what comes next. I step into the basement and see my slave just about how I left him: bound and bumming and barely able to avoid succumbing to a torturous fate. Only now he's streaming sweat and tears, and rocking constantly on his toes, trying to provide any fleeting relief to his cock and feet.

Because of the way I've bound his head back he was never in any real danger of hanging. Still the pain of the noose on the back of his neck must be unbearable as well. The moan he gives on perceiving my return is wonderfully complex: hope of relief from his current predicament mixed with dread and lust for what must surely soon supersede it. Bursting with chemically-accentuated energy I approach him, and focus on the delightful spectacle of his surely incredibly painful penis. For starters, it's so purple it's almost black: so stuffed full of blood and constricted it's bloated like a sausage trying to burst out of its skin. Add to that the clothespins biting into it everywhere, and the cruelly tight noose choking it off and making it bear most the weight of Marty's body, and I can almost feel the waves of extreme excruciation emanating from it. Perfect!

I step up next to him, and start to slowly remove the clothespins, one at a time, accentuating the exquisite agony of re-awakening nerve-endings by twisting them off. Then, just to send his torment beyond all bounds, I grip that puny protrusion of muscle and nerve and start to fondle, and then wonderfully pull and pump on it.

Poor little Marty's whimpers and cries escalate ecstatically: inescapable pain and unrelievable pleasure combining to drive him practically out of his mind. Once again I can't help but ridicule the paucity of his existence.

"How does that feel, slave? Good? Just imagine how your eternally virginal cock would feel wrapped in a woman's mouth? Or pressed between her breasts? Or even gripped and slipped in and out of her hot wet tight vagina? Hell, you'd even settle just to be jerking it through your weak little fist, like you undoubtedly did every day before we were married! Wouldn't you? Well, I'll tell you what: I'll give you a sight that will send your foolish arousal skyrocketing. And then I'll give you a penile pain that will send you plummeting straight down into the deepest depths of hell!"

With a few quick tugs I release the rope stretching his head back. Although he still hangs by his neck and cock, and raising his head increases the risk of asphyxiation, my poor little husband can't possibly resist this opportunity. As I continue to torment his penis with competing pain and pleasure, he focuses his weepy eyes on my incomparable anatomy. Then those timid orbs bulge with more than just anoxia, as he takes in the new desperately hot dominatrix outfit I bought just this afternoon.

To start with, my columnar legs are sculpted and raised by a pair of knee-high shiny black boots with four-inch heels and pointy steel toes – all the better to kick you in the nuts with, my dear. Likewise skin-tight latex gauntlets cover my arms from the bulging biceps to the cut-out fingers. Yet that's not all that's cut out. My sleeveless top – black and skin-tight latex like everything else – leaves not only my hulking shoulders and rock-hard midriff bare. My much more than merely ample breasts thrust out beautifully nude through cut-out circles of their own.

All this is undoubtedly imposing and arousing by itself: at least for a hopelessly enslaved little eunuch sissy-slut. But what now girds my thick hips, muscular ass and forever forbidden crotch must surely be what springs his eyes to terrified-wide.

My brand-new penis-pants not only match my other accoutrements admirably, they sport a built-in dildo bigger than any I've ever used on my Slut-boy yet. Yet as intimidated as my husband is by the new twelve-by-two inch cock I've brought to use on him, he still doesn't have the slightest clue about the incomparably shocking experience that also awaits him.

Oh, well. Let him wait. As his terrified eyes move at last to examine the familiar coil of the six-foot braided black leather bullwhip hung at my waist, and the deliciously stiff riding crop held in the hand that's not currently tugging on his afflicted organ, I finally decide to take more appropriate action.

I stop fondling his penis, leaving it to bob about in the air before me. Then I step back a bit, to give me room to swing the crop. Then without warning I swat his erection with it.

His bleat of pain is beautiful, as is his frantic dance to stay on his toes as his body reacts uncontrollably to the incredible pain-pleasure. Not one to be

satisfied with just this as an appetizer, I swat his cock again and again, perhaps twenty or thirty times in all, my own arousal climbing higher with every squirming, squealing attempt of his to deal with the agony being inflicted on his ever more erect organ.

As I said earlier, these sessions represent the only stimulation his eternally-virginal penis ever gets to experience. Thus poor Marty has learned to crave pain; to equate it with arousal, and to get more turned on the more I brutalize him. And lucky for him, we're just barely getting started! After I've cropped his cock to my immediate satisfaction, I finally remove his nipple clamps, twisting them off as I did those on his cock and then pinching and twisting those reawakening erogenous zones to heighten the exquisite pain he must surely be experiencing.

"How are you enjoying your evening so far, husband? Are you regretting your regrettable fuck-up, or do you love the opportunity to be victimized by me?"

Of course, with his face and throat full of cock, Marty can do nothing but totter on his toes and whimper at me. Bored at last by this state of affairs, I finally decide to forgo getting an answer from him and just move straight on to the *real* fun I have planned for this evening.

I lower the winch, letting him down. Then I remove all of his other restraints except for his cock-gag. Pulling him by his bruised and bloated penis, I drag him over to a simple pommel horse. I bend him over it, making sure that his erection is bent down and crushed against it in painfully unnatural fashion. After that I lock his ankles into a four-foot bar that spreads his legs wide and cuff each wrist to its corresponding ankle, locking him bent over double and utterly vulnerable. Then I shake free my whip and go to work on him.

Flinging that six-foot lash like a sadistic centurion I spend over an hour striping his ass, back and thighs until he'll be sleeping on his belly for a week. Not that he'll have a choice of course – he spends almost every night locked in a cage and hogtied up tight in the corner of my bedroom, forced to watch as I cuckold him with an endless succession of studs. But it's the principle of the thing, you know. Anyway, after the whipping it's finally time for the fucking! However, he's come to enjoy this too much lately. And

so from now on his daily buggering will have a delightfully devilish new dimension to it.

I lube that big black monster generously up. This is not for his comfort though – quite the contrary! That water-based jelly should improve the conductivity immensely...

I step to his extensively welted, elevated backside, spread his cheeks and drill that biggest ever erection all the way into him. The woeful bleat that escapes around the cock filling his face is three parts agony and one part reluctant arousal: a much better ratio than usual, but not nearly enough to satisfy me. I intend to banish all sexual pleasure from his existence forever. And so I reach down below to the simulated scrotum and flick a switch, activating the insidious accessory hidden within.

Immediately my cock becomes electrified, transmitting a delightful tingle to my insulated genitals and pouring a powerful, non-stop shock into my helpless little Slut-boy's oh-so sensitive insides.

He howls and shudders in response, and as I begin my usual brutally bludgeoning rhythm I can't help but laugh and gloat.

"How do you like that, Slut-boy? Fucking won't be fun for you anymore, will it? Welcome to your new world of sexual torture!"

I don't know if he can hear and understand me or not. He's still wailing and quivering like a live wire – which he's basically just become. I don't care though. Surely the sensations he's experiencing speak for themselves. And the uncontrolled tremors wracking him are transmitted through my shock-cock onto my clit as well, and the result is so exciting that my sadistic zeal for raping him is magnified tremendously. Immediately I pour all of my electric passion into pounding his ass. I reach my first orgasm – the fifth so far today – within minutes. But I don't let that slow me down. Galvanized by his choked screaming and thrumming muscles I merely pour it on, fucking him ever harder and faster for over an hour, until I come three more times and at last need a rest. I pull out of him at last, laughing wickedly the way he goes limp and weeping with relief. But I'm not done with him yet. Not by a long shock. After a glass of wine and a few more lines I switch my cock back on and step back up to his ass.

“What do say, Slut-boy? Are you ready for some more fucking? Shall we renew our shocking new sex life?”

Frantically he shakes his head, squealing with dread. No matter though. The question was rhetorical. His wishes have never counted for anything in this marriage. And I’m just having *way* too much fun. Immediately I stab back into him, laughing evilly at his renewed screams and shudders. Three more times over the course of the night I shock-fuck him to delirious multi-orgasmic heights, until at last he passes out, spoiling some of my wonderful fun.

Oh well. I unlock him, haul him off the horse and lock him back in his cock cage. Then I drag him over to the toilet chair, position his head in the receptacle, and bring him around by pissing in his face.

He splutters back to awareness. And the purest, most abject and unadulterated misery in his soaked countenance is the most wonderful sight I’ve ever seen. Delighted with myself I cuff his hands behind his back, leash him and drag him upstairs to my bedroom. There I hogtie him, shove him into his cramped little cage and lock the door.

Tomorrow will be soon enough to resume his lifelong education in the wonders of electricity. For tonight his respectfully quiet, nonstop sobbing will waft me off into the most blissful sleep imaginable.

Endless Weekend

Jill is the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Maybe..." she mused.

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

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

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

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

“Like what?” Jill huffed.

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

“Fine,” she shrugged dismissively. “So are we on?”

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

“Good enough,” she smirked.

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

She sniffed derisively and marched away from me.

I couldn’t care a whit for her contempt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suppose the never-credited Goddess suddenly uncovered herself before your amazed gaze, overwhelming you with stupendously lush breast flesh? What the fuck would *anyone* do, except fall helplessly to one's knees? Forget the fact that you've spent generations being force-fed the inbred belief that women were chattel. Such a sight would countermand anyone's

instinct. Unmanned utterly, I immediately accept the only appropriate response. Despite my inexperience with this fetish business, I subjugate myself the instant she shrieks at me.

“Get on your knees, slave!”

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

“I’m sorry, Jill.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What...what are you doing Goddess?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

First she does my nipples.

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

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

Oops! Okay, it’s gone now. Well, I’d better pray it comes back, so I can hopefully seize upon it, expand it, maybe even embrace it and make it my own. This is immediately obvious. Next Goddess takes a pair of one-inch metal manuscript clamps, available at any office supply store, and attaches them to my testicles. This squeezes them brutally, flooding me with nauseated agony.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

behind them. Well, I now have an inkling how that felt. But even this pain pales by comparison with my poor stretched back.

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

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

After half an hour or so I'm so mixed up, so agonized and aroused and unsure where one leaves off and the other begins that I greet the opening door and Goddess' return with unadulterated rapture. But this is immediately tintured with shock, shame and mad arousal when three more women, all of them equally beautiful and garbed in intimidating fetish wear follow her into the bedroom.

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

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

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

The second girl is black, or as I judge it, of mixed blood. Her skin is a beautifully burnished golden brown, and her hair shoulder-length, beaded

and corn-rowed. Yet her features are quintessentially European, with shocking green eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Viddy well, little brother! Viddy well!"

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

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

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

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

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

Not that it's anything especially onerous right away.

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

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

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

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

Goddess Belinda locks my feet into fetish shoes with heels so high I'll be forced to totter around on the tips of my toes. The clamps and weights are removed from my nipples and genitals (providing supreme relief for my balls and instant agony in my suddenly reawakened nips and dick) and a

collar is buckled about my neck. Then they minimally cross dress me in a small, ruffled white apron and matching maid's cap, and use cosmetics to make up my face outrageously. Goddess Natasha takes the lipstick then, and uses it to scrawl the title 'Slut-boy' across my forehead. Finally Goddess snaps a leash to my collar, picks up a six-foot whip, and drags me off the bed.

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

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

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

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

Like I have a choice. Gagged as I am I can't even protest as Goddess claims my leash and draws me after her to an as yet unnoticed elevator.

Four gorgeous deities crowd in with me, giggling, pinching and poking me and slapping my striped-up backside as we descend below ground. Then the doors open, and I'm confronted by a sight straight out of a nightmare.

"Welcome to my dungeon, Slut-boy!"

Again there is a plethora of whips and crops and paddles hung and piled around. But in addition to these and tons of more ordinary restraints I see three hulking pieces of equipment straight out of the middle ages.

Dungeon, indeed! Against one wall is a large X-shaped cross equipped with any number of heavy leather straps. In the center of the room is a large oak pillory, and off to one side a long, low table with a crank and chains at either end for stretching. Dumbfounded I try to draw back, but big Goddess Belinda pushes me on from behind, while Goddess drags me by the leash towards the pillory.

Once there the shackles are removed from my wrists and the collar from my neck. Yet this is but the briefest of reprieves. Before I can even dream of resisting, Goddess Natasha suddenly drives a fist into my stomach, knocking the wind from me and doubling me over. As I gasp helplessly for breath, my neck and wrists are guided into semicircular cutouts in the stocks. Quickly the matching heavy wooden top is fitted into place and secured with a padlock. My ankles are unshackled, and my fetish-shoed feet are kicked widely apart and then locked to ringbolts in the concrete floor. Within seconds I'm helplessly secured bent over, able to wiggle my fingers and butt but not much else. Then just like the night before, painful clamps and weights are attached to my nipples and genitals, woefully tormenting my most erogenous zones. Still this is all just kiddie kicks. All four Goddesses go to the racks and chose an instrument of discipline.

Goddesses Jill and Belinda each select a heavy, perforated wooden paddle. The other two choose classic cat o' nine tail floggers. Breathing heavily already, their prominent nipples betraying their arousal, they return to take up position next to me, two deities on each side.

"Ready girls?" asks my Goddess, and the other three respond with sounds of eager affirmation. "Then let's go: two by two in synchronous rhythm, like always."

At that two paddles suddenly whistle through the air and smack my ass from either side. Each strikes its chosen cheek with a sound like a gunshot and an incredible infusion of agony. Then while my tortured cry is just being choked off by the plastic cock probing my throat, the other two Goddesses lash their flails down onto my upper and lower back.

This is incredibly painful as well. Yet even in succession, both these double blows still can't approach the endless agony of hanging all night by my elbows and ankles. Nor can they challenge that slender single-tail six-foot

whip carving up my ass all afternoon – at least not yet. But then the killer succession truly gets into cycle.

Barely a second after the whips score my back, the paddles again impact my ass, aggravating alarmingly those aforementioned whip wounds. Then the floggers flail me again; the paddles impact, then the floggers, then the paddles, then the floggers, then the paddles, as my new deities fall easily into a long-accustomed two-stroke punishment rhythm.

I have no idea how long this lasts – objectively at least. For me it's an eternity in a special male hell devised exclusively for us by our rightful Goddesses. The blows fall so regular and fast on my back and ass that I have no time to truly absorb, much less recover from each before it is superseded by its successor. Soon my accumulated agonies actually seem to surpass what I experienced last night and this afternoon. I don't know for sure – levels of pain are so subjective. But the agony definitely escalates constantly, with only a rare bare moment of reprieve.

These occur when the Goddesses trade implements and/or positions. But always this pause is quickly obliterated, as the changeover only enhances their unholy passions. Any brief respite renders them ever more zealous. Indeed the longest pause (when the paddles are replaced with limber graphite switches) is followed by the worst excruciation of all. Feeling those thin canes flaying the backs of my thighs soon has me screaming and sobbing nonstop. And yet when this eternity finally lapses I'm merely propelled along to an even deeper Dantean circle.

Dimly I'm aware of my ankles being released, and the stocks unlocked.

This is the point where I'd bolt blindly for the door – if I could. Fuck getting fucked! Fuck that nascent gleam of masochism I experienced last night. Nothing, and I mean nothing at all, is worth this. But my body may as well be made of fiery jelly. If not for the four Goddesses immediately seizing control of my flaccid limbs I'd collapse to the floor. As it is they pick me up and carry me over to that low, narrow rack.

I'm laid down on it on my back, and four heavy tow chains are locked to the cuffs on my wrists and ankles. A ratcheting sound announces the crank turning, and within a minute I'm stretched agonizingly out. Every muscle, every tendon and bone protests as they're stretched to the brink of breaking.

Yet as terrible as this is, I can't help but revel in my epidermal relief. At long last my skin is no longer being assailed. But then the delighted giggling of my tormentors and the belated removal of clamps and weights from my nipples and genitals portend something even worse ahead.

Blurily I blink the tears from my eyes. What I see is both bewildering and upsetting. Goddess holds a curious device as she approaches me.

This consists of two clear plastic plates, one with a two-inch diameter hole cut near the bottom of its eight inch-long, four inch-wide rectangle. Both thin plates incorporate inset metal strips, as well as bolts, wing-nuts, and plug receptacles. As I lie there stretched out and suffering, Goddess manipulates my genitals through that hole, until the plate lies flush against my flesh and my balls and ridiculously reawakening cock poke through and lay atop that clear flat plastic.

Goddess Nina places the second plate atop this, so that the up-thrust bolts fit through matching holes. The wing-nuts are tightened then, drawing the plates together until my genitals are squashed excruciatingly flat and the metal inlays press tightly against both testicles and all up the length of my penis. Then Goddess plugs electrical leads into each of the many sockets, and picks up the box they are connected to: small, black, covered with switches and dials and festooned with those trailing wires.

"All right, Slut-boy," she breathes excitedly. "Now it's time for my second-favorite part of the weekend!"

She twists a few dials. Then she grins most evilly at me and flicks a switch.

The other Goddesses are also gathered around, and brimming with sadistic anticipation. Despite the galvanizing agony that suddenly consumes me, I can easily see and appreciate the surpassing excitement and delight that they enjoy as I howl with pain and thrum like a live wire beneath their eager regard.

The purpose of the insulated wires and bare metal plates becomes immediately obvious. Screaming electricity sizzles into me, shocking both my balls and the entire length of my still half-hard penis from its squashed base to its tender flattened tip. Ravening agony pours into me from both sides of my most sensitive conduits.

If not for the extreme stretching of my body I would surely bounce and bridge, spasming like a resuscitation patient getting the juice. As it is, all I can do is wail and shudder from head to toe, and wish most fervently that I'd never been born with a penis and balls. Who knew they could be the source of so much excruciation?

And once again that pain is unending.

Oh sure, my Goddess pauses once in a while, reducing or even eliminating the current. But then she unfailingly sends it searing into me again, for longer and longer intervals. Even worse, every time she checks the electricity, one of the other Goddesses turns the crank a few more notches, stretching me even further out. And finally even this isn't sadistic enough to sate them. All three leave my Goddess unpredictably shocking me, and turn to choose new insidious implements of discipline.

Goddess Belinda returns with a meter-long sturdy ash dowel in her hand. The Goddesses Nina and Natasha each have large, curved, surgical vascular clamps. They take up position on either side of my thrumming-like-a-bowstring body, and each locks one of my nipples in a pitiless steel grip. Then as Goddess Belinda removes my shoes and starts beating the soles of my feet with her half-inch wooden rod, these gorgeous other Goddesses begin to pull, stretch, and viciously twist my severely pinched nipples.

Yes, once again, how long this hell lasts is quite beyond to me.

Who can keep track of time while enduring numberless sources of relentless excruciation? All I know for sure is that at one point Goddess again pauses in electrocuting my burning genitals and leans up close to my quivering, cock-gagged, tear-streaming and screaming face.

"There, there, Slut-boy," she scornfully consoles me. "It can't be all that bad. Remember, get through today and tonight and all four of us are going to fuck your ever-loving brains out. Won't that be absolutely wonderful, and worth all this?"

Wonderful, yes; worth this: never!

Still, that tantalizing prospect somehow enables me to endure, until at long last I'm finally released from my latest bonds and torments. And yet still

the punishment isn't done. Next I'm manhandled over to that final piece of medieval equipment: the dreaded St. Andrew's cross.

Together they lift me right up in the air, and secure my wrist cuffs to the top of that oaken X, leaving me hanging there by my hands.

This is exquisitely painful after my previous stretching. But then my Goddesses strap and lock my waist and ankles to the center and legs of that cross, relieving this renewed strain a bit. Then they each pick up an unbelievably incisive single-tail whip and take up position in front of me. Without a word of warning, they straightaway start carving up my still unmarked (except for the nipples and genitals that is) front.

Lethal leather lashes flay me alive.

The Goddesses Belinda and Jill whip me simultaneously with all their strength, until they finally tire and make way for the other two. Then the Goddesses Natasha and Nina take their turns carving me up. In tag-team succession like this they all lash me until my entire front is as wickedly lacerated as my back. I am so unmanned, and literally delirious by the time they finally cast their whips aside and release me from the cross that I'm utterly unable to remain upright. No matter. Grabbing a limb apiece the four deities pick me up and carry me back to the elevator.

Back upstairs to the bedroom we go.

"One, two, three!" they swing me and cry, and I'm flung through the air to crash facedown onto that gigantic bed again. Then I'm promptly bound up exactly like the night before: bar-spread ankles locked to overlapping forearms. Once again I'm hooked to the winch, the clamps and weights are attached to me and the buzzing vibrator is inserted into my ass. To endless laughing and jeering then I'm hauled up stuffed, plugged and hogtied to the very ceiling.

"Have fun watching us again, Slut-boy! And try to pick up a few pointers this time, not to mention fantasize about tomorrow. A few more hours and you are finally, *really* going to get fucked out of your mind!"

A chorus of uproarious mirth punctuates this pronouncement, and I can't help but be taken in by it.

Whoo-hoo! I scream inside. Bring it on, Goddess! For a minute I'm once again entirely tantalized by this incredible prospect. But then her first words finally hit home, and reality bites me like the tip of Goddess' whip.

Oh *fuck*, here we go again: another endless night exploring unlimited realms of agony both physical and emotional. And indeed, true to my premonition this night proves exponentially worse than the last in every respect.

Not only is the inner stress on my joints and spine compounded by the myriad outside wounds still paining me. Tonight my Goddesses' passions are outrageously inflamed from their daylong orgy of torturing me.

This time no foreplay is necessary. Right away they all fall upon each other and start sucking and fucking lips and nips and clits, hungry cunts and gullets and butts with otherworldly energy. Oh, my Goddesses! The doubly-renewed spectacle of their tremendously tremulous breasts, inexhaustibly thrusting hips and constant ecstatic climaxes is indescribably arousing.

Here I am again, this time times ten thousand: pained beyond belief, tortured by the strange, inexcusable pleasure in my rectum and hanging in impotent observation above an orgy of a divine origin.

Despite all the agony it's lately endured, and the heavy weights now dragging it down, my prick quickly gets so hard it constantly twitches upward, clanking those weights together. My burning ass even seems to inexplicably intensify this reaction. Or maybe it's the sight of my beloved Goddess bending her face to the bed and eagerly raising up her butt so that Goddess Belinda can hammer her hard cock wildly into her wonderfully accepting anus that has me slaving uncontrollably around the plastic penis still gagging me. In any case, this insanity persists and constantly accrues over the next six hours or so as I'm allowed another thousand or more equally astoundingly sights. So maddened am I by the non-stop erotic show below that it's actually a relief when all four Goddesses at last all cuddle up together and fall into an exhausted sleep.

Did I say relief?

What an idiot! Soon begins the most insidious torment of all: anticipation.

How much longer until that incredible payoff? I know I said before that I was ready to forgo it in lieu of escape. But now I'm suddenly desperate to enjoy it.

Psychologists say that the more you pay for something, the more emotional investment you have in loving it – even to the point of deluding yourself about its belatedly discovered drawbacks. So it is now with me.

This could be the lamest lay of my life. But I am utterly convinced I will wallow in it ecstatically regardless, and count myself blessed the entire time and forever after. Yet why am I even considering this psycho-shit? Being fucked by the four most gorgeous Goddesses I have ever seen can't be anything but incomparably sublime. Without question this will be the unchallenged highlight of my entire life.

So the minutes stretch into hours, and the seconds into eons. Afterlife aside, I finally experience on Saturday night a true eternity. And even when my outrageously traumatized body finally fails my fevered mind, I find myself still dreaming about the apocalyptic consummation upcoming.

Goddess is riding my cock, while two other deities rub their breasts against me, the last French-kissing me passionately. They sprawl and slither atop me, kissing and caressing, sucking and fucking, and using their magical tongues to lick away every inch of the wounds they so lovingly inflicted upon me. Oh, they each mount my erection and fuck me female-superior for so long that it's a wonder I don't have a teenage wet dream. Yet somehow I manage to wander ever more desperate and unfulfilled through an endless madhouse of erotic imagery, using this fervent fantasy perhaps to combat (or incorporate) the physical excruciation my unconscious body must nevertheless deal with.

In the end I'm so enthralled by these visions, and so debilitated by this torturous weekend, that I don't wake and forsake them until after my Goddesses have all risen, showered, eaten, costumed up and returned to the bed below me. Then I'm jerked rudely back to awareness by the sound of the winch and Goddess' excited salutation.

“Rise and shine you disgusting, Slut-boy! The most momentous fucking of your pathetic existence is upon you!”

Holy Goddess, from fantasy to reality in under a second! I wake from a dream of being fucked to its immediate imminence, and I couldn't be more excited as I'm slowly lowered from the ceiling to down between them.

Once I'm closely surrounded Goddess stops the motor, leaving me dangling and swaying maybe twenty inches above the bed. I notice then that all four Goddesses still wear their faux erections. This doesn't really register though. After all, I've never seen any of them but my primary Goddess without one. But then they finally pull the formerly (reasonably) static phalluses from my mouth and ass and spring upon me the horrifying surprise they've surely been inflicting upon all other mankind stupid enough to fall into their clutches since the dawn of time.

Instead of releasing those clamps and weights from my tenderest points, lowering me the rest of the way and freeing my body to perform, the four Goddesses leave me hanging there hogtied amidst them. Looking suddenly uneasily about, find I'm bracketed from every direction by divine beauty, incredible breasts and four hard cocks pointing straight out at me. Relishing my dawning horror, Goddess then announces their intentions and truly plunges me into the deepest hell there can possibly be.

"Okay, Slut-boy. It's finally time for us to fuck you. And as I promised you, we are going to fuck your pathetic male brains out! But as you surely must have guessed, we lesbians always use our cocks when it comes to fucking men. They are so unworthy of anything else! Face it: disgusting sluts like you are fit only for service. So prepare yourself to be fucked by me, Slut-boy! *This* is what you have been suffering for! As your Goddess I demand that you accept and enjoy it!"

To say that I'm shocked and dismayed, stupefied, horrified, and flabbergasted is an appalling understatement. For a moment I can only goggle at Goddess in disbelief. But at last I manage a weak protest.

"But...but...you said no homosexuality!"

"How dare you!" Goddess cries.

She swings a full backhand, rocking my head and savagely smacking my face. Using all her strength, she finally brutally bruises practically the only part of my body still unmarked, and that which I can't hide with clothes.

“This is *not* homosexuality, Slut-boy!” she shrieks. “We are holy feminine Goddesses! You, on the other hand, are a lowly disgusting simpering male peon. We are not the same sex or even the same species! And since you know damn well that speaking out of turn is against scripture, it’s finally time to shut you up proper! Let’s see you whine and pule and protest with a big hard Goddess cock cramming your mouth!”

She grabs my head between fistfuls of hair and rams her strap-on roughly between my teeth. Before I can even credit this monstrous indignity she’s plunging it deep into my throat, gagging me pitilessly. Then she pulls back a bit only to start up a maniacal rhythm, rabidly fucking my face. Not to be outdone, Goddess Belinda moves up close behind me, between my locked wide legs, and pushes her own big penis into my already stretched and sore asshole. She too begins fucking me with a maddened frenzy. Viciously raped in the ass and face, helpless to even believe this monstrous turn of events, I can only hang in my bonds among my tormentors and burn with humiliation as all four Goddesses laugh and ridicule my unthinkable predicament.

So begins the ultimate, surpassing eternity of torture, the absolute worst stretch of my seemingly endless ordeal. Together the Goddesses Jill and Belinda hammer into me, the tempo of their syncopated thrusts surpassing even last night’s most wild excesses. The power of that incredible dual pounding quickly compacts me between them, stressing my already screaming back even more. The weights hanging from me swing wildly, yanking continuously on my poor pinched nipples and penis head, exquisitely amplifying the agony I’m already enduring there. But as bad as all this is, the emotional torment is of course the worst. Absolutely nothing could be more degrading to a man than to be viciously fucked in the ass – except possibly being constantly reviled as a cocksucker while a big hard penis is being plunged pitilessly through one’s lips and deep into the revolted throat. How will I ever live with myself after this experience? After all I’ve endured this weekend in pursuit of sex with this gorgeous Goddess, my reward is instead the loss of all self-respect forever. And yet, shit, yes, this worst ever endless day is barely underway.

My Goddesses take me like maniacs for over half an hour, until they suddenly scream out ecstatic simultaneous climaxes. Then at last they pull

out of my ravaged throat and ass, only to make way for the Goddesses Natasha and Nina.

Now it's a huge, gleaming, jet-black penis I'm hopelessly choking upon, while Goddess Natasha ridicules me as a lily-little white boy slut-slave. She makes me lick and suck her 'come-bloated, stuffed-full, big black nigger balls' forever before once again plunging deep and fucking my face so violently that her latex-clad crotch bashes my nose so hard and fast that I see constant constellations of stars. And of course, not to be overlooked is my lovely Latina Goddess Nina, eagerly continuing the unrelenting assault on my ass.

Panting and yelping gleefully, she slaps my bruised and welted buttocks with her own pneumatically pumping crotch until the pain on the outside of my heavily welted ass begins to approach the devastatingly intimate agony her deeply goring cock is inflicting upon the inside. And all these multiple assaults just continue to escalate...

Next Goddess Belinda fucks my face, while Goddess Jill finally takes her turn brutally buggering me. Turn and about, one after another, they cycle around all day, keeping up a non-stop rhythm of two big cocks simultaneously plunging deeply into me. While two of them are madly verbally and physically degrading me, the other two take the time to rest and recover, to drink and smoke and smooch before sniffing up enough coke to once again wield their cocks with all the energy of lunatic gods.

Laughing and mocking me, asking again and again whether sex with lesbians is all I ever dreamed it could be, these four deities eventually reduce me to such a state of sobbing self-revulsion and unlimited agony that all I want to do is die and get it all over with. Yet even this ultimate release is denied me. When at last my Goddesses have exhausted themselves they lower me still barely alive to the bed and at last unlock my various restraints.

Once again they're forced to carry me. Only this time they haul my naked, brutalized body outside and toss it ten feet onto the hard concrete walk. Goddess Jill tosses my clothes down atop me, and without further word or acknowledgement they return inside, locking the door behind them.

Abandoned and broken in more ways than I can conceive, I lay there gasping and sobbing in the growing dark. Finally I gather up my clothes and start crawling toward my car, and whatever remaining meager existence I can contrive.

Swallow Your Pride!

I'd always prided myself on having a big cock – the biggest I've ever seen, in fact, outside a few porno movies. Little did I dream it would eventually be the source of so much pain, frustration, and above all, humiliation!

It all began when my girlfriend went out of town – or so she said.

We were college freshman, from different sides of the country. Despite this disparity, we'd hit it off immediately. By the time this unbelievable apotheosis occurred, we'd been seeing each other for over a month.

Naturally we'd done a ton of making out, and lately a lot more. Whoo-hoo! Then finally Sherry let me feel her up, and suck her incredible tits. Even better, she also soon delighted in playing with my own admittedly enormous member.

She'd caress the head, running her fingers up and down the forearm-sized shaft. Who the hell could resist even that? Seconds later both her hands were wrapping it round and she was pushing it painfully down, giggling at my conflicted moans. Then she began to pump me, briskly but only briefly, driving me out of my mind with need. She was clearly the world's worst dick tease, even going so far as to endlessly lick me: gently swirling her tongue around and around that incredibly sensitive tip.

Of course throughout all this, I constantly begged her to fuck me, to give me a blowjob or at least jerk me off!

No good: she was a virgin, and my prodigious erection would tear her up inside! More than that, she was a good girl! And good girls didn't suck cock or even jerk boys off – not until they were married at least, or had been together for maybe a year...

Goddamn it! The situation had suddenly become as maddening as making out or sucking on her tits was heavenly. But then came a revelation that convinced me to stick it out.

I'd barely known Sherry a month, but I was already head-over-heels in love with her. She was just so sweet, vivacious and funny – not to mention gorgeous. Of medium height and build, she had a perfect little ass and

exquisite legs. Above her trim flat belly, her incredibly delectable breasts were shapely, upswept, and a bit too big for her body size. Her jaw-length hair was thick and honey-colored, her eyes a vibrant green and her complexion utterly flawless. To top it all, this vision of loveliness had lately begun intimating that she would indeed marry me someday – once I’d proven my fidelity and devotion to her.

This prospect filled me to overflowing with glowing hope.

Perhaps fittingly I was a virgin too. Inspired by her example – and despite my raging teenage need – I eventually convinced myself that it was not too unreasonable of us to abstain from real sex until after the ceremony. Surely the Christians were onto something, and all those months of anticipation would make the final consummation so much more intense. So I contented myself with enduring all Sherry’s endless teasing, until I could finally get home and find relief by madly masturbating to the most graphic fantasies of our eventual union.

So this situation persisted throughout the latter two weeks of our relationship. (Sherry had allowed only kissing during the first two). But then suddenly my beloved declared a radical change of heart.

Perhaps *her* teenage needs had finally become as ungovernable as mine. Whatever the case, Sherry called me on Thursday evening and dropped an unbelievable bomb.

“Hello?”

“Hi Rickie!”

“Hey baby!”

“Listen hon, I’ve been doing a lot of thinking about us. And I want to ask you an extremely important question.”

“Sure, fire away.”

“Do you love me? I mean really, *really* love me?”

“Oh, baby, how can you ask? You *know* I do! More than anything!”

“Do you love me enough to want to marry me?”

Despite myself I caught my breath. Quickly I recovered though.

“I swear to you that is my dearest, fondest dream Sherry.”

“Oh good,” she warmly purred. “I really love you, too. More than ever!”

She paused a second to let this sink in. Then she plowed ahead.

“Now, I know we’ve only known each other for a month or so. But I also know without a doubt that you are someone infinitely special: someone I could love spending my entire life with. And after I realized that, I began thinking about how silly it is for us to be denying ourselves the pleasure of our wonderful bodies. Married or not, we were meant for each other! So I think we should forget about waiting, and start sucking and fucking like crazy right away. What do you say to that?”

“Are you kidding?” I cried. “I say I’ll be right over!”

“No, no!” Sherry breathed conspiratorially. “Cory is here right now.”

Cory was her roommate, a girl I’d seen little of so far. “How about Saturday evening around seven? Can you make it then?”

“Of course,” I exclaimed.

“Good,” she oh-so seductively purred again. “I’ll see you then. Love you, honey!”

“I love you too!” I gasped. But she’d already hung up, leaving me stunned and horny and breathless with excitement.

Thus I stayed, for the next two days.

In fact I was so excited at the prospect of losing my virginity that my cock was almost perpetually hard over those entire forty-eight hours. I couldn’t wear jeans or any other unduly confining clothes, nor could I concentrate on lessons or anything else besides my ever more lurid fantasies of finally fucking the exceptional Sherry. Yet even in the throes of all this madness I somehow managed to refrain from masturbating.

The biggest night of my life was almost upon me. And I wanted my first ever non-solo sex act to be fittingly unforgettably mind-blowing. By letting the anticipation of it – and the store of sperm churning in my balls – to build up relentlessly, I was certainly assuring that it would be so. Fortified thus I somehow I held out, until finally I found myself ringing Sherry’s

doorbell at seven o'clock on Saturday evening. There I received the first of oh so many nasty shocks.

The door swung open. But instead of meeting an eagerly nubile, seductively dressed Sherry, I found myself facing her roommate instead.

Little-seen Cory was a senior, three years older than Sherry and me. While not as devastatingly hot as my girlfriend, she was still undeniably desirable, with perky tits, a bulbous butt and close-cropped jet-black hair framing a gamine face. Nevertheless my raging hard-on wilted a bit at seeing her. Hadn't Sherry indicated that Cory would be out tonight? What the hell was going on? The answer (lie that it was) wasn't long in coming.

"Hi Rick. I'm sorry, but Sherry had to leave suddenly. She left you a note. Come on inside, and I'll get it for you."

Incredibly crestfallen, I entered, barely noticing as Cory shut the door firmly behind me. I followed her into the living room then, and found myself incapable of not admiring her incomparable ass as we went. She was dressed in just a skimpy halter and exceedingly tight shorts, allowing me to see every curve and flex of her buttocks as she moved. Unconscionable as it was, I felt my erection harden anew, especially when she bent over to pick up a folded sheet of stationery from the coffee table. Naturally with the size of my prick, and the looseness of my own gym shorts and T-shirt, this was impossible to conceal. Cory immediately noticed, and grinningly eyed that throbbing bulge as she turned back to me. Oh well, turnabout was fair play – I'd been ogling her after all. I took the note and quickly scanned it.

"Dear Ricky, I'm so sorry, but something terribly urgent has come up. My brother Ronnie broke his leg playing soccer. It's really bad, a compound fracture in two places. I'm the only one in the family who can go to him. And unfortunately the hospital where he's staying is over a hundred miles away. I'll have to get a hotel room there for the weekend until my parents can come up. You and I will just have to put off our big plans until next week. I know you're disappointed, and so am I! Once again, I'm so sorry honey! Please try to make the most of this, and I'll see you again as soon as I can. Love always, Sherry."

I couldn't believe it.

All that waiting, restraint, mad anticipation, and for what? Only to be let down like this! Despite the circumstances I felt a measure of childish pique at the love of my life after reading this. Ticked off I let the note sag. Then I noticed Cory still standing right in front of me, and still openly eying my outrageous bulge.

“Looks like you were expecting something better tonight, *Dickie*,” she smirked at me. Flushing with embarrassment, I stammered out my answer.

“W...w...well...well, yeah. Sherry and I were finally going to have sex.”

“Oh, poor virgin baby!” Cory mocked. “Better luck next time, boy.

“Then again...” she suddenly cooed, “It seems a shame to let this big, hard, inexperienced thing go to waste...” To my shocked astonishment she stepped right up and boldly groped me, gripping my cock through my thin nylon shorts, squeezing it and running her hand up the shaft to where the velvety head poked out of the elastic waistband. Immediately her thumb started worrying it around.

For a minute I could only gasp in surprise and involuntary pleasure as she fondled me. Then I tried to get hold of myself.

“Wait, wait, I can’t do this! I love Sherry way too much!”

“Well, she said to make the most of her absence didn’t she? It seems to me you’ll only be following her orders.”

With that Cory pulled down the front of my shorts with her free hand, exposing me fully to her devilish ministrations. Suddenly she was gripping my bare hot rod in her cool strong hand, and pumping me rapidly up and down.

Utterly unmanned I sputtered and swayed, my knees suddenly weak.

Never had I been so expertly touched. My heart pounded, my head swam, and my pique at being let down by Sherry suddenly returned full force. And curse me for a fool or not, that was it.

I was only human after all, and male. Despite all my heartfelt love and best intentions, despite my dreams of a pure, wonderfully monogamist relationship, after thirty seconds of such heaven I was lost.

My cock was *so* hard, and the pleasure of her pumping so surpassingly exquisite that I couldn't help myself. Of their own accord my hands found Cory's breasts, so springy and braless beneath that skimpy halter. Feeling them fill my hands, any last resistance I might have mounted crumbled. My mind shut off and my body took over. I stood there panting and moaning as Cory yanked my shorts all the way down to my ankles. I kicked off my sandals and stepped out of them, then raised my arms and let her yank my T-shirt up off over my head. In another five seconds Cory was naked as well, and pushing me irresistibly back onto the couch. I collapsed there in a gasping sitting slouch, and she immediately climbed on top and straddled me.

Her hot cunt crushed my erection against my abdomen. Her fists were suddenly buried in my hair and she began grinding her breasts against my face.

"Yeah, suck me, virgin boy. Feed your lust! I'm going to fuck you like Sherry never could..."

I needed no encouragement. Cory pressed my face tight to her chest and I clamped my mouth to her succulent tit. Ravenously I suckled her, tasting salt and skin and feeling her nipple harden and sharpen into a greedy little point. Abruptly she yanked it away from me, rubbing that stiff, wet, rubbery tip all over my face before forcing the other one into me. Never had Sherry been so aggressive, and my crushed prick pounded and throbbed in the hot wet vise of her crotch. Being ravished by this older woman was suddenly somehow impossibly arousing, and when she began contemptuously demanding assurances from me I gladly gave them, careless of the cost.

"Yeah boy, you really want me to fuck you, don't you? You're going mad with lust, you can't wait for it!"

"Mmmm-hmmmm!" My mouth stuffed with tit, my affirmation came out in a choked, desperate moan.

"You don't even care that you're cheating on Sherry! All you can think about is being fucked by a gorgeous, superior older female!" With that Cory started demonstrating her abilities by pumping her hips, sliding her hot slick center up and down the lengthy underside of my virgin shaft. This stropping

was by far the most heavenly sensation in my experience, and again I urgently moaned my mad affirmation.

Oh, if this rubbing felt so good, how much more wonderful must penetration be? I was suddenly rabid to find out. But then Cory again tore her tit from my mouth and leaned back, bringing all her weight to bear on my impossibly throbbing cock. Still gripping fistfuls of my hair, she kept stropping my cock back and forth as she grinned unsettlingly down at me.

“That’s what I wanted to hear!” she snarled. “Because I am well and truly going to fuck your virgin brains out tonight. And you are finally going to get your cock sucked! But believe me, we are going to do it all *my* way!

“Look over there in the corner, boy, behind that fichus tree. Do you see the camcorder wedged in the branches? That’s been on record ever since you came to the door. I now have documented evidence of you cheating on Sherry. If you don’t want her to see it – and she will surely never speak to you again if she does – then you will submit to me absolutely tonight! You will let me do whatever I want to you, fuck you as long as I like in whatever position I choose. Got it, boy?”

I thought I’d been shocked and stunned before. But these Machiavellian manipulations staggered me.

Such cruelly cunning treachery! And still Cory continued to grind our aroused privates madly together. It was all too much. But then heaven help me, for some reason I suddenly found my utter powerlessness even more arousing than Cory’s mad aggression.

Is it possible that the rabbit feels a kind of surpassing apotheosis as it is suddenly punctured by the talons of the eagle? Can the victim possibly find some weirdly appropriate erotic charge at the instant of victimization to compensate for the loss of so much else? I’d never considered such things before, but in that instant I knew them to be indisputably true. Crushed beneath the pitiless naked female blackmailing me, enveloped by her beauty, I felt neither panic, resentment, nor the slightest inclination to seek a way out of her trap. All I wanted was to humbly prostrate myself, and let her have her violent, aggressive way with me. Damn the consequences! Obviously the evening was wringing changes from me far more profound than just the loss of my virginity...

Suddenly Cory slapped me across the face hard, further inflaming my inexplicable if undeniable arousal.

“GOT IT, BOY?”

“Yes, Cory,” I gasped, squirming uncontrollably beneath her, feeling my face flush red and my pulse pound in my squashed erection. “You are wholly in charge; you can do whatever you want to me!”

Apparently this slavish acquiescence wasn’t good enough. Cory immediately slapped me even harder, further inflaming my insane arousal at being victimized.

“You will always call me ‘Mistress’ boy! Now try again! Swear your allegiance to me like you really mean it. Only when I’m completely convinced of your utter abject submission will I deign to fuck you!”

God, this situation was so fucked up and yet so outrageously turning me on! Savoring the flaming pain in my cheek as much as the hot stropping heaven taunting my cock I obeyed my new Mistress unthinkingly.

“I’m sorry, Mistress! You own me now, I belong to you! My body has become the least of your playthings, to be enjoyed or cast aside as you decide! I exist only to service you sexually, or however else you might demand!”

“Good enough,” Cory growled down at me, obviously gloating in her power. “Stay there on that couch and stroke your cock while I get a few things ready. But don’t you dare ejaculate, or I’ll whip your entire body bloody and never, ever, *ever* fuck you!”

With that she climbed off me and strode across the room, leaving me painfully erect, amazed at both her and myself, and oh, so incredibly horny!

Well, it was obviously time for Act Two. In the corner of the room was a small, collapsible card table about four feet on a side. Piled atop this were a thick, folded blanket and a large cardboard box. As I slowly stroked myself and watched her, Mistress dragged all this into the center of the room.

She set the box and blanket aside, and then flipped the table over, so that all four supports stuck up in the air. Next she collapsed the two legs on the left, leaving only the two right ones upright. She took the blanket, unfolded it a

time or two to make a thick pad, and laid this across the upside-down tabletop, between the legs, draping it onto the floor at either end to create a cushion. Then she strode back over to me, slapped my hands away from my cock and seized that steely-hard spike herself.

“Come on, boy.” Dragging me off the couch by the cock, she pulled me over to that inverted table.

“Lie down here, on your back, with your head between the table legs and hanging off onto the floor.”

Mystified (and yet no less aroused) I complied. Immediately Mistress rummaged in the box, and produced four small coils of stout cotton cord. She pulled my arms out perpendicular to my body, until my elbows met those upright metal legs. With consummate professionalism she quickly lashed each elbow to the base of the leg where it joined the table. She bent my elbows ninety degrees then, so that my forearms lay along the legs pointing up. There she lashed my wrists halfway up, rendering me utterly helpless. Yet apparently the bondage was just beginning.

Mistress moved to stand above my head.

“Lift your legs up, way up over your body toward me,” she ordered.

Still mystified I obeyed. Once I was doubled up thus, she seized my legs and pulled me over even further, radically bending my back and compacting my midriff until only my head, shoulders and upper arms remained in contact with the floor. Soon my knees bracketed my shoulders and my lower legs splayed out wide on either side of my head, with my toes just resting on the carpet. Quickly Mistress used two more ropes to bind my knees to the table legs just above my elbows, securing me painfully doubled over with my ass sticking high up in the air and my still hard prick pointing down at my face from only an inch or so away.

Practically curled into a circle, I whimpered at the discomfort. What on earth were Mistress’ intentions here? I thought we were going to fuck! Timidly I questioned her, as she turned back to her box.

“What...what are you going to do to me Mistress?”

“I told you!” she snapped. “I am going to brutally fuck you! In fact, you’re going to get fucked and sucked at the same time, you lucky little virgin!”

She turned back to me, holding the strangest contraption I'd ever seen.

This consisted of two realistically shaped rubber penises, joined at their bases by a narrow plastic plate trailing a number of buckling leather straps. As I watched her agog, Mistress slid one of those faux cocks all the way inside her vagina, until the plate was flush with her crotch and the other big cock stuck out straight down between her legs. Then she secured this apparatus with all those tightly buckling straps. Relishing my look of horrified disbelief, she laughed grimly at me as she moved back in.

“That’s right, boy. I said I was going to fuck you. I never said *you’d* get to fuck me. Deflowering little virgin bitch-boys and turning them into the greediest of butt-sluts is what I live for!

“After all, you agreed that I could fuck you any way I wanted to, and in any conceivable position. Well this position is called the pile-driver, Slut-boy: deliciously degrading for you, and perfect for the kind of three-way action I have in mind! So get ready, bitch! Your ultra-submissive sex life is about to begin!”

How could this be happening?

It seemed the appalling shocks would never stop. Indeed, each one sprung upon me proved exponentially worse. Yet what could possibly surpass this insanity? Nothing at all in my teenage experience! Briefly I was overwhelmed with autonomic revulsion. While Mistress paused to slather lubricant all over that down-jutting cock I struggled furiously with my bonds.

Who was I kidding? My maddest efforts were woefully futile. And if I *had* managed to free to myself, what then? With that recording of my cheating, Mistress Cory owned me now. Despite the sheer horror of what she intended, I truly had no choice but to submit to it. Still, struggling did provide me with one paradoxical benefit. My uncontrolled wildness actually accentuated my helplessness, stoked my sense of victimization, and reminded me how arousing I found subjugation to be. An inch away from my face, my hard cock bobbed with the blood pulsing through it and I found myself once again squirming more with arousal than with pointless dread. And then Mistress stepped up, straddling my bound, inverted body.

She aligned the head of her cock with my timidly puckering anus and pressed it in.

Involuntarily I clenched up, my sphincter closing down tighter than tilly.

“Relax, boy,” ordered Mistress, slapping my ass smartly. “You’re becoming the lowest kind of slut tonight whether you like it or not. You’re just going to damage yourself by resisting. So relax now, open up to me, and take your first ever cock like the lubricious little bitch you now and forevermore are!”

Oh man, how humiliating! My face was already flushed from my inverted posture, but suddenly it was burning so hot I could feel my scalp tingling. Still my toes were curling and my cock throbbing, and my heavy breath betrayed my shameful arousal.

I’d never had so much as a doctor’s touch up there, and now something big and hard and thick and round was forcing entry. Abysmally conflicted I took a deep breath and did as ordered. And as soon as my muscles relaxed, Mistress bent her knees, lowering herself down and pushing deeper into me.

I groaned in pain, and at the same time Mistress gasped her pleasure, as the matching cock inside her pushed deeper as well. She placed both hands on my hips to brace herself, then rose up and pushed down again. Up, down, up, down, she flexed her knees and bobbed her body, driving ever deeper inside me, her every stroke simultaneously fucking us both. The stretching, filling sense of incredibly intimate violation was indescribable. I thought I’d go mad with pain and shame. And yet my consummate victimization thrilled me against my will. The deeper I was penetrated, the more horribly I was degraded, the more my perverse affinity for subjugation aroused me. Soon Mistress was filling me to the limit, her crotch plate hitting my ass with every downward thrust, her hard cock burying itself in my body to the hilt.

Once that was achieved she began bouncing on me in earnest: throwing her head back and crying out in ecstasy as her double-fucking pace escalated. Within minutes she was slamming herself down against me so violently that my contorted form was compacted even more. Instead of just pointing accusingly down at me, my raging erection was nudging my face, repeatedly poking my cheek as I turned away in distaste. Then of course came the next appalling shock my Mistress delighted to deliver.

“Hey, Slut-boy! Quit resisting it! Open your mouth and take your cock! Why do you think you’re tied up like this? That was the whole point of me seducing you!

“Remember when I said you’d get fucked and sucked simultaneously today? Did you think was only an empty prophecy? I’ve always dreamed about making a guy suck his own cock, and from the moment Sherry told me how big you are I’ve been constantly scheming to bring this moment about. Now here it finally is, and you’re crazy if you think I’ll be denied. So do it, slut! Suck your filthy cock for me while I fuck us both! What could be more rewarding than a two-person three-way penetration? And I’ll bet you never dreamed you’d get your first ever blowjob from yourself!”

Ah, God, she couldn’t be serious! But of course she was. When I continued to hesitate she reached down and squeezed my testicles hard, making me yelp in pain.

“Do it, Slut-boy! Or I’ll squash ‘em like turds!”

And I thought I was humiliated already. What was being fucked in the butt next to having to suck your own cock? Surely this was the absolute nadir – and the ultimate in victimization. Tears streamed from my eyes down into my ears as I turned my face and slowly opened my mouth. And yet as the head of my pulsating prick was pushed between my lips it throbbed hotter than ever.

I pursed about it, my mouth closing around the rim of the glans. Oh, it was so hot, so velvety-soft and full of pulsing life! And did it feel good itself despite the appalling depravity of it all? Ask anyone who’s ever had their cock in someone’s mouth! For the first time ever I’d achieved penetration, and the sensation was more heavenly than I’d ever imagined. Despite my truly limitless disgust with myself I immediately began sucking at my penis like a pop-sickle, then scrubbing it with my tongue and drooling uncontrollably. Of course, with Mistress still pogoing violently up and down on me, the shaft was also sliding in and out, in and out of my mouth in time with her rhythm. Soon all I could do was purse my lips tightly and revel in the ecstasy as that thick slick shaft slid quickly through them.

Deeper and deeper my cock was driven into me, syncopated with the one plunging unstoppably into my bottom. Mistress was soon screaming with

ecstasy, her obvious orgasm an irresistible goad toward my own. After all, hadn't I been saving myself for this day? And if my maddening anticipation had been for some far different consummation, that point was quickly becoming moot. I was indeed wallowing in my first ever blowjob – not to mention butt-fuck. And it was my recently unearthed affinity for victimization that made my mad need ever more imperative. As Mistress' wild rhythm peaked with her climax, as hard cocks stabbed ever more deeply and rapidly into my two greedy slut-holes, I could finally hold back no longer. Spasms shuddered through my balls, climbed the length of my enormous prick, and I could feel the familiar apotheosis of my plumbing beginning to pump.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” I moaned through my nose, as semen began to spurt endlessly out of my engulfed glans and into my slaving mouth.

Oh, it was so hot, so pungent, so salty-sweet! And it just kept coming, flooding my oral orifice with its thick, slimy spurts. Convulsively I swallowed again and again, and when at last the flow slackened I kept on sucking, unwilling to quit, eager to drain myself of every last sticky drop. Only when it was inarguably over, only when Mistress pulled her cock entirely from my ass at last, and my barely softening prick slipped from between my lips, did I recall what an unbearably disgusting and humiliating thing I'd just done.

I might have swooned then and there, unable to face the contemptible creature I'd become. But then suddenly a nearby door crashed open, and the most cataclysmic shock of all burst upon me, nearly riving me of reason altogether.

Out of the folding louvered closet door, dressed in only thigh-high, stiletto-heeled boots and a matching black corset, carrying a thin, limber graphite cane, strode my beautiful, beloved fiancée Sherry!

Holy shit, she wasn't out of town, she'd been watching us through the slats the entire time! Laughing at my appalled, eye-popping chagrin, Sherry joined her roommate Cory standing before me, where they melded together and linked arms lovingly about each other's waists.

“That’s right, Slut-boy,” my beloved gloated, “I’m coming out of the closet both literally and figuratively right now!”

“In case you haven’t guessed, Cory here has turned me into a bad butch lesbian, and a vengeful dominatrix to boot!”

“Like her, I will never, ever let any man fuck me, much less one with a ridiculously abnormal cock like yours! Instead, in addition to devoting myself to enjoying the sublime pleasures available to the superior sex, I’ve also conceived an overwhelming need to follow her example.

“Thus, I too will spend the rest of my life wreaking an appropriate vengeance on all male-kind, by wallowing in non-stop slut-boy fucking! You should consider yourself honored, little bitch, that I’ve chosen *you* as my primary recipient.

“Truth be told, Slut-boy, it was your humongous dick that truly doomed you. Making sure that you never get to use that thing on some poor, misguided female, and instead have to suffer compensatory assaults every day of your own life seemed an exquisitely fitting destiny to me. Cory of course agreed. And since I’m still a novice at all this, she generously offered to break you in for me, and to obtain the blackmail material that will render you into my power forever!

“You didn’t think the camera had stopped recording did you, Slut-boy?” Sherry inquired sweetly. “Of course it didn’t! I now have unassailable documentation of you not only enjoying being fucked in the ass, but also sucking your own cock to climax and greedily swallowing the entire load! So rest assured, Slut-boy: we will be married within weeks, and spend our entire lives together as planned. But if you step out of line in the slightest, if you dare resist my least wish ever, you can be assured that the whole world in perpetuity will get to see you as you truly are: a lowly, greedy little butt-slut cocksucker. I know you’re computer savvy, so I don’t need to remind you that once something’s up on the internet it’s there forever! That means from now on you are mine! You belong to me entirely! Any last words, slave?”

What words could I say? It was obvious that my fate was well and truly sealed. And perhaps, just perhaps, the perversities recently unearthed in me

might provide some inexpressibly shameful compensation. Willingly I bowed my head.

“I entirely abase and submit myself. I am all yours, Mistress Sherry.”

“Good, Slut-boy,” she gloated. “But Cory is your Mistress, just as is every other woman on the planet. On the other hand, as your rightful, exclusive, perpetual owner, I am known as Goddess. You will never again use any other form of address.”

“Yes, Goddess. I understand.”

Somehow my cock was getting hard again. That wouldn’t last.

“Very well,” Goddess gloated again. “Now then, I think the first order of business in our new relationship is your punishment for cheating on me today! You deserve at least twenty lashes across the ass for that. Perhaps that will teach you to never ever *dare* betray me again!”

“Yes, Goddess,” I humbly repeated. Then I closed my eyes and braced myself for agony as she took up position next to me.

Agony I certainly deserved, and agony I received, in measures far beyond anything I could have conceived. Every slash of that cane across my ass tore a scream from my throat to match the wicked rip inflicted on my flesh.

This was one form of victimization I swiftly found impossible to savor. By the third stroke my cock had shriveled up as small as it could get, and by the fifth I knew I would henceforth devote myself heart, body, mind and soul to the service of my Goddess, in hopes of never earning such chastisement again.

By ten strokes I was sobbing unabashedly, and when Goddess at last cast the cane aside and demanded the double-dildo from Mistress I was so slavishly eager to please her that I couldn’t even dream of hesitating when she commanded me to perform yet another outrageously degrading chore.

“Here, Slut-boy!” She shoved that big rubber cock in my face. “Suck this off! Eat up Mistress’ pussy juices, make this cock nice and clean for me.”

I did the absolute best I could, even when Goddess thrust it so deep into me that I gagged uncontrollably. Both deities laughed at this.

“Oh, it looks like Slut-boy needs a serious lesson in cocksucking still! Well, we’ll surely see to that later! Right now I’m far too eager to see him service his own penis again – not to mention enjoy my first ever Slut-boy fucking!”

Goddess took a moment working that now pristine cock up inside her. Every additional inch saw her ‘ooh’ and ‘ahh’. Quickly Mistress stepped up to help her.

“Wait until you feel these clit stimulators honey,” she offered. “They’re built into the base, and the harder you fuck him, the more they’ll get you off!”

Good for Goddess. All I could think about though was how glad I was that hadn’t been ordered to clean the other cock too. Perhaps my Goddess was as merciful as she was vengeful. In any case, once she was properly filled, strapped on and lubed up, she was certainly a surpassing vision of divine beauty. Her intimidating boots, sexy corset, big trembling breasts and dangling erection had my monstrously foolish member twitching and swelling already as she strutted up to me. Despite the utter ruin of my former life, my cursed penis was once again bobbing and throbbing only an inch from my face by the time Goddess had taken up her appropriate place astride my ass.

“Here we go!” she cried. “My first ever Slut-boy fuck, and the start of our incredible sex life!” She pushed down into me, gasping with delight at the pressure on her privates. Soon she was fucking us both with wild abandon, utterly transported by the unprecedented intensity of the experience. As for me, I needed no encouragement this time. Even before my prick was pounded down close enough to engulf I was reaching for it with my tongue, licking and caressing the sensitive tip, then kissing it, then finally wrapping my lips around the head and sucking it in. Then as Goddess’ rhythm began pushing it in and out of my mouth I moaned in unadulterated ecstasy. Goddess giggled at this, and set about maximizing my humiliation.

“Look at you, sucking your own cock and loving it! You disgusting little cocksucker you! You do love it, don’t you, Slut-boy? You love having a big hard cock in your greedy mouth!”

Somehow I nodded, moaning even louder to signal my sincerity. Almost behind my back, I’d even come to love the deeply painful sensation of

having my ass invaded. Maybe it was the fact of my beloved Goddess fucking me this time, or maybe I was just learning to accommodate myself to the unavoidable future facing me. Either way, Goddess gloatingly reiterated exactly how that future would unfold.

“Good for you, Slut-boy. Because this is the only kind of sex you’re ever going to get: being butt and/or face fucked. I swear right now that you will die a virgin! You will never feel a vagina enclose you. You will never even be allowed to masturbate. The only way you will ever ejaculate is by sucking off that silly big cock of yours. So suck yourself good, Slut-boy! Suck yourself off like a slut while I fuck us both into oblivion!”

I did as my Goddess decreed, slavering and suckling ravenously as she pounded both big penises ever deeper into me. So excited was I by my deplorable debasement that despite my earlier come-gusher I just kept getting harder and harder. Soon my prick was leaking copious amounts of pre-come, which I savored like sweet ambrosia. Indeed, if not for that convulsive orgasm of only twenty minutes before I would never have been able to control myself for more than a few minutes. As it was I got to fuck my face and revel in my relentless ass-stabbing for a seeming eternity before Goddess began building toward her own screaming climax. At last we came simultaneously, Goddess shrieking with glee as she pounded me while I quavered in rapture as my shuddering prick pumped a few scanty, disappointing drops down my throat. Finally it was over then, and I panted and whimpered piteously as Goddess removed her cocks, and consulted with Mistress about their next moves.

Minutes later Mistress returned to me, while Goddess went to rummage in the box. To my exceeding relief she finally untied my knees, relieving my extreme contortion and allowing me to lie out straight at last. Leaving my arms bound to the table legs, she spread my feet out wide and then stepped aside, making way for my Goddess.

As she moved in on me and crouched by my waist I saw a flash of steel in her hand. But what she was holding I couldn’t tell until it was holding me. Goddess gripped my now flaccid member, threaded it through a cool steel tube, and then tightened a ratcheting ring around the base of my genitals. I heard the *snick* of a key turning in a lock, and then saw the key being strung on a silver chain about my Goddess’ neck. Appalled yet again, I craned my

neck, looked down, and saw that a tight steel chastity device now restrained the enormous organ I'd always been so proud of. Speechless with dismay, I looked up at Goddess and Mistress grinning evilly down at me.

"I told you were a virgin forever, and that your jerking off days were over," said Goddess. "Do you believe me now? The only time that thing comes off is when I decide to allow you to suck yourself. And you will have to obey me flawlessly, and please me extravagantly, in order to convince me to ever allow that to happen.

"In the meantime though," she interrupted herself with a gloating laugh, "I think it's time we taught you what else you have to look forward to for the rest of your life as my slave! Come on, Cory! Let's get Slut-boy here into our bedroom!"

Swiftly they released my elbows and wrists, and hauled me to my feet. Black spots bloomed before my eyes, blotting out my vision, and I almost fainted. Not to worry. Flinging an arm over each of their shoulders, my deities bore me up and dragged me, head swimming, into a big common bedroom I'd never seen before. My vision cleared up enough just in time to see an enormous king-size bed reflected from above by a ceiling mirror, and a huge X made of varnished oak bolted to the opposite wall. Then I was flung facedown on the bed, where I was promptly restrained once again.

This time my arms were bent around behind my back, and secured there tightly crosswise with some kind of arm-cuff. This wrapped about my doubled over forearms, and a series of buckling straps were wound about and locked. Once again nothing except the clemency of my deities would ever see me free. Next they set about securing my legs.

Goddess wrenched my feet widely apart. Mistress produced a long steel bar with shackles on either end, and my separated ankles were quickly locked into these. After that I could no more close my legs than kick, jump, or attempt to run away. Grinning with satisfaction then, Mistress and Goddess went to don strap-on dildos of more conventional design.

These were each over ten inches long, and jutted out perpendicularly from the crotch rather than dangle between the legs. The only constant seemed to be built-in clit-stimulators, which each deity betrayed though the oohs and

ahhs elicited as they strapped their big pricks on. Then, grinning in dire promise, they both advanced on my helpless face and ass.

First they hoisted me onto a specially designed bolster, raising my head and torso nearly eighteen inches off the bed. Then Goddess knelt before my face while Mistress took up position between my widely spread legs.

“Okay, Slut-boy,” Goddess growled with glee. “Now, as promised, you *really* get to learn how to suck a cock. You begged to do this to me, remember? Well let’s see how you endure it!”

The answer of course was not very well. And that was a profound understatement.

The appeal of auto-fellatio was obviously that it was my own penis being serviced. The disgust and disgrace of doing the servicing myself was gladly subsumed in the ecstasy of having my inexperienced prick finally enclosed in a warm, wet orifice. Instead I suddenly found myself with ten inches of big foreign object being thrust into my mouth and down my throat.

Naturally I gagged uncontrollably. Of course Goddess only laughed meanly at this, and burying her hands in my hair she started pumping her hips as fast as she could.

This was utter torture, especially when her mound of Venus began bashing into my nose. Tears poured from my eyes, and drool from my lips, as I gagged and strangled and sobbed and tried desperately to accommodate that huge, face-raping cock. Then at last Mistress provided me with a distraction.

Suddenly that other cock was spearing into my other end, spitting me between two pricks.

As vigorously as Goddess was fucking my mouth, Mistress was having a go at my ass. Due to my altered posture she was getting even deeper than before, and in my new rutting lust I raised my hips to her. Instead of preventing me from closing my legs, that ankle bar quickly began restraining me from spreading them wider. At last my rhythmic grunting overcame my gagging, and I was able to close my eyes, relax my body, and humbly wallow in being brutally double-fucked.

Goddess and Mistress double-teamed me thus throughout a pair of stirring simultaneous orgasms. Then they swapped ends, and at last I was forced to taste my own ass. This was horribly revolting of course, renewing my violent retching. But over the next few hours I learned to accept even this, as my divine femininities spent half the night breaking me in to my new sex life. Only when I was finally fucked utterly unresponsive did they concede that I was of no more use. But then, one's education in Slut-boy slavery can never be at an end...

My owners removed the arm-cuff and ankle bar, and rammed a big ball-gag into my mouth. This they buckled it tightly in place. Then they hauled me off the bed and over to the huge oak X bolted to the bedroom wall.

Unlike a traditional St Andrew's cross, the crosspieces were perpendicular to each other. Once I was lifted up, slammed against it and had my wrists and ankles clamped to the wood (my feet dangling a foot off the floor), I was widely spread-eagled, every muscle and tendon stretched.

"I don't know if you noticed, Slut-boy," remarked Goddess once I was thus secured, "But the space under our bed – oh, maybe fifteen inches high – has been converted into a cage, with bars all around and a locking gate at the foot. That's where you'll be living when we're not using you, or when you're not handcuffed, hobbled, and doing chores for us."

She paused maliciously for effect, and then continued.

"Except, of course, for all those other times, when we want to discipline you, or drive you out of your mind with unrelieved lust and envy. Then we'll allow you to hang out here and watch us. So enjoy the show, Slut-boy," she smirked, playfully slapping my face. "And don't neglect to pick up a few pointers on how best to satisfy your deity."

With that they both turned their backs on me. Leaving me hanging there in stretched-out agony, they returned to the bed and fell upon each other. There they resumed making maddening love for the rest of the night. After a while, despite my burning jealousy, despite my extreme exhaustion and debilitation, my cock began to swell anew, to pulse and strain and test the confines of its down-curving tube. Before long it was throbbing in its cramped entrapment like an impacted tooth.

So began an agony and frustration worse than any other ever, one which I've been forced to endure nearly every minute of every day and night since – and one which I begin to suspect I will for the rest of my life.

Perfectly fitting for a Slut-boy like me, of course.

At least, so say my Mistress and Goddess, and I would never dare differ with either of them about anything whatsoever – not if I truly hope to get a chance to suck my cock again, that is. Oh, how I desperately I look forward to that day!

Riding School

It was almost midnight. Although the stable was warm with the heat of dozens of horses, eighteen year-old Andi shivered with a delicious anticipation. Atop her fabulously heavy and yet burstingly upswept breasts (surely her best feature since she'd started to bloom at the tender age of eight), her nipples were as hard as diamonds, tingling like ice and feeling sharp enough to slice right through the fabric of her tight white uniform top.

Here at Rustic Hills Equestrian College for Girls she'd already gotten up to some amazing sexual adventures. Waking up her many new friends to the pleasures of their mutual femininity was one thing – some might call it excitement enough – but she hadn't yet showed them *anything* like what was in store for tonight. Their crash course in the wonders of womanhood was about to begin in earnest. Gregg, her treacherous twenty year-old soon-to-be-ex 'boyfriend', was due to arrive any second. Then he would receive his proper comeuppance, and Amy, Brenda and the rest would start to appreciate the unlimited scale of the power their blooming young bodies gave them.

All summer long this guy Greg had been sneaking onto the school grounds, meeting her in the stables after dark in order to kiss and neck and make out. Andi had actually been dick-teasing him mercilessly, to tell the honest truth, rubbing herself off on him, letting him feel her up big-time and yet expertly fending off his constant clumsy pestering for sex. This was all a delicious game, of course, one Andi enjoyed immensely since despite being two years younger she was far more sexually experienced than he. And at last the stupid shit had been driven to commit the costliest of blunders. He'd been spying on her.

Andi could practically *feel* his greedy eyes on her admittedly tremendous breasts when she got out of the shower the other night. Sensing him somehow, knowing he was there stealing a view that she'd been deliberately concealing from him, she'd purposely taken an extra long time toweling off. Giggling with a thrill of exhibitionism, she'd raised her arms to wrap up her fine blond hair in a towel. Then she very deliberately took a deep breath and stretched, arching her shoulders and back, fully inflating and thrusting forth her chest to show her incredible breasts at their very

best. Then she very sensuously shook herself, vigorously jiggling her big, bulbous opulence, shaking hundreds of drops of water from those matching white globes and red erect tips before roughly rubbing her thirty-four double-D's all pink and warm and flushed with more soft terrycloth.

A clearly audible moan came from the other side of the thin wood wall, and at last Andi caught a glimpse of an eyeball peeping through one of the old knotholes practically right next to her. Then came another low moan, and an acceleration of frantic panting.

That was all the proof she needed. Andi didn't doubt for a second that it was Greg out there, with his poor deprived dick in his hand, jerking himself silly on the stolen sight of her swimsuit-model knockers. Hell, she'd even recognized the uncontrollable moan. She'd elicited it with her own slightly sinister caresses more than enough times already.

Suddenly Andi realized that Greg probably came here all the time, peeping into their showers, the locker room, even the big open dormitories, ogling her and all the other girls while he shamelessly masturbated. Thinking of the all-out way she'd introduced her wonderful new friends to the pleasures of sex, wondering how much of their cautious exploration, nubile wallowing and ultimately excessive dildo-play had been illicitly observed, Andi felt herself grow hot with an eager flush of outrage. Her slightly giddy, exhibitionist arousal fled before a dreadfully familiar and much more powerful sense of vindictive carnal relish.

So, weaselly little Gregggy was a no-good spy, eh? A sleazy fucking jerk-off? Well, she knew how to repay *that* kind of behavior. No problem! Her cruel little game was finally getting interesting. Betraying no hint of her awareness of his presence, Andi continued to towel off and dress, conspicuously flaunting her tight, petite, yet tremendously endowed young body before her illicit admirer all the while.

She'd give him a show to remember, since it was going to end up costing him so very much. Immediately decided on how best to punish him, Andi played it out masterfully, not even responding to the final choked orgasmic grunt, or even the hasty sounds of zipper and retreat. And later she continued to meet with the filthy sneak after lights out: squirreling away with him in one of the empty stalls and desperately tongue wrestling. Just

like before they'd grope and suck face for hours like proto-typical overheated teenagers. Yet now Andi led the horny bastard on with a purpose.

Feverishly she devoured him, sucking on his tongue and lips like a vampire, covering his neck with angry red hickies. Lying all soft and hard respectively on a huge heap of straw, they constantly squirmed their bodies together: squeezing, stroking, fondling, and dry humping one another in a frenzy of adolescent passion. Temptress Andi finally even quit wearing her brassiere, at last allowing Greg to kiss and caress her unfettered flesh, to bury his unworthy face and childishly suckle. Letting him lap like a puppy she moaned into his ears, rubbed him relentlessly through his pants, and in short resorted to every last trick in her extensive repertoire to stoke his frantic lust to an excruciating pitch. Then, after that last especially maddening three-hour make-out session, Andi finally (apparently most reluctantly and with great gravity), allowed Greg to talk her into going all the way.

Buttoning her shirt back up over the objects of poor Greg's obsession, she'd instructed him to return as usual the next midnight. If he would meet her in the big back stall of the very last stable, where no one could ever see or know about their tryst (cynically she made this veiled reference to his voyeurism, and to her planned revenge), then she would at last break down and have sex with him.

Greg had of course ecstatically agreed, and she'd shooed the poor boner-bulging blue-balls boy on his way. Smirking at his twitching little ass, she wondered if he'd be able to resist playing with himself for a mere twenty-one hours – or even twenty-one minutes.

She seriously doubted it. In any case, however he managed to spend those hours (and Andi had certainly been busy!) they eventually somehow passed. Here it was finally midnight again, and everything was in place for Greggy's big night.

The thought of all the things Andi meant to do to him in lieu of granting his pathetic fantasies once again sent excited shivers racing repeatedly up and down her petite yet astonishingly lush body. From her tingling blonde scalp all the way to her helplessly curling toes, from her rock hard nipples to her eagerly watering womanhood she was entirely marbled in delicious

gooseflesh. Oh, you stupid Gregggy, paybacks were such a bitch and so was Mistress Andi when this emasculating need came on her...

Then suddenly Greg was there, slipping through the door of the big stable and whispering for her uncertainly.

“Andi?”

“Over here, Gregggy! Come on over here!” Step into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. Andi giggled uncontrollably as her ‘boyfriend’ uncertainly crossed the dim stable to the door of the last big stall on the end, where she stood, her arms held out in eager welcome.

At last he scampered the final ten feet into them. They molded together tightly, and immediately he began feeling her up, with his hands going under her short skirt and boldly groping her buttocks. In response, Andi lifted her legs and wrapped them around his ass, clutching him with all four limbs and grinding her body against his lasciviously. Their mouths locked, and for perhaps five minutes their tongues dueled aggressively, while their hot skins tried to friction-burn away the clothes between them. Brazenly the fiery minx ground her silk-pantied crotch against the throbbing bulge behind Greg’s zipper, dampening them both with an unmistakable demonstration of how eager she was to keep her promises. Finally the poor boy broke the kiss, panting for breath as he at last let her body drop to the ground.

“Oh, my God, you make me so fucking hot!” he groaned, staggering sideways into the big empty stall.

Giggling Andi moved in on him, pulling her skirt up and pressing Gregggy against the wall, where she resumed grinding her braless breasts against his chest, her swampy crotch against his own. “That’s because *I’m* so fucking hot,” she replied. “I’m the hottest fucking bitch you’ll ever meet. Don’t you think you should agree with me?”

“Yes ma’am! Absolutely!” Greg tried to kiss her again, and she let him, but then she put her palm on his chin and rudely shoved his face away. Still she pinned him to the wall with her demanding gaze, her squirming hips and breasts.

“‘Yes ma’am.’ That’s very sweet, Gregggy. I like that. Can you say, ‘Yes, Mistress!’ to me? I think I might like that even better.”

“Andi, honey, if you’re really ready to break down and have sex with me, I’ll call you anything in the world you want.”

“Excellent. And I’ll call you anything *I* want – Slut-boy. Now do it! Call me Mistress, or even Goddess, if you please, and beg me to have sex with you.”

“All right.” Slut-boy giggled a little uneasily. “Please, Mistress Andi, my beautiful gorgeous Goddess, I abase myself and humbly beg you to have sex with me.”

“What kind of sex, Slut-boy? Wild, kinky, outrageous sex?”

“Yes, Mistress. Please have wild, kinky, outrageous sex with me.”

“All right, Slut-boy.” Once again Andi was humping him with her crotch, feeling her idiot prey’s penis pulse in its confinement like a caged animal: desperately angry and frustrated. “I’ll have wild, kinky, outrageous sex with you – but only on one condition. I’m just a petite little girl. You’re bigger and stronger and older than me. And I don’t entirely trust you to be a gentleman. So I’m going to have to tie you up, and be the one on top. I believe all the manuals call that position ‘female superior’. Does that sound kinky and outrageous enough for a slut like you? Or at least appropriate?”

Slut-boy’s gaze broke away. “I guess so.”

“I guess so *what?*”

“I guess that sounds okay, Mistress. You can tie me up, if that’s what gets you off. My Goddess, you are the strangest, but definitely the hottest chick I’ve ever known!”

“Oh, I’m the hottest chick you’ll ever know all right. But you don’t know me yet at all! Not at all, you silly little Slut-boy! You don’t have the faintest idea what gets *me* off!”

This was a bit of a betrayal, before she had him incapacitated, but stupid Slut-boy spy was too desperately horny to realize how much hell he was in for. When Andi pushed a heavy oak bench about four feet long, one foot wide and two and a half feet high into the center of the big empty stall and told him to sit straddling the end of it and take his shirt off, he couldn’t

obey her fast enough. When she pushed him back flat, supine on the short bench with his head hanging mostly off the other end, he didn't even protest his obvious discomfort. Quickly she pulled his hands around the stout wooden legs and underneath the seat. Overlapping his forearms, she used a thin leather rein to elaborately lash them together: trapping his hands behind his back and using his arms to bind his upper body to the bench. Then she passed a wide leather cinch strap around both his shoulders and the heavy oak seat and pulled it tight, further solidly securing him. At that his breath quickened perceptibly, a flush colored his face, and he finally tried to voice some kind of faint misgiving. Too late, fool.

“Silence, Slut-boy! Your Mistress will tell you when to speak!” Andi unsnapped and unzipped his jeans, further silencing any protest. “Lift up your hips!” she ordered.

Awkwardly he braced himself and complied, and Andi yanked the Levis down to his sneakers, both hobbling and undressing him in one swift motion.

Slut-boy's ridiculous erection was already poking out the top of his skimpy briefs, but Andi ignored it as she used another wide leather cinch strap to bind his waist just as securely to the heavy oak bench as his shoulders. Contrary to expectations, she had no sexual business whatsoever tonight with that imperfectly hard, notoriously unreliable and pathetically shrimpy organ. She had *much* better uses for a guilty little slut-boy than *that*.

Still, the game being played here demanded that she drag out the suspense as long as possible, and continue the malicious dick-tease right up to that priceless moment of accusation, throughout the subsequent confrontation, and if possible even through the long, drawn-out, incredibly painful and degrading payback that she so dearly lived for. Therefore, once her treacherous, lying, spying, masturbating 'boyfriend' was finally completely in her power, little Andi just smiled richly down at him, and then slowly, provocatively stripped out of her soaked-through panties.

She pulled the sopping crotch of these over Slut-boy's chin and nose; then stretched the elastic sides out to loop around his ears, tautly covering his entire face below the bulging eyes like a wet silk surgical mask. Then, still wearing her uniform shirt, skirt, white stockings and knee-high shiny black riding boots (polished spurs glittering), Andi stepped over his bound and

elevated body: straddling both Slut-boy and the bench so that her juicy pink rose gaped open just above the upright purple plum of his desperately erect man-thing. Still smiling sweetly down (and yet charging her eyes with dark, unlimited erotic promise), she oh so slowly un-tucked and then unbuttoned her tight white shirt, opening it all the way down the front but only wide enough to expose that canyonesque cleavage, and two perfectly matched halves of the best breasts anywhere.

Stupid Slut-boy moaned like a baby, inhaling the scent of her sex with every breath. Still she hovered an inch above his erect prick, allowing him barely a glimpse of one puckered aureole. Then she began to speak, softly at first and with only the barest hint of the venomous hiss that lay just beyond.

“Finally you get to have sex with me, after all your pestering. How immensely gratifying this must be for you, Slut-boy. When’s the last time your juvenile tactics worked?”

“Huh?”

“You heard me. When’s the last time you fucked one of us? Or are you still a virgin despite all your hard-sell pressure tactics? That’s it, isn’t it? That’s why you can’t keep from pestering, begging, and degrading yourself for sex. Because you’ve never proved worthy, you’re still a virgin at twenty in an age when most kids are doing it at twelve. All right, then, when’s the last time you jerked off?”

“Whu-what?” At last Slut-boy seemed to grok that something was going on here that was outside the traditional script. He floundered idiotically, sputtering into the pungent panties that covered his face. “I don’t jerk off!”

“Hah!” Andi crowed out loud. “Priceless! As if any virgin Slut-boy could resist jerking off! Well, Mister Puritan, if I wanted to, I could take you out to the very spot where your spew hit the wall on Saturday night! I saw and heard you plain as day through that peephole, Slut-boy! You couldn’t have been five feet away! How long have you been spying on me, you filthy, perverted, treacherous little cheater, you?”

Slut-boy gaped like a suffocating fish, his lips pulling the crotch of her masking panties into a perfect O. Before he could recover from his surprise Andi dropped atop his cock, pressing it flat against its thatch and using the

groove of her flesh to hold it there: a temptation and tease-torture all at once.

“I’m warning you!” she barked. “Don’t you ever lie to your Goddess! Confess all your sins at once, and maybe; just maybe the punishment won’t be so terrible. Now answer up, Slut-boy! When’s the last time you pulled your pud into pudding, and how long have you been spying on me? Make things easy on yourself!”

Now Andi began sliding ever so slightly back and forth, pushing down the skimpy briefs and slickening that burning spike of need, bathing at least one side of Slut-boy’s pitiful little penis in fluids and feeling he’d likely be forever denied. At last his stunned, shamed, scared, and still uncontrollably aroused eyes winced away from hers. Searching the floor around him for alternatives and finding none, he at last cowed before his Goddess’ glorious power and murmured his mortified answer.

“I beat off last night immediately after I left here. I couldn’t help myself. And I’ve been watching you and your friends shower and change all summer. My house is only two miles from here, and I’ve been spying on the girls at this school since I was twelve.”

“I knew it!” Andi crowed in scornful triumph, her weight coming down hard on that imprisoned rod.

“I knew you were a dirty little jerk-off, and a treacherous spy, too! And I knew you couldn’t wait to get your filthy depraved hands on your pecker after I let you nuzzle and suckle on my tremendous tits! You’re pathetic, Slut-boy! But are you sure that’s all you did and saw? No peeking into the dormitories? No watching the girls get to know one another?”

“No, Goddess, I swear it! I...I tried, but it’s impossible. There are no trees to hide in. I...I saw you guys kissing in the shower, licking and sucking on each other and stuff...and I knew more must be going on in the dorm...but I’ve never been able to get close enough, I swear it!”

As he talked about what he seen and done, Slut-boy’s face flushed redder and redder and his cock pulsed ever harder. Feeling it throb against her sopping cooze filled Andi with both exultant satisfaction and a cresting torture-lust. Firmly she ground her cunt against it, twisting a bit and

stimulating him mercilessly as she finally accepted his confession and then pronounced his penance.

“All right, Slut-boy. That last part is probably bullshit, but it doesn’t matter anyway. Whether you actually saw us or not, I’m now going to gift you with the experience you were oh so hot to share. My fellow Goddesses and I are all going to initiate you into the wonderful world of girl-to-girl sex – after we punish you for spying on us, that is!

“Are you listening guys?” Relishing the expression of flabbergasted nightmare on Slut-boy’s face, Andi called out to her friends hiding in the next stall. “You just heard him admit that he’d been spying on you for years, jerking off and conniving to horn in our dildo orgies. Come on in and help me punish the shit out of this worthless slut, and teach him to never beg for sex again, especially from a lezzy he’s been treacherously betraying. We’ve got about eight years worth of payback to dish out, and only six hours to do it in!”

Immediately excited chattering was heard, tinkling giggles and jingling spurs. As Slut-boy watched horrified over his panties mask, a total of seven more adolescent girls pushed into the big square stall. They all wore the same riding school uniforms as Andi: black miniskirts, spurred boots, white silk shirts and stockings, but with at least one crucial difference: each was carrying a stiff leather riding crop.

Of course, big Brenda was in the lead, Andi’s best friend and next to her buxom lover she was the most eager and adventurous of all the girls. Tall and solid without being fat, she had best tits next to Andi’s and gorgeous red-golden hair. Behind her came Amy, Kristy, Kira, Beth, Julie and little Jasmine, all of them beautiful, nubile, sexy, excited, fascinated and wildly turned on. Andi ate up Slut-boy’s horror, consternation, and above all his limitless humiliation as they surrounded him, savoring it like emotional ambrosia. Then without warning she climbed off her captive slut, taking her place in the circle of his accusers and punishers and leaving his still desperately erect genitals straining blindly skyward. Just for good measure, she leaned over then and tore the ridiculous briefs to shreds, exposing those guilty organs to scorn and justice.

“There it is, girls! A puny example of what Andi’s toys far surpass. For the sake of these vulnerable, silly organs – just look at the way they hang

outside the body like that! – this stupid little Slut-boy spied on us, betraying us all and dealing an unconscionable insult to femininity everywhere. We must punish this transgression extravagantly, in the most fitting manner imaginable. Brenda honey? Do you have my crop? Good! Thanks.”

Andi took her weapon, and smiled evilly down at Slut-boy. “Payback time, jerk-off! You’re about to learn one of the trillion reasons men are inferior to women. To wit: their external sex organs are ridiculously easy to access, and thus punish. Control the gonads and you control the beast, I always say. Take this, you spying little shit!”

She swung the crop and swatted his cock as hard as she could. Slut-boy yelped on his bench, and immediately brought his hobbled legs up off the ground, doing his best to protect the unprotected. Prepared for this, and indeed for any other resistance, Andi got the other girls into the game right away.

“Here, you guys, grab his feet. Take off his shoes and socks and pants. Then tie his pants around one ankle and his shirt around the other. Tie them right in the middle, so it makes like a rope on either side. Then two of us can hold each leg, while the other four torture him. That way we can switch off, take turns, until he’s too exhausted to fight.”

Soon they had their helpless little Slut-boy properly fixed: totally naked with his clothes tied to his legs and four girls holding them stretched out wide in an extreme split. The other four surrounded him, Andi and Brenda between his legs and Beth and Julie smirking and giggling at him from either side. They all had their crops out, and Andi gave yet another warning to their captured spy before his punishment got underway.

“No screaming, Slut-boy! We can’t have you upsetting the horses. Blubber all you like, but as soon as you start to make too much noise, those panties come off your face and go into your mouth – those, or something even worse. So take your punishment like a man, baby! Show us you might be worthy of sexual consideration after all!”

Right away she began beating his genitals then, using her stiff crop to whip his erect cock and blue balls with a sadistic fury. Soon the other girls joined in, striking not just at his pathetically vulnerable sex organs – although naturally and appropriately this was by far and away the favorite target –

but also everywhere else, from the terribly sensitive soles of his feet to his panty-draped cheeks.

Slut-boy indeed blubbered and sobbed like a baby, twisted and writhed in his bonds and struggled with the tethers holding his ankles, and all to no avail. He was beaten black-and-blue from head to toe until his urgent erection was ancient history, and indeed his entire groin was cruelly inflamed and abraded as well as bruised an ugly black. But at last Andi could no longer stand the anticipation, and she declared the preliminary foreplay at an end. It was time for the *real* punishment to get underway.

She called a temporary halt to the beating, accepting a bulky gym bag from Brenda.

“Okay, Slut-boy. I guess you’ve suffered enough – at least for now. It’s time to reward your initiative, sleazy as it might have been. You wanted to see what we were doing in the dormitory? Allow me to demonstrate.

“I promised to have sex with you, yes? Wild, kinky, outrageous sex? Well unlike you, I am an honest person, and I keep my word. The only thing is, your penis – even all swollen up like it is – is so small and limp and pathetic that I’m afraid it’s not worthy of use. We’re going to have to use one of mine instead. And since it’s *my* cock, then that means *I’m* going to be the one doing the fucking. *That* is what really gets me off.

“You see, Slut-boy, as sweet and petite and feminine as I am, I’m also a hard-core bitch butch lesbian. Why do you think I go by a boy’s name? And in addition to deliberately leading you on, what I’ve been doing in the dorm all summer is teaching all of my wonderful new friends how to take a big hard cock. Now I’m going to teach *you* the same thing. We’re all going to teach you, as a matter of fact. Tonight you’re going to join the lezzy club, and have all kinds of exciting same-sex adventures! I hope your fragile male self-image can handle the experience! Otherwise we might turn you into a fag forever!”

Andi dramatically emptied the bag onto Slut-boy’s extensively welted belly and chest. Of course it was full of strap-on dildos. There were seven of them as a matter of fact: one a slim hot pink one without any balls; three large perfectly life-like flesh-colored ones; an absurdly huge red device

shaped exactly like Andi's fist and forearm; and two more matching ten-by-two inch shiny simulated big black cocks.

Andi and Brenda donned these latter, doffing their skirts and passing the other perpetually hard artificial penises into the hands that clamored most eagerly for them. Then, while Slut-boy whimpered and squirmed in his bonds and struggled once again to bring his widely splayed-out legs back down and together, Andi cinched a tight noose-like nose-rein about the base of his horribly swollen and bruised-black cock and balls.

"I don't want you spewing during sex," she declared. "Slut-boys like you have no control. The sight of our bodies might drive you the edge, or your own disgusting perversion might cause you to come your brains out when I start fucking your faggot ass. Also, this cock-rein gives us another good hold on you, a way to enforce your obedience, control your body, and even anchor you against the power of our thrusts. I myself have been known to fuck a slut across the room and through a brick wall, practically.

"Stretch his legs out wide now girls! As wide apart as you possibly can! I'm going to do this dirty ugly Slut-boy bone dry. That'll teach him to fucking spy!"

Kristie and Kira on the right and Amy and Jasmine on the left pulled even harder, increasing the tension until Slut-boy was spread out wide in a hundred and eighty-degree split. Whimpering as Andi wrapped the cock-rein in her fist and stepped up to align her big hard prick with his helplessly puckering opening, Slut-boy made one forbidden and clearly futile attempt to beg off his impending introduction to sissy-sex.

"Please, Goddess—"

"Silence, Slut-boy!" Immediately Andi yanked on his cock-rein, gratified by his instant yelp of pain. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Keep your slutty little come-funnel shut until somebody sticks a dick in it! Then you suck it like the sleaziest slut! Do you hear me? Answer up, bitch!" Again she yanked on his horribly abused cock, jerking an abashed affirmative from Slut-boy's lips.

"Yes, Goddess!"

“Very well. Just be happy I don’t make you beg me for it. I could do it easy, and you damn well know it. But we’ve played that scene already, and I’ve made my promise. Right now I’m far more eager to fulfill it. I’m sure you’ll agree it’s way past time we had sex, Slut-boy. You’ve been pressuring me about it for weeks.”

Indeed, Andi hadn’t fucked and dominated a helpless little Slut-boy since leaving home in April. But now at last the culmination of all her clever conniving was at hand. After a long summer of maddening deprivation, true gratification was finally within her grasp. And what a perfect catch her little dick-tease game had landed her, a more pathetically guilty and deserving torture-slut than she could ever have dreamed of. Eight years as a virgin voyeur jerk-off! That was far worse than anything she’d guessed.

“So pay attention girls!” Andi called out to her friends (needlessly; they were all breathlessly riveted on Slut-boy’s humiliating emasculation), and pressed her penis up against his tight little boy-cunt. “This is how you butt-fuck a sissy-slut! We’re going to gouge out Slut-boy here until he can accommodate the biggest damn dick in the house! Then we’re going to make him take it ‘til he forgets that he ever had a penis of his own!”

“Do it, do it!” cried Brenda, egging her on excitedly, and that was all the encouragement Andi needed. She looked down at Slut-boy, her eyes flaming with sadism. Then with a savage roar of vengeful carnality she jerked up hard on her Slut-boy’s captive cock and simultaneously hammered her hips forward, drilling her big black dick up his ass despite its dried-up fearful-puckering.

Slut-boy squealed with agony, but then he quickly and obediently clamped it off, putting all of his energies into renewing his desperate struggles. Nevertheless these were deliciously futile: bound and tethered the way he was he could hardly move a muscle. And Andi gladly responded by forcing her penis in deeper, fucking him harder, roughly plowing her way into virgin territory and opening up a formerly hidden highway to all kinds of outrageous two-way traffic.

After maybe five minutes of determined invasion, she finally had her slut loosened up enough for her to establish and maintain her traditional manic, pneumatic rhythm. Viciously slamming her big hard cock all the way in and out of him, she anally raped her brand new Slut-boy with a pace and fervor

developed over two long years of dedicated practice. Meanwhile she pulled and jerked relentlessly on his tied-up and grossly swollen genitals, expertly using her tight cock-rein to aid in her leverage. Reveling in Slut-boy's obvious suffering, she stabbed away at his guilty ass with her African avenger for over twenty minutes then, performing before all her impressed new friends until at last her first orgasm of the night burst gloriously through her.

Somehow she clamped off her own wild screams, unwilling to upset the nearby animals. But she continued to pound her cock deliriously home until the last wave of ecstasy crested and fell within her. Then it was time to make way for somebody else.

Brenda was right there, of course, jealous and begging for a turn. "Let me do him Andi! God this is so fucking great! What an incredible thrill! Now that's what I call 'female superior'!"

"Damn straight!" agreed Andi, laughing even as she pulled her big black dick out of her new butt-slut with an audible *pop*. "We've got a total of *eight* superior females here, and unfortunately only one clearly inferior and horrendously guilty Slut-boy male. But even though they don't have sweet wet pussies like us (the number one reason men suck!), male sluts *do* have at least two out of three available fuck-holes. Who wants to rape this spying shit's mouth? Step right up and stick your dick in!"

Julie was closest, and she already had her skirt off and her cock on. While Brenda stepped up into Andi's place and started slamming her own homeboy hammer into Slut-boy's receptacle (using her size and solid muscle power to devastating effect), Andi circled the bench and at last pulled her panties from the ugly slut's face. This was now tipped back even further, as all the brutal butt-fucking he'd been enduring had pounded his body slightly forward despite the tight straps, and the restraint of his locked arms. Perfect – just the right position for teaching Julie how to face-fuck.

Julie had the long, slim, streamlined hot pink penis without balls – not the organ Andi would have chosen to face-rape the worst spy she ever heard of, but oh well. Surely she'd have plenty of opportunity later to pound her own big long jig-a-boo dong down his gagging throat. Andi showed her friend, who was just barely eighteen and as sexually ravenous as the rest, how tipping the head back opened up the esophagus. Then she guided them

together until Slut-boy was sucking and then strangling on his very first blowjob, and Julie was raping the mouth and then gullet of her very first slut-male.

Soon the thrusting of Julie from the front and Brenda from the rear had Slut-boy shuddering between them like a tuning dork, and all the other girls clamoring impatiently for their turn. To mollify and occupy them, Andi reminded them of their riding crops. Then those weren't holding legs or fucking the slut (in this case Andi and the delicate-looking but viciously vengeful redhead Beth) resumed beating and whipping him.

Thus began a rotation that was to continue unchanged for over the next two hours. Each girl took turns holding him, fucking his ass or face and whipping his guilty body non-stop. Finally Slut-boy quit struggling, of course, and then Andi belatedly decided to tie off his legs for good. A rope was found and tied to one ankle, then drawn down under the bench and across to the other. This held him split wide open like an upside-down capital T, and freed all eight girls to either work on fucking and torturing him, or to find other holes for the dildos not currently in use.

This they did with an eager will, betraying the education that Andi had already given them, and soon every cock except for the monstrous red one was slamming happily into tight hot flesh. Not that any of the girls neglected their turn at torturing Slut-boy – clearly practicing that current curriculum was paramount. But eventually the amount of inspired dildo-play going on all around either forced or allowed Goddess Andi to start the next lesson in slut subjugation a trifle early.

Still the rotation continued, and the next time she made it around to his face, Andi rewarded her long-suffering Slut-boy with the sight of her unclad crotch.

Her shirt still hung unbuttoned, mostly masking her tremendous breasts (except when exertion whipped it open, which was often), and of course her skirt and panties were long gone. But for once no big black balls and penis jutted from her tiny curvy crotch, no usurped weapon of conquest to be wielded against her unworthy opponent. Watching Slut-boy's bleary, miserably red eyes widen at the sight of her beautifully trimmed blonde-furred pussy approaching, she grinned and explained the situation.

“I have no dildo for you this time, my spying little Slut-boy. As much as I’ve loved ramming my big cock down your throat – which is about half as much as I’ve loved jabbing it up your sissy ass – Amy is currently using it to fuck her cousin Julie. But don’t worry. Luckily I have an even better way to punish and degrade you available. Would you like to eat me?”

Somehow Slut-boy forced his abused throat into use. Still vulnerable to a good dick-tease, his eyes gained a desperate glimpse of hope as he managed to croak an affirmative.

“Yes my Goddess.”

“Good! Wonderful! I am your Goddess and you are my subject: my postulant, my humbly devout and slavishly awestruck worshipper. We have a little religion all our own. Well, Slut-boy, like in any good religion, my followers have certain sacraments they have to perform. This is my body, lowly worshipper: take, and eat!”

Andi straddled Slut-boy’s face, forcing open his jaws and hovering her naked crotch over his mouth. Unfortunately Brenda was once again hammering away at Slut-boy’s ass, jarring his entire body and preventing him from eating. Andi called out for a halt.

“Hold on, girls! Slut-boy wants to eat me. Stop fucking for a minute and watch me provide for my disgusting sycophant like a true lesbo Goddess!”

Immediately all activity stopped and they were the center of attention. Grinning down, Andi loosed her bladder and pissed on him. But instead of sitting and sealing over his mouth she raised up a bit: making him drink her waste, but seeing to it that it also splattered liberally all over his face as well. Basking in the shock and amazement of her friends, savoring the electricity in the suddenly ammoniac air, she sprayed and sprayed and sprayed him, soaking Slut-boy’s hair and face like a dominant animal marking her territory: comprehensively defiling him. Then Andi at last climbed off, and nodded to Brenda at the other end to resume butt-fucking the disgusting slut.

Except of course now Brenda wanted to be regarded as a Goddess, too. She and all the other girls immediately realized why Andi had told them to try not to use the bathroom all evening, and the erotic charge in the stall was palpable. Once again there was an impatient rotation, as each girl returned

to beating and/or fucking Slut-boy and/or each other, but what they were really doing was waiting eagerly in line for their chance to straddle and baptize their lowly postulant.

Over the next hour or so, all eight of them moved atop him, forced him to open up, and then took the unprecedented and madly exciting opportunity to finally relieve themselves into a grown man's open mouth. Only little Jasmine, perhaps suffering a touch of stage fright, couldn't make herself go. In any case, Slut-boy's belly was so noticeably swollen by the time Julie (the last girl in line) was finished, that Andi reckoned he must have swallowed at least two gallons of teenage female piss. It was time for the night's climax. Once again zealously raping Slut-boy's seriously gouged-out ass, Brenda must have read her mind.

"All right, Andi! That'll teach the fucking cunt to spy on Goddesses! What other punishments have you got lined up?"

"Bigger and bigger cocks, of course. Always and forever that. So right now I think it's finally time for the big red monster, don't you? This piss-filled Slut-boy needs a fucking fisting!"

Andi finally pulled out and strapped on the huge red dildo shaped like a fist. "Check this out, Slut-boy! Look and see what I've got for you now!" She let that giant plastic monster jut out over his soiled face, right in front of his miserably degraded, horribly terrified, exquisitely agonized eyes. "I cast this in hard plastic myself in shop class. It's an exact replica of my fist and forearm.

"You see, I absolutely *love* to fist-fuck people. I got started on my half-sister's husband, our captive housemaid and family Slut-boy back home. I'd evilly dick-tease him for hours, until he was absolutely crazy with lust, and then instead of letting him come I'd roll him over, tie him open and viciously fist him: just punching my arm up his ass. But as fun as that is, it's kind of hard to get your own hips involved, and work yourself into an orgasm in the process. So finally I made *this* thing, and now I can wear my fist like a cock, and punch with my legs and butt and back, which are much stronger than my arms anyways. That way I can fist a slut to death and still have orgasms galore!"

Laughing delightedly at Slut-boy's terror, Andi strutted around his body until she was once again standing before his already considerably cored-out ass. Then, while the other girls cheered her on, she handed the cock-rein off to Jasmine standing nearby, grabbed the cinch strap about Slut-boy's waist with both hands for maximum leverage, and viciously punched her big dick-fist deep inside his traumatized lower body.

Slut-boy squealed of course, sounding more like a stuck pig than even at his first skewering, but Jas was quick to jerk on his cock-rein, reminding him of his manners. Then everyone watched with rapt disbelief as Andi proceeded to pound her plastic fist and forearm brutally up into him.

Orgasms galore were indeed in store: the more Slut-boy struggled not to scream, the more sweat he poured to grease her penetration, the more excruciation he suffered under her relentlessly punching butt, the more turned on Goddess Andi got. She climaxed on her own a couple times, but then she wanted even more, direct stimulation.

"Someone step up behind me and fuck me!" she panted. "Fuck my pussy while I fist his ass! In fact, let's make a whole train!"

This was a game they'd played in the dorm: the fuck train. Still inserted to the hilt in Slut-boy, Andi halted her rhythm long enough for Kira to step up behind her and thrust her own dildo into her cunt. Likewise Kristy entered Kira from behind, and then Julie, Beth, et cetera, until seven girls stood lined up tight with their cocks stuck deep in the cunt of their lover in front. Then from Andi fisting Slut-boy at the head of the train to big strong Brenda in the very rear, powering the whole link-up with her piston-like thrusts, they had every dildo in action and every cunt filled with cock but two. The only girls without a hard prick in them were Brenda at the end and slender little Jasmine, who was unlucky enough to be on cock-rein duty, and stuck without a dildo either on or inside her.

To compensate the sprite, Andi had Jas sit on Slut-boy's face.

"Honey, you couldn't go before? Well, now's your chance to try again." Andi gasped as the whole train rocked in unison, everyone fucking and being fucked, only Jas left out. "You have to complete the train. I bet if you make Slut-boy lick you down there, soon enough *something* will happen.

“No doubt!” giggled Jas, holding the tight cock-rein for balance and squirming her crotch over Slut-boy’s mouth. “You heard her, Slut-boy! Lick me out down there! Beg me to feed you!”

Andi rocked with the fuck train, slowly so that no one’s dick slipped out, and so that Slut-boy could service Jasmine despite his ongoing fisting. Hesitantly his tongue lapped her pussy, and as it did so Andi saw Slut-boy’s captive cock begin to grow amazingly.

Already inflamed, it quickly filled with blood that the tight cock-rein held trapped there. Bruised black and abraded, puffy from damage, Slut-boy’s captive, defeated, but unconscionably defiant sex organ was rapidly turning a burstingly large and angry black. Equally amused and offended, Andi gave her stupid slut a moderate punch in the balls as she continued to dick-fist him. “Hey, Slut-boy! What are you doing erect? Your punishment just got worse for that. Jas, honey, look at what we’ve got to torture! Erect genitals are so much more fun to abuse than limp, wimpy pathetic ones! Make him sorry for licking you, and even sorrier for getting hard!”

“He won’t go and jizz on us?”

“He can’t! With that noose on his cock, he can’t come *or* go limp. That erection is ours to play with for as long as we want. You’ve got the reins, honey, and you’re the offended party. Go to town on those ugly fucking man-things! But make sure he keeps tonguing you out while you hurt him! You owe him a sizzling hot drink, and he owes you an ultimate show of devotion. Go on now! This train doesn’t stop ‘til we all get off!”

Jasmine yanked hard on the leash, again and again, then started slapping and punching at Slut-boy’s boner. Finally she seized it and twisted, giving it a vicious Indian burn with both hands. Then perhaps even more torturous yet, she squeezed it tight and jacked it madly, pouring on the stimulation while promising to never allow him any release. Nevertheless, Slut-boy continued to obediently lap at her, almost as if he’d somehow come to obscure terms with his predicament. And Andi could see the effects of his constant tonguing on Jasmine’s face as she gradually lost interest in her fascinating new toy, and began to sit up straighter and moan.

“Oh...oh! I think it’s working...oh...I’m going to...
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Perhaps too inexperienced to come, Jasmine finally went instead: pissing into Slut-boy's mouth and down his chin and neck simultaneously. She gasped and groaned like mad, voiding her Goddess' body into the most appropriate of receptacles. At last she finished emptying, to the cheers of all, and once Slut-boy sucked her clean she turned over the cock-rein and climbed off. Everyone jeered and laughed as the train broke up, and Kira asked excitedly what was next.

"There's got to be something else we can do to this spying little Slut-boy!"

Andi sighed reluctantly. "It's after six o'clock, girls. We have to get back to the dorm. But at least we can make his walk home interesting." She turned her attention to her seriously 'ex' boyfriend.

"Well, Slut-boy, now you've endured our sacraments. You can at last worship me and all other women as Goddesses for the rest of your life, living only to drink our piss and take our cocks on every day and night of the week. That should be appropriate penance for all your years of evil spying. If I release you, will you promise to never spy on or even try to penetrate any woman again? That you will seek instead to be the butt-slut and toilet-slave of any superior Goddess that will have you, from now until forever?"

When Slut-boy nodded eagerly, either genuinely brainwashed or merely desperate and cleverly acting, Andi untied his ankles and then pushed both the bench and bound slut over sideways.

"Good enough. Get up, slut! On your feet!"

Slut-boy scrambled around on the ground. Still strapped to the bench he was extensively stiff, stretched, wounded and sore. But at last he made it to his knees, and then with a monumental effort staggered to his feet, his arms still bound behind his back around the heavy bench. Andi used the cock-rein still noosed about his still grossly swollen and erect genitals to tug him from the stall, and the triumphant girls led him from the stable.

There dawn was just breaking, and at last they forced Slut-boy to flee into the waning night: cored-out, piss-filled, naked and covered with welts, carrying the heavy bench on his back like Jesus' cross. Constantly tripping on the clothes still tied to his feet, the leash still strangling and dangling from his ridiculous erection, he fell heavily several times before he reached

the perimeter of the school compound. They watched him struggle back up again and again, until at last he disappeared. Then, taking a deep, supremely satisfied breath, Andi led the other girls back to the dorm, and some deliciously steamy showers.

Advice for Every Wife

Just a question for all the jaded women out there: have you ever dildoad your husband? If not, you are not just missing something – you’re missing everything!

I’ve been doing it to mine for over a year now – ever since our wedding night, as a matter of fact. Actually, it’s the only form of intimacy I’ll allow him. I won’t let him fuck, kiss, or even touch me. Frankly, I’ve just become hopelessly addicted to humiliating him. I absolutely love the sense of power and control I get from butt-fucking him: from forcing him to kneel before me and grovel and wallow in whatever indignity I choose to inflict.

Even before we got married I’d always worn the pants in our relationship. But that wasn’t nearly enough for a high-spirited female like me. When I chose to accept his ring, I also determined right away that I would wear the *penis* in our relationship, as well. His poor excuse was so pathetic really...

I’ll never forget the look on my silly little Slut-boy’s face that first night out on the boat. Anchored alone way out in the middle of nowhere, I left him naked in bed while I went to ‘slip into something’. I came back into the cabin dressed in a cupless leather bra and sporting the first strap-on cock he’d ever seen. His jaw literally dropped open. But then as I described what I meant to do to him in no uncertain terms, he blushed like a schoolgirl and tried – quite unconvincingly, I might add – to protest.

Unfortunately for him, he’s never been able to say no to me. I’m actually quite a bit bigger than he is: five foot-eleven, a hundred and fifty pounds, with giant breasts that drive him absolutely *crazy*. And I just happen to have a very forceful personality, while he’s a classic wimp: a cute, sexy wimp maybe; but a wimp nonetheless. And despite his stuttering protests, my little wimp’s shrimpy prick belied them. Trapped all alone on the boat with me, with nowhere to go, he just kept getting stiffer and redder and harder. I moved in on him, and on the very first night of our honeymoon took eternal control.

Forcibly I rolled my new husband over, onto an enormous bolster. Straddling this, he spread his legs, clutched it with his crotch and thrust his ass upward. I gripped his cheeks, opened him wide and slid my hard rubber

cock right in. It was as simple as that. He couldn't even try to resist me. He even ejaculated twice that evening – compared to about a dozen climaxes for me – as I loomed over him out there on the lake: holding him down, spreading him wide, and just pounding, pounding, pounding down into him for hours on end.

Since that night he's been entirely mine. He's in such total sexual thrall to me that I control him absolutely. By now I believe he's as addicted to experiencing extreme pain and humiliation as I am to dishing it out. Accordingly, I exercise my marital rights constantly and capriciously, forcing myself upon my meekly submissive little slut of a husband at the most inopportune times.

I love to wake him up in the middle of the night by suddenly grabbing his legs, pulling him halfway off the bed and spearing into his unguarded ass. Eating up his moans and groans and whimpers, I'll butt-fuck the holy *shit* out of him, hammering away until he's reduced to a pile of quivering jelly sliding down the side of the bed.

Later, during the daytime, I'll just strap a cock on over my clothes, walk up behind him wherever he happens to be and rudely bend him over. Shoving him facedown over the table, counter, couch or whatever furniture happens to be available, I yank his pants down, split apart his cheeks and drill myself viciously into him. God, I love how he bleats and squeals and screams, and now even begs me to rape him with my big hard cock! The more I sodomize him the more utterly he becomes my abject slave.

For a while there I would wait around naked for him to come home from work.

Lounging on the couch with nothing on but a pair of skintight penis pants, I'd cruelly flaunt my now off-limits tits and slap one of his belts speculatively against my palm. When he finally arrived, I'd force him to strip at the door, crawl on his belly to me and suck on my cock while I whipped him. It was about this time that I started calling him Slut-boy, and forcing him to refer to me as Mistress. After an hour or so of such instruction, I'd always finish by folding him over my special footstool and pile-driving into his tight little hubby-hole until we both came our ever-loving brains out.

That was before I began milking him, of course. Nowadays I milk my Slut-boy every morning, in order to keep him from coming while I rape him.

I force him to kneel on all fours, and then I pull his erection straight down, aiming for a shot glass on the mattress. Sticking three fingers up his ass I massage his prostate while pumping his little prick like an udder, expertly masturbating him just to the brink of ejaculation. Then at the last split-second I quit. Holding up the shot glass, I catch the semen as it slowly dribbles out, rather than spitting and spurting forcefully. This process not only supplies my Slut-boy with a hot breakfast every day, it keeps his testosterone level low while at the same time rightfully denying him the undeserved pleasures of orgasm. Anyway, after a while, just wholly owning my Slut-boy this way at home wasn't nearly enough excitement for me. I had to start visiting him at work.

I'd walk right into his office, shut the door, and take him right there at his desk: bending him over his paperwork no matter how busy he was. Twice secretaries walked in on us as I was dildoeing him, and once I even purposely nudged open the intercom, so that the entire office could hear every humiliating slap, stroke, whimper and plea as I ferociously butt-fucked the shit out of their asshole boss. Soon everybody at work knew what I was doing to him, even to the extent of my Slut-boy's new name. And even his few 'friends' there were quick to take advantage of the situation.

One night a couple of 'the guys' were over watching Monday Night Football. Naked but for my dildo, I suddenly stalked into the room, dragged Slut-boy out of his chair, ripped his clothes off and butt-fucked him doggy-style right in front of them. Yet that brazen audacity was nothing but the barest beginning. Leaving my Slut-boy locked to his fuck-box – that special footstool equipped with shackles to hold him bent over it – I turned, stroked my big forbidden breasts with both hands and coolly propositioned his two employee/friends. Wouldn't they rather fuck me than watch TV? Soon all three of us were naked on the floor right in front of my bound and butt-fucked husband.

I generously let both men play with and suck on my tremendous tits all they liked – a pleasure I knew Slut-boy would give his life to experience. Fat chance! Then I got on my hands and knees and let the two of them brutally

double-team me. Together they fucked me from either end until I was practically *crazy*. I thought it was never going to finish, that I'd never stop coming. When both it and I did, however, I made damn sure that Slut-boy wore both of those incriminating loads.

After watching his former friends fuck me for hours, I forced him to finish both of them off for me. Even though I knew he was painfully straight, I made my terribly homophobic husband suck off both of his employees' cocks. One after another they gripped his head and fucked his helpless face, until finally each of them groaned, pulled out, pointed and pumped and sprayed filthy hot come all over the boss' blubbery features: bringing what was to be a life-changing evening to a prophetic finish.

Ever since then I've been cuckolding my poor 'husband' mercilessly. I must have had a hundred different guys in here to boff me senseless right in front of him. And I'm always sure to get bi guys, so that I can force my cringing, revolted Slut-boy to service them too, both before and after they've had me. And of course, every one of my orgies always opens with me just dildoeing the shit out of my slut-slave, publicly fucking his ass in front of everybody.

I don't know how Slut-boy stands it. But he never really has any alternative. Sure, he begs and whimpers and tries to plead off. But inevitably he caves in, and despite his obvious misery he clearly gets more and more turned-on the more I humiliate him. I actually had four guys in here one night, double-teaming both of us until nearly dawn. Slut-boy had to take cock after cock after cock, until he was so pumped full of come that he puked. And now I've decided, once and for all, to take my husband's comprehensive defilement to an entire new level. Let's see him deal with *this* night's developments!

I've got a total of eight other people gathered here this evening: three swinging couples I've grown quite close to, plus two gigantically endowed gigolos I've hired for my own personal use. Slut-boy I leave waiting in the other room.

So everyone settles in and has a few drinks. Admiring remarks refer to the huge sectional sofa I call 'the cloud'. But finally I grow impatient with all this small talk and I order my wimpy slave-husband to join us, strip naked, and go kneel over his waiting fuck-box.

With a whimper of dread he complies, and everyone applauds me as I step over and lock him tightly in place. Then they all laugh uproariously as I insert a funnel and tube in his butt and pour an entire sixteen-ounce beer into his upthrust ass.

This is the way a Slut-boy drinks. But at last I can stand the suspense no longer. I strip down to just my boots and dildo, and then I once again give my Slut-boy husband his usual brutal public butt-fuck. As always, this gets everyone in the place turned on, even the hired help. By the time I pound my way to my first orgasm of the evening, the party around me has truly begun.

It seems like everybody's fucking somebody but the professionals. No sweat. Now that I'm temporarily bushed myself, I order my two big gigolos to step up and double-team Slut-boy. Bent over and bound, fucked in the mouth and ass by two hugely hung studs, my sissy little hubby must be suffering in homophobe hell. But that poor little forced-faggot loser hasn't seen anything yet. After both studs fuck him absolutely senseless, and then pump their thick hot come deep into him – and everyone else has gotten off at least once or twice already – we decide to just kick back for a while, and humiliate him.

Everyone lounges on the cloud, laughing at my come-filled Slut-boy kneeling there crying, all bent over double, and tightly locked atop his footstool. Again I feed him a beer up the butt, and again he groans and cries and yet obediently holds that corrosive brew inside until I finally give him permission to soil himself.

We all laugh at this, and gloat, and the look on Slut-boy's craven yet craving face makes my juices flow at least twice as fast. And so much sooner than anticipated the mad orgy resumes.

Three beautiful, inventive couples suck, fuck, swap and rotate, or join up in bizarre group copulations, while I get sandwiched by two incredibly-hung gigolos right under Slut-boy's nose. Together those two muscular studs fuck the absolute *shit* out of me, until I'm screaming my ecstasy directly into my cuckolded husband's miserable face. Crimson with humiliation, bawling like a baby with tears streaming down his cheeks and dripping on the floor, Slut-boy must from now on suffer the absolute worst torment of all: *not* getting fucked by his hugely-hung Mistress!

Oh my, what an excellent husband I have! Feasting my eyes on this fantastic vision of his appalling debasement and deprivation, feeling a pair of big hard stud cocks hammering wonderfully away at both my pussy and ass, I let all these transcendent sensations send me off into yet another series of earth-shaking, sky-shattering orgasms. How incredibly excellent! And tonight is just another night in our perfect sex life...

Deal of a Lifetime

My wife has owned my body and soul ever since the day after our wedding.

That was the deal: the only way she'd marry me. After the ceremony I would get one night of sex with her: one evening of unlimited access to her incredibly fabulous body. And then at dawn I would be her utter fawning slave forever. I read the contract with a pounding heart and eagerly signed my name.

Some of you might question this. But I assure you that I got the deal of a lifetime. Even though I've had to take on Miriam's collar, cage, brands, tattoos, and last name, serve her utterly and endure the most insane depravities for over two decades now, those twelve blessed hours from six p.m. to a.m. on our wedding night were amply worth it. Miriam was and still is just so amazingly attractive that a half a day spent mating with her easily surpassed the infinite bliss of *nirvana*. And even being her eternal personal property afterwards is itself quite a staggering honor for a wimpy loser like me. To think that someone with tits like that actually once let me play with them, and even now still flaunts them cruelly, constantly before me...

Did I mention that they strain an enormous triple-D cup? Firm and full without any augmentation, capped by nipples that could probably put an eye out, Miriam's breasts are truly a miracle of nature: marvelously heavy and yet resiliently taut, obviously worthy of endless worship. Oh, how I pawed and hefted and lapped and suckled them, buried my face and genitals between and twisted and rubbed and pumped... I came to climax uncontrollably barely ten minutes into our honeymoon. Those ovoid teardrop honeydews were just so big and ripe and succulent that I couldn't help myself.

Not that I let that stop me. Still I wallowed and played orgiastically, both with these and that tender wet treasure between her legs, until I was once again hard enough to spend several hours clutched by her crotch, humping and pumping away – or better yet lying beneath her, my face bracketed by those glorious mams, while *she* held *me* down and humped and pumped away. We must have fucked in every position imaginable... Over the course

of that unforgettable night I actually ejaculated another three times – the last just before dawn, deep into her uncomplaining ass as she kowtowed to the ground before me, raised it up and held it open.

That turned out to be a mistake of course – or maybe not. Perhaps this isn't just payback. Perhaps my subsequent enslavement would have entailed the same level of sexual abuse, debasement and deprivation anyhow. Surely I'd have been a fool not to take advantage of my one opportunity. In any case, the fact remains that the first things Miriam did when six o'clock struck and she owned me at last were to lock my guilty cock up for good and then don her own big strap-on penis, so that she could turn the tables and brutally fuck *me* in the ass. This she did practically nonstop until after noon at least. And she's been doing it to me daily with a dedicated passion ever since.

As painful and demeaning as this is though, as long and hard and constantly as Miriam pounds her prick into me (and as many other ways as she physically punishes and sexually degrades me), I somehow still can't get enough of any of it.

Something deep and fundamental happened to me that first morning of my enslavement, something I was powerless to resist and still can't really understand. Thoroughly exhausted and depleted, limp and panting in my wife's disheveled bed as the sun came up and the clock struck six, I was nevertheless overcome with a strangely debilitating yet inescapable arousal when Miriam suddenly rose up above me and smugly assumed my ownership.

"Well, husband, I hope you enjoyed that. Because now you belong to me: heart and soul, lips and tongue, cock and bung forever and ever! For the rest of my life, you will obey me absolutely! And as my slave you shall continue to serve my superior spirit throughout the everlasting hereafter! I shall be your omnipotent Goddess and you my groveling little abject subject for an infinity of eternities!"

This declaration was unnerving to say the least. Yet Miriam was barely beginning to lay her claim to me. She had uncompromising concepts of slavery.

"Now as you may know, goddesses are traditionally served in chastity by their subjects. And the slaves of great women, particularly chambermaids

and other personal servants, have been required to be eunuchs for centuries. Thus it shall be with you and me.”

Goddess Miriam grinned gloatingly down.

“Normally the eunuch’s impotence is achieved through crude castration.” Sharp fingernails sank into the flesh around my scrotum. “But I think it’s foolish and wasteful to remove the gonads – at least at first. Rather than deprive the slave of desire, why not simultaneously maximize and yet cruelly frustrate it? Build up the pressure forever without once allowing release? That kind of constant endless suffering can be so incredibly exquisite...

“It’s far better to remove the penis instead.

“Your healthy testicles will still keep flooding you with testosterone, and storing up a lifetime’s load of needy seed. But your organ of pleasure and performance will have been amputated entirely. Can you imagine the crazed frustration, the unending carnal tension? You’ll be living in the closest proximity to the combined epitome of divinity and femininity, subject to your glorious Goddess’ every whim, responsible for her every pleasure, constantly tantalized by her erotically charged perfection of form (and function) and utterly unable to satisfy any of the desires your frantic body demands...

“Unfortunately, I’m still only in med school. I haven’t quite got the surgical skill to safely remove your penis yet. So until I do, you’ll wear this!” Goddess Miriam produced a tiny, shiny stainless steel chastity cage. As I watched aghast, she locked this about my cock and balls, tightening it down until any erection was an impossibility.

That didn’t stop my stupid cock from trying, however. Despite the incredible workout I had just given it, that poor doomed penis responded to its implacable new bondage by suddenly pulsing and swelling alarmingly. It quickly overfilled its cage space until my entire groin was engulfed in agony. Yet even this excruciation was somehow desperately arousing, forming a compounding paradox.

“There!” Goddess declared.

“Never again will you achieve release! But of course, just because you’re a eunuch doesn’t mean that you’re devoid of sexual use! On the contrary slave, your body belongs to me now! And I’m going to use it every day in ways you’ve never dared contemplate! Now roll over onto these pillows!”

Goddess piled several next to my waist. When I hesitated, she didn’t. She roughly manhandled me over, twisting my arms around behind my back as she did so.

I cried out piteously at this, but somehow being out-wrestled by this dominating big-breasted bitch turned me on worse than anything. Crushed into the pillow pile, my tightly caged cock throbbed harder and more painfully than ever. It was an escalating cycle: the more it hurt down there the more turned on I got, and the more turned on I got the more it hurt. Then my new owner suddenly handcuffed both my wrists and elbows together behind my back, introducing me to a whole new level (and a whole new life) of utterly helpless possession. Yet goaded on by this bondage my inexplicable arousal again burgeoned furiously.

“Now!” gasped Goddess Miriam. “Now begins our *real* sex life! Now I pay you back in spades for every stroke you gave me!” Right in front of me then she dumped two items as terrifying, scandalizing and shamefully arousing as I’d ever dreamed: a large rubber cock with a crotch harness for her, and a smaller plastic one with gag-straps for me. As I gaped in swooning dismay, Goddess shoved the latter into my mouth, mounted the former on her mound and strapped both solidly in place. Then as I squirmed in anticipation of my fate she moved around behind me and spread my legs out wide.

Into my ass stabbed Goddess’ prick for the very first time. Simultaneously biting down on my cock-gag and screaming into it, my face burning with shame and my squashed and locked-up crotch flaming with a deliciously arousing pain, I bade goodbye to any last shred of my former autonomy. Bound and raped and condemned to cruelest eternal impotence, utterly possessed down to the deepest core of my being, I was nevertheless somehow still amazingly aroused. As Goddess began a sliding, slamming, pounding, stabbing, rectum-reaming rhythm that put my own best efforts at fucking considerably in the pale, I suddenly found myself more turned-on

than ever before, even than at the height of my frenzied enjoyment of her holy body previous.

Goddess was far more aroused too. That was obvious. None of my frantic attentions earlier had driven her even close to climax. But after a mere ten minutes or so of hammering her big cock viciously into me she was screaming out an ecstatic orgasm.

Over and over again she did so: coming at least a dozen times and using me as brutally and thoughtlessly as she pleased for hours on end. Until well after noon of my first day as her slave she held my bound body down and thrust her huge hard phallus pitilessly into me, haranguing and belittling my eagerly willing submission the entire time.

Driven nearly mad with thwarted lust, consumed by a craven compulsion I could neither deny nor understand, I endured this first of surely numberless violations in an agony of uncontrollable – if futile – arousal. When Goddess Miriam finally exhausted herself, and pulled completely from my traumatized ass at last, I found I was bound to her in ways that had nothing to do with her handcuffs, collar and cock cage. Conquered to the very core, I'd willingly embraced my utter eternal slavery wholeheartedly, if only it saw me subjected to such intensely intimate anal assaults forever.

And so it has. In addition to two decades of mindlessly slavish obedience, demeaning housework, worshipful pampering, constant bondage, abject humiliation and ever-worsening forms of torture, I have enjoyed being my Goddess little bitch (her 'Slut-boy', as she calls me) on at least a bi-daily basis my entire married life. Just feeling her spread me open, stab her way in, and brutally bugger me with her ever-bigger cocks makes everything else worthwhile. Even the endless maddening purposely-stoked yet utterly hopeless arousal (not to mention the terrible things she did to my penis), is a small price to pay for this constant gratification of my most powerful, and shameful, compulsion.

Oh yeah. About my penis... For our first five years together, while she was still earning her medical degree, Goddess Miriam tried unsuccessfully to ensure that I'd look forward to the day she eventually cut it off me. In addition to keeping my sex organ eternally confined to its cramped little cage, she spent long hours excitedly torturing it several times a week. Locking me onto my bondage cross (a multiply-adjustable x-shaped table),

she would push innumerable steel needles into and through the head and shaft, perforating me like a pincushion. Then, as if this weren't agony enough, she'd wire the needles to a series of powerful batteries, delivering agonizing electrical current.

Inside and out my poor condemned cock sizzled with excruciation, as I streamed out rivers of sweat, screamed into my gag and shuddered convulsively in my bonds. Week after week, month after month, year after year this went on. Eventually I came to depend on the agony, to need it as much as I did the plunging of Goddess' dick or the maddening sight of her glorious naked tits. Thus I wept more bitterly than ever when she finally declared her skill sufficient to safely unman me.

Goddess secured me, as always, to the cross. She produced her surgical instruments and sterilized a wicked-looking scalpel over one of her omnipresent candles. Then, without anesthetic, she slowly, ceremoniously sliced my penis off at the base and sutured me closed. Leaving me with nothing but a tiny little pee-hole and my shaved-bare balls between my legs, she turned me irrevocably into her utterly impotent eunuch. My amputated organ she then placed in a large glass jar of preservative fluid, where she could flaunt it before me and show it off to all her many friends and lovers.

Now Goddess has only my balls and nipples to torture – though of course she whips and canes and paddles and beats me as regularly as ever, and forces me to observe and service all the guys and girls she continuously cuckolds me with. But still she delights in her red-hot electric needles, as my extensively scarred testicles and tits can easily attest.

And yet through all this I remain convinced: I got the deal of a lifetime!

Demon of Desire

I met this monster – no hyperbole at all – in a bar. I thought she was just a woman, maybe ten years older than my woefully naïve nineteen. Seems I was off by a few thousand years. Anyway, she claimed to have supernatural powers.

I said I didn't believe her.

She said she could see into a man's soul, and read there his deepest needs, things he couldn't even acknowledge to himself. Then she could transform herself, and make those darkest dreams a living nightmare. She said she'd been doing it since the time of the Aztecs, whose prayers, beliefs, and blood sacrifices had conjured her into being.

I asked if she thought I was born yesterday. She said yes, compared to her I had been. She dared me to come home with her, where she would prove everything.

Well, this is a novel pick-up approach I thought. The chick was either full of shit or crazy. But as I was still a virgin, desperate to change that (and had heard about older women) I couldn't bear to let the opportunity pass. I knocked back my drink and said sure baby, let's go, after you.

Perhaps I should pause for a bit of description.

She was obviously of Central American descent, so I gave her that at least. She had short, shiny black hair and big dark eyes. These even seemed to have a reddish glint to them, which I put down to reflection from the instrument panel in her Porsche. She was of medium height and build – nothing to write home about there. But her tits were firm and high, her waist trim and tight and her legs simply awesome. Best of all, the lovely features of her face were excitingly accentuated by the stern, severe cast to her features. On top of all this she said her name was Vengeance – or at least that's how it translated to English, according to her. Boy was she laying it on thick! But as I've indicated, she *was* unbelievably hot, hotter than anyone I'd ever hooked up with anyway. So totally nuts or no, I was more than eager to get her alone.

She drove us to a quiet, predictably banal suburb. Her house was small and typical, furthering my private scorn for her outlandish claims. And once we got inside, the tame domesticity of the place further assured me that it was just a put-on. Even her bedroom was nondescript, with a few dozen candles and black satin sheets the only things to distinguish it from any other cozy little hole.

Vengeance – if that was her real name, ha-ha – lit those candles, turned off all other lights, and went to make me a drink. And that’s when the first thread of unease crept in.

She decanted something into a stone flask that bubbled and smoked, just like out of a Bugs Bunny cartoon. Like Nasty Canasta she held it out to me, grinning challengingly.

“Go ahead, boy. I’m full of shit, right? So drink up, and take your chances. Or don’t you want to get fucked?”

That I most definitely did! Squashing my qualms I quaffed it in one.

It sure did burn going down, and lit a fucking bonfire in my belly. Still, I’d had bourbon that was almost as bad, and determined to prove myself I suppressed my shudders and handed back the flask.

“Good boy!” she crowed. “Now let’s get naked!”

It was kind of difficult to undress while watching her do the same. Her skin was quickly revealed to be completely, impossibly flawless. There wasn’t a single mole, spot, or blemish anywhere to mar its varnished-brown perfection. More incredible still, her big nipples were nearly black, and so pointy they made her tits seem like deadly weapons. Her navel was an alluring black hole, and her crotch was shaved irresistibly bare. Taken in all at once she was so enticingly desirable it made my head swim. Indeed, as I pulled off my last sock I tottered and almost fell. It was then I realized that whatever drink she’d given me was affecting me like nothing else ever. Had I been drugged?

Suddenly I felt dreamy, trippy, weak, passive, and eminently suggestible. Within a minute I’d lost all will of my own. I just stood there swaying, my cock straining painfully upright, as I ogled this evilly grinning, impossibly beautiful creature.

“Get on the bed,” she ordered, and I collapsed backward like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

“Now boy,” she breathed like fire, “Now I take you!”

She quickly performed a series of arcane gestures, and spoke some kind of incantation in an incomprehensible language I somehow nevertheless recognized as ancient Aztec. And the instant she finished a black flash wiped everything from my sight. The world and everything in it disappeared. And when I regained my messed-up senses everything had changed – especially her.

The small, cozy bedroom had somehow become an enormous dungeon.

The ceiling was at least twenty feet high. The flickering candles had become blazing torches, and the stone-block walls were now adorned with myriad implements of torture. The soft bed had turned into a high, hard plinth of black basalt with embedded iron rings trailing shackles and chains. And yet none of these terrifying transformations could compete with the changes wrought in the being before me.

Vengeance was still sort of human in form. But she’d swelled to twice her former size. She now towered nearly twelve feet tall, with grotesquely swollen breasts the size of medicine balls.

Her hair was still a thick, shiny black, yet now it made an incredibly heavy mane that hung down her back past her ass. Two pointy curved horns like a bulls thrust up through this at her temples, and her eyes had become radiant, blood-red orbs.

Without iris or pupil these cast a fiery crimson glow as she glared balefully down at me. More intimidating still (if that were possible) her canine teeth had lengthened into the deadly fangs of a sabertooth. Protruding from her lips, these curved down either side of her pointy chin. Her fingernails too had become curved, two-inch needle-sharp talons. Yet by far the most horrifying part of the monstrous female now before me was the decidedly un-female phallus she’d somehow sprouted.

It was at least two feet long and four inches thick. Somehow Vengeance had grown a dick that jutted hungrily up from her groin in a bone-hard spike the likes of which no man ever could possibly aspire. Glowering down at me,

she caressed this impossible erection as she addressed me in a deep, thunderous snarl.

“You see, boy? I did not lie! I am indeed a demoness of vengeance, created to wreak the wrath of womanhood on men! And tonight I claim your body and soul for all time! Let us begin your eternal torment with a simple spanking, shall we?”

She sat on the plinth, seized me by the wrists and dragged me across her lap. Despite my acute terror and limp passivity (I still had no will to escape or even resist her) my own penis remained urgently erect. It squashed against that enormous organ of hers as she folded me over it, and this pulsating pressure was exquisitely arousing. One of her huge clawed hands continued to manacle my wrists, while the other one – her palm alone the size of my ass – began to belabor my buttocks with brutal force.

No toddler being disciplined by an abusive mother ever suffered such disproportionate strength. Every blow struck me like a thunderclap, and I was sobbing like a baby by the third one. Vengeance laughed sadistically as she beat me, and I could tell by the twitching of the hard bar I was bent over that she was growing ever more aroused. Still she spanked my ass with all her monstrous strength, gloating over my agony and seeming to somehow suck it in like sustenance. And yet as she'd said, the torture was barely beginning. As if she really needed them, Vengeance next went to work on me with weapons.

She climbed off the plinth, and still holding me by the wrists she carried me that way to a pair of iron shackles hanging from the ceiling by a chain. She locked my wrists into these and left me hanging there by the arms eight feet off the floor while she went to select a whip from her endless collection.

The one she returned with must have been a dozen feet long. It was also encrusted everywhere with tiny diamond bits.

While this would undoubtedly be too unwieldy for human hands, her gigantic form handled it with both ease and the expertise of millennia of practice. The first whistling crack and biting lash tore the skin from my back and a scream from my throat, and set me to spinning, writhing, and twisting in the air.

That wouldn't do.

Vengeance paused long enough to shackle my ankles together and hang an enormous cannonball from them, stretching me agonizingly out and eliminating the ability of my reflexive paroxysms to jerk me around. Then she resumed her recreation.

She whipped me. And whipped me. And whipped me.

Circling around my stretched out form, she lashed her diamond-edged leather into my flesh from every side. From neck to ankles she flayed me alive, drinking in my endless screams and laughing all the while. Soon tons of blood was running down my body from innumerable overlapping lacerations, and dripping onto the giant iron ball pulling me down. How long this lasted I couldn't say. But finally my condition necessitated a change of tortures.

Vengeance coiled and stowed her priceless whip. Then she returned to me, bearing a glowing hot poker.

“Don't think you're going to bleed to death on me boy,” she snarled. “We've got decades of fun yet ahead of us. Let me just sear shut all those wounds...”

She pressed the red-hot iron to my raw and bleeding flesh, cauterizing it. The sweet stench of cooking pork rose around me, as my screams scaled upward into hitherto unguessed realms of excruciation. One by one she methodically (if gleefully) closed my wounds, as I twisted and shuddered against the remorseless weight stretching me helplessly out. Yet even when she finished this delightful chore she wasn't done with the poker. First she pitilessly burned my nipples, turning them into ugly pus-filled blisters. Then she went to work on my turgid genitals.

There must have been some ingredient in the drink she fed me – some pre-Columbian kind of Viagra. Because despite my utterly banished arousal, and the incredible agony consuming me, my cock still stuck up painfully hard, in pitiful imitation of Vengeance's rampant tumescence. Perhaps in punishment of this imposed impertinence, the demon first burned each of my bloated balls, and then began to press iron fire into the sensitive underside of my erection. Starting at the base, she burned her way right up to the oh-so tender tip. Laughing more cruelly than ever at my violent yet useless paroxysms, she breathed her demands at me.

“That’s right boy, feed me! Nourish me with your agony! Make me stronger; make me filled to overflowing with demonic lust and power!”

Her lower jaw dropped open impossibly wide, clearing room for those four inch fangs to bite. But then a long red tongue lolled out, at least a foot long and forked at the end like a serpent. She leaned in, and slathered it all over my face, lapping up my sweat and tears.

“Ah, yes, what could be tastier than a suffering male’s anguish? Perhaps only his still beating heart: ripped from his chest in a flash and plunged into my mouth, hot and juicy and spurting out the undiluted energy of life!” She sank her talons a half-inch or so into the skin of my chest and seemed to be on the verge of doing just that. But then she sighed and withdrew them, leaving five bleeding punctures.

“Alas, I must forgo that pleasure for another fifty years. But until then we have endless torture and sex to look forward to!” Her radiant eyes flashed even brighter at the prospect, before partially subsiding. Still they bathed me in crimson light, and her voice dropped to a vicious hiss.

“You like breasts, boy – I know you do. All men are addicted to them. See how you cope with mine!”

She spun me sideways to her and pulled me into her embrace. One huge breast pressed the back of my head, and the other was crushed into my face, cutting off my air completely. Unable to willfully struggle, I did so anyway, my body driven to autonomic desperation by anoxia. Still she smothered me, until I was on the brink of blacking out. Then at last she relented, allowing me a few quick breaths before crushing me again in the full, taut vise of her humungous chest.

This torture too she repeated and sustained until I was truly on the brink of death. Only then did she at last release me from the clutch of her cleavage, and spin me back around. An enormous nipple bigger than a fist was forced into my gasping mouth.

“Suck boy! It will revive you some. I need at least a share of your awareness for my next meal.”

Helpless to resist I obeyed. Another smoking hot draught gushed into me, burning its way down my gullet to explode in my gut. Yet unlike the first

she'd given me, this had a somewhat opposite effect, clearing my head a bit. Still I remained limp and weak, wracked with agony and in utter thrall to her will. But at least I was brought out of the deathly darkness slowly closing around me.

I gasped and choked, resenting this almost-resurrection. By this point death would have been welcome. Nonetheless I hung sputtering and gagging and barely aware as Vengeance stepped away to lower me down.

The chain rattled, and I descended toward the floor.

At last I was balanced precariously on that cannonball, with the stretching of my body relieved only to the extent that my toes could support me on its spherical surface. Vengeance returned to me then, and through my extreme debilitation I dimly perceived that my face was now at the level of her monstrous genitals.

“Okay boy,” she growled down. “Almost as sustaining to me as agony is a man’s humiliation. Soon I will spend the rest of this night – not to mention your worthless life – feeding on these simultaneously. But I want to enjoy this delicacy by itself first. So you will now use your tongue to bathe every inch of my balls and penis. I would make you suck them, but not even the strongest stretching spell would open your skull wide enough. So lick me, Slut-boy! Lick my cock and balls like candy, and endure the worst humiliation a man can!” She moved right up to me, pressing those demonic genitals against my face. She was right: just being in such proximity to them was unbearably humiliating. They were so huge as to outsize even her towering, hulking form.

Each testicle was the size of my head, and the bone-hard erection, wrapped in rapidly pulsating veins, was as long as my arm and as thick as my leg. And it stank, like a mixture of brimstone and unwashed animal musk. Again I found myself gagging, and yet of course my will was no longer my own. Without hesitation I ran out my tongue and began to eagerly lap at her loaded scrotum.

It took me nearly ten minutes to thoroughly clean those enormous balls, ten minutes during which I suffered the most profound disgust and humiliation ever. And as before, I could feel her somehow absorbing these emotions. She seemed to swell even larger with every lick. Her balls grew hotter than

they already were, and began to quiver, as if the compressed flood of barely contained come was churning madly for release. Meanwhile her humongous prick bobbed and twitched, and as I at last began licking this, the veins wrapping it pulsed even faster, deepening its color from dark red to blood crimson. Vengeance began to pant madly as I helplessly serviced her. Her tongue lolled out further than ever, and began to drip scalding saliva from its double tip onto my greedily upturned face.

Both my flaming shame and her escalating exaltation as she sucked it up climbed constantly as I worked my way slowly around and up her prodigious shaft. Again her eyes brightened, their heat and radiance blazed like lasers, and her huge chest swelled and swelled with every breath. At last I reached the football-sized head.

I thought my emotional torment could get no worse, as I slavishly lapped all over its inwardly hard but outwardly silken surface. But then Vengeance gripped herself with one clawed hand and pushed her heaven-seeking pole down level. The other huge hand cupped the entire back and sides of my head, and pushed my open mouth up tight against the inch-wide orifice at its tip.

“Now, Slut-boy,” she panted with more urgency than I’d ever heard from her, “Now it’s time for your baptism. You will swallow everything I give you, and you will keep every drop down forever! This sacrament makes you mine!”

And with that she began gasping out some impossibly dire incantation and pumping her cock so hard and fast that her fist was a blur. Swamped with terror, dismay, and the purest abject humiliation yet, held helplessly in place by both her hand and her will and her spells, I could only gape and wait.

It didn’t take long. Perhaps ten seconds after she started, and in the instant her incantation ceased, Vengeance gave a banshee-like shriek of release, and that ogre-sized organ began to spasm and pump.

Thick, lava-hot ichor erupted out of her, instantly flooding my mouth and throat, filling my belly with viscous fire. My abdomen immediately bloated with almost a gallon of her unholy discharge, until I feared I would split right open. But at the last possible second my demon released my head, pulled back a bit and spurted the last few quarts of her burning, stinking

load all over my forehead, face, chin and neck. Then, my baptismal complete, she grunted with animal satisfaction and drew back. She grinned down at me then, enjoying my reaction to the irrevocable changes taking place within me.

Though I was bloated to bursting, I could feel her seed raving within me, coursing through my bloodstream to somehow fundamentally alter every cell of my body. My prick especially reacted, suddenly swelling so hard, and burning so hot, that I knew right away it would never go limp again. Burn blisters on its underside stretched and tore as it raged larger than ever before. Yet, despite this agony I felt I'd go swiftly mad if I couldn't jerk off and ejaculate. Unfortunately, I also felt a curious deadness in my balls, and I knew instinctively that I'd just been rendered impotent forever.

Other compulsions were slower to awaken. But suddenly as I gazed up at the horrifying demon towering above me, I was flooded with a worshipful love and awe. Reading this on my features, she laughed approvingly. Then she inserted one of her needle-like talons into the eye of my raging hard-on and pushed it down, even now eagerly consuming the agony this caused me. Then she began identifying the other realizations suddenly taking hold within me. And with each string of her words, each terror became an immutable, eternal truth.

“Your name is now Slut-boy. And your body and soul are bound to me forever. As you have sensed, for the rest of your mortal existence you will remain painfully erect and yet utterly impotent. Besides suffering an intolerable craving to be tortured and raped, you will feel forever compelled to masturbate. And while you do so, you will fantasize exclusively about two things.”

She dropped her hand and pinched my balls and cock between her giant thumb and forefinger. She squeezed until I was retching involuntarily. “One day several decades from now, when you have at last exhausted your mortal potential, I will use my bare hand to crush these pathetic things to pulp and then tear them off your body. Then I will rip open your chest and pull out your heart. The last thing you see with mortal sight will be me stuffing it still beating into my mouth and eagerly feasting upon it.

“From now on you will never be at peace, consumed always by longing for that last heavenly bliss. And yet not even that penultimate feast will end

your usefulness to me. When I finally grant that dearest wish, you will gratefully join my thousands upon thousands of other eternally earthbound slaves. Your soul will hover about me forever, while I systematically siphon off its endless spiritual energy to power my sorcery. I know from the lamentations of all those others that this unimaginably torturous vampirism will be far worse than the sum of all you've had to suffer in life. Even better yet, unlike your mortal service to me, this torment will last until the end of the fucking universe!"

Immediately I spoke up without any thought or will. And the words pouring from me were as true as everything my glorious, beloved Demon Vengeance had ever said.

"Please, Goddess! Won't you do that to me right now?"

Her eyes blazed with wrath, and she struck me, knocking me off my precarious toehold and sending me spinning around from my shackled arms.

"Of course not!" she thundered.

"You have *decades* of sexual frustration – not to mention unimaginable suffering – to endure first! Why, I haven't fucked you even once yet! But we'll take care of that right now. You see, unlike pathetic men, I have an infinite supply of sperm, which your fear and suffering constantly replenishes. And I have the inexhaustible energies of ten thousand souls to draw upon. I need no recuperation between climaxes at all! You are about to learn that to your limitless cost!"

Quickly she unshackled me.

I would have collapsed then, but once again she circled both my woefully abraded wrists with one big fist and carried me dangling and swinging over to the plinth. There she slammed me facedown upon it, with my wounded erection crushed against the stone and my balls, legs and ass hanging off the end. She pulled a pair of chains toward me, and again shackled my wrists, spreading them wide this time, leaving me half stretched out flat and half dangling into open space. Knowing what was coming, I felt a mad craving competing with a sick mixture of terror and shame. How could she possibly do what she intended without killing me? I had my answer soon enough.

Vengeance snarled another dark incantation, and I felt my abdomen and thorax go weirdly rubbery.

“There!” she declared.

“I’ve just put a permanent stretching spell on your ass and insides, rendering them incredibly elastic. Your formerly rigid pelvis will open to accommodate me, and your internal organs will make way for an impossibly elongated rectum.

“This transformation will hurt you more than anything yet, but it won’t allow my cock to truly damage you. So, prepare to be anally raped, Slut-boy! You will suffer this shameful torment more than anything else I choose to do to you for the rest of your life. *Nothing* feeds me as well as a captive male groveling and screaming, sobbing and begging as he takes a monstrous demon cock up his ass for hours on end!”

Suddenly, despite this wicked soliloquy, I curiously enough found that my will had returned to me. I could actually act of my own accord!

I suppose the original spell she’d put on me had been rendered obsolete by my rapturous baptism. After all, the will of Vengeance had become indistinguishable from my own. From now on I craved to serve and satisfy this creature’s sadistic needs, and nothing else, until the end of all existence. Thus I found myself suddenly arching my back, and raising my virgin anus greedily in anticipation of its piercing – something I surely would have fought to the death to prevent in my old life. Yet while I indeed continued to squirm in abysmal debasement and quake in abject terror as I offered myself up, those remnants of my former self were obviously exactly what the demon ordered. In fact, she redundantly reiterated this as her huge hands pried my buttocks wide and the tip of that prodigious pole touched my tremulously puckering hole.

“That’s right, Slut-boy! You crave and dread this ultimate degradation in equal measure. And once it begins and until it ends, you will experience nothing but the most outrageous excruciation, and the most virulent self-loathing that are possible for a mortal. Remember: the more your psyche feeds me, the longer I fuck your body. And the more I orgasm and ejaculate, the more tightly your soul will be bound to me!”

And with that she slammed her shapely, eighty-inch hips forward, plunging that ungodly huge and hard cock deep into my folded over body.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!”

Her warnings were as understated as my scream was unstoppable. My vocal cords were nearly shredded by the vibration as my unsurpassed agony sought its only possible outlet. The pain as my anus went in an instant from an opening the size of a pinhole to that of a gaping mineshaft was indescribable. Even if my sphincter had been shredded rather than magically stretched it couldn't have been more agonizing. And yet this was but the harbinger, the vanguard of the unholy assault upon my insides. I could literally *feel* my pelvis creak as it reluctantly reconfigured itself, opening to accommodate a width far greater than any conceivable childbirth.

I should have passed out at this agony. And yet the will of my demon matched by my own eclipsed self demanded that I/we remained aware enough to endure whatever was occurring. And seconds later this paid off.

Surely unprecedented amounts of what she needed from me flooded her system as something that felt the size and shape of a nuclear-tipped tomahawk missile punched so far up into me that I could feel my guts, liver and lungs thrust brutally aside. Just short of my pounding heart that cylindrical bullet stopped, and yet this was no relief. Once again, surely death was preferable to such amazingly invasive agony.

Of course, such was not my Goddess' will. She had decreed that I endure (and even crave!) this for another fifty-odd years. And oh, woe is me: that was only the first of who knew how many million plunging thrusts.

She pulled back, momentarily vacating me even to the point of withdrawing completely. Immediately my insides snapped back to normal, and then immediately she rocketed back in even more powerfully than before.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!”

The agony was magnified unbelievably. Several more times she did this, eagerly sucking up my ever-growing exudations. But at last her driving lust mastered her sadistic playfulness. Rather than keep popping out and plunging back in, she finally began to butt-fuck me proper. Quickly

establishing and then constantly increasing a superhuman rhythm that soon had her dick pumping in a blur that put her earlier masturbating fist to shame, she now belabored my insides until my heart was literally shoved into my throat. I could even feel her demonic organ shunting aside and squashing my shuddering intestines, stomach, other guts and lungs as it excruciatingly plowed through the center of my body cavity in its unstoppable pursuit of orgasm.

Just like last time this wasn't long in coming – although my greatest-ever suffering turned every second into an eon. Almost lost in my diabolical neural symphony was an exquisite pain I'd formerly have fallen apart under, and which would indeed later prove to be impossibly hellish in its own right. But as I was pinned to the stone with a twenty-four by four-inch phallus ramming all the way into me at nearly light speed, I had little awareness to spare for what Vengeance' strength, speed, rhythm and pressure were doing to the raw, broken-blistered underside of my own pitiful erection.

Naturally it was scraping ever more roughly against the stone, adding its own bloody tinge to the remorseless black basalt that had absorbed so much more of the same over the uncounted years.

Conceivably my entire penis could have been rasped away that night, had she never chosen to stop. But my Goddess Vengeance is all seeing and all knowing. After her first incredible butt-raping climax, she ensured I would have quite enough penis left to be a torment to me for the rest of my demon-slave existence.

This time her orgasm was announced with a tremendous, guttural roar. Dust was shaken from the ceiling and all the torch flames bent and wavered as though caught in a gale. Her rhythm spiked up to an even more insane tempo and then once again I was being flooded with her scalding sperm. Some of this squirted out around her pistoning pole, but once again I could feel the majority of it diffusing throughout my system, reinforcing the changes in me, making me both more and less than human. I could only scream and writhe and cry as I was redundantly made over thus. And its efficacy was amply proved when Vengeance at last pulled out. My disappointment at that withdrawal was crushing. Fortunately it was only momentary.

My glorious demoness released the shackles and flipped me over. She re-secured my wrists, then lifted and spread my legs high and wide above my head. My ankles were likewise shackled thus, leaving my bobbing, bleeding erection the only part of me free. Without hesitation she speared back into me then, immediately renewing my excruciating yet oh-so-necessary ordeal.

And so that endless first night of the rest of my life went: a weapon of male destruction explosively penetrating me at supersonic speed, bludgeoning my insides to jelly. At least a dozen more times the dungeon shuddered at her roars of consummation, and I was flooded again and again with transforming organic magma. Only when my mortal capacity for pain and shame was finally utterly exhausted did Vengeance at last pull her still rigid-as-every erection out of me for good.

Snarling with disappointment at my limp, glassy-eyed state, she unshackled me and seized me by the ankles. I found myself lifted off the plinth, and dangling head down in her implacable grasp I was carried through a heavy steel door and into an even larger adjoining chamber.

Set into the stone block floor below me I saw through heavy iron grates more than a hundred small, cubical cells barely four feet on a side. In almost every one of them crouched a cramped, cringing, scrawny naked man covered everywhere with both old scars and newer wounds. Every one of them was frantically, fruitlessly masturbating, and gazing up at our Goddess as she passed with fear, lust, and mindless adoration. Finally she reached an empty cell.

Vengeance lifted the barred lid, and without ceremony stuffed me down into my new stone home. She slammed the grate closed and shot the bolts. Then without a further word or glance she turned and left me there.

For a moment I shifted tentatively around, exploring that tiny space. There was a three inch-wide drain hole for waste, a stone bowl full of smoking, sulphurous drink and a crust of stale black bread.

After a minute I settled back into a corner away from these. Then, knowing it to be useless, even stupid and maddening and yet helplessly compelled to do anything else, I took my burned, scraped raw erection in hand and began frantically pumping it despite the terrible excruciation this caused me. In

seconds I'd added my whimpering moans and agonized cries to the constant chorus of the same surrounding me.

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