

The Dominatrix
Kinky Utterances

The scent of jasmine filled his room as Rob carried his wife, Kelly, awkwardly through the narrow doorway into the bedroom. Flower petals littered the floor and bed while a beautiful bouquet of her favorite flower sat on the dresser as he laid her down on the bed. The flickering glow of candlelight softly lit their youthful bodies while he removed her pale mint blouse and she unzipped her black pencil skirt.

Rob felt her chest with his strong hands, the warm flesh going goosebumps as he toyed with her supple breasts. She let out a slow, satisfied exhale that turned into a hungry groan as she locked her legs behind his hips. The deep tan V that led down to his pride made Kelly bite her lower lip as she pulled him closer with her long, toned legs. Rob looked down at his darling wife, her green eyes glittering in the dim light, and smiled as he took her hips and pressed into her soaked folds.

Kelly wanted him so badly. Her husband had been out of town all week for work and had to miss their anniversary. Rob had managed to get home early and surprise Kelly with a romantic dinner and this: a long romp between the sheets. She has missed his big cock, the tall and sexy body he worked hard to maintain and the firm, but gentle way he held her as he drove into her. She leaned back and gripped the comforter, letting a moan fall from her open lips as her love filled her belly with his seed. Kelly buried her fingers into his sandy blonde locks and pulled him down to meet her velvety lips. They kissed passionately and it only took a few moments for her to feel his strength return to fuck her silly again.

Left in a heap on the floor, she felt the ache and satisfaction of several long orgasms. Loosely wrapped in a blanket and drifting between the afterglow and a heavenly dream, she awoke and felt the memory drift away.

Her reality was fourteen years later and she and her husband were sitting silently at the table, eating a meal they'd made a thousand times. She looked up from her plate and saw his chubby gut and unkempt beard. The playful glimmer in his eyes, like their passion, had faded into routine and the years had stolen that youthful glow. As much as she hated to admit it, they had both stopped taking care of themselves a while back. They were middle-aged and her husband seemed to be growing distant with her each passing year. She didn't suspect Rob was cheating, but she worried about their marriage. She could feel an empty sensation inside her and wondered what was wrong?

Rob and Kelly finished their meal, cleaned the dishes without saying much and went to separate rooms to spend the rest of the evening. It wasn't a loveless or bitter marriage, but they could both tell the spark had faded. Childless, they saved for vacations they can barely remember and slowly fell out of touch with old friends. Rob and Kelly secretly yearned for what they had before, but didn't know what they had lost- or perhaps it was something they didn't know they wanted...

Chapter 1

Rob sat in his worn office chair at the computer not accomplishing much. He used to play video games but even that seemed to lose his interest quickly these days. Mostly, he just surfed the web aimlessly or searched for porn. He didn't want to bother his wife when he got horny. A few years back he stopped getting erect during the usual sex and they were both too timid to try out anything new. It wasn't that he didn't think his wife was still pretty; it was just getting harder to, well, get harder. So, sex became a kind of annoyance. Wasted time at the end of the night that could've been spent getting some sleep.

As Kelly read a trashy romance novel on her tablet. She found it strangely compelling in a way she never felt before- at least not this strongly. The characters were both locked in a dungeon, forced to endure almost torturous sexual teasing before they were both too horny to think straight and found themselves at their captor's mercy. It was hot. She didn't want to admit it to herself, but this scenario was clicking in her mind and she felt a stirring in herself that she hadn't felt in too long.

As the night wore on, Kelly set down her tablet and slinked over to Rob's office to find him quickly clicking out of a tab that she only got a brief glimpse of. Probably porn, but he didn't seem like he was masturbating, not that she was particularly bothered by it, but, to Kelly, it was kind of weird for him to be so ashamed of it to get rid of the page like that.

"Hey, sweetheart?"

He turned to face her and revealed the faint blush of embarrassment on his cheeks. Kelly stepped into the office and dropped her old nightgown onto the carpet, coyly gesturing for Rob to come to her.

“Kelly...”, as he slumped in his chair and sighed, her heart sank.

“What? Am I not pretty enough for you anymore? I’m an ugly old hag, is that it?!” She stepped out into the hallway and leaned against the wall, holding back tears as her cheeks burned red.

Rob’s shadow engulfed her, placing her nightgown back on her shoulders before brushing the fading strawberry blonde hair from her face. She wanted his touch to linger. The terrible ache for his attention soured in her belly as he walked past her into the bedroom. She expected him to be getting ready for bed, but he sat down on the edge and looked up at her with a pained expression, patting a spot next to him. Reluctantly, Kelly wiped her cheek and sat just a bit further away than where he beckoned her to, pulled the worn silk belt on her nightgown tight around her waist and folded her arms. She steadied her voice and broke the silence first.

“Do you not love me anymore?”

Her voice shook and Rob felt an awful pit form in his stomach.

“I do love you.”

He stared down at his lap, fingers fiddling with the drawstring on his pajamas.

“Then what’s wrong?”

Kelly’s worry was turning into frustration.

“I don’t know. I...

“Did you already finish or something?”

“... Kelly, I haven’t cum in months.”

“What? But, the porn-”

“-Isn’t doing anything...”

She hadn't expected that. She assumed he was masturbating behind her back and was beginning to believe for the last few months he just found her ugly. Surprised, she slid closer and touched her husband's arm. Rob sighed and seemed to shrink away as he admitted his problem. Kelly knew this was hard for him and waited for a moment before continuing.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

There was the question. He couldn't tell her he was scared of being diagnosed with ED or depression, but told her enough of his worries to satisfy the question.

"For a while I thought it was just stress, but it's like I have no drive. Very little excites me anymore."

The pair was silent for what seemed like minutes to Rob. He wanted to get it all out, to show his wife it wasn't her fault.

"How long have you felt like this?"

"I don't know. Maybe two years?"

"Jesus, Rob..."

They sat in silence for a while before Kelly pressed her body into his, leaning her head on her husband's shoulder like she used to. Her mind raced, trying to think of ways she could help him. Rob wasn't the kind to go to the doctor and she doubted he'd go to some quack trying to inject him with testosterone or something like that.

"You know, lately, I've been feeling like I am missing something. I keep remembering how you used to make love to me and, although it was wonderful, I always wished you had really- I don't know, got *rougher* with me? Is that how you feel? Would you like to just... take me? Throw me down and fuck the shit out of me?"

She leaned in, pressing her breast into Rob's arm and he froze from the unusual forwardness of it. Kelly never talked like that, not even when they were young... something about it caused the dull embers of his libido had sparked, growing warmer as she spoke. But... he didn't want to do that to her. Did he? He'd always been a strong but rather tender lover, the idea of doing that to her himself was... wrong. Nevertheless, he was intrigued. Rob went to kiss her forehead and realized she was watching him blush.

"I... don't think I could do that-" Her shoulders dropped in defeat.

“-But... maybe we find someone who can?” He looked down at her, desperate to not hurt her any further.

“Someone... like a third party and you’d, what, watch?” Kelly was shaking the cobwebs of the little bit of perverted fetish knowledge she had and vaguely remembered a certain ‘c’ word.

“Saying it like that makes it sound way more perverted, but yeah I guess- except I don’t know if I’m comfortable with it being a man.” Rob scratched the back of his head and slouched.

“So you want a woman to dominate me?”

Rob sighed, he didn’t know what he wanted, but this was the most the two of them had spoken in a while. He realized that she wasn’t treating him like some pathetic, broken man and was genuinely interested in fixing whatever was killing his sexdrive- and she seemed to need something new too...

“I- yeah I guess I do?”

“Well... I could try asking a few of the girls at work if they know somebody like that. Like a professional.”

“Wait, you’re serious? Do you think they’ll just hand you some dominatrix’s card and we’ll just give her a phone call?”

“The world’s changed, sweetheart, you’d be surprised. Tiffany, my boss’s assistant, does cam shows on the weekend.”

“There’s no harm in trying, I guess.”

“Right, you never know, this could be just what we need.”

Chapter 2

Rob ascended the weed-strangled steps to his porch, carrying a pile of bills and magazines he wasn't interested in sorting to the door of his modest, mid 70's split-level home. As he was about to unlock the door, his wife's car pulled up and stopped short of the garage. Rob turned to see his wife waving at him to come over from the driver's side with a phone pinned between her cheek and her shoulder. Before he had even reached the passenger side of the car, she had hung up and was rolling down the window. Rob leaned in on the open window and looked at his wife quizzically.

"What was that?" He hadn't seen her this excited in a while, he wondered if maybe Kelly got a promotion at work.

"Babe, you wouldn't guess who I just talked to!" As Kelly beams brightly, Rob knew something was up. He shrugs and raises an eyebrow.

"Dez. That woman I told you about, the relationship consultant? She agreed to meet with us and wants to interview us over dinner tonight."

"Wait, who?" Rob didn't remember anything about a consultant. There was that one weird lady from a week ago that Kelly heard about through her work friends. The one that was into whips.

“Oh, come on, Rob. You remember. She had that really weird website.”

“Dez? No... not her. She had crazy written all over her website! Why did you call her? She’s probably going to try and extort or blackmail us.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, she seemed like a really nice girl and... she might be just what we need.” She waved off Rob’s concern and unlocked the car. “I’m not an idiot, though. She is meeting us at a restaurant, a nice public place so we can leave if things get weird.”

Rob sighed and nervously glanced across the street at a neighbor bringing in their trash cans before turning back to his wife’s warm smile, nodded and got into the car. As she turned to reverse out of the driveway. He noticed Kelly was wearing her skirt a bit higher up past her knees and her breasts were pushed up and pulling her blouse tighter than he’d seen in a long time. He played it off before she could turn back and see him inspecting her clothes, wondering just who she was trying to get the attention of. The curiosity was quickly too much for him. He reached out and gently massaged the back of his wife’s head, something he used to do years ago when he could tell his wife was “pent up” and remembered how much she enjoyed it.

Kelly let out a soft moan in appreciation. “Ouhh, what was that for?”

“You’re dressed up tonight. Trying to impress our new friend?” Rob smirked and rested his hand on the back of her seat as they waited at the stoplight leading out of the neighborhood.

“Actually, this was for you, but I woke up late and couldn’t show you before you left for work. Do you like it?”

Kelly playfully pressed her breasts together and stuck her tongue out at her husband. He hadn’t seen her this adventurous in forever. He could tell this was important to her and, since she did all the work to set up this meeting, he needed to be serious in considering what tonight would mean for their relationship, their marriage. It was his idea after all.

“Well, if we are going to be grilled by this ‘relationship consultant’, I want us to be on the same side. If she knows you’re only doing this for me, it would make me look pretty pathetic,” Rob laughed halfheartedly.

“It’s not only for you. What you said that night, about us missing something? I realized this could be a wonderful opportunity for me as well. I want this to go well for the both of us, so of course we’re a team, baby!”

Kelly squeezes Rob’s thigh and smiles. If nothing else, he thought, this week had yanked him awake from sleepwalking through his life with Kelly. He renewed his sense of motivation. Even if it felt too weird, he would do this for her. She deserved to feel happy and fulfilled.

“I wanted to tell you this morning too, I did some searching around on the internet and found a few other people like Dez. They can get pretty pricey, so I thought we should be up front about our financial situation and see if she can work with us.”

Rob nods and tries to imagine a charitable dominatrix. “That sounds like a good idea. Do you think she’d do that, though?”

“There’s no harm in asking, right?”

Young Kelly’s hopeless optimism was revealing itself again after being dormant for so long. The bubbly (and more than a little naive) woman he fell in love with was bouncing lightly in the seat to the catchy pop song playing quietly on the radio. They parked their car at the trendy Italian restaurant and waited a few minutes in the car. Rob mentally prepared himself by trying to think of all the questions he wanted to ask while Kelly checked her phone for a notification that Dez had arrived. Right as she unlocked the screen, a message appeared:

< Come on inside, i'm waiting at the cozy booth at the back~ ♡♡♡♡ >

“Wait, she beat us here? I was hoping to get there early and eat something before we started.”

Kelly put her phone in her bag and turned to Rod. They shared a brief look of apprehension before heading into the restaurant. Kelly barely needed to describe the woman to the seating hostess, the girl pointed with a blush towards the back of the eastern end of the

restaurant. Rob followed his wife as she led the way, marching with purpose towards a future he couldn't possibly understand. Before laying eyes on the woman himself, he heard his wife quietly gasp.

Cloaked in the dim restaurant mood-lighting, a slim, but confident woman waited, leaned back with her arms outstretched across the back of the booth. She had glossy black claws that she rapt impatiently on the faded seat leather and a messy, long mop of wavy black hair with bangs that shrouded her fiery hazel eyes. The woman wore a black and violet velvet bodice with a very tightly laced under-bust corset that cinched her waist into a tiny hourglass. She also wore tall, heeled boots with stubby spikes across the toe and shiny, black leather pants that looked painted on. The two couldn't take their eyes off her as they approached, almost forgetting one another as she motioned for both to sit. With a voice that dripped like both honey *and* venom, she spoke.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Kelly, Rob. My name is Dez, but you may call me Mistress."

Chapter 3

Kelly was mesmerized, sitting down quietly as Dez examined them both. Rob glanced about the room nervously as an icy chill ran down his spine, feeling as though the unnaturally dark room had closed in around them.

“Dear? Come sit down. As I was saying, thank you for meeting with us, Dez- um...Mistress.”

Kelly stammers and blushes, having fun with the roleplay a bit while Rob sits down next to her without a word. The woman’s predatory gaze eyes Rob as he discreetly wipes the sweat from his hand on the tablecloth, her eyes seemingly flashing gold and red like a viper from the sunset glow filtering in through the windows behind.

“Something bothering you, Robert? You look pale.” Her matte black lips curl into a wry smile and she adjusts her posture to lean on the table, resting her chin on her hand. *“I’m glad your friend Meredith came to me, you two seem like the perfect little couple for me to work with, lots of...potential.”*

Kelly laid her hand on Rob’s knee as he tapped his foot on the floor anxiously. Something about this girl radiated an aura of intensity he couldn’t shake. Not barely 25 years old and she had him like a warm putty in her black claws. Kelly was trying to make a comment about Meredith and work, but Dez gave her a disinterested look. To Rob’s surprise, instead of

getting indignant at the girl's rudeness, she simply stopped speaking halfway through the sentence and turned quiet as if under a spell and awaited Dez.

"What I do is a bit different from what you may expect from a marriage counselor... or a dominatrix for that matter, so whatever research you did you may as well throw it out the window. I've helped a great many couples like you explore who they really are with one another and become closer than ever. It's going to need honesty and trust if you want results. Fair?"

Rob finds himself nodding along with his wife, wondering for a tiny moment if he was under some spell too.

"So, let's start by being honest with each other. Rob, what is it you'd like to achieve with this relationship?"

Something warm fluttered in his chest whenever he heard this girl say his name, like his heart was compelling him to sit through this nonsense. He wanted to stand up and convince Kelly to leave, to apologize to her for all of this. It was embarrassing. He felt stupid... and yet, his lips were moving and he could hear his own voice. What was happening?

"I want you to show Kelly and I what we've missed in our lives. I've been as good a man for her as I can be, but I'm not really the dominant sort in the bedroom. She and I both need somebody to 'run the show' I guess."

The words poured from his lips and Rob was reeling. He could feel some semblance of control return to him once he finished, but why was he saying all those things? They were true, but how was she able to just *yank* them out like that?!

Dez smiles and turns to Kelly. *“How about that, darling? Do you agree with your husband?”*

Kelly nervously smiles at Rob and turns back to the young woman. “Mostly. I’ve never been with a woman and have always wanted to explore that part of my sexuality but really I’m looking for someone who...” Clenching his knee with one hand and touching her neck with the other, Kelly feels a mountain fall from her shoulders as the truth escapes from her lips.

“...Who will really hold me down, show me my place, fuck me until I can’t stand anymore. Rob is a wonderful lover, but I never feel like... like he is taking something, he is always giving, y’know?”

Kelly exhaled hard and Rob’s mouth hung again as he tried to accept their very forthright answers. They were spilling their guts to this girl and it seemed to Rob like they didn’t have a choice. Was it some kind of hypnotic suggestion? His thoughts raced until he felt her hand grab hold of his.

“Trust, Robert. Those true feelings you shared aren’t going to lead you astray. Yours neither, Kelly. I want to help you both. If you become my subs, I will fill the void in your hearts.”

Her hands were warm and strong despite their size and the long manicured claws. Kelly was rapt by the domme’s words, nodding slowly before looking over to Rob. He glanced back and forth between the two women, his protests sat heavy in his chest as he let out a deep sigh and relented. “How much would it cost? We thought maybe we should ask if we could have a, uh... consultation first before we signed up for anything long-term.” Rob gently squeezed his wife’s thigh with his free hand to try and snap her out of her trance.

“Did we? Oh, OH! Right, yes. I’m so silly, I forgot to mention it right away when we sat down. I hope that isn’t too presumptuous or rude to ask, Mistress.”

Kelly was blushing and stumbling over her words as Dez quietly heard the offer. She carried no emotion on her face while his wife spoke and Rob was unable to determine if they’d annoyed her with the request. “We don’t have a lot of money at the moment after a couple of bad investments and Rob needing a new job a few months ago...”

“That’s fine.” Dez interrupted. “I’m willing to foot the bill for one night, but only if you agree that it be tonight. There’s a lot of pent-up energy in this room that I wouldn’t want to squander and start from scratch on a future day.”

The pair see the answer in each other's eyes, a weighty mix of anticipation and apprehension. Rob closed his hand around the girl's and shook, feeling her own grip tighten considerably. "We'll do it, um, Mistress."

*"Good. I won't need anything special from you this time since we sort of sprang this on each other, but be prepared to work on **my** terms in the future."* Dez grins and releases the two from her strangely-powerful grip before standing and presenting a small contract for the couple to read.

At first glance, it was a very strange document with a gothic calligraphy style and dark red ink, looking like something out of a satanic ritual, with a distinctly old style of writing. It made Rob's eyes hurt to try and look at for more than a few seconds.

"You don't have to sign in now, but take a look when you are ready. Now then, let's head over to my parlor."

Kelly was happy to take the paperwork and fold it gently into her purse, uttering an excited "ooh" under her breath at hearing her new Mistress had a parlor. Rob discreetly rolled his eyes away from Dez's gaze and was a bit unhappy that his wife had been sucked into this so easily. Perhaps they really were in dire straits as a couple and he hadn't realized just how much she needed this.

“I’ll text you the address if we get separated. It’s a bit out of the way, so don’t freak out. This is going to be fun, you guys. I can’t wait to show you all the fun toys I have.”

As she passed Kelly, Rob watched Dez wrap her hands around his wife’s waist and pull her into a passionate kiss, gently biting Kelly’s lower lip and letting her fingers drift down to palm her ass. Dez’s fiery eyes met Rob’s and he could see the enjoyment she was already having watching him squirm. Pulling free, she braces Kelly from losing her balance while she drifts back down to earth. Her eyes were glassy and her breath shallow. Dez smiled mischievously and turned away towards the door.

“Don’t get cold feet now. Come on.”

Dez confidently strode out of the building in her platform boots, wiggling her corset-enhanced hips out the door, Rob tries to adjust himself, tucking his erection more comfortably and relieve the red hot burning on his neck and cheeks.

“Jesus, Kelly, what have we gotten ourselves into.”

Chapter 4

The long, winding drive out of town and into the countryside was beginning to concern Rob. They were now following Dez's black, compact sedan along the edge of a dense forest, the sun now setting to the west made the woods appear even darker as the trees, so close to their car, flew past in a rush of dark greens and blacks. Rob looked over at his wife, reading something on her phone and broke the long silence.

"So, are we getting axe-murdered tonight?"

Kelly chuckled and put down her phone before leaning in to exhale a moan into his ear.

"Maybe~."

He felt the hair tingle on the back of his neck. "Wha- what's gotten into you?"

"Just trying to get you in the mood. What do you imagine she's going to do to us?"

Rob thought about it for a second and grimaced, doubting Dez was experienced enough to handle both he and his wife. "Probably nothing crazy, we get roped into a bulk of sessions that cost us a small fortune in the long run."

Rob felt a strange sensation tickle the back of his mind. The world seemed to slow down, wind blown trees appeared to pause for a few long moments as he watched the road ahead. His eyes flicked to Dez's car and he swore he could see her eyes staring back at him from the rearview mirror. The sensation suddenly ceased and everything was at normal speed again, his wife now nuzzling close to his neck, having removed her belt, her hands down between his thighs. Was she always wearing perfume tonight? Rob felt he was going crazy when Kelly started whispering a moan into his ear.

"Jeez. There's no reason to be so cynical, baby. I'm trying to give this a chance, the least you can do is that much. Now, let me undo your pants, I want you to be primed for whatever she's got planned for us." Kelly fumbled in the dark for a bit with his belt and zipper, but managed to free his long-time friend from its denim prison and began to stroke and tease him.

Rob begins to sigh in frustration, but it sinks deeper into a low groan as his wife's lips softly kiss his swollen glans. She hadn't blown him in... years and it was like they were back in their early 20s again. Whatever was going through Kelly's head to make her this horny, he could at least be thankful to Dez for that. Rob lets his wife play and softly suckle on his cock a bit, trying to focus on driving in the dim twilight. She slurps loudly and starts to bop deeper on his shaft. Finally, the strange sensation tickles his mind and he is compelled to push her head down deep, waiting a moment for her to take a breath and holds her on it. She moans and slides her tongue across his balls for a moment before patting his thigh. He releases her head and she pops off audibly, panting as she lifts her head up with a long strand of spittle connecting her lips to his

glans. Kelly's eyes were glassy and she looked drunk. Resting her head on his shoulder, she continues to slowly stroke him, teasing his cockhead with her delicate fingers. He took shallower breaths, rolling his hips forward with her more intense stroking. The warm pressure was building and Rob started to groan and buck. Dez's eyes found his again, seeming to flash into the dark. Rob was torn back to reality. Driving normally like he was before, he turned to Kelly who was sitting quietly in her seat. The glow of her phone illuminating her face, totally oblivious to what her husband had just experienced.

"What? how-"

He let the car roll to a slow stop and he sat in silence, looking around and down at himself. His pants were zipped and buttoned, not a drop of spit or precum anywhere. He had a mild erection, though that was beginning to retreat from his mild panic.

"Why are we stopping?" He heard his wife and recalled the totally real minutes that he was sure had taken place, the smell of perfume lingered in his mind, though he could no longer detect it in the car. "Honey, are you okay?" He heard her speak, but didn't respond for what felt to her like too long.

"Y-yeah, just got a bit tired. I'm fine though."

Kelly's phone buzzed loudly in her hands as a text message appeared.

> *It's just ahead past the mile marker.*

Dez had pulled over far off ahead and waited, the small, glowing tail lights looking like the eyes of a creature glaring into his soul. Rob took a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to shake the vision he just experienced. The car rolled forward and he followed the black sedan up a gravel road. Finally, almost 20 miles out of town, they had arrived. The “parlor” was a relatively modern, cozy-looking home. A flood light illuminated the driveway and a long porch that wrapped around the front of the house to the front door. Rob parked next to a small garage nearby and as they got out of the car, they both felt naked in this place, far from home, in the creeping darkness with this girl, their new Mistress.

Dez seemed to revel in their unease, practically posing like a dark goddess while backlit from the floodlight in front of the open door. *“Come to me, darlings. I have so much to show you.”* Feeling his trepidation, Kelly wrapped around his arm and smiled warmly into his dark eyes as they made their way up to the porch.

“Don’t worry. Worst case, I think we can take her.” Rob chuckled and felt better. Yeah, she’s just a girl, what’s the worst that could happen?

Chapter 5

The interior of the little cabin was very tastefully decorated like a classy parlor. Dark, wood furniture with walls painted a warm maroon and softly lit with candles. How did she light them all so quickly, Rob wondered as he stepped into the main room with his wife right behind him. They removed their shoes and Dez hung their belongings on a rack near the door. It all seemed quite a bit bigger on the inside and cozy all the same. Rob felt his shoulders relax as he found a spot on the comfortable loveseat with Kelly, their host bringing over a trio of crystal glasses and a bottle of wine. Kelly's eyes lit up and accepted the wine without question while Rob graciously took a sip from the glass and set it down on the coffee table.

"Alright, my darlings. Have you signed the contracts? Good, we have all night to get to know each other, let's start with a change of attire." Dez stepped behind a partition in the corner of the room and came out the other side dressed neck to toe in a black, glossy latex bodysuit. Her feet were laced in tall ballet stilettos that she walked in confidently back over to the awestruck couple.

"H-how..." Rob stammered, jaw hanging open and staring at the luscious curves held tightly by latex that appeared painted on. It was without blemish or wrinkle, even on her hands which should be impossible... but this whole night so far felt impossible. Kelly whistled and felt the drink almost immediately, her buzz blushing her cheeks rosy.

Dez's black lips curled into a wicked smile, her fangs appearing more prominently that she looked like she walked out of a vampire action movie to Rob. His cock tented his pants and despite the suspicious and fantastical circumstances- he wanted to thank his wife for the first time all day for the experience. Dez leaned down to closs Kelly, their faces almost touching. She eyed his wife with a predatory hunger and Kelly made the first move, pushing her lips into the black-clad Mistresses with passion. They kissed a moment, Dez glancing over at Rob with a grin before kneeling over Kelly's body and pinning her to the loveseat. Rob's hard-on was starting to distract him and he felt he needed to readjust himself. Midway down to his beltline, his hand met Dez's, who proceeded to slow-jerk him through his pants. He was wearing soft dress-slacks and bit his lip as he leaned back, wondering if this too was another strange wake-dream like in the car.

Dez pulled away from Kelly's kiss and motioned for her to stand. Wordlessly, his wife peeled off her panties and tossed them aside, Dez leaning him over to lay down on the couch. Rob's cock was rigid and he barely noticed his pants were off when he saw them dropped next to the couch. His manhood free, sprang to life with Kelly now in control. Her eyes were glassy and unfocused, 'probably drunk' thought Rob, and she climbed atop him. She was so wet for him, she could barely think straight. Kelly let out a small gash as she filled herself with his modest shaft. Meanwhile, Dez unzipped the crotch of her latex bodysuit and spread her slick nether lips wide with glossy black fingers, playing with her clit a moment before sitting on Rob's face.

Rob was unprepared and inexperienced with anything like this and flailed a moment as the spice of Dez's smooth hairless cunt mashed into his lips. He wriggled a moment to find a space he could breathe and found he could not get much more than small breaths from how her thighs gripped his head still. Dez brought Kelly in close for another kiss, rolling her hips for Rob to get to work. She pinched him on the side when he didn't respond immediately and he bucked slightly when his wife found his balls to play with.

"Be a good sport and let us use you awhile, I love the way your wife tastes."

He tried to oblige them, not in a great position to argue and began thrusting up with his hips while he started eating out Dez's soaking wet pussy. Kelly moaned and rode him like she did all those years ago while Dez squealed with appreciation. Rob was a novice, but showed great promise, flicking her clitoris with his tongue while nibbling the sensitive inner petals with his lips. Dez and Kelly found a rhythm together and fondled and kissed each other's bodies while they rode him. His hands found his wife's chest and he and Dez took turns playing with her breasts. Rob began to zone out and feel strange as he suckled and lapped at his Mistress. "Great", he thought, now instead referring to Dez as Mistress even within his own mind Was he really this submissive? All he needed for those long passionless years was a confident homme to push him around? It seemed too good to be true. Kelly was having a blast and he was getting the three-way of his wildest dreams...

But... something kept tugging at the back of his mind. A little voice of warning. Reminding him of the visions, the strange happenings surrounding this woman. He was under some kind of spell, one where he would immediately forget whatever he was worried or suspicious about with Dez. He couldn't resist her powers. What man could? His mind went blank again and he was back to pleasuring the two women. His cock spasmed suddenly and erupted inside Kelly as if silently commanded and at the same time, Dez's thighs clamped down on his cheeks and she ground her cunt into his face roughly while the two women embraced in their easily-won orgasm. Dez pecked Kelly on the forehead, still shuddering and impaled, and slipped off Rob's messy face. Kelly leaned over him, her eyes sparkled full of love and satisfaction, hesitated to kiss his cum-slathered face, and was pushed into his lips by her Mistress by the neck. Kelly only resisted for a moment. Quickly, Rob felt his wife kissing, slurping, lapping, moaning as she cleaned his lips and cheek. She was totally into this, he thought, maybe they should visit Dez a few times a month if this is what it gets him!

Dez's eyes glowed like hot coals in the pale candlelight, her little playthings now firmly in her grasp. She smiled and felt the warm, slithering darkness inside her demonic heart flicker to life... she was hungry.

Chapter 6

Rob felt more relaxed than he had in years. After his wife climbed off of him, the girls left him to "get ready for the remainder of the evening", as his Mistress put it. After a moment to breath, he took the time to look around the room, examining the paintings in the living room and a peculiar statue that stood next to the couch. The paintings were dark and muddy with cuts of red and white that split the harsh shadows like knives. He didn't "get" it, but they were compelling. The statue, however, unnerved him. He approached it and eyed the tall featureless figure. Glossy, black and it looked like it could melt into goo at any moment. It stood almost as tall as him, with slumped shoulders and a face that seemed to be pulled down like there was something trapped in a shell of... latex? Rob reached out and touched the statue's side and felt a dull warmth and the faintest shudder. He pulled his finger away, getting a shiver down his spine as his imagination sprang to life with the implications. Was there somebody really in there? Can they hear or see me? Does Mistress know? certainly she would- did she put the person *in* the statue?

Before he could pose any more questions to himself, he heard the heavy clicking of two pairs of heels returning from down the hall. Rob turned and saw Dez first, grinning at him as she turned to reveal Kelly. Her body was bound in leather and latex, belts and standing high in tall ballet heels. She teetered, hands out at her sides for balance. Her pussy and breasts were the only thing exposed from the neck down with a ring-gag in her mouth. She yelped as she felt a firm smack from Dez swatted her latex clad ass, stepping closer to Rob and wobbling. He was impressed she could stand like that, not remembering the last time she wore anything taller than her inch-high work pumps. He was speechless. His wife would never have worn anything so

racey for him alone, but apparently, with their Mistress, Kelly was a bit of a freak. She smiled through her gag and minced carefully over to him, giving a slow deliberate twirl to show off her outfit.

"What do you think, Robert? She cleans up rather nicely, wouldn't you say?" Dez was enjoying watching him pick his jaw off his lap. Stammering while he tried to think of a compliment, he could only mutter a "damn..." and reach out to touch his wife's bare breast.

"Ready for round two? Do a good job and I'll give you a present of your own." Dez flicked the latch on the back of Kelly's ring-gag and it fell from her lips and hung round her neck. Kelly knelt and cradled his quickly reviving shaft in her warm hands, drooling down over his cock like a slutty zombie hungry for cum instead of brains. He couldn't believe the porno-movie wet dream he was having right now. Rob looked into his wife's glassy, horny stare and pulled his wife's head down between his thighs, eager for another round of his wife's incredible new skill. Kelly deep-throated him ravenously, holding her breath and never gagging as he thrust into her. Her fingers massaged his balls and he felt her tongue lapping hard against the slick shaft. He rolled his head back and groaned as he received the best fellatio of his life. It wasn't taking long for him to edge at the climax.

"You're not allowed to cum yet, Robert. I forbid it. I still want to have my own fun."

He had lost sight of Dez, who was now at his side, wielding a massive cobalt blue dildo strap-on. She was lubing it up with that wicked grin on her face and kneeling down behind his wife. Kelly stuck her ass in the air for her Mistress without even looking up and the gothic domme obliged her offer, spreading her nether-lips wide with her girth. His wife moaned and drooled into his meat, eyes misty with tears of pain and pleasure, smiling despite Rob's cock stuffed in her throat.

Rob was still close to coming, feeling the intensity and pleasure grow until it made him tremble, his legs bucking as he held fast to her hair. Kelly was spit-roasted between them and moaned happily when Dez picked up her rhythm to match Rob's. He was feeling his balls clench, needing release, but something was keeping him from finishing. Dez's eyes burned into him and his ragged panting and pitiful, pleading grunts were like music to her ears. His cock was so hard, so tight. He needed to cum... he needed permission. He tried to find the words to beg, his pride catching them in his throat until he heard a satisfied sigh come from his Mistress's black lips.

"If you want to cum, all you have to do is beg. Say, 'please Mistress, I'm your servant forever and I'll do anything to please you'," She toned mockingly, thrusting hard and deep into his wife, causing Kelly to vibrate a muffled groan into Rob's meat. Her nails dug into his thighs and her eyes glazed over in bliss. Her throat clamped down on him, his cock was about to burst, everything was tight, it was maddening. The voice that wanted to resist was drowned out amidst the roiling pleasure assaulting his body and mind. Dez quietly enjoyed his pain as he finally, laboriously repeated her words. "Please, Mistress... I'm your servant forever and... I'll do anything to please you." He looked defeated for a moment and then- Release.

Dez grabbed Rob's hands, holding them to Kelly's head as he fired his pent-up load down his wife's throat. She moaned in response, drool running down Rob's crotch as she swallowed his seed. Finally, he was allowed to pull free, Dez releasing his grip on Kelly who slipped off his softening mast and breathed a deep sigh and chuckled softly in victory.

Dez calmly pulled out of Kelly and sat down in the plush chair behind her, Kelly shivered and loudly groaned while gripping Rod's legs as she drooled with empty need. She looked up into his eyes, pleading wordlessly for his help. "No no, your ass belongs to me, now, Kelly. I'll finish you off in due time. Hm, your husband looks like he needs a short rest, why don't we give him a moment?"

Rod was panting as he laid on the couch, sweaty and sleepy. He watched them as they moved into the kitchen, his breath catching in his throat as he saw his wife on all fours following right behind her Mistress. He blinked and rubbed his eyes, a glossy black latex cat tail flicked about, attached to her and apparently moving as if it were real. He didn't remember seeing it when she showed off her outfit. He tried to speak, feeling his words stifled by some pressure in his chest and nearly choked on the air. His wife had a tail!

Kelly felt the warmth of her Mistress beside her radiate through the thin membrane of latex as she caressed her body across Dez's leg. She never felt so liberated before, unashamed of how she was dressed and used. She felt her catlike movements were totally normal and appropriate now under the circumstances. Hypnotized by her Mistress's spell, she took on the mannerisms of a dainty feline and loved the way her body looked wrapped in black. Her Mistress

laid a bowl of water down on the floor and watched her lap at the water through the ring-gag. As she drank, the gloves tightened and balled her hands into little fists, looking more like paws as they gently inflated into useless latex mittens- complete with little paw pad spots and plastic claws. Her tail curled reflexively and she arched her back, feeling the latex penetrate her deeper, seeping into her flesh like a second skin. It prickled for a moment, but Kelly paid it no mind as Dez worked her magic- completing the woman's transformation into a subservient, latex cat-girl from the neck down. Her joints felt youthful and renewed and she streetched out like a cat before nuzzling her Mistress's hand. Dez pet her head and smiled wickedly.

"Doesn't that feel lovely, darling? I think you've made great progress tonight and deserve your reward."

Dez sauntered back into the living room where Rob was having trouble sitting up, his strength seemingly drained totally from his body. He weakly gawked at the changed form of Kelly. The latex had spread over his wife's bare breasts and pussy, her nipples had painted on bumps of pastel-pink latex and her pussy looked like that of a sexdoll, the matching pink lips open in a wide O-shape and bright and glossy with her juices. She teetered on pawlike heels over to him, following her Mistress as she stood over to the flaccid body of her husband, barely noticing how strangely *deflated* he looked. His breaths were short and heavy, a look of confusion marred his face.

"Kelly... what's happening... to you?"

She purred obliviously through the plastic and nuzzled Dez's shoulder, their Mistress silently eyeing him with a predatory hunger.

"I... gotta... get you... out of here..."

He could barely muster the strength to lift his head, feeling the warmth of fingers suddenly wrap round his limp member. He groaned as his cock rose to life, the fingers dancing ever so gently across his flesh when he felt a dragging of rubber across his skin. It creaked quietly as the pawed hands massaged his shaft and gently cradled his balls. He continued to grow more rigid in spite of his resistance. He wanted to get up and take the latex outfit off his wife and escape... but he couldn't feel his extremities... it was like they had gone completely numb. His head slumped over and he let out a confused groan of fear as he saw his arm, the flesh turning a bright, inhuman red- glossy and flat like an empty sleeve. All the way down to his hand, which couldn't be called a hand any longer. It looked more like a mitten, stubby and fingerless, he tried to flex his digits but nothing responded. His legs were even more bizarre, ending now at the knee and flat and red as a deflated balloon.

"Wha... what are you doing to us?"

"I'm making you into a perfect pair, Robert. Just relax and enjoy your new body~."

Chapter 7

Her words were like a warm weighted blanket on his mind. He tried to fight, but only succeeded in making himself more exhausted. His wife played with his cock, suckling the fat reddening head as Dez grabbed him by the chin and buried her long tongue into his mouth. He tried to pull away for only a moment before the world fell away in a haze of warm sexual bliss. He felt so light, totally empty of the stresses of life and of his old relationship with Kelly. She was now a partner, a fellow sub to a new power they didn't understand. The hot tongue danced with his, sliding down deeper as if to probe his throat. He could no longer gag, the red latex had spread up his neck and across his cheeks. Before she pulled away, he felt a hot spark of something travel down into his hollow being and went **pop** like a big soapy bubble. It was followed closely behind by another **pop** and another. **pop* *pop* *POP!** Robert began to breath faster, feeling a slow bloating down in his belly grow into an intense roiling of airy pops within him. Dez licked her lips as Robert watched himself slowly swelling with air. His latex flesh began to creak and gently stretch as his arms filled. They **fwooped** against his empty belly and he finally recognized their shape.

Armrests?

The word stuck in his mind. How could that be? What kind of insane power could be turning him into a- what? A sofa? A loveseat? It wasn't possible- the pop! Dez clearly slipped him a drug or something when she kissed him- this was all just a bad trip. He tried to calm his own labored breathing, but found it gradually had gotten even harder with the inflating he had to be hallucinating. He gave one last push, trying to lift himself up off the couch but Dez held him down tight. His shoulder squished in under her touch, half-inflated and the dominatrix leaned down to gaze into his eyes. He felt a cold shiver run down his red swollen neck as her eyes shimmered and changed into hellish red slits. Rob blinked and they were still changed, he really hoped he was drugged now and while he was pinned, she leaned down near his ear, still grinning.

"This is all real, little man. Your soul's been tenderizing for quite a while... I wonder how good it'll taste when this is all over?"

"When... when *what* is over...?"

Dez responded by blowing softly into his ear. Her breath was warm and he felt the space behind his eyes go tingly. He was being turned into some kind of blow-up chair... he couldn't move much anymore, his body growing out in several strange new ways. He was sliding off the couch with his squeaky red behind flattening into a seat. He collapsed onto the floor much lighter than he expected to land and groaned with a muffled creak of latex lips. His tongue felt strange as it rubbed against latex teeth and gums before he let out a final, crinkled gasp as his mouth swelled shut. Rod felt a cold tremble through him, the last of his human form collapsing into the

glossy red material. Somehow he could still see and watched his wife nuzzle the bouncy red dildo attached to the middle of his cushion, formerly his thighs. She pawed at it excitedly, enjoying the way it sprang back towards her. He tried to call out to her... to beg her to save him... but she was lost in the haze of her submission to a demonic witch and he was nothing more than a big inanimate fucktoy.

Kelly wanted to play with her new toy and Dez was having fun poking and prodding his body as it finished swelling. His former wife climbed atop his body and looked at him as if she no longer recognized her husband, like he was always just this big stupid thing for her to use and... it freaked him out how that turned him on. He was scared, sure, but the idea of being reduced to a literal sex object for people to enjoy... He stopped thinking such thoughts around the moment Kelly began fucking herself on his dildo-fied cock. Her tail flicked back and forth and she leaned into his broadening chest-cushion. He could feel every tiny detail of every inch inside her like all his nerves from his whole body were stuffed into the dildo. He felt more weight pushing down on him as Dez climbed on as well, stuffing his wife full while she rode oblivious of his imprisonment. His head and neck were rapidly reaching their maximum size, filling out into the wide backrest cushion. Dez gripped his flesh and he felt a pang of fear inside him- fear of being popped- fear of being torn apart and being useless- of being thrown away! His mind swam with pleasure and fear as he was silently threatened by his Mistress while helping her double-penetrates his catlike wife. Kelly moaned and bounced blissfully ignorant of the struggling transformed man, finding it quite easy to cum her sticky juices all over his shaft and seat. She slumped over on his plush backrest and went cross-eyed as Dez pushed the entire length of her

massive blue dildo into her and held it there a while. Rod's dildo-cock was so sensitive he could feel all the tiny muscle twitches inside Kelly, the rush of warmth through her loins and the hard thrusting of her Mistress. Kelly was no longer his wife... just a fellow plaything for their Mistress and he was slowly realizing the strange doomed existence she had accidentally brought upon them both. Maybe it was better if she didn't remember so as to not blame herself....

Dez licked her black lips and caressed Kelly's cheek with her dark talons. Her gleaming red eyes burned into Rob's as she pulled her cock out of Kelly and a torrent of hot cum oozed from her ass. The blue dildo had changed into a huge, and very real, red throbbing cock with a dark, pulsing glans that dribbled more of the demonic spunk. Kelly groaned and shook before flopping over to her side in a loose fetal position on him and simply stared up at her beautiful Mistress as she revealed more of herself to the helpless couple.

Her flesh changed from pale snow white to the same crimson as her dick while her painted nails lengthened into dangerous claws. A long, whip-like tail cracked against the wooden floor in front of Rob as a dark, hellish chuckle shook the room. In a burst of smoke and smouldering ash, the two contracts they had signed appeared in her hand. beneath both of their names, she touched the parchment and it burned in a series of illegible runes. Rod felt the last bit of warmth leave his form except the runny pile of cum dripping off the cushion and Kelly let out a muffled moan of discomfort. Their lives before this evening no longer mattered. Their humanity no longer mattered. Rising from both of their forms was a ghostly essence that floated over to Dez's claws. She licked her lips and opened her mouth wide, showing off her long fangs

before devouring them whole, making an ugly, slimy noise as she swallowed. Dez blushed even brighter red on her crimson cheeks and sighed happily, patting her belly.

*"You have no idea how **good** that was, pets. It's taken a long time for me to learn the right way to prepare a soul, but... when it's done right- **delicious!**"*

Dez giggles again, petting the tired cat girl before scooping her up and setting her down on her lap as she plopped down on her new chair in one quick motion. With a claw, she poked the chair's dildo and pushed it down into the cushion until it popped into place out of sight, letting out another contented sigh and leaned back, stroking her pet and enjoying a well-deserved rest on her comfortable new furniture. It creaked softly under the warm posterior of its Mistress and felt satisfied with its purpose. The sleepy cat girl curled into a tighter ball across Dez's lap, dreaming of sex as the warmth in her belly stirred with demonic potential. The cabin was quiet and calm and there was nowhere the three of them would rather be...