

Mistress Cruel Love

Chapter 2 – Total Commitment

“Pookie, go fetch me a bag of apples.”

“Apples? What kind of apples?”

“You know the kind. The good kind! Empire apples. None of those tasteless Cortland's or sour Granny Smiths. Good Empire apples from New York.”

“Baby, I don't even like apples.”

“Too bad, you're going to start eating them. You're not a kid anymore. It's time to clean up your diet.”

SMACK

Heather delivered a firm swat to his ass for his minor back-talk. She grinned deviously while pointing in the direction of the apple bins. Darius was startled by her sudden assault and glanced around nervously, wondering if anyone had witnessed her antics. No one seemed to be looking, this time.

“Yes, dear.”

He plodded off to the carts and tables of fresh fruit, his ass smarting sharply. His pucker and ass cheeks were aching from the last two nights of relentless pounding by his girlfriend. She had been a harsh and borderline insatiable Mistress in the bedroom. His soft cock was doing no better. His sore unit had only recently become accustomed to the restrictive metal cage after two weeks of being locked in perpetual chastity.

Heather had recently pushed him to get his ears pierced. Darius didn't mind, since there was “manly” jewelry he could wear when they were out in public. The faux-diamond studs he was rocking now were a fine example. Heather insisted on this so she could decorate his ears with girly adornments whenever she dressed him up for bedroom play. She'd even given Darius a special set of pearl earrings to wear with his maid costume. He had mixed feelings about these recent changes in their sex life, but she allowed him to maintain autonomy over his wardrobe outside of the bedroom. Plus it made her happy, so Darius had acquiesced to her demands.

He approached the fruit section and skipped past the barrels of singular apples to the station where bags of apples were laid out. He grabbed a bag without a second glance and headed back to their cart. He was dressed simply for their shopping excursion in cargo pants, work boots and a black t-shirt. Heather, on the other hand, was wearing a golden fish-net top through which you could see patches of her pasty white skin and the black bra underneath. Below that was a short, black pleather skirt that ended just above her knee-high leather boots.

Darius smiled. Some might have described Heather's look as “trashy”, but he loved it. Her outfit was tight and it showed off her pudgy curves wonderfully. His cock ached to be released from its bondage and allowed to dive into his big, beautiful Goddess for the first time in weeks. He strolled back to the cart with a horny grin on his face.

As he approached, Heather was also beaming. She waited until Darius bent over to put the apples in the cart before she pulled the massive cucumber from behind her back and jammed it into his butt crack.

“AHHHHH!” Darius shouted as he almost fell over. The cart jangled as he grabbed it tightly to maintain his balance. “What the hell!?!”

Darius' sphincter seared from the sudden jab.

“Haha! Feel familiar?” She held up the long, green dildo-looking vegetable and stroked it up in down with her other hand. “I should make you suck it, right here in the store...”

“Baby, please...”

“But I won't, because I'm a nice Mistress.”

Darius sighed internally. She was doing stuff like this more and more; getting into character even when they weren't at home. Heather was enjoying her dominant side more every day. He didn't mind as long as they weren't putting on a show for a bunch of strangers, but it still made him nervous in public.

“Don't be surprised when the next strap-on is this thick! We're sizing up again soon.”

“Yes, dear.”

He knew better than to protest her declaration. Heather had become obsessed with getting him to take larger cocks. It felt like her new mission in life and Darius' raw ass was a constant reminder of it.

“Ugh... Pookie, these are bruised.”

“Bruised? What you mean?”

“I mean, it feels like some kid dropped this bag out of a cart and ruined them. You have to FEEL the fruit to make sure it's still good!”

“Sorry babe, I didn't know.”

“How did you go this long without learning the basics of grocery shopping? Whatever... Take these back and pick out another.”

“Yes, dear.” He took the bag of apples and turned back in the direction of the fruit section.

SMACK

Darius grimaced as his ass was blistered with her palm yet again. This one was harder and louder than the previous swat.

“And **do it right** this time! Make sure they're HARD.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Darius noticed a woman who'd just brought her shopping cart to a halt. She was staring in their direction with wide-open eyes. The woman stifled a laugh before looking away and resuming her shopping.

Darius' face burned with embarrassment as he hurried along to follow Heather's commands.

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It was approaching five o'clock the next day and Darius was aching after eight long hours of work. It wasn't just his limbs that were sore, but his ass. Heather had given him an especially hard fucking after the grocery trip. It seemed like bossing him around in the supermarket and spanking him in front of strangers had really turned her on. Their nightly ritual was something she jokingly called “triple D.” Dinner, douching and dicking. DEEP dicking in his ever expanding pucker.

Darius had finished the routine checks of his weld terminals. The batteries for his tools had to be cleaned and tightened every fifty hours of use. That work was complete, but he wasn't done for the day just yet. Some of his equipment had taken dings throughout the week and now it was time to fix them. He approached his work bench and moved to open the vice attached to the side of the table. He couldn't get it to budge. It was locked up tight.

“Goddammit...”

He hated being one of the smallest guys on the crew. Most of the men in their shop were six feet or taller and well built. An inconvenience like this would be no problem for them, but Darius always had to ask for help. Would there even be anyone to help at this hour? It was time to go find out.

Darius exited the shop, removed his safety helmet and walked to the break room as fast as he could. If he was lucky, he could catch someone on their way out. He walked down a few hallways, turned the corner into the break room and found it empty... except for Rhonda.

'Fuck! Yep, that's my luck.'

Rhonda was a giant of a woman. Dark skinned like Darius, but you wouldn't call her a black beauty. She was pretty butch, with a stony face that resembled a fleshy wall and a broad forehead. Her dark hair fell in dreads all around her head and she was dressed in the customary thick blue cover-alls of their trade that almost looked like a prison uniform. It seemed she was having a snack before heading home.

Darius assumed she was a lesbian when they first met, but that notion was dispelled rather quickly. Rhonda had made advances toward him many times. Some were innocent flirtations and others were more serious, bordering on inappropriate interactions between colleagues. She'd continued even after Darius made it clear he had a girlfriend. She obviously didn't care.

He thought about waving to her, grabbing a drink and walking right back out, but that wouldn't solve

his problem. Darius didn't want to wait until tomorrow. That would put him behind and was straight-up unprofessional. He thought about borrowing someone else's bench, but you weren't supposed to without permission and he'd have to lug all his equipment to their site. No, he would just have to bite the bullet and ask for her help.

“Hey Rhonda... miss lunch today?”

“Yup” she answered in between bites of her sandwich. “Was in a good groove and didn't want to stop. Decided to take my break at the end of my shift. How you doing, Dare?”

“Good” he replied. “Cept my vice locked up and I need it to finish my prep for tomorrow. Do you know if anyone else is still around? I don't want to interrupt your meal...”

“Pretty sure we the only two that haven't clocked out” she said, setting her sandwich down. “You need help?” She asked with a sly smile.

“Yeah, I guess I do... if it's not too much trouble.”

The big woman leaned back and eyed him up and down. “Maybe you can sing a little Beach Boys for me. Do a little dance?”

Darius was flummoxed. “Sing... Beach Boys? Wha-?” He deciphered her joke only a nanosecond before she replied.

“Help me Rhonda!” she said as she held up her arms, followed by a snicker.

Darius smirked and nodded, cursing himself for walking right into it.

“Of course I'll help, silly man” she said, standing and grabbing her work gloves from the table. “Lead the way.”

They headed back to Darius' section of the workshop, donning helmets and arriving at his bench in minutes. Rhonda grabbed the swivel and gave it a good tug, nodding as it failed to budge.

“Damn, you locked that up good. Gonna need to get a machinist in here to work on it, eventually. But I think we can loosen it up for today.”

“That'd be great! Thanks.”

Rhonda grabbed it from both sides, hunkered down and was about to bring her considerable strength to bear when she suddenly paused. She straightened back up and turned around. “Ya know, it would be better if I showed you how to do this. Even a little man like you can fix it with the right technique.”

“Oh... kay...” Darius said hesitantly.

“C'mere Dare, I'm not gonna bite” she said inviting him close to her body.

Darius wasn't so sure about that, but he followed her lead, stepping just in front of her. Rhonda bore down on him, pressing her body against him and sandwiching him between herself and the workbench.

Her massive breasts pressed into his back forcefully as she put her arms around him.

“Most of your strength is down here, so it's important to dip down a little.”

Her gloved hand reached down and grabbed his left thigh as her hips pressed against his ass. She felt around down below, her hand brushing over his package.

“Woah... woah!”

“Relax Dare, I'm just showing you the right way to do this. Oh wow!” Rhonda had a good up-close look at his new jewelry. “Love the earrings! Decided to get pierced, huh?”

“Yeah...”

“Bet you got more at home.”

“Couple pairs.” He stuck to short answers to move the conversation along.

“Mmmmm, I bet you do” she said wiggling her hips against him.

“Could we get back to this?” Darius said, tugging on the vice and openly sweating.

“Yeah, yeah. We're gettin there” Rhonda said before blowing in his right ear. The mix of her body odor and dirty work clothes was starting to overwhelm him. “Ok, now you just grab on real tight, start turning it slowly...” she brushed his hands off the handle and seized it. “Then you gotta really use the torque in your lower body.

Rhonda pulled on the handle mightily, her arms crushing Darius as her body folded around him.

“GRRRRRRUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!” Rhonda thrust her hips into Darius' butt as she pulled on the spindle with massive force.

“GAAAHHHHHH!!!!”

The clamp came loose and finally separated. The handle slid around as the vice was freed. Rhonda waited a few moments before moving again. Her body weighed down Darius as she recovered her strength. All he could do was bite his tongue as the monstrous woman held him captive.

Finally she backed off, opening her arms and letting Darius free.

“See? Nothing to it.”

Darius ducked around and backed away from her. “Th-thanks Rhonda.”

She eyed him playfully. “You and Heather still a thing?”

“Yes. Still together, very happy.”

“You guys ever... open it up to anyone else?”

“Not our style, but I'm flattered you'd ask.”

“Awwww, that's a shame.” She winked at him. “Let me know if you ever re-think that. See ya tomorrow, Dare.”

She marched out of the shop like nothing had happened and Darius exhaled for the first time in minutes.

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“What do you mean I'm making dinner?” Darius asked in exasperation. It had been a long day at the shop and all he wanted to do was chill in front of the TV for a while. He uncapped the large container of Sunny D he'd just grabbed from the fridge and downed some.

“I meant exactly what I said! You're making dinner. I cook almost every night and it's about time you pitched in!” Heather answered with a frosty look.

“The hell I gonna make? I aint no cook!”

“You made me mac and cheese years ago when we first met. I assume you haven't forgotten how?”

“Well, yeah, I suppose I could make that.”

“And you know how to put hotdogs in a pot of water and set the stove to boil, right?”

“Yeah...” Darius rolled his eyes at her condescension. Thankfully, she didn't notice.

“Good. That will do for tonight, but you're gonna learn to make other meals.” She made her way to the fridge, smacking him on the ass as she walked by.

“Ow! Jeez!”

“I've told you before, stop drinking out of containers! Get a glass like a normal human being!”

“Alright, alright...” he replied, reaching up to the cupboards for one.

Heather opened the freezer and pulled out the hotdogs. She set the frozen meat in the dish drainer to thaw. She turned and put her hands on her hips as she watched Darius pour his drink.

“You should be able to break those up in fifteen or twenty minutes. Then you can get started. In the meantime, go take a shower. You smell like a sewer.”

“I was going to right after this” he responded, raising the glass to his lips and allowing the sugary orange drink to slide over his tongue and down his parched throat.

Darius let out a sigh of contentment and in the same instant the front door opened. The laughs of an ecstatic Shireen could be heard as she entered, conversing with a male voice Darius didn't recognize.

He looked at Heather and she stared back quizzically. Her eyebrows tightened, indicating she didn't know who it was either.

The mystery didn't last long as the couple walked into view moments later. Shireen led a young Latino man into their condo. He was almost six feet tall and appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties. His dark hair was fixed in a well groomed crew cut and he wore a tan sports jacket over a dark vest and white button down shirt. Between his clothes and Shireen's elegant dress, it looked like a formal date had just taken place.

“Oh, hello there!” Heather offered, her lips extending into a smile. “You must be the guy Shireen told me about?”

'New boyfriend? Hmmm... Guess I won't be having that talk with Jake after all.'

“Yes, this is Ricardo!” Shireen answered while patting his chest. She extended her hand and pointed towards the other couple. “Heather and Darius, the roommates I mentioned. Go ahead and say hello, Ricky...”

Ricardo reached out for Heather's hand. “A pleasure.” Once she'd given it, he leaned down and placed a gentle kiss across her fingers. He then nodded to Darius as he straightened himself back up at Shireen's side.

“Ooooooh!” Heather announced her approval.

“Oh yeah, he's a charmer” Shireen said with a wide grin.

“Would you like to have dinner with us? It's nothing fancy, but Darius is going to whip up some grub!”

“Thanks, but we already had a bite. Besides, Ricky and I are going to be busy for the next couple hours.” Shireen winked at Heather and then gazed at Ricky with her most seductive expression. Ricardo blushed slightly and chuckled, putting his hands in the pockets of his slacks.

“Haha... I see. Well, you two have fun then!” Heather responded cheerfully.

Shireen put her hands around Ricardo's arm and dragged him off to her room. As he watched them stroll off, Darius wondered if the young man had any idea what he was getting into.

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It was a couple hours later and Darius was hunched over the kitchen sink. His hands and forearms were covered in the thick, yellow rubber of dish washing gloves. The sink was filled with soapy water and tons of dirty pots, pans and utensils. He scrubbed away, thinking about how unfair it was that he made dinner **and** had to do the dishes. And it wasn't just *their* dishes either. Shireen had left some of her own things to be cleaned from this morning and the night before.

On the other hand, there had been plenty of times Heather made dinner and did the dishes in the same night. He wasn't about to complain and earn another tongue lashing in addition to a stern flogging from

his Mistress.

“ARGH!!!”

Darius shut off the water and turned as soon as he heard the grunt of pain. Ricardo limped toward the kitchen, jacket under one arm. He was moving very slowly and it looked like he was in considerable pain. Darius knew that stride and reaction only too well. It was the result of someone's anal deflowering being less than gentle.

“Hey man, you alright?”

Ricardo waved him off, offering only a momentary glance in his direction. “Yeah... I'll be fine. Thanks.”

He let out a low hiss as he continued limping along, slowly making his way past the kitchen and into the hallway that led to the front door. Darius couldn't help himself. He peeked his head out from the edge of the kitchen and watched Shireen's new boy toy make his slow, painful way to the door and let himself out. As the door closed, his laughter could no longer be contained.

Darius chortled and chuckled as he made his way back to the sink and put his rubber-clad hands back to the task.

“Hell man, at least it aint just me.”

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“I'm sorry, but Damien is no longer with us” the woman behind the counter informed him between glances at her computer.

“No longer... Why? What happened to him?” Darius asked incredulously. His trainer, whom he'd been working with for months, had never indicated he was moving or taking a new job soon.

“I'm not at liberty to say. Sorry!”

“Ok, so I get a new trainer then?”

“Of course. Let me see who we have available...”

Darius stood in the lobby of his local gym, frustrated. It was hard enough to get focused on a workout after a long day of work, but now he had to adjust to a new trainer as well. He shouldered his heavy gym bag and rapped his hands on the counter as he waited for service.

“It looks like Jennifer and Amanda are both open for a session in fifteen minutes.”

Darius sighed. “How long would I have to wait for a male trainer?”

The receptionist looked irritated as she applied a few keystrokes and clicked through the day's

schedule. “At least an hour. Is there **a problem** with a female trainer?”

Darius froze. Another woman who was working behind the desk turned to look at him. He could feel many sets of eyes glaring at him from behind. He didn't have to turn and look. He knew they were all women. He knew they were waiting for him to say something “patriarchal.”

“No. No problem at all. Who would you recommend?”

The woman's face softened into a thin smile as she typed and clicked away, filling out his new training schedule. “Jennifer will whip you into shape in no time.”

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“Oh cmon, you gotta do better than that! I'm not letting you touch a barbell till you show me you can do it right! Straighten out that form!”

Jennifer whipped her lanyard around her fingers in long, whistling motions. She was an impressive specimen. Medium height, strong arms and back, very muscular thighs. Her brunette hair arched up in a long pony tail and fell behind her head. She stalked around Darius in her white tank top and black track pants barking out orders. He got the distinct impression she wanted to whip those keys into his flesh.

“Eyes forward! Lower yourself down slowly.”

Darius squatted as far as he could go, doing his best to maintain proper form. He held his hands out straight as he bent down deep.

“Keep those knees in line with your toes. No cheating! All the way to ninety degrees... there! Alright, I guess that's good enough. Let's add some weight.”

Darius approached the squat rack. He put his palms on the bar and prepared to lift it. Jennifer was standing behind him, her lanyard continuing to spin through the air.

“I'm going to watch you carefully. When you get to the proper height, I'll let you know each time. I'm gonna give you a little extra *motivation*.”

Darius felt nervous. He had no idea what she meant, but it was already making him uncomfortable. Jennifer had been rough, grabby and demanding with him all afternoon. At least the session was almost over. Their **first** session, anyway.

He lifted the barbell off the rack and took a step back. There was seventy five pounds on each side, plus the forty five pounds of the bar itself. Not an incredible amount of weight for a squat, but plenty to offer a good pump to a guy his size.

“SQUAT!” she commanded as the well toned brunette pocketed her lanyard and grabbed the towel that had been hanging around her neck.

Darius dipped down, careful to maintain proper form.

WHAP

Just as he reached the lowest point of his squat, he felt Jennifer's towel snap across his ass.

“One!”

Darius heaved the weight upwards; his calves, thighs and core doing all the work.

“SQUAT!”

He dipped down again, the weight not burdensome yet, but a little more difficult than the first time.

WHAP

His ass, already bruised from Heather's abuse in recent weeks, smarted in pain.

'Jesus Christ! Am I really being flogged with a towel while lifting?'

“Two!”

He thought about ending the exercise immediately, walking out and filing a complaint with the gym, but that would mean dealing with those women in the lobby again. Besides, he was so close to finishing the workout. He just wanted to get through it and go home. As ridiculous as it was, he would endure Jennifer's “motivation.”

“SQUAT!”

WHAP

“Three!”

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Darius sat on the bench before a row of lockers as he removed his shoes and socks. He was dying for a hot shower, but simultaneously dreading it. He'd never had the “locker room anxiety” that many men experienced, but now that he was wearing a cock cage that had changed completely. Since Heather put him in chastity he made it a point to avoid total nudity in the locker room as much as possible.

“Mmmmm...”

His eyebrows arched upon hearing what could only be described as a light moan of pleasure behind him. He craned his neck to the side, looking in the direction that the out-of-place noise had come from. What he noticed out of the corner of his vision made his eyes bulge and his body twist even further so he could get a better look.

The stranger, whose back was turned, had unmistakably put on a set of pink, satin panties over his

otherwise naked body. The guy felt his ass through the silky material and then gave himself a rub across the crotch of his feminine undergarment.

As he stepped into the pant legs of his blue jeans, Darius quickly turned back to his locker and acted as if he'd seen nothing. That didn't stop the acceleration of his pulse or his suddenly buzzing nerves.

'The fuck is going on!?! Is the whole world losing it?'

He waited for the other man to finish dressing, close his locker and walk off before looking side to side and ensuring no one else was nearby. Darius quickly disrobed, grabbed a towel from his locker and wrapped it around his midsection, hiding his caged manhood.

He made his way to the shower room, hoping it was empty. As he rounded the corner and walked into the white, porcelain tiled rows of shower stations, he was immediately disappointed.

“Oh my god, Cynthia gave me such a pounding last night...”

“Hah! So that's why you keep grunting when you sit down. Lucky you!”

There were two older men who looked to be in their fifties or sixties, naked as the day they were born. They were standing in front of two shower stations, casually toweling themselves off and chatting. One was wearing a cock cage. Unlike Darius' metal one, his was plastic with a small metal padlock. The other man was clearly wearing the neck collar of a submissive and had pierced nipples. Neither of them seemed shy about their adornments as Darius walked into the room.

“Hey” the man with the cock cage said with a little wave as Darius approached them.

“Hi there” the other man said with a glance and a nod.

Darius nodded back curtly and hurried past the old men without a word. He walked to the shower station that was far from them as possible, but it was only a few rows down. The shower room for the gym wasn't that big. He caught a few more lines of their chatter as he removed his towel and prepared to wash himself.

“Have you been to Club Ishtar yet?”

“Not yet. Is it nice?”

“It's a wild time if you order one of their *special services*.”

“Margo's planning to take me for my birthday. I can't wait!”

Darius turned the shower knob and hot water began spraying out. He dipped his head under the liquid torrent and the sound of running water drowned out the old pervs in the distance. He was glad for it. Darius didn't want to hear another word.

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“Hey baby, can we get going?” Darius asked from the hallway before biting into his apple with a crisp crunching sound. “I’m starving.”

“In a few minutes!” Heather called from the bedroom. “You gotta change first anyway. Get in here!”

Darius rolled his eyes before following her voice to their room. “What’s wrong with these clothes?!?” he asked as he turned the corner. “Baby, I’m so damn hungry I’m eating **one of these**.” He waved the half eaten apple around. “Can we please take off before I pass out?”

Heather was rummaging around in their closet, going through various garments. It seemed like she’d barely paid attention to anything he’d said. Darius leaned against the door frame and took another bite. “Honey, I’m dying here...”

She finally popped out of the closet holding a dress. Oddly, it seemed like Heather was already dressed to go out. Then Darius realized she was holding up one of **his** dresses. The kind she dressed him in for their kinky play.

“What do you think of this?” she asked with a sly smile. “It would look perfect with the right lipstick...”

“I’m sure it would, babe, but it’s not play time.”

“I think you should wear this tonight. To dinner.”

Darius’ limit had been reached.

“No. **HELL NO!**” he announced as he strode further into the room, slamming the door behind him. “We had a deal. I’ve played along, but that crosses the line! We do this in the bedroom. Nowhere else! I am **NOT** going out with our friends wearing a dress. N-O. **NO.**”

Heather’s eyes narrowed and she looked annoyed, at first, but as Darius reached the end of his tirade, her expression softened. She looked down at the dress, adjusting it on the clothes hanger.

“I just wanted to show off what a lovely woman you make...”

“NO” he repeated, his stern look conveying the depth of his conviction on this matter.

She looked back up at him with a smirk on her face. “Fine. I suppose you’re right... I’m not being fair.” Heather turned and hung the dress back up in the closet. Conciliation was written across her face as she walked to Darius, her boot heels clacking on the floor until she was right in front of him. Her green eyes shimmered as she spoke.

“I’m sorry, Pookie. I got a little carried away because I’m having so much fun. I don’t want to spoil this. I’ve never been happier with our love life. Please forgive me.”

“I forgive you, baby.”

Her forlorn expression faded into a grin and she leaned down slightly. They entered a long, deep kiss as

they embraced and her perfume wafted over Darius. Heather probed his mouth aggressively, her tongue spearing into him as they sucked on each other lips. She reached below and gave his ass a firm squeeze.

After a long minute, she broke the kiss. She smiled at him seductively before raising a hand and tapping him on the chest. "At least change into some fresh clothes. Then we can go."

"Alright, baby. That I can do."

Heather slid around him and delivered a firm smack to his butt as she headed for the door.

WHAP

"And when we get back, your ass is mine!"

Darius chuckled as he pulled off his shirt and made his way to the closet.

"Yes, dear."

* * * * *

It was a busy Friday night at Dango's Dugout, a favorite haunt of Darius' with great pub food and lots of big screen TVs. He wasn't there to watch sports tonight, but to catch up with his best friend. After a solid meal, he and Markus sat in a quiet corner booth sipping their beers while Heather was off chatting with her girlfriends and playing bar games.

Markus had been Darius' friend since high school and he'd always been what you might call a 'cool cat.' His success with the ladies had been legendary in their youth. He looked like a beat poet in his flat cap and aviator shades.

The shades were off for now, sitting on the table beside his beer, but Markus oozed style from the rest of his ensemble as well. He wore a light burgundy jacket around his white and blue striped button-down shirt. The top few buttons were left undone to show off a little skin and the rest trailed down to his stylish leather belt, light green trousers and shiny brown Oxfords. Darius was dressed more simply in a white and green baseball shirt, cargo pants and sneakers.

The place was jumping, but it wasn't so loud they couldn't hear each other. They'd picked the perfect out-of-the-way table to converse and catch up.

"Man, you ever feel like the whole world is going stark raving mad?"

"All the time my brotha" Markus replied before taking a swig of his brew. "War, poverty, disease, economic stagnation, politicians not doing shit about any of it. Feels like nothin ever gets better."

"I don't mean the big picture stuff. I'm talkin about, like... people."

"People? What you mean?"

“You know, just people getting weird. Going kooky.”

“You're gonna have to be more specific. I mean, people go crazy all the time, but not everyone at the same time. I'm not going crazy. Are you going crazy?”

“I might be.”

“Alright man, lay it on me. What's troublin you?”

“Ok, I will, but you gotta promise this conversation never leaves this booth.”

“Bro” Markus said, setting his beer down and lifting his hands up. “Who you think you're talkin to right now?”

“I know” Darius acknowledged. “Just wanted to emphasize it.”

“This is gonna be some shit, isn't it?”

“Heather and I been trying some freaky things in the bedroom lately...”

“Oh shit!” Markus said with a clap of his hands that was trailed by a laugh. “Here we go!”

“But that's not even it...”

“What kind of freaky things?”

“You know, kinky shit. Like, she's in charge and stuff.”

Markus' eyes grew wide and bright. He raised a clenched fist to his mouth, sideways, as if trying to stifle a boisterous laugh.

Darius' eyes sunk and he smirked, his expression clearly reading: *'Cmon, bro.'*

“Alright, alright. I'm sorry. It's just... never would have guessed you two were into that.”

“She's more into it than I am.”

“But you're goin along for the ride! That's great, man! You gotta be open to that stuff if you want a relationship to last. Shit gets stale otherwise.”

“I know, and I love Heather, that's why I'm doing it. Can I get back to my point now?”

“Yeah, but I want more details later.”

“We'll see. Anyway, ever since this started, I'm startin to notice that the world is going upside down.”

“Upside down how?”

“Like... it's not a man's world anymore! It feels like a woman's world more every day!”

“Ok, what's wrong with that?”

“Well, I thought we were going for equality and shit! This don't feel like equality! This feels downright **matriarchal**, to borrow a word my girlfriend loves to use the opposite of.”

“Oh, I see. So Heather's become a bit of a feminist, and you're not enjoying the backlash that comes with it.”

“It's not just her!”

“Darius, you are familiar with the fundamental laws of the universe, are you not?”

“Ummm, maybe?” he answered sheepishly before taking a long swig of his beer.

“For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction.”

“What action?”

“Men have been in charge for thousands of years! Oppressing women at every turn!”

“Ok, so does that mean it's their turn to oppress us for thousands of years?”

“No! Don't be ridiculous. I mean, that would certainly be a cosmic balancing, but it's not gonna happen like that. What it means is, there's gonna be a period of adjustment while women are coming into their power. Some, like your girlfriend, are going to discover they very much enjoy that power, in and out of the bedroom.”

“You say 'some', but it feels like every woman I meet lately.”

“You just gotta go with the flow, man! Everything...”

Shireen walked into the bar and passed by the table they were sitting at. “Hey Dare!” she said with a wave and a smile before noticing who he was sitting with. Her hand dropped immediately. “Markus” she noted, her face turning stony before she strutted off.

Markus and Shireen had interacted many times before. “Clashed” was probably the better word to describe it. They were both type-A personalities which created an instant friction despite Markus' obvious attempts to get in her good graces.

“Hey, Shireen! Lookin good baby!” Markus called after her. “Damn, Shireen is lookin fine! She seein anyone right now?”

“She's got a new boyfriend every month. I wouldn't go there, man.”

“Haha... I bet she does. Well, I do love a challenge.”

“You say '*go with the flow*' like you're all about this kinky shit. You saying you're into female domination stuff?”

“Me? Nah man, not my thing. I had one girlfriend, Amber, who wanted to go there, but...”

“Then how you gonna tell me to '*go with the flow*'?!?”

“Because, Heather is obviously **the one** for you. Amber wasn't the one.”

“Sounds like some bullshit to me. Sounds like you talkin the talk, but not walkin the walk.”

“Hey, bullshit is you complaining about having kinky sex. Now that's **bullshit!**”

“Whatever man, you don't even know.”

“You're right. I don't know, and that's why I'm gonna order shots and you're gonna tell me more.”

Markus raised his hand, ready to flag down their server.

“Oh, we're gonna drink like the old days, huh?”

“That's right, and you're goin under the table.”

“We'll see about that.”

* * * * *

“Oh god... the hell did you boys get up to?” Heather queried as she closed in on their table after an hour of darts and pool.

“Just a little contest” Markus answered. He was still relatively sober despite the small collection of empty bottles and shot glasses on the table. Darius was less sober, his head not quite laying on the table, but propped up on his right arm.

“I won” he announced with a silly smile. He raised his wobbly left arm in the air. His fist proudly proclaimed victory before it fell back to his side.

“Yeah, I let you win so you'd spill the beans.”

“Whateva man, I'm the champ! THE CHAM-PEEN!” Darius laughed at his non-joke and Heather rolled her eyes.

“He divulged some secrets” Markus informed her with a wink. “But don't worry, they're safe with me.”

Heather put her hands on her hips and looked down at her tipsy boyfriend. “Since you've decided to make a fool of yourself, we might as well take advantage of this. It's time to get your tattoo.”

“Tattoo?” he asked in a semi-haze.

“Yes, the tattoo we've talked about three times. The one you agreed to. Since you're already in your happy place, we should do it now.”

“Haha, alright baby... whatever you say!” Darius looked like he was ready for a nap.

“Will they really ink him like this?” Markus asked, pointing to his stupefied friend.

“They're not picky at the shop around the corner and I know the owner. It won't be a problem. Besides, the night air should clear his head a bit.” Heather shouldered her purse and gestured toward her man. “Markus, before you head home, you mind giving us a hand? Just until he's more *with it*.”

“Of course” he replied with a mischievous grin.

“You're the best!” Heather exclaimed with a warm smile.

Markus slid his shades into his jacket pocket and reached for his wallet to pay the bill. As he looked over at his henpecked friend, he was already anticipating the next set of wild stories.

* * * * *

Darius awoke in the painful fog of a hangover. The expected headache was present, but there was more than that. He had localized pain in a couple other places. Namely his midsection and ears. He grunted as he sat up and pulled the blanket off him. He immediately noticed something else troubling.

“What the fuck?!?”

His fingernails were painted deep pink. So were his toenails. His torso burned as he swiveled around and slowly got out of bed. He looked down at his stomach and the skin just below it. It hadn't been a dream. He **had** gotten a tattoo.

“Jesus...”

'What the hell did I do?'

As he exited the bedroom and walked down the hallway, he could hear the sounds of stomping feet and one of Heather's exercise videos playing loudly. She was doing one of her workout routines in the living room. She didn't notice him until he walked all the way around into her field of vision. The pumping music was only aggravating Darius' headache, but she hit the pause button on her remote within seconds.

“Well hello, sleepyhead! I was starting to think you were going to doze all day. OH MY GOD! Your new tat looks amazing! How you feeling?”

“Like shit.”

“I'm not surprised. That's what happens when you get drunk and get body mods.”

“Fuck... I need Ibuprofen.”

“Go fetch some. Then you can take a look at your new ink and earrings!”

“My wha- goddamn!”

Darius trudged off and Heather smiled wickedly. “Looking good Pookie! It needs to be filled in, but it's a great start!”

Darius slammed the light switch upward as he entered the bathroom. Shock crept over his face as he inspected himself. Shiny, pink earrings were locked in a new set of piercings in his ears. He could see the top of his crotch tattoo which read “**Property of.**” He pulled down his boxers to reveal the bottom half: “**Heather.**” The words were outlined by the rectangular design of a cattle prod. The tattoo made it look like he'd been branded.

All of his pubic hair had been shaved away and on either side of the big tattoo were the outlines of two small flowers. The smaller tattoos were placed in such a way that one might mistake them for two, petal-covered ovaries.

Darius felt numb as he opened the cabinet and reached for the bottle of painkillers. He quickly retrieved two, popped them into his mouth, ran water into his cupped hand and swallowed them down with a cool splash from the tap.

Had he gotten that drunk? Had he agreed to this? They'd talked about a tattoo before and he'd tentatively agreed to one, but she'd never specified the design. Heather said it would be something personal to reinforce their new relationship. He thought maybe that meant a collar design on his bicep or ankle. Nothing this elaborate.

He turned off the light and slogged back to the living room where he found Heather wrapping up her workout.

“You hungry? I'll make you some breakfast” she said between panted breaths. “Scrambled eggs and hash browns! Your favorite!”

He wanted to yell at her. He wanted to get angry. But truthfully, the rancor wasn't there. Somewhere deep down, Darius knew what he'd signed up for. He knew she would push it further. He knew his life wasn't going to be the same after he submitted to her. If he didn't want that, he should've bailed long ago.

Besides, she looked so damn happy as she studied his newly decorated body. Her smile widened and her eyes sparkled. There was no denying it. He was addicted to her happiness and if that meant serving her and becoming an increasingly feminized drag-slut, he would do it.

“Yeah... that'd be good, baby.”

Heather took on a haughty demeanor as she turned off the TV and her worked up breathing slowed to normal. She perspired heavily, but she looked lovely, even in her sweats and exercise bands. As she approached, lording her height over him, he felt his cock twitch in its cage. She placed her hands on her hips and stared into his eyes.

“You're gonna eat a good meal and then you're gonna get cleaned up... especially back here” she demanded, extending her arms around him and grabbing both his ass cheeks firmly. “Shireen is gone till tomorrow and I have big plans for your slutty, black ass.”

“Yes, dear” he responded reflexively.

“NO!” she insisted, her eyes growing wild as her fingers dug into the flesh of his bottom. “**Yes, Mistress.**”

Darius inhaled sharply through his nose. He swallowed involuntarily. The words came without hesitation. “Yes, Mistress.”

* * * * *

He found himself in the same spot three hours later as Heather finished preparing him for their session. After breakfast he'd had a long bath, a thorough enema and a series of “beautifying” treatments. He was tarted up exactly as his Femdom Goddess craved.

Darius wore a new addition to his role play wardrobe, a satin purple dress that began in thin straps over his shoulders and covered his body from his upper chest down to mid-thigh. His only other garments were a matching set of purple arm-gloves, a pair of purple panties and a purple leather dog collar with a matching leash.

He couldn't deny that the silky garments felt nice on his skin. It was one of many new experiences Heather demanded he undergo in recent weeks. His feet being painfully wedged into black high heels was less appealing, but as Heather said: “It can't all be sugar and spice.”

Darius' face had been dolled up in several layers of cosmetics, his body doused in perfume and his braids done up in a spiral bun that looked something like a shiny, black bee hive atop his head. With all those “enhancements” added to his painted nails and shiny new earrings, phase one of his evolution was complete. He'd been amazed how feminine he looked when Heather turned him towards the bathroom mirror and revealed his full transformation.

Now it was play time. Heather stalked around him, examining her sissy slut from every angle and making sure she hadn't forgotten anything. She had transformed as well. Heather was sporting a black leather brassiere, leather gloves and leather pants around her enormous legs. Those, in addition to her leather boots gave her the quintessential Dominatrix look for the first time. Darius didn't know where she'd found leather pants that big, but the symbolism wasn't lost on him. **She** was wearing the pants, now.

She tapped a riding crop in her hand as she circled him. Darius waited for her to speak. Heather smiled, then walked past him. She headed to the bag of toys sitting in the living room.

“You handled your new mods well this morning, so I think you deserve a reward.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Heather fetched something from the bag and approached him from the back. She spoke into his ear. "Oh, don't thank me yet. You don't know what the reward is... Hands behind your back!"

Darius obliged and Heather seized his satin-clad forearms. Darius heard the clicking of metal as she applied the handcuffs to his wrists. They didn't feel nearly as rigid as usual.

"Since you've been good, you get the fuzzy cuffs."

Her heels struck the hardwood floor loudly as she stalked around to his front.

"And the other half of your reward is... a few hours out of your cage."

She reached below, lifted the end of his dress and felt his cock cage through the silky panties. She massaged him a bit, his penis bulging painfully against the restrictive metal before she chuckled and pulled his panties down. She retrieved the key to his manhood from her pocket and gently unlocked the cage that had kept his penis captive for more than two weeks. Darius moaned as his cock was freed, his erection growing as Heather seized it and began stroking him back and forth with her leather digits.

"Yeah, I bet that feels good, doesn't it? I know you want to, but don't you dare cum until I give you permission! If you do, you'll get an ass beating you won't soon forget!"

"Yes, baby."

WHAP

Darius felt the end of her crop scald his sensitive scrotum.

"**AHHHHH!** Yes, Mistress!"

Heather eyed him sternly, but didn't admonish him further. She went right back to stroking his cock to full erection. Once he was at full mast, she pulled a condom from her pocket, unwrapped it and smoothed it down his hot, pulsing shaft. She let his dress fall back down, his rigid cock poking forward and making a tent in the silky material.

Heather stood and grabbed his leash, yanking him in the direction of the sofa.

"This way, bitch."

It was difficult walking in the dress and heels with his panties halfway down his legs, but Darius did the best he could. She pulled him to the edge of the couch, pushed him against the arm-rest and placed her hand on his back. "Nice and easy, bend down."

He lowered the top half of his body slowly, the weight of his legs resting against the sofa. Heather lost patience and gave his back a shove. Darius' makeup caked face was pressed directly into the cushions, his pink lipstick smearing on the seat.

"What's my name, slut?"

“Mistress Heather.”

“Mmmhmmm, and what's your name?”

“....Mistress?”

WHAP

Her crop wailed against his ass, leaving a lash of red, hot pain.

“Skanky hoes like you need a **bitch name**. Your bitch name is Dana! Now say it!”

“Dana! My name is Dana!!!”

WHAP

“What kind of name is that?”

“A bitch name!”

WHAP

“Who's bitch are you?”

“Yours, Mistress Heather!!!”

“Very good.”

Heather dropped her crop on the side of the sofa and moved back to her bag of toys. Darius craned his neck and watched her step into the strapon harness and secure it around her waist. Moments later she extracted the monster, white, twelve inch dong and began strapping it into her harness. Darius' eyes went wide. It was the biggest dildo they owned. She'd only used it on him twice and both times had been brutal.

She seized a tube of lube and turned back to Darius. His blonde, BBW, leather-clad Domina strolled back to the sofa with a wicked grin on her face. Her giant rubber phallus bobbed before her like a harbinger of doom. She disappeared behind him and Darius felt gel-like lubricant being squirted into his ass.

Heather poured a generous amount of the lube on the head of her strapon before capping the tube and tossing it aside. Her hunger to fuck him was overwhelming. She lifted the end of his dress without ceremony and brought the tip of her cock to his twitching pucker. Heather pressed it in firmly with no hesitation.

“**Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh**.... oh god!” Darius arms pulled uselessly behind his back. The cuffs rattled as he bellowed into the seat cushions.

She kicked his legs apart, seized his hips and ignored his groans. Her powerful thighs pressed forward, feeding inch after inch of thick rubber schlong into his yielding asshole. He had taken “Big Bertha”

before, and today was the day it would become second nature to him. Heather was determined to make the fat twelve incher their new default strapon.

“Yeah, that's it... moan like a bitch! A bitch is what you are and you're about to get fucked like one!”

“Mistress, please... be gentle.”

SMACK

Heather's hand cracked against his right ass cheek.

“Do **NOT** speak unless spoken to, slut! Are you forgetting the rules already?!?”

SMACK

“Sorry, Mistress!!!”

She pressed forward again, the massive rubber member burrowing into his ever-expanding tunnel of spongy flesh. Darius grunted and groaned loudly between ragged breaths, trying desperately not to cry out as his Goddess filled him to the brim with impossibly thick cock.

Finally, the rubber balls came to a stop against Darius' ass. Heather looked down and laughed, giddy that she'd been able to bury it deep in record time. She waited as the initial pain of invasion turned into a dull ache in Darius' bottom, her slave bitch becoming accustomed to his new predicament.

She felt up and down his back, pawing him through the silky purple fabric of his dress.

“Hey Dana... **Now** you have my permission to cum.”

Heather's hips drew backward, pulling the majority of the bulging rubber cock from his tight, gripping back-passage before thrusting it home. She established a slow rhythm, lube running out of his violated sphincter and dripping all over the floor. She grabbed his sides with a vice grip, pumping her mega cock in and out of his distended butthole as his cock twitched in its latex sheath below. The rubber balls smacked into his scrotum, an extra ripple of pain to go with each deep thrust.

“You like being fucked with my **big white cock**, don't you bitch?”

“Yes, Mistress!” Darius answered between grunts and groans.

“Filthy ho... this is what you deserve!”

She began to pick up the pace. Darius' pucker had expanded to the point she could fuck him with ease. Heather let go of his hips, then reached down and grabbed the back of his dress. She balled it up in her gloved hand and pulled on it fiercely. With that leverage, she could use her hips to fuck him, leaving her other hand free to beat his ass.

SMACK

“Say it, Dana! I love dick!”

“I LOVE DICK, MISTRESS!!!”

“I know you do. And next week we're going back to *Queen Shit*, and you're gonna go right up to Mistress Veronica and say “Mistress, I need bigger cocks for my sissy ass! Twelve inches just isn't enough!”

“OOOOOHHHHHHHHH!”

Darius moaned as her full, fat length pistoned in and out of his packed pucker with considerable speed. The pain faded away and now the heavenly rubber slickness was gliding through his fleshy walls with hums of pleasure. The cock slid over his prostate continuously. His rock hard member oozed pre-cum as he yanked on his handcuffs in futility.

“CUM YOU FILTHY BITCH!!! CUM FOR MISTRESS!!!”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Darius' load shot into the condom like a cannon. Two weeks of bottled-up jizz erupted into the latex sleeve. His copious ejections created a sizable bulge that hung just below his pulsing cock. Heather never stopped fucking her bound bitch-boy. His body shuddered and pleasure surged through his feminized form as his essence drained away, completely out of his control. His climax rolled on for thirty long seconds, the shock of full-body prostate orgasm completely overtaking him.

As Darius' moans quieted to a pleasurable whimper, Heather brought her fucking and spanking to a halt. She pulled out of his ass with a slimy slurch, then immediately reached below and pulled the warm, bulging condom from her submissive's spent cock.

She walked around to the side of the couch, the sleeve of hot cum dangling from her fingers.

“Open that sissy mouth, now! Stick out your tongue!”

Darius opened his painted, pink lips and did as he was told, his tongue extending as far he could. Heather dumped the scalding custard into his mouth, pinching the condom downward until every bit of hot sludge was dumped onto his tongue and slid into his whore mouth.

“That's it. **EVERY DROP, DANA!** You will eat every load I allow you to cum for the rest of your bitch life! Got it, skank?!?”

Darius swallowed, the pungent paste passing through his throat reluctantly. “Yes, Mistress.”

Heather tossed the empty condom on his back before crossing back to her toy bag. She returned just as quickly with a thick, red ball-gag and head-harness which she quickly strapped around Darius' face. The rubber ball filled his mouth and forced his jaw open wide. His nostrils and taste buds were overwhelmed with the smells and tastes of rubber and cum.

She headed back to his ass, still bent over the side of the sofa. Her mega cock bobbed below, dripping lube on the floor in her wake.

“When I'm done with your slutty ass, that sad little clitty of yours is going back in its cage for a month! Maybe longer!”

“YEFFFFMMIIFFREFFFF!”

“But that won't be for a while, Dana... You got to have your fun. Now Mistress is gonna have hers!”

Heather reached down and slipped her fingers underneath the leather of her harness. She found the controller for the egg stimulator that was fixed to the base of her strap-on. It hummed to life gently, sending deliciously pleasurable waves to her clitoris that radiated down through the rest of her vulva.

Her shiny, bulbous curves pressed forward and sank the monstrous cock back into Darius' abused pucker. She let out low moans as she established a moderate pace of wet, sloppy fucking. Blotches of crimson entered her cheeks as her deep-dicking intensified. Heather's thrusts grew forceful as she drew new levels of pleasure from the anal assault on her feminized bottom bitch.

Darius lay across the sofa with his ass in the air, his body being throttled back and forth with his hands clad in fuzzy steel behind him. He drooled all over the rubber gag as his satin-clad frame was pummeled and his feet ached in high heels. His eyes glazed over as Heather's endless ass fucking strummed his prostate and racked his body with paralyzing bliss.

If it wasn't already, it became clear over the next few hours that his chastity, feminization and submission would become the new “normal.” There was no going back.

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