

Pop Idol Fuck Slut

Chapter 1 – Getting Wild

Miranda Wilde. Lance could stare at her for hours. Getting wank material was as easy as opening up an image search and typing her name. She was one of those women who looked amazing no matter what hair style or outfit she was rocking. Whether it was long, jet black locks, playful, pink, shoulder length hair or her short, well cropped, blonde pixie cut, she was gorgeous. Those deep, piercing, grayish-blue eyes were always staring back at you saying “I’m hot. I’m fun. I’m more than you can handle.”

Her big break arrived on one of those talent shows that are popular on prime time television. Miranda didn't win the seasonal contest, but it didn't matter. Once the world got a taste of her, she began a rapid rise to stardom. Lance was replying to a tweet thread about her latest concert one fateful afternoon when something astonishing happened. Some of his old college buds and random Miranda fans were going back and forth in a conversation that would ultimately change the course of his life.

@BlueTiger: She looked so good at the last show! WANT TO BONE!

@Gigatell: She's such a tease, but I love her... lol

@RockerViking: I want to drink her bath water.

@FangTwo: Gross dude.

@Latestra: There's no way she'd be into that, or any beta male cuckoldry.

With the infinite “wisdom” only a cocky guy in his mid twenties can pretend to have, Lance decided to have his say.

@Sk8Punk666: She needs someone to bend her over and fuck her proper.

@Gigatell: How the hell would any of you know what she wants?

@Sk8Punk666: Pop stars lead stressful lives. She probably likes to be dommed in bed.

@RockerViking: You're talkin out your ass.

@FangTwo: I suppose you're the one who can take care of her?

@Sk8Punk666: Absolutely.

And then, the thing that couldn't possibly happen, did.

@MirandaWilde: Hey **@Sk8Punk666** – Big talk bitch boy, but can you back it up? My DM's are open to you. HMU! Let's see if you're worth my time.

@BlueTiger: HOLY SHIT!!!

@RockerViking: OMG! Miranda I love you!

@Gigatell: NO WAY! Miranda, pick me!!!

@FangTwo: Is this the real life? lol

@Latestra: I can't believe she read this stupid thread. Hi Miranda!

Lance was stunned. There was no way he was going to reply in the thread and make an even bigger fool of himself. In a million years he'd never have dreamed of getting a personal reply from Miranda. He couldn't open his direct messages fast enough! There was one already waiting for him.

MirandaWilde: Hey there! Think you can show me a good time, huh?

Ska8Punk666: It was guy talk. Honestly, I'm pretty embarrassed.

MirandaWilde: Don't be! But first things first... Tell me your real name and age right now or this conversation is over.

Ska8Punk666: Lance Evans. I'm 26.

MirandaWilde: Hi Lance! You're kind of cute, assuming that profile pic is actually you.

Sk8Punk666: It's me. Miranda, you're beautiful and I love your shows.

MirandaWilde: Awww, see, I knew you were a sweetheart! Alright, here's what you're gonna do. Write down today's date on a piece of paper and hold it up while you take a selfie. Take your shirt off too. I want to see what I'm working with. ;-)

Sk8Punk666: Sure!

MirandaWilde: You have five minutes to complete this task.

How ironic. Lance just claimed he was going to dominate her in bed and she was already giving him orders. It didn't matter. He'd never moved so fast to follow instructions in his life.

He found some spare paper and a pen to write with and quickly jotted down the date. Lance tore off his shirt before putting his camera in selfie mode and inspecting himself. His thin, boyish frame had almost

no chest hair and little muscle, but not an ounce of fat either. A life on the ramps and obstacle courses of various skate parks had kept him trim and pleasing to the eye. Lance ran his fingers threw his thick, blonde locks a couple times, making sure his spiky, punk hair was sufficiently wild looking.

After taking the selfie, he quickly uploaded it to the chat. He held his breath while waiting for a reply.

MirandaWilde: Good boy! Lucky for you, burly guys aren't my style. I prefer cute young men like yourself.

Sk8Punk666: Thanks.

MirandaWilde: Wow, are your parents really dead?

Lance was floored. She was right, but the statement came out of nowhere. Now it was starting to get a little weird.

Sk8Punk666: How did you know that?

MirandaWilde: I run a quick background check on any fan I might be interacting with IRL. Can't be too careful! So according to this, you're all alone. Now I feel bad for bringing it up. :(You live at 72 Hyde Street, Apt. 15, correct?

Sk8Punk666: No worries. Yeah, that's right.

MirandaWilde: No girlfriend? I don't want some woman coming to hunt me down if we go on a date!

Sk8Punk666: No girlfriend at the moment.

MirandaWilde: So, what's your deal? You're obviously a skater. What else you do when you're not being an ass on Twitter?

Sk8Punk666: I drive ride-share and work a couple other odd jobs. Smoke up. Skate and go to concerts. Mostly punk and rock stuff, but I love your music too! That's about it.

MirandaWilde: I have a feeling you follow me for reasons other than my music. That's fine. You sound a little lonely and like you might be lacking direction. Maybe we can fix that. ;-)

Sk8Punk666: I'm down for whatever if it means I get to meet you.

MirandaWilde: I'm glad to hear that, because the one condition of me sending you a plane ticket and a VIP pass is that you're going to do whatever I say.

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It had been a wild three days between his chat with Miranda and finding himself in her ornate dining room. Everything had happened so fast that Lance had to keep asking himself if it was all real. She had flown him halfway across the country in first class and he'd been given a VIP pass at the airport. From there, a limo took him to her palatial estate. Miranda had been busy with some kind of publicity event and fan meetup in the afternoon, so he was given a tour of her manor in the meantime.

He'd gotten to see her home recording studio, her hall of awards and accolades and a dozen other amenities that only rich and famous people could afford. After that he was told to make himself at home until she returned. He'd spent most of the afternoon by her pool until the beautiful young starlet arrived, greeted him and excused herself to change before dinner.

Now he was sitting with Miranda at a humongous banquet table lit with fancy candelabras and adorned in the finest silk, china and silver. They ate a delicious meal of fine steak and grilled vegetables prepared by her personal chef. It was one of the best meals Lance had tasted in his life.

Lance felt under-dressed in his simple button down shirt and khakis, but they were the most formal attire he owned. Miranda looked stunning in her low cut, sparkling silvery dress, diamond earrings and diamond necklace fitted snugly around her neck.

She eyed him playfully in between bites of dinner and small talk. A wiser man might have been alarmed by the looks she was giving him; like a lioness about to pounce on a gazelle or a debutante examining the latest toy she'd acquired. But Lance was oblivious and head-over-heels infatuated with the gorgeous pop Goddess.

"So, now that the pleasantries are out of the way, let's really get to know each other. Lance, how experienced are you?"

"Experienced? You mean, like, sexually?"

"Yes. You implied you were going to 'dom' me, so I assume you have some knowledge of S&M."

"Like I said, I was talking big, but... God, I'm so embarrassed."

Miranda chuckled as she picked up her wine glass and swirled it around casually. "No need to be embarrassed. But even if you're new to this, there's no backing out now. I brought you here for some naughty fun and I intend to have it. You wouldn't deny a girl her fun, would you? After I went to all this trouble?"

Lance rubbed the back of his head while an exasperated laugh forced its way through his lips. "No, of course not!"

"Good to know. What's the kinkiest thing you've ever done?"

"Ummm, my last girlfriend wore handcuffs once and I..." He paused, but Miranda nodded in encouragement. "...sucked on her breasts and fingered her till she came."

Miranda's eyebrows raised in pleasant surprise. She set her glass down and offered him a little mock clapping. "Well, that's something at least. One step above vanilla. Hardly the act of an experienced 'master' though. It sounds like I'll need to show you the ropes."

“Yeah, I'm no master” he admitted.

“That's quite alright. In fact, this works out rather well. The truth is, I'm not into being dommed. Quite the opposite, really.”

An electric chill went down Lance's spine as he swallowed involuntarily.

“Oh... hahaha...” He laughed like a scared idiot as he wondered what he'd gotten himself into.

Miranda gazed at him with a wicked smile. She didn't take her eyes off Lance as she placed another bite of steak in her mouth and chomped down on it emphatically.

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“Ahhhhh! That's tight!”

“That's the idea, slut boy.”

Lance couldn't believe how fast things had gotten weird. He was standing in the middle of her enormous bedroom, a room lined with mirrored closets, fancy furniture, makeup tables and a dozen other fixtures. She was tying his arms behind him with thick ropes. “Shibari” she had educated him. Japanese rope bondage. It seemed that “showing him the ropes” had been more than just a turn of phrase.

After getting to her bedroom she'd put the moves on him fast. Long, passionate kissing and groping that made him believe all her talk about BDSM was just to scare him. Unbelievably, he'd gotten to make out with Miranda Wilde. That was something millions of men had fantasized about.

As soon as his cock started stiffening she broke off their kissing and took him to her private bath. She stripped him and dressed him in women's lingerie piece by piece. A lacy bra, full length arm gloves, a tight corset, satin panties and silky thigh-high stockings. She painted his face with lipstick, mascara, eyeliner and blush. He thought that was the final indignity, but he couldn't imagine what was to come.

“That's more like it. You're well on your way to becoming a slut **girl!**”

Miranda tied off the bondage ropes forcefully, his arms now completely immobilized behind his back. She walked around him, inspecting her new slave from top to bottom.

“Damn, Lance! You're really coming together. Boy, you'll be a woman soon!”

SMACK

Her palm connected with his ass cheeks forcefully and he jumped in his heels. The dark red of embarrassment was painted across his face permanently. Things had gotten out of hand in a hurry, but what was he going to do? Say “no” to Miranda Wilde? He'd agreed to do whatever she said. He'd promised to be open to new experiences. Lance was clinging to hope that if he played her little games,

maybe they'd spend a normal night together when the kinky stuff was over. Maybe he'd even get to...

SMACK

His ass was rattled with another firm swat.

“Pay attention to your Mistress! On your knees, right now.”

He carefully lowered himself onto the carpeting as Miranda grabbed a chair from one of her vanity's and pulled it to the center of the room. She adjusted the seat until it was just in front of Lance's kneeling form.

Miranda turned and headed back to her vanity, peeling off articles of clothing as she walked. She retrieved a leather crop from her table and by the time she returned to her kneeling, sissified slut slave, she was completely nude. Lance stared up at his glorious Goddess, his mouth agape. Seeing Miranda's full, naked curves was enough to make him forget his bound and cross-dressed condition. He'd imagined her “full glory” many times and now her ample breasts and silky sex were his to behold.

She offered him a haughty smile as she sat in the chair, a Queen taking her throne. Miranda reached down and grabbed Lance by the hair, pulling his face forward into her glistening, hairless cunt.

“Alright bitch, let's see what that tongue can do.”

He dove in eagerly and began licking and tonguing her moist lips. He slurped his tongue up and down the length of her vulva with vigor, darting it into her hungry hole intermittently.

THWACK

Miranda's crop sang out as it snapped against his ass.

“Pffft... have you ever given head before? You start around the edges and work inward, slut! Nice and slow...”

THWACK THWACK THWACK

Miranda maintained a stern grip on his hair, forcing his face into her increasingly wet pussy as she delivered stinging swats to his ass.

“Not talking so big, now, are you? Dressed like a fucking tart! On my floor, tied up and licking my pussy!”

“NNMMMMGGGGPPPHHHHHH!!!”

“Don't talk. **LICK!**”

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

His ass was growing painfully red and increasingly sensitive as she continued blistering it with beatings. Her fingers held his hair in a death grip, demanding he tongue harder and deeper into her

increasingly wet depths.

“Jesus Christ, **you suck** at this!”

She pulled his face away suddenly and Lance leaned back. Her pussy juices were smeared all over his face. The cosmetics she'd applied were already turning into a runny mess.

Miranda sighed and got up. She walked to one of her closets and Lance could hear her rummaging around for something. She returned moments later and immediately pushed some kind of toy to his lips.

It was a gag, but Lance didn't have time to register what kind before she shoved one end into his mouth. Four inches of rubber penis pushed itself over his tongue and Miranda quickly strapped the device tightly around his head. It was then that Lance noticed the other end, a six inch dildo protruding from his now muzzled face.

Miranda sat back down and seized his hair once again. This time she was more careful, guiding his face back to her eager sex gently. The end of the dildo entered her parting pussy lips, the Femdom Queen letting out a low moan as the rubber cock slowly hilted in her fleshy hole. Lance's leather and rubber wrapped face was mashed against her wet jungle.

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

She thrashed his ass several more times before giving his forehead a push and sitting back.

“Get to work **WHORE!** Face-fuck my pussy, nice and slow.”

Lance groaned into the cock gag, his neck straining forward as he pressed the dildo back into her dripping cunny. His knees were growing raw against the ground and his arms were increasingly sore in the thick web of ropes behind him. Mascara ran from his eyes to his gagged mouth as he worked the rubber cock back and forth with his neck muscles.

Miranda gazed down at him with a devious grin before throwing her head back and moaning. She played with her breasts and snapped her crop on him repeatedly as Lance plowed the toy in and out of her pussy with wet slurps. After a while, she couldn't take it anymore. The pop Queen dropped her crop on the ground, seized his head and began fucking herself with her bound, cock-gagged slave.

“OH FUCK!!! **YESSSSS!!!**”

Her juices ran down the dildo and flooded Lance's face as she pulled him ever faster against her pelvis. The dildo squelched loudly in and out of her sloppy snatch, his vision zooming in and out as she abused her human sex toy wickedly.

“**FUCK!!!! I'M---GGUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

A surge of fluids exploded from her sex as she pulled the dildo deep into her pussy and kept Lance's head mashed against her body. She screamed out her climax as female cum slathered his face, drizzling down his body and soaking the chair.

Miranda moaned and convulsed for almost a minute straight as Lance's bound form was held captive to

her climax. Finally, her shrieking and moaning came to an end and she let go of his head, the wet dildo slurching out of her needy sex.

“Ahhhh.... that was nice.”

Miranda rested for a few moments and ran her hands through her hair as her heartbeat slowed. Lance got a brief reprieve, but it wasn't long before she was ready for round two. The demanding Domina rose from her seat and retrieved her crop from the floor. She reached behind and grabbed Lance by his bound arms, yanking on his body aggressively.

“Stand up, now!”

Lance obeyed, hoping against hope that the kinky shit was over but suspecting otherwise. He stood up carefully with her support, the effort to rise in heels being no easy feat and certainly nothing he'd ever attempted before.

Miranda gave him a gentle shove in the direction of her enormous canopy bed. She marched him to it quickly and pushed him into the soft duvet. His chest plunged into the billowy fabric and he grunted into his gag, the cum slick dildo still sticking from the front of his gagged face. His ass hung over the side of the bed as he tried to find steady footing in his female footwear.

The devious Domina pulled a spreader bar from below her bed and quickly snapped its leg cuffs around Lance's ankles. Lance began mumbling into his gag, realizing that he was now completely immobilized. Miranda delivered a harsh spank to his ass with her open palm and then chuckled as she walked off to retrieve more toys.

Soon after Lance felt his panties being pulled down and a cold, thin object inserted into his rectum. Several long, thick squirts of lube flowed into his ass, greasing his insides and preparing him for his deflowering. It was now that Lance began yanking against his rope and metal bindings harshly, but it was absolutely no use.

“Oh no, sweetie. You're in for the duration! And the duration is going to be much longer than you ever imagined. Do you remember what you said online? 'She needs someone to bend her over and fuck her proper.' Well guess what? You're a woman now, **Laura!**”

“MGGGGPPPHHHAALLLWOOAAANNNNNN!!!!”

“What, you don't like your new name? Too bad. You're getting a new name, a new body and a new **LEASH** on life. This is just the beginning, slut!”

Lance never saw the strapon before the tip was brought to his pucker, but he could tell it was massive. He attempted to hold his breath, but found it difficult with a rubber cock still lodged in his mouth.

Miranda plunged the girthy phallus into his virgin starfish with crazed hunger. The fat strapon pierced his fleshy walls as Lance groaned into his gag. He pulled against his bonds uselessly as she seized his hips and began pumping his ass harshly with her enormous, shiny schlong.

The frenzied Femdom cackled as she fucked his ass into submission. She crammed ever more of her thick, rubber length into his yielding rectum as Lance's struggles slowly ceased. After a while, the pain

faded and the constant gliding of fat, fleshy cock in and out of his back passage began to feel pleasurable. Unbelievably, his own cock grew hard, pulsing and expanding into the silky bedding below.

His grunts of pain turned to moans of longing as he was filled with fat, latex dick over and over again. As his prostate hummed with bliss and the intensity built, Lance knew it wouldn't be long before he shot his load all over Miranda's bed. He wondered what the punishment for that would be?

Lance's dream had come true, then taken a sudden and bizarre turn. He didn't know it yet, but Miranda wasn't exaggerating. This was only the beginning for a newly enslaved sissy slut named Laura. The rabbit hole went so much deeper.

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