

The Model Submissive

Chapter 2 – Surrender To The Lens

Roland groaned, his voice betraying pain and weakness as his eyes drifted open. The growing glow of mid-morning surrounded the shades that covered the bedroom windows. One of them was open a crack and the cool, lakeside air flowed in, filling his nostrils with that unmistakable fresh water scent. Birds chirped softly in the background and he heard the gentle hum of a speed boat coasting in the distance.

His face and hair were a flustered, sweaty mess; having been locked in the thick leather dog hood all night long. Roland's back was stiff and his limbs were brutally sore after a day of crawling around on all fours as Stacy's *pup slave*. His ass ached around the thick butt plug that ended with a fluffy tail sprouting from his pucker. At least, now, it was a dull pain and not the agonizingly tight stretching he'd experienced when she first shoved it in.

'Another day in paradise...'

The young photographer glanced over his shoulder to find *Madam Deborah* sound asleep. He thanked his lucky stars for not waking her and resolved to be as quiet and still as he could. The longer she slept, the more recovery time he got. Still, he couldn't help himself from gently turning to lay on his right side. He'd been on his left side most of the night and his tender form demanded a more comfortable position.

Thanks to the *shock box* secured to the back of his collar, lying on his back was basically out of the question. Not unless he wanted to add neck pain to his list of bodily torments. Despite his slow, deliberate shifting, Roland's cock cage and the second shocking device strapped to his balls complicated any movement. His restrained privates flexed and twisted in a stinging entanglement as he turned over, eliciting an unstifleable yelp.

“Arrrgghh...!”

He managed to bite his tongue and cut himself off before he got too loud. His eyes squinted and Roland cringed as he contended with the wave of nausea and sudden, jolting hurt in his loins. Unfortunately, it was too late. He heard a light moan as Stacy stirred beside him.

“Errrrmm...”

He froze, hoping she would go back to sleep. Instead, the groggy brunette rolled onto her back. Her arm swung out to the side and her hand smacked directly into Roland's leather-wrapped face.

Thwack

“OWWW!”

Stacy's eyes opened fully and she peeked over at her grimacing submissive.

“Oh... Good morning, my naughty little pup” she said dryly.

“Good morning, Mistress.”

She turned and propped her head up on one hand. “How did you sleep?”

“Pretty good, Mistress. Though, I'm still very sore.”

“I bet you are. It's not easy, spending most of the day on your hands and knees, is it?”

“You are correct, as always, Mistress.”

“Ooooooh! **Very good!**” Enthusiasm entered her voice despite her freshly roused state. “You phrased it properly instead of saying 'No' to me. You know how much I hate that word. You're learning so fast! It pleases me.”

“Thank you, Goddess” he said, the relief clear in his tone.

“I think you've earned a reprieve. Only light duty this morning. Go to the bathroom and freshen up. Remove your hood and plug. Clean them both and leave them out to dry. Then come join me back in bed.”

“Yes, Mistress Stacy. Thank you.”

Stacy chuckled as she watched her slave rise and trundle off. She could see the lasting effects of her discipline in every weary movement of his body.

Roland plodded into the room's private bathroom and did as he was bade. He undid the series of straps and ties on the hood, dying to get the clingy leather off his face. He pulled it from his head, revealing sweaty, short black hair and a flush face. He then took the most uncomfortable piss of his life, knowing that if he tried to extract the anal plug first, he would likely pee all over the floor and get himself into fresh trouble. Not worth the risk, when Stacy was seemingly in such a good mood.

After several long minutes of bending over and tugging on the toy with gentle, increasing pressure, it popped free from his asshole and he moaned in relief. Most men would never know the perverse joy of having a normal ass again after having it packed and stretched for such a long period. He then proceeded to cleanse the items as he'd been taught. Cleaning Stacy's toys and treating her leather and latex garments with the proper chemical agents had become one of his primary responsibilities.

When he was finished, Roland washed his face, applied some deodorant and headed back into the bedroom. He found the window shades pulled up and Stacy looking out at the beautiful morning on the lake. She was clad only in her lacy black bra, matching panties and the silk scrunchie keeping her hair tied back. Stacy performed stretches and entered various yoga poses, preparing herself for another day of modeling and Femdom fun.

Roland gazed at the curvy, dark-haired Goddess in wonder. Even at this early hour, fresh out of bed and without any makeup, she was a sight to behold. Yes, he was technically her captive, but he was no less enthralled with the gorgeous model now than the day they'd met. In quiet moments, like these, when he

could focus on her graceful movements and flawless form, Stacy's authoritarian nature felt earned. Justified. Fitting and legitimate.

Sure, when she barked orders at him, some part of his brain rebelled as resentment welled up. Or at least it had, during their first few days as Mistress and slave. Her kinky games often made him feel ridiculous. When she assailed him with verbal and physical abuse, he truly felt unworthy to lick her boots. But who could blame such a perfect creature for feeling that way? In ages past, she would've been the Queen of some vast empire, ordering a hundred slaves around as she went about her day. Did she not deserve at least one?

Having a young man at her beck and call was what got her off. That much had become abundantly clear. And not just any guy, but one that wasn't naturally inclined to BDSM. If Roland had to sacrifice some pride to be a part of this weird arrangement and segue from his crappy retail gig to a potential modeling career, there were worse fates. He just hoped he wouldn't have to feel those awful shock devices on his spine and balls much more. To that end, he would play her games and serve her obediently.

Besides, it's not like this getaway would last forever. It would go on for maybe two weeks, tops? He had no doubt Stacy intended to continue their '*partnership*' after his '*training*' was done, but once they returned home, he'd have more control. He'd continue to meet and work with her, enduring her indignities, only for however much longer it suited him. Once he had a solid enough resume to make his own way as a photographer or model, he'd break from her, leaving Madam Deborah to find some new *boy toy* to torment.

The fit, feisty femme finished her cycle of flowing movements and turned to him. "Feeling better?"

"Yes, Mistress" he replied with a nod.

"Good. Lie down in the center of the bed, face up."

Roland scurried to follow her orders and stretched out on the large mattress. He was careful not to get the web of bondage around his cock and balls twisted again, avoiding another burst of crippling agony. He wouldn't be completely comfortable thanks to the shock box at the back of his collar, but he wedged it carefully under the pillow, keeping the back of his head supported properly.

"Arms and legs to the corners!" she ordered.

He entered the classic '*star fish*' pose that women were often criticized for while assuming a passive role in sex. Stacy stalked around the perimeter of the bed and chained his wrists and ankle cuffs to the corner posts, pulling each binding tight before securing them. When he was fully bound, she hoisted herself onto the bed and took center stage in his field of vision.

Stacy studied her subdued slave with eager eyes. He was nude, aside from the collar, restraints and the steel cage keeping his limp dick in check. Roland's attitude was much improved, now that he'd spent three days as her slave. He was obeying orders quickly and without question. Watching him bend to her will super-charged the brown-haired Domina's libido. The front of her lingerie glistened with a fresh wet spot as she finished her appraisal.

She turned and began stripping out of her *unmentionables*. Stacy dropped her moistened panties right

onto his imprisoned cock. She unhooked her bra, freed her hefty milkers and tossed the silky cups between Roland's legs. Her tan lines were revealed, but most of her body was a luscious bronze hue, the product of spending just enough time in the sun with the proper chemical agents applied. Her strong thighs and buxom ass were proof of good genetics and a well disciplined lower body workout regimen.

“It's time you learn to please me like a proper slave” she spoke over her shoulder. “If you perform well, you'll have another reward coming.”

Stacy began to lower herself and Roland quickly realized what she wanted. He wouldn't be licking and tonguing her sopping wet sex this morning. Madam Deborah had already trained him well in that regard. No, he was graduating to more demeaning tasks. Stacy's amazonian ass drew ever closer to his face, its shadow drowning out the bright morning light.

Roland's first instinct was to protest, but he managed to keep his fear in check. He resigned himself to his fate of eating ass. The fact that it was Stacy's provided cold comfort.

“If you need air, rattle your chains. Now get to work, **slut!**”

Her warm, plump cheeks enveloped his face. Roland's mouth and nose were thrust into her crack as her weight settled on him and mashed his head into the pillow. She wiggled her bottom back and forth slightly, pressing him even further into her fleshy darkness. His nostrils were filled with her scent, a combination of cherry almond body lotion, natural musk and a light sheen of sweat.

Roland muttered in her depths as Stacy soaked in the unbridled joy of face-sitting. When she was sure his face couldn't get any further up her well-rounded derriere, she stopped shimmying. She repositioned herself, spreading her legs out at the sides of his head and letting her knees sink into the mattress. Stacy leaned back and grabbed her human seat-cushion by the hair. She began a slow back and forth grind over his eyes, nose and mouth, sliding her hot, musty flesh up and down his captive face.

“Start licking, bitch!” she called out loudly. “If you make me get up before I come, I'll fetch the remote!”

Though it was increasingly hard to hear as his head was mashed into the pillow and swallowed by her bulging apple bottom, the words '*bitch*' and '*remote*' registered in his ears. The young man went to work immediately, extending his tongue and lapping at the singular groove in her fleshy darkness. Keeping her happy and away from the '*zap*' button was his first and only concern.

Surprisingly, in his first session of rimming, Roland found that it wasn't unpleasant. As long as the person seated on your face had recently bathed, it was much like licking any other part of a woman's body. Stacy had been to the shoreline for a swim twice yesterday and she'd showered before bed. It was Roland who was dying for a trip to the bath, a luxury he'd not been afforded since arriving here.

He matched the grinding of Stacy's hips with his neck muscles, sliding his face up and back the few scant inches he could manage. His tongue slid between her cheeks and along her supple crack, coating her most sensitive flesh in waves of building bliss. His efforts made all the difference. Mistress Deborah arched her back and let out a long, deep moan, above.

“MmmmmmmMMMMM!! **YES!!!** That's it! **Good little ass licker!!!**”

Stacy released his hair and turned her attentions to her own body. Her movements slowed as she reached below with her left hand and began rubbing her glistening vulva. With her other hand she seized her right breast and squeezed it, stroking the erect nipple in small circles until it buzzed with growing euphoria. In time, she abandoned one breast to squeeze and stroke the other. All the while, Roland's tongue slurped below, gliding up and down her crack as he babbled incoherently in her ass.

His legs pulled on their bindings pointlessly as his dicklet strained in the cock cage. Whether he liked it or not, the ass-eating slave boy was growing aroused during his first session of face-sitting. Stacy watched his cock throb in its steel bondage and a fresh smile of wicked glee played across her flush face. This was a pleasant surprise, indeed.

“Oh my god! You're actually **getting hard** while tied down, **licking my ass**! I knew there was a submissive in there, somewhere!”

SLAP

She reached down and swatted at Roland's cock using a fraction of her full strength. He bucked in his bondage, groaning into her smothering cheeks and muttering denials into her slick, saliva-strewn depths. Stacy laughed and continued riding his increasingly messy face until his arms yanked on their chains and he yelped in oxygen-starved panic.

Stacy lifted her weighty ass from his face and stood, lording her curvy dumper over his prone form as she looked down at him with contempt. Roland's face was covered in his own drool and the sweat of Stacy's ass. His lungs sucked in deep breaths as he gazed back up at his depraved Domina.

“What was that, **slave**?!? Don't lie to me! I can see your pathetic little weenie trying to break free! You just discovered something about yourself, didn't you? You **LOVE** eating ass!”

Roland couldn't explain it and he wasn't about to argue.

“I... Yes, Mistress.”

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Stacy reached down and slapped his flustered face several times.

“Fucking **pervert** ass licker! It figures one of your kinks would be something this filthy! Since you enjoy it so much, you're going to get lots of practice! You got enough air now, **slut**?”

“Yes, Madam Deborah” he answered stoically.

“Good. Because this time your tongue is going right up my pucker! Keep it there until I come, or I really **will** fetch the remote next time!”

“Yes, my Goddess!”

“Now **BEG** me to sit on your slutty face again!”

Roland abandoned any tiny scraps of pride he might still be clinging to. “**Please, Mistress!** Sit on this

slave's unworthy face and let me pleasure your ass!”

“That's more like it.”

Stacy hunkered down and dropped her round, spit slathered cheeks back on his abused face. She shimmied from side to side and slid up and down his anatomy, sealing his features deep in her hot, tight darkness. The warm mixture of saliva and sweat lubricated her perverse motions and caused her to moan in fresh ecstasy as she smothered him again. Madam Deborah centered her supple flower directly over his mouth and resumed the blissful strumming of her pussy and breasts.

Roland's tongue lapped across her silky back door several times as he prepared to take the plunge. He learned quickly that the human anus was indeed like a second set of lips, made from the same elastic flesh designed for expanding and contracting. Stacy pressed down on his face, demanding, and he yielded to her desires. His tongue pushed through the tight, fleshy ring and into her softest chamber. Roland moaned in acquiescence as his captor let out a deep, pleasure-wracked gasp.

“**Ahhhhhhhh!** That's it! Nice and deep!”

Stacy humped his face, raising and lowering her bottom slightly as Roland's tongue sank deep in her warm, tight enclosure. He muttered protests in her ass, contending with the constant, dull pain as his penis struggled in its cage. It looked increasingly bloated and red from blood flow and the awful, relentless restriction. Seeing his tortured cock and feeling him struggle below her only cranked Madam Deborah's libido higher.

She mashed down on his face repeatedly, demanding his tongue go deeper in her spongy hole. Her fingers played over her curves like the stringed instruments of an orchestra, conducting a symphony of growing rapture as the slave rimmed her to nirvana. Her breathing grew more labored between loud, deep moans. Stacy kept her climax at bay as long as possible, but even she could only straddle the fence of bliss for so long. Her bosom heaved and her hips rocked as she grow closer to the summit by the second.

“Yeah! **MORE!!!** Tongue my shit chute you filthy slave bitch! **TONGUE FUCK MY ASS, SLUT!!!**”

Stacy's body tensed and her full weight leaned back on Roland's face, crushing him the deepest into the pillow yet. He pulled on his restraints desperately, his oxygen-starved form straining below her, but he dared not pull his tongue from her tight flower. He tongued her pucker nonstop as Mistress Deborah's fingers sunk into the flesh of her left breast, squeezing until it turned a new color. Her right hand strummed her clit like a mad woman, the combined pleasure of clitoral and anal stimulation threatening to break her brain.

“**AHHHHHHH!!!! OHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD!!!! NNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Mistress Deborah's juices jetted from her quivering vulva as electric ecstasy coursed through her spine to every nerve ending in her body. She squirted over Roland's bound body uncontrollably, her curves shaking as she grunted and moaned like an animal. His drool and sweat slathered face remained locked in her all-consuming ass, growing redder and more desperate by the second as she made an equal mess of his torso. When her long, thunderous climax abated, she released her naughty bits and slumped forward, releasing a gasping, coughing, wheezing slave from her well-attended bottom.

Stacy chuckled as she looked at his throbbing penis, still hard in its cage just in front of her. She gave it a playful pat as Roland continued to gasp and re-oxygenate behind her. Her slick, well-licked ass remained inches from his tortured face.

“Well done, slave” she spoke over her shoulder. “I think you've earned that reward after all.”

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The benefits Stacy bestowed on him for good behavior were a welcome boon. His reward ended up being a *two-fer*. First, Roland got to take a hot shower for the first time since arriving at the lake. In previous days he'd been allowed to wash up at the sink, but nothing more. This time, Mistress Deborah removed the TENS unit strapped to his balls and ordered him to fully undress. Only his collar remained with a thick plastic sleeve around the neck zapper to protect it while he bathed.

After the most wonderful shower of his life, they had breakfast. While not officially part of his reprieve, Stacy allowed him to enjoy one of the junk cereals he'd brought on the trip. She looked mildly disgusted as she poured *Cocoa Puffs* and milk into his feeding dish, but she set it on the floor without comment. Roland pressed his face into the dog bowl and devoured the sugary goodness like it was kibble. As he crunched away at Stacy's feet, she sipped her breakfast smoothie and explained the second half of his reward.

“Since you've been such a good doggie, I won't strap the other TENS unit back on your balls. How long it stays that way will depend on your continued good service. Understood?”

Roland said a silent thanks to whatever gods might be listening. He was elated that she hadn't re-equipped him with the infernal thing and quietly hoped it would stay that way.

“Yes, Mistress!” he said in between milk-drenched chocolaty chomps. “Thank you, my Goddess!”

“Don't be too quick to thank me. We've still got a busy day ahead, and you'll be wearing something that most non-fetishists would agree is less than comfortable. It's time for your first experience in full body latex.”

The young photographer paused in his ravenous feeding and cringed. While he loved the way those shiny outfits looked on attractive women, especially Stacy, the idea of covering his entire body in clingy rubber was less than appealing. He had no personal experience dressing in fetish attire, but he'd learned much about it over the last few days working with the formidable femme.

Mistress Deborah was a tough cookie; well disciplined and almost always in total control of her emotions. Yet, even she couldn't help complaining from time to time as she suffered in the stifling rubber outfits. Roland often heard her curse in the background as she was pulling one of the tight bodysuits onto her curvy body or peeling it from her sore, sweat-soaked frame.

The heat and perspiration were a constant issue. Whenever she removed one of the latex pieces after a lengthy photo shoot, congealed sweat and dressing lubricant slid from the openings of the garment onto the floor. It always created a mess, generating an endless cycle of lubricating, dressing, polishing, sweltering and cleanup duty. Assisting Stacy with all this had been arduous enough. Now he was going

to experience it himself, first hand.

Madam Deborah circled around her dumbstruck pet. Her bare feet enjoyed the cool touch of the floor, free from the strain of high heels until show time. Seeing Roland go from a deliriously happy state of wolfing down his food to sudden apprehension put a mischievous smile on her face.

“Look at the bright side, my slutty little *Ken doll*” she announced before polishing off her liquid meal. “This is the first day of your new career.”

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Coating Roland in dressing lubricant and tugging the sleek, black rubber suit over every crevice of his toned body took a good twenty minutes. Next came the matching latex gloves and socks. The hood was the final garment and the young man was surprised to find it was the article he liked the least. Without ear holes, the thick headpiece plastered his ears to the sides of his head. His short black hair, always a defining feature of his self image, was now matted down and grew sweaty within minutes of putting the damn thing on.

By the time he was fully dressed, it was almost noon. Roland gazed into the full length mirror and studied the almost ninja-like anonymity the fetish clothing imbued him with. There was no doubt about it. He was officially a *gimp*. He felt ridiculous, but at the same time, he couldn't deny that the tight, shiny material showed off his figure well.

SMACK

Stacy's palm blasted off his right ass cheek, startling him. Her face popped up just over his shoulder in the mirror.

“**Very** nice! You were born for this, Roland. We're going to have so much fun!”

Roland... It was the first time she hadn't called slave, slut or some other derogatory submissive moniker since they arrived here. Stacy was in a good mood, indeed.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“How does it **feel**?” she asked loudly, compensating for the layer of latex now covering his ears. She caressed his back and ran her fingers up and down his sides, tracing his newly rubber clad form.

“It's quite warm, Mistress. And very tight. I'm already sweating quite a bit.”

“That's to be expected. You'll get used to it.”

“Yes, Madam Deborah.”

“Good boy. Undo your front zipper. Let me see your cage.”

Roland reached down and unfurled the zipper at his crotch. The thick latex parted, creating a portal to

wear his locked up penis glistened, sweat shining along with the contraption's bright steel.

“Awww...” Stacy's expression drooped with disappointment. “No stiffy. Guess that confirms you're not into latex. Lucky for you, actually. If you **had** been into it, you'd be in for a lot more pain. Chastity is brutal for men when they can't control themselves.”

Mistress Deborah reached down and cupped his balls with her right hand. Her left palm snaked around his side and seized his nipple through the shiny, black rubber. She pinched it harshly while giving his scrotum a gentle squeeze. Her breasts pressed into his back aggressively, by far his favorite element of her sudden assault.

“**Ahhhhh!**”

“No, you'll only need to worry when I'm giving you *extra stimulation*” she teased him incessantly. “Which, starting today, will be much more common. Now that you're my obedient little pet, the real fun can begin. Won't that be nice, slave?”

“Ahhh... “ he muttered with closed eyes. “Yes, Mistress Stacy!”

She released him just as suddenly, leaving him on the very edge of arousal. “But first, it's time for your new cage.”

Stacy stalked off and retrieved something from one of the tables in the back of the dressing room. Roland's eyes opened and fresh anxiety welled up in him. Through the small holes of his bondage hood, his own fear was reflected in his soft, brown eyes.

“New cage?”

He turned just in time to see the sultry brunette approaching with the new toy. She held up the chastity device for him to examine, a second cage that was even smaller and more restrictive than the one he was currently wearing.

“Mmmhmmm” she confirmed, a cruel grin forming on her lips. “The first of many.”

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Roland's first modeling session was long and grueling. After teaching Stacy the finer points of using his expensive camera, she slipped seamlessly into the photographer role, capturing him in a hundred different poses and positions. For the first time, she got to enjoy the cool dungeon air, half-dressed, while Roland suffered in clammy, all-consuming rubber.

He sweltered under the studio lighting while Mistress Deborah snapped away. Mercifully, she removed his hood for a while. The fetish clothing manufacturer that hired them wanted an equal distribution of shots where the male's face was concealed and when he was visible.

As Stacy captured him from every angle a second time, Roland was forced to consider if anyone he knew might stumble across these pictures while shopping for their own kinky gear. The prospect made

him nervous at first, but the more he thought about it, the more his anxiety faded. With the thousands of providers of BDSM products out there, it didn't seem likely that would ever happen. And even if it did, the person in question couldn't confront him without tacitly admitting to their own peccadilloes. Once Roland realized that, he grew oddly comfortable with using his face and body to sell shiny, submissive male fetishwear.

The initial shoot went on for almost an hour. When Stacy was satisfied they had enough pictures, she set the camera aside and grabbed a bottled water from the basement's mini fridge. She strode back to Roland, who'd collapsed on one of the sofas. He was so happy to be out of the hot, bright studio lights.

“Drink this. You need to stay hydrated.”

He accepted the chilled water gladly. “Yes, Mistress. Thank you.”

“I'm gonna go get dressed. Drain your bladder if you need to. Otherwise, rest. When I get back, you'll be doing more than posing.”

Roland looked confused. “Mistress, I thought I'd be the one getting changed?”

Stacy looked down at him, an amused smirk playing across her face. She placed her hands on her hips.

“Oh, I have other slutty outfits to dress you in, but not today. You won't be changing nearly as often as I do. Sadly, there's not as much variety in men's fetish fashion as there is in women's. But that doesn't mean you're done. There's more than one type of *modeling*. We have so many toys to play with; to show off for the camera. And you're going to experience **every... Single... One.**”

The young man had never felt more like *prey* in his life. The curvy, sexually ravenous predator stood over him, lording her superiority and will to dominate. Roland swallowed nervously.

“As you say, Mistress.”

“Be back in a bit, **slut**. Kick back while you can.”

He sat back in a daze as Madam Deborah ascended the stairs. How foolish he'd been to assume that his 'modeling' career would be all clothes and glamor shots. Of course not. Stacy had other uses for him. In the modern digital landscape, every cam girl, porn star, Dominatrix and other form of sex worker referred to themselves as a *model*. It was the safe title for anyone involved in lewd visual content.

After relieving himself, Roland passed out for a while. He dozed on the plush leather sofa as he waited for whatever debauchery Stacy had planned next. He'd been deep asleep for a while when the distinct stomp of high heels down the wooden stairs signaled Mistress Deborah's return.

Roland looked up, groggily, to find her powerful legs wrapped in gleaming black, just like his body. Where her leather thigh highs ended, scarlet red latex took over. As she sauntered down the stairs, her curves were revealed, shining brightly in a full body red rubber catsuit. Stacy's hair was slicked back into an efficient pony tail. Her lips were painted deep crimson and her eyes were accented with dark mascara, liner and eye shadow, completing her disciplinarian image.

On her way back to Roland, she stopped at one of her toy racks and retrieved a short-tailed flogger.

Half of its thick strands were black and the other half red, matching her outfit perfectly. She chuckled and swished the menacing accessory through the air as she stalked to the lounging slave.

“Did you have a nice little nap?”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you.”

“You're welcome, slave. Time to put your hood back on.”

She tossed the flogger aside just long enough to grab the thick rubber hood and slide it back over Roland's head. Stacy tugged it down his face and adjusted the ties and buckles, strapping it on securely and banishing him back to fully covered gimp status.

“I'm glad you're rested. This next part will go smoother if you can stay relaxed.”

“Next part, my Goddess?”

“The part where I finally claim your cherry” she said with relish. Stacy grinned and her pearly whites shined almost as brightly as the latex covering her shapely form.

Fresh fear entered Roland's eyes, signaling dismay from the holes in his tight, clammy headpiece. He'd been willing to play her increasingly filthy games until now, but if she was planning to peg him next, that would be cause for second thoughts.

Stacy snapped her flogger back up and lashed it across his chest, causing Roland to jump on the sofa.

WHAP

“Don't give me that look! You knew this was coming and I've done everything to ease you in! You should be thanking me for my patience!”

“Yes, Mistress Deborah! Thank you!” he acquiesced, holding his hands up in supplication.

“I better see some of enthusiasm, or I'm gonna start start using this again!” She reached down to her right boot where she'd clipped the shocker remote and held it up as a reminder.

“I live to serve you, Goddess Stacy!” he pleaded and bowed his head.

“That's more like it.” Stacy pointed her flogger at one of the dungeon's many pieces of bondage furniture. “Get on the spanking bench. **NOW!**”

Roland rose hurriedly and outright jogged to the nefarious looking contraption of steel and black leather. His haste didn't stop Stacy from whipping him with the flogger repeatedly.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

He felt its sharp sting across his back and ass repeatedly until he lowered himself onto the medieval device and assumed the proper position. The bench had its own built-in restraints including sets of wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs and wide leather straps that tightened over the submissive's back and around the

thighs. Roland breathed deep, doing his best to stave off the budding anxiety as Stacy circled around him and locked his limbs and torso until he was completely immobilized.

Roland's body heat surged as he squirmed in the restraints and tried to get used to the unusual position. Resting on your stomach, shins and forearms was awkward, but at least the thick leather padding cushioned his frame. His gimp-suited body began to perspire more heavily, forming a layer of sticky filth between his skin and the clinging rubber. His hair, briefly freed from the hood and allowed to dry, was quickly growing damp again. The back legs of the bench pulled his legs apart, providing ample space for the dominant to access the bottom's bottom.

He tried not to think about what was coming next as Stacy moved about in the background. She muttered to herself, frustrated as she positioned video cameras to capture their fun from multiple angles.

“Ugh! This sucks. I need another slave to operate the cameras! At least the girls will be able to help with that tomorrow...”

“The girls, Mistress?”

“Oh yeah, I didn't tell you yet. We're having company tomorrow! A bunch of my Domme friends will be here and you're gonna be the star of our little show! Actually, some of them might stay for a while on their own vacations, so you're going to be very busy! Think of today's session as a practice run.”

Roland's mouth went dry as his heartbeat and breathing spiked. A new, more powerful unease settled over him, but he didn't have time to wrestle with it before Stacy put him on the spot.

“Alright, I'm starting the recordings! Just follow my lead and we'll get some good footage. If you don't respond properly, you'll be punished. Then we'll keep trying till you get it right!”

“I understand, Mistress” he replied with resignation in his voice.

“For the first few minutes, I want you to writhe and squirm on the bench. You can grunt, but don't say anything else. Act like you're trying to escape. That's a juicy way to start!”

I won't be acting. Ronald thought to himself, though he knew better than to say it out loud.

“Yes, Madam Deborah.”

Once all the cameras were rolling, he began his little performance. Stacy watched with a mile-wide grin as he struggled in his bindings and groaned. His efforts to pull free were sincere, but they yielded no results. His resistance only served to make his latex layered form even more hot and grody. The recorders captured his pointless squirming for several minutes as Mistress Deborah watched with delight.

Eventually, Stacy stepped into frame just behind the writhing Roland. Her boot heels clacked off the floor as she flourished her flogger for the camera. She stopped just a few feet from his strapped down legs and struck a contemptuous pose, her hands on her hips.

“Hello, slave. Trying to escape again are we?”

“N-No, Mistress” he answered, his struggles ceasing.

“Liar!” she spat. “That means extra lashings for you today.”

Stacy stalked forward, seized the zipper at Roland's ass and glided it down in one smooth motion. She pulled the thick black latex aside, freeing his pale ass cheeks but leaving his caged dick tucked in the suit below. The haughty Domina took a few steps back and unfurled her short flogger for the audience to see in its full, colorful glory.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

She swung the hefty toy in a smooth *figure 8* motion. It's thick black and red tassels lashed into Roland's right ass cheek and then his left, alternating with each stroke. He flinched on the bench with each strike, his teeth gritting as her first round came to an end. Only the lightest shade of red had entered his flayed bottom and it already hurt like hell.

“How do you like your new cock cage?” she questioned.

“I... I don't enjoy it, Mistress.”

“Another lie.”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Her next round of blows snapped into his flesh, even stronger and louder than the first. The color in his beaten bottom surged as she whipped the leathery cords into his defenseless flesh. By the end of the second round, Roland was yelping with every strike. Tears welled in his eyes as his face grew red below the hood and he tried desperately not to scream.

“How do you like your new cock cage?” she repeated the query.

“IT'S WONDERFUL, MISTRESS!”

Stacy chuckled coyly. “How quickly we change our tune. What do you like about it?”

Roland breathed deeply, pausing for a moment to think of an answer she'd like. “It's only fitting I wear a cage, Mistress! Slaves have no use for erections!”

“Mmmm, good answer. You have no use for it and neither do I. You'll wear my cage willingly for the rest of your **bitch** life. Isn't that right?”

“Yes, my Goddess!”

“Well said, slave. Since you're getting with the program, I think we'll do just one more round.”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

“Ahhhhh! **AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

As the heavy flogger belted into his behind for another ten strokes, Roland's flinching became more pronounced. He jolted in his bindings with each powerful spank, feeling every leather tendril snap across his increasingly sore bottom. By the time the final set was complete, his cheeks bore a bright red hue, the intense ache clearly written on his ass for all to see.

"There we go! Much better" Stacy called out. She gazed down at her handiwork with a smug smile. "Now the real fun begins!"

She stepped away briefly to discard her flogger and fetch another toy. For Roland, it was five minutes of blissful peace, though he still had to suffer the throbbing pain in his fire-kissed flesh. For the cameras, this was a segment that would be edited out later. The clip of their first Femdom session would resume with a fade-in as Stacy stepped back into the frame with a long, hefty harbinger of doom protruding from her pelvis.

It was a giant, bright red ten inch dong, matching the color of Mistress Deborah's catsuit. Only the black strapon harness made it apparent that a sex toy was locked to her waist and she wasn't a creature of pure latex. For most, it was much too big to be a starter toy, but as Stacy had already pointed out, she'd been preparing his ass for days. Now, Roland's personal *Judgment Day* had arrived.

She stalked toward his face slowly, letting terror sink into his mind as he contemplated trying to take her oversized specimen. The colossal silicone schlong bobbed before her, growing closer to his mouth with every step. When its rubbery tip pressed into his lips, Stacy reached down and seized the rubber at the top of his hood. She guided his line of sight upward until he met her excited, wild-eyed gaze.

"Open wide, **slave!** You have five minutes to **lube my cock!** The only lube you're gonna get comes from your slutty mouth! So **get to work!**"

Before he could utter a protest, Mistress Deborah pushed the big, rubbery glans into Roland's pursed lips harshly. To avoid the force of her hips against his teeth, he reluctantly yielded to her demand and opened his mouth wide. Stacy pushed hard and deep, laughing as four inches of fat rubber cock glided in and prompted his first gag.

Roland retched around the girthy invader and struggled in his bonds. Mistress Deborah backed out only slightly before thrusting a second time and launching her slick, rubbery rod even further down his tongue. She settled into a slow pumping rhythm as she held his hooded head with one hand and looked to the camera recording them from the side. She poked his mouth forcefully as he slurped and gagged on the first half of her beefy toy.

"Mmmmm! **There we go!** Yeah, you like that! Don't ya? **A natural cock sucker!** Is this really your first time? I'm not so sure... You're taking five inches so easily."

A wave of revulsion washed over Roland as the increasingly slimy strapon surged through his lips and slid down his tongue with ease. It's heavy glans kept bashing into his uvula and threatening to ram down into the tight, hot embrace of his throat. Each charge into his maw stretched his lips wide and coated the filthy phallus in a fresh wave of his phlegm.

"**See, slave?** This is why I don't need your worthless dick. Mine's bigger. Thicker. It doesn't go soft like your **sad little pecker.** You don't know the first thing about **laying pipe.** But you're gonna be an expert

at sucking **big, fat, musty strapons!** Me and my friends are gonna see to that.”

Strings of syrupy saliva leaked out with each withdrawal from his increasingly flustered face. Stacy grabbed his head with both hands, her latex fingers sinking into the rubber of his hood. She shoved her toy deep in his mouth with each impassioned thrust. Soon, his lips were sliding past the five inch mark as she breached his throat for the first time. Roland glugged and sputtered around the fat shaft, his eyes welling with fresh tears as his face started to turn red again.

“**Start sucking, bitch!** I don't hear any suction! Suck my cock like a proper whore and we'll save depthroating for another day!”

Desperate to stop her advance, Roland obeyed her eagerly. He applied his tongue and the walls of his mouth to the greasy, rubber schlong. Each slide from his mouth elicited slick pops and moist, rubbery slobbers as he suckled on the shaft like a starving man. Stacy relented somewhat, content to watch half of her massive toy slide into his dripping lips and sodomize his increasingly sloppy mouth.

“Up here, slave” she instructed with a slap to his cheek. “Look at me while I fuck your mouth!”

Roland shifted his gaze upward, He found the enraptured eyes of his Domina, burning with lust and staring back down at him.

Stacy studied his defeated expression. His face, locked in black rubber just like body. His eyes leaking salty streams of sublime humiliation. His lips now actively sucking on her strapon, trying desperately to pleasure a silicone toy that couldn't feel his efforts. But his grudging submission was pressing her pleasure buttons in the most fantastic ways.

The energy high of pure dominance filled her body, crackling through every nerve as she face-fucked the bound bitch boy. Her nipples were rock hard, creating dents in the latex of her costume. Her body grew warmer, the rubber sucking at her luscious skin as her hips rocked back and forth. Stacy's libido grew like a bonfire as she turned her once innocent employee into a gimp servant to her every depraved desire.

When she couldn't wait another second, Mistress Deborah pulled her saliva-drenched cock from Roland's mouth and shoved his head aside. Roland was left coughing and wheezing as drool leaked from his lips. His head lulled as his lungs heaved in an effort to re-oxygenate. As she strode around his bound form, his head lifted and he looked to the camera straight ahead, wondering where Stacy had gone. He got his answer presently, when she seized his still-burning ass cheeks and split them like a dinner roll.

Mistress Deborah brought the bulbous, silicone glans, still slick with his own spit, and thrust it into Roland's fleshy pucker. He let out a deep, agonizing groan as the weighty weapon sunk deep in his tight, spongy tunnel. Stacy seized his hips, her fingers sinking into his rubberized flesh like anchors into the sea. She strummed out and thrust back in just as quickly, sending two thirds of her enormous fuck stick into Roland's yielding ass.

“**AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

“Oh yeah! Take it, slut! **TAKE IT!!!**”

Lubed with nothing but his own frothy spittle, Stacy slammed into his ass, cramming more of the thick, rubber shaft into his silky starfish with each lustful fuck. She'd gone easy on his mouth, making allowances for a first time cock sucker, but there would be no mercy for his asshole. No gentleness for that delicate portal she'd probed, stretched and trained for days with her fingers and toys.

Roland grunted and groaned mightily, his locked down body shuddering with each sensual spearing through his sensitive walls. He was utterly overwhelmed, gazing at the video recorder straight ahead with disbelief in his eyes. He was shocked, not only by Stacy's sudden, aggressive deep-dicking, but from discovering it wasn't altogether unpleasant.

Yes, each forceful thrust sent the sensation of painful fullness and a stab of deep ache into his guts, but each hasty retreat slid the succulent rubber over his now engorged prostate. Each slick withdrawal elicited a long, forced buildup of bliss more intense than Mistress' finger could impart. Roland's penis ballooned within its new, smaller cage, surging with involuntary arousal. His pre-nut butter dribbled freely, adding to the mess in his tight, soiled second skin.

“Filthy gimp bitch! Getting fucked up the ass and loving it! AREN'T YOU?!?”

“Y... Yes, Mistress” he stammered.

“SAY IT!”

Roland's face was a mix of emotions, a fact even his bondage hood couldn't hide. His moist, glassy eyes and the open, awe-struck droop of his mouth gave it away.

“It... feels good, Madam Deborah!”

Stacy cackled cruelly as she continued drilling into his depths. Inconceivably, her girthy, ten inch dong sank balls deep in Roland's boy pussy during his very first pegging. It's fat rubber scrotum smacked into the bottom of his ass for the first time, adding an extra slap of humiliation and pain with every aggressive thrust.

That her new slave was taking his first anal plowing so well sent Stacy's sex drive to the moon. The nubs in the strapon harness stroked her sex wonderfully with every frenzied thrust. Her juices ran freely, dripping from her engorged, tingling vulva into the bottom of her suit, coating it with sinful filth and adding to her delirious high.

The cameras captured her *full spectrum dominance* and Roland's total submission in high definition from three impressive angles. Soon, this session would be earning Stacy money; another steady drip of income from all the adult clip sites where such content could be sold. It was the first of many sessions to come.

Roland stared at the camera, mouth agape. His bound body jolted and trembled with every slick plunge of the thick rubber cock and each heavy smack of Stacy's hips into his ass. It began to dawn on him just how utterly the beautiful Domme had played him. His 'modeling' career was really a porn career and Stacy had chosen this life for him. It was devious and wrong on her part, yet some tiny part of Roland deep in his *lizard brain* couldn't deny that her now total control of his life was a turn on.

Stacy sank her fat strapon to the hilt in Roland's ass and paused her fucking. She leaned down,

grabbing him by the top of his hood. She spoke just loud enough that her slave could hear her through the stifling latex and the microphones could capture her sultry words. “That's it, **slave! Surrender to me!** Surrender to the pleasure! Surrender... to the lens.”

A literal reading of her words meant he should accept the camera recording his subjugation. It implied coming to terms with his new profession. But Roland knew, instinctually, that her commands went much deeper than that. There was a metaphorical *lens* Stacy ordered him to acknowledge. A new paradigm she demanded he adopt. The lens of a woman led relationship, matriarchy and female supremacy.

Before he could mutter a half-baked response, Mistress Deborah released his head and leaned back on her stiletto heels. She seized his sides yet again and resumed her rough, forceful fucking. Roland's nearly broken brain snapped. His eyes rolled upward as he moaned like a virgin on her wedding night. It was only too fitting, as the depraved Domina savaged his slutty hole that, until today, had never been home to a thrusting phallus. Roland's cherry now belonged to her, along with his pride and his sanity.

The pleasurable glow around his prostate buzzed, bulged and built with steadily growing intensity. Roland yanked on his bindings like an animal, his predicament offering him no vector to channel the unbridled sexual energy blasting through his body. He sweated and sweltered in his rubber prison as Stacy pounded him relentlessly, her high pitched moans joining his gruff bellows.

She kept him on the edge of ecstasy for minutes that each felt like an eternity. After an eon of loud, aggressive, rubberized bodies slapping into each other, Roland yelled in sudden, uncontrollable orgasm. His locked down form seized in its bonds as his wail of pleasure echoed through the basement dungeon. His caged penis shot its thick, creamy load all over the bottom of his gimp suit in a surge of pleasure ten times stronger than he'd ever experienced stroking his cock.

Seeing him come from being penetrated pushed Stacy over the same, teetering edge. She screamed in climax, her clitoris pulsing and her folds gushing all over the clingy latex as she stuffed her strapon to the hilt and shuddered in bliss. They orgasmed together, an act of profound intimacy that shouldn't have been possible by two people who'd so recently been strangers. Even more perverse was how their mutual delight was a product of such devilish debauchery with dubious consent.

When their collective, thunderous high began to fade, Mistress Deborah collapsed on her bound slave. She lay there a while, breathing just as hard as Roland with her giant red dildo stuffed in his stretched-out anus. After a brief rest, she pushed herself off him and her fat, filthy toy slurched out of his freshly fucked hole.

SMACK

Her palm streaked out and swatted his reddened ass, ending his deflowering with a final note of female dominance.

“See, slut. **I told you you'd like it.** This is the beginning of a long and fruitful relationship.”

* * * * *

Roland remained locked in his new second skin for the next twenty four hours and beyond. He was allowed to removed his hood at bed time, but as soon as he and Stacy awoke, it went right back on. To his own shock, Roland acclimated to his new perma-gimp status, just as he'd grown to accept her discipline, being led around by a leash and eating off the floor like a dog.

After breakfast, he spent the morning doing chores and preparing the house for the slew of guests that would arrive soon. He didn't know what to expect, and where that once would've made his anxious, Roland found that he was now excited. It didn't make sense. His cock was caged, he was locked in sticky rubber and he'd become a domestic servant and sexual slave to his employer, but on some perverse level he still didn't understand, he was okay with it.

Maybe, just maybe, he was **more** than okay with it. But the now part time photographer and full time fetish slave was far from ready for that internal dialogue.

Stacy went about her morning routine. She did her workout, checked in on her growing empire of sexy snapshots and smutty videos and chose her outfit for the upcoming Femdom orgy. She caught glimpses of her shiny, obedient servant in passing. Each time, she studied him lustfully, admiring the way the sleek latex outlined his fit frame. Even more arousing was how fully he'd settle into his new role; how Roland no longer talked back or second guessed her commands.

Everything was going according to plan. Of course it was. It was **her** plan. If there's one thing Stacy had learned in recent years, it's that everything went smoother when women were in charge. She'd learned it from her friends in the BDSM scene. The same ones who'd soon be joining them on this lakeside retreat. Roland was learning it now.

One boy down. Four billion to go.