

Quickie #44

In Too Deep

Aphrodite. The Goddess of love, lust, beauty, pleasure and passion. The Dominatrix standing before you, adorned in full body black and red fetishwear, had named herself well.

Mistress Aphrodite. The Domina you'd fallen foolishly, hopelessly, head-over-heels for. The woman who didn't love you back, at least not in a romantic way. Perhaps the way a collector loves a prized possession or an artist loves her canvas, but nothing more. And that was fine, because in a relationship such as this, love was not required. Only orders and obedience.

Your hands, free of restraints for the first time all day, reach forward and smooth over the contract sitting on the table in front of you. Your body, ensconced in tight, constricting black rubber, leans forward. Even the smallest movement elicit the creaks and supple stretching sounds of gimp slavery. You peruse the document, your eyes growing wider and more excited with each proclamation on the page.

“Read it over. Think it over” she instructs. Her heeled boots clack across the floor as she circles the table and taps a riding crop in her hand. “If you sign, you'll be allowed one trip home to put your affairs in order. When you return, you're mine for thirty days.”

At this time, like most, there was no love to be found in her voice or affection in her gaze. When it manifested, Mistress Aphrodite's love was a selfish and impersonal one. She loved how far you'd lower yourself for her. How easy it was to control you. She became enamored when using you as a tool for her pleasure, profit and amusement. She loved your submission and the rush of power it gave her.

“You must do this freely” she continues. Her long red hair swishes behind her as she walks. It trails from the single hole at the top of her black latex hood. Mistress Aphrodite is a hardcore leather and rubber enthusiast. She enjoys the cling of shiny fetishwear on her own body as much as on her slaves. “Don't sign unless you're truly ready to begin a new life.”

Romantic longing? No. There's none of that in her sweet voice, but her lust is legendary. It wasn't uncommon for the eyes of the hardened hedonist to soften when Mistress Aphrodite's body surged with desire. Her breath came heavier, her words grew hurried, and her skin went flush with sweaty warmth below the latex of her costume.

This happens when you're freshly bound and completely at her mercy. When she pulls your hooded face to her needy pussy or bends you over, yet again, preparing you for another fucking or flogging. This is the love language of the Goddess and you're happy to respond in gagged murmurs, yelps of pain, and screams of pure sexual exhilaration.

Mistress Aphrodite's loud footfalls come to a stop beside you. She places her hands on her hips and looks down at you sternly. “If you sign, but you don't return by noon tomorrow, I'll know you chickened out. **You'll** know that your word is meaningless and you've wasted the opportunity of a

lifetime.”

You look up and meet her gaze. “That won't happen, Mistress” you confirm eagerly. Fresh sparks of erotic excitement blaze to life in her deep blue eyes as she realizes you're about to acquiesce.

Without another word or thought, you seize the ballpoint pen and sign your life away. There was never any doubt. Not really. Not since the Goddess cast her spell on you. Until then, you'd never had a true appreciation for addiction. Now, you need her harsh demands, cruel touch and thrilling erotic abuse like the air you breathe.

Mistress Aphrodite collects the contract; the document you didn't entirely read. She holds it up to the light and studies it briefly before smiling. She reaches down and grabs your rubberized chin.

“Very good, slave. I'll see you tomorrow, then.”

* * * * *

The minute hand of your living room clock crawls like a tortoise across the scorching sand of some lonely desert. Twenty four hours feels like twenty four years. Such is a day outside the presence of your Mistress and owner.

You email your boss, explaining that you're going away for a month and you'll understand if your job isn't waiting when you get back. Conversely, you call your parents and say you're going away on business to somewhere that might not have internet access or a good phone signal. You promise to get in touch when you can. You text a similar notice to your few close friends.

You have no pets to accommodate, so once the initial formalities are handled, there's little to do but sit and eat your last meal as a miserably free man. You browse the internet a bit, but nothing interests you. You pull up your favorite streaming service and search for something to watch, but the same ennui takes hold. Before you can decide, you're sucked into the black hole of your own past; the chain of events that brought you to this crossroads.

You were with your last girlfriend for three months before you worked up the courage to admit an interest in female domination. She didn't seem enamored with the idea, but you'd gotten along well so far, and she was willing to give it a shot. After a few trial runs in the bedroom, each shorter than the last, it became obvious that you were way more into it than she was. Her enthusiasm wasn't there.

This opened a rift that ended the relationship, but it was for the best. It was clear you were fundamentally incompatible in the bedroom and you were tired of pretending to be satisfied with vanilla sex. You searched Femdom personals and alternative social media for months after, looking for a Domina to date. The odds were even more stacked against you than in the regular internet dating pool.

At one of your lowest moments, you came across Mistress Aphrodite's ad and followed it to her website. She was a pro Domme working in a town fairly close to your own. You'd always considered yourself too proud and frugal to pay for sexual thrills, but your pride had taken a serious beating. At this stage of your life, you had more money in the bank than optimism for finding an ideal partner. The

years were ticking away. Years in which you should be enjoying your most vibrant and exciting sex life. *Carpe diem*.

Your first session with Mistress Aphrodite went extremely well. It was a *feeler* session, going through all the basics and exploring your likes, dislikes and limits. Mistress Aphrodite was neither a pure service top or a selfish Domme who cared only for her own pleasure. She fell squarely in that blissful middle ground; a woman who would demand obedience and full control but reward you in equal measure.

For every kink you suffered for her enjoyment, she would grace you with one of your favorite activities. She pushed you out of your comfort zone and to the very edge of your boundaries, always looking for an opportunity to exceed them once you were desperately willing. She didn't **just** use you, she wanted to see you grow.

With each new session, the impact play became harsher, the strapon got bigger, the ass-fucking and cock-sucking training grew more intense and the periods of bondage and rubber confinement were longer and more demanding. With every costly, sex-crazed *date*, you fell more in love with Mistress Aphrodite. While that love was not returned, it was clear she was growing more comfortable with you each time. Her smile came easier, her enthusiasm climbed, and your sessions began to exceed the time you paid for.

After your eighth night of naughty fun, you were presented with the contract, along with a full explanation of how Aphrodite's enterprise worked. Most of her income came from web subscriptions and video sales, not from topping clients. Her clients were simply a bit of extra fun and money on the side; a convenient pool from which she considered potential candidates to be her live-in slave and shooting partner. Her last partner had moved on months ago and she'd been searching for a new one ever since.

It was the opportunity of a lifetime. You weren't sure what thrilled you more, the prospect of being a 24/7 slave for a month, of being used by Mistress Aphrodite and her various Femdom friends to sate their lust and fatten their bank accounts, or the possibility that it might lead to something even more permanent and extreme.

As you sit in your living room, glancing at the static screen of streaming content you no longer care to browse, your thoughts fixate on Mistress Aphrodite. You imagine what it will be like tomorrow when you fully submit to being her bitch for an entire month. You unzip your pants and seize your cock, stroking it up and down vigorously as it grows thicker and meaner by the minute.

Your low moans and panted breaths grow louder and more urgent. You fist your phallus up and down at full speed, holding out as long as you can. It's not long before your body tenses and your cock explodes in a fountain of milky white, sending fat ropes of semen into the air which rain down on your legs, torso, the sofa and the coffee table in front of you. You spasm on the couch, jerking yourself until your balls empty and your surroundings are covered in sticky custard.

You lay in a weak, mumbling, messy daze and release your spent penis. It's likely the last time you'll be allowed to touch yourself for the next four weeks. The giddy rush of tension and pleasure, now ebbing from your body, is the last such climax you'll experience until Mistress Aphrodite decides you've earned another.

* * * * *

You show up at 9 AM sharp the next morning with only a single bag of rudimentary personal care items slung over your shoulder. You ring the bell, but no one answers. You text Mistress Aphrodite and she replies that she'll be right over. Ten minutes later you hear footsteps coming your way. You turn to find her walking across the pair of driveways and the well maintained strip of grass and flower beds between them.

A pair of simple black shades shields her eyes from the morning sun. For once, her red hair falls freely around her head instead of being corralled into a single, high pony tail at the top. She's dressed in normal clothes; a loose fitting white top, ripped jeans and short black heels. It's a far cry from the fetishwear outfits and thigh-high boots you're accustomed to seeing her in.

“Well, aren't you the eager one!” she says while pulling out her keys. “That's good.”

She walks past you and unlocks the front entrance.

“I own both halves of the duplex” she explains before opening the door and waving you in. “This side serves as my dungeon and shooting studio. The other side is my home. My clients never learn this, but you're not a client anymore, are you **slave**?”

“No, Mistress” you answer with a smile.

Aphrodite points to the living room. “Make yourself comfortable. Get something to drink if you like. I have a few loose ends to tie up, but I'll be back in a half hour or so. Then we can begin.”

“Sounds good, Mistress” you confirm with a nod.

She grins, clearly as excited for the upcoming fun as you are. Mistress Aphrodite exits, the front door closing behind her.

You head to the kitchen, retrieve a bottled water and down it as you wander around your new home. Curious, you peek your head into the few rooms you haven't already seen in your many visits here. From wall to wall and second floor to basement, the entire place is filled with bondage furniture, sex toys, fetish clothing and kinky accessories. Once you've got the full lay of the land, you head back to the living room and wait for Mistress.

When she returns, it's right to business. Mistress Aphrodite takes you to her dressing room where the gear you'll be wearing for the next thirty days is already waiting. Your clothes are discarded and your naked form is plunged into the familiar cool cling of shiny black latex. It swallows your legs, climbs up your torso and your arms are the last to be inserted into its thick, luscious grip. Your heartbeat quickens as the suit is zipped shut behind you, sealing you in for who knows how long.

Next come the latex socks and gloves to seal off your extremities. The full bondage hood is pulled tight over your head, sealing your face and ears in latex. Mistress Aphrodite's chuckles and pleasurable murmurs grow as she locks every inch of your flesh in restrictive black rubber. Finally, a thick leather slave collar, the ultimate symbol of your submission, is folded around your neck and buckled securely.

Between the hidden zippers of the suit, double knotted ties at the back of the hood and the tiny padlocks brought to bear on both them and the collar, it's safe to say none of your gear is coming off without the help of your Goddess. The cold embrace of latex quickly converts to growing warmth as its sensual embrace traps your body heat against your own skin. By the time Mistress Aphrodite dresses in her her own ensemble of glossy black and red, you're sweating in your second skin.

She leads you into one of the playrooms and puts you front and center in front of the camera. Before turning it on, she assures you that it's not a live feed and your session will be edited before the juiciest bits are posted for her paid members to enjoy. So there's no pressure to perform perfectly. You just need to do what you're told and enjoy yourself.

“Hello my dears! **Welcome back!**” Mistress Aphrodite speaks to the camera, emoting pure excitement with her eyes, voice and limbs. “Today, I'd like to introduce you to my new plaything. I thought about giving him a name, but he doesn't need one other than **bitch, slut and slave!** Don't you agree?” Mistress grabs your collar aggressively and pulls you toward her. “I saved the last stage of his preparation for now, since I promised you a tutorial. So, without further ado, let's get started!”

Mistress Aphrodite releases your collar and walks off to retrieve one of her multitude of toys and adjust the camera. To your horror, she angles the camera downward at your crotch and zooms in before returning to your side. Aphrodite pulls down your front zipper with no hesitation and reveals your flaccid unit to whoever might be watching in the future. She lowers herself back into the frame and holds the frighteningly small cock cage next to your shriveled manhood.

“As you know, all my playthings are locked in chastity. This slut will be no exception. Since many of you requested a how-to video on locking up a slave's dick, this will be a real treat. He's a first timer!”

As Mistress Aphrodite goes to work, squeezing your most prized appendage into the tight framework of cold steel, you say a silent thanks that your face isn't in the frame. The bondage hood hides the burning embarrassment in your cheeks, but it can't conceal the skyrocketing anxiety in your eyes or the lip bites as she's rough with your most sensitive parts. Within minutes, the metal contraption is locked securely around your dick and balls, ensuring that the former will never reach its full length or girth and the latter will never hang in natural comfort.

With your penis under her strict control, Mistress Aphrodite re-positions the camera and moves you to a bondage bench. She bends you over it forcefully and demands your arms. In moments, your wrists are cuffed to the arm-holds, your legs are kicked wide apart and your ankles are similarly bound. Mistress unfurls the zipper at your bottom and reveals your ass in full before stalking off to select the first of many disciplinary tools.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Her flexible cane bites deeply into your flesh, and even you're surprised with the strength she opens with. Mistress has helped you build up your pain threshold, but she usually starts with something lower intensity. You grunt in fresh ache, your ass quivering in the wake of her first few blows. The rubber of your gimp suit droops on either side, jiggling as you wait for the next strike.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

“NNNNGGGHHHMMMM!!!”

“Ooooh! You like that, don't you slave?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress!”

“Good, cause there's lots where that came from.”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

She continues until your ass is painted with a web of thin red lines, stopping occasionally to massage your burning cheeks with the cool latex of her palms. Her touch is soothing and inflaming in equal measure, causing you to flex in your bondage and yelp as she gropes your savaged bottom. Your caged cock hangs below, dangling as she tortures you exquisitely.

swat swat swat swat swat swat

smack smack smack smack

Aphrodite switches to her flogger and paddle, continuing to flay your ass for the next twenty minutes, albeit at a lower intensity. With the initial strong caning setting the stage, even her mild blows send bolts of agony surging through your nervous system. She taunts you constantly as you cry out and squirm on the bondage bench, contorting like a worm on a hook.

“Awwww, does it hurt?”

“**Yes, Mistress!**” you shout with tear streaked eyes.

“Clearly, I need to bind you more thoroughly next time. You're moving way too much.”

“Sorry, my Goddess!”

“Hmph. That's good for now. On to the next course!”

She leaves you to rest for a spell as she puts away her toys and readies new ones. When she returns, she zips you back up, sealing your searing ass and cold, caged member back in the grasp of warm, slick rubber. Aphrodite unbinds you from the bench and helps you off. She grabs the D-ring at the front of your collar and guides you towards the camera.

Mistress pulls your arms behind your back. You hear the *crick-crick* of handcuffs as the familiar feel of sleek steel closes around your wrists. She grabs your shoulder and pushes you down to your knees. When she circles back around, you learn why you're on the floor. A massive, red rubber cock juts from her crotch, shining in the studio lights as it's aimed right at your mouth.

“Behold, his **other** favorite activity! **Sucking cock!**” she declares to the camera. Aphrodite presses its bulbous tip against your lips, nudging the obscene toy into your mouth. “Isn't that right, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Which would you say is your favorite? Getting **spanked, fucked in the ass or sucking dick?**”

“I... don't know, Mistress. I love them all.”

Aphrodite snickers as she takes a firm grip of your head with both hands. “Spoken like a true slut!”

She plows the slick, girthy phallus through your lips and pushes firmly until six of its ten thick inches sink deep in your maw. Aphrodite wastes no time sliding back as you moan around her silicone schwanz. She slams it right back into your accommodating mouth with an impassioned thrust. This time it dives seven inches deep, nearly triggering your gag reflex.

With strapon play as her absolute favorite kink, Mistress Aphrodite has trained your mouth expertly in previous sessions. Only when she goes balls-deep with one of her eight or nine inchers do you still gurgle and convulse around her toy in a panic. Up until now, she's patiently sized you up one inch at a time, until you could take her entire strapon to the hilt. But with the debut of her ten incher, her fattest and meanest phallus yet, it seemed her patience had run out.

Aphrodite enters a steady face-fucking rhythm, her grip tightening around your hooded head. Your vision zooms back and forth from her midsection, a glistening pipe of red rubber stabbing into your mouth and extracting itself moistly from your sucking walls. You slobber along its length, your eyes starting to water again as she presses you to take even more.

“C'mon slut... I **know** you want this whole thing! It's time to graduate to a **proper deep-throat cock sucker!**”

With a strong grasp on the back of your head, she pulls your lips to the eight inch mark on her fat toy. You cough and retch, thick trails of saliva drooling from your mouth until she releases the pressure and your lips slide back on the spongy spear. Mistress Aphrodite gives you no reprieve, only allowing half of it to exit your face before she thrusts in again. Your wrists strain behind you, pulling uselessly against the steel cuffs. You gag around the latex schlong as she fucks your mouth like a fleshlight.

“Yeah... That's it! Suck harder! **Take it! BALLS DEEP, SLAVE!** You need to be prepared! You're starring in your first gangbang video in three days.”

Your eyes bulge from the combination of forced deep-throating and the info dump of your depraved future. Aphrodite gazes down at you with crazed eyes, studying your cock-stuffed face. Slick, sticky phlegm runs from your mouth in small streams as you cough around her glossy, red pummeling piston.

“That's right. I'm inviting five friends over for a free-for-all! Six Dommies enjoying one bound slave, all afternoon. Perhaps we'll go into the night! And two of these ladies don't need strapons, if you know what I mean. I hope you don't mind the real thing!”

You mutter a garbled lament, but all you get is more slimy strapon down your throat for the trouble. Mistress Aphrodite senses opportunity as your lips approach the nine inch mark. She leverages all her strength and pulls harshly as her hips press deep. Your face goes red below the bondage hood as your neck and throat strain. Your lips creep to the very base of Mistress' strapon harness, kissing the metal ring holding up her cock in a perverse gesture of victory.

“**YES!!!**” she calls out before releasing your head. “Thatta boy!”

Your face slides back, coughing and retching as her saliva-drenched tool is expelled. You get a few deep breaths and a handful of seconds to recover from almost passing out before she poses the dripping tip of her rubber dong back at your mouth. You open your lips compliantly and Mistress Aphrodite resumes cramming your mouth with eight inches of fat, slobbery strapon. The eighth inch sinks deep into your throat each time, no longer an issue as you suck and slurp obediently.

“There we go... All it takes is practice. Lots and lots of practice. Goddamn, I almost came! Let's try that again, slave.”

Mistress Aphrodite throws her head back and puts the full force of her hips into the effort, slamming her glistening red staff into your mouth with abandon. Your knees begin to ache as you remain on the floor, sweltering in your gimp suit with your arms bound behind you. The Goddess fucks your mouth like she's never wanted anything else in her entire life.

You wonder how long it will be before your asshole gets the same rough treatment. In defiance of all good sense, your pucker twitches in anticipation. Your cock twitches in brutal chastity, causing you fresh pain each time you're aroused. This is the first of thirty days and from what Mistress Aphrodite has said, it will only get more intense. But you agreed to it. You wanted it. And when it's all over, you suspect that you'll beg for more.

Copyright © 2024 James Bondage. All rights reserved.