

## Mistress Cruel Love

### Chapter 8 – Exceeding Authority

It was late evening after a long hump day and the rain drizzled steadily against the windows of the third floor apartment. It was a cozy two-bedroom flat Percy and his girlfriend shared. There wasn't a lot of extra space, but it was plenty for the two of them. They'd settled into the couch together after a nice dinner of Chinese takeout. The latest episode of *Titans of the Cosmos* was streaming to their big screen.

Percy's dark skin tone and thin body were a marked contrast with the big woman leaning against him. The buxom redhead's weight was at least twice his own, and that's exactly how he liked her. Lindsey sat perfectly in his *Goldilocks zone*. She was full and voluptuous enough to smother him in wonderful, white flesh; but not so large that it endangered her health or detracted from her sassy, southern charm.

Lindsey spent her youth on a farm in South Carolina, fostering big bones on fresh milk. Likewise, her fulsome curves had been filled out with cornbread. She'd left the country for the city as soon as she was able, trading in her overalls for a communication degree and business casual attire. They both worked retail, but Lindsey had achieved more success. She already sat among the ranks of middle management at a large department store chain.

For his part, Percy was gainfully employed, though he had much less room for advancement than his better half. He worked at a hobby shop, *Cave Of Wonders*, that sold comic books, graphic novels, collectible trading card games, miniatures, posters and all the other geeky merch. It was a world he'd grown up in and enjoyed being a part of to this day.

Unlike Lindsey, he'd been raised in the city. He'd grown up relatively poor, but being part of nerdy middle and high school clubs pushed him in a wholesome direction. Percy worked odd jobs and minimum wage gigs throughout his youth to afford his hobbies and see all the new movies he craved. He'd skipped college and gone right to work in the business he loved, even though his position as a clerk was a humble one. His growing love of fantasy and sci-fi novels had led to a chance encounter with Lindsey at a local book store.

That's how he found himself enjoying another comic book inspired TV series while the big woman of his dreams rested against him. Lindsey wasn't so much into the superhero or sci-fi stuff. She preferred contemporary dramas and crime thriller content. At least they both enjoyed goofy comedies, the one thing they could always agree on when it came time to pick a movie or show.

Even as the action of the show picked up and the heroes charged into battle, Percy could feel her head droop against his shoulder. He heard the big woman's breath whistle through her nose and felt it fan across his shoulder. He turned, looking to confirm that she was out cold. The subtle motion of his body was just enough to rouse Lindsey from her snooze.

“Oh...” she lifted her wave of long, auburn hair from his side. Her locks were full, thick and always had a slight curl to them no matter how many times she tried to straighten them. “Sorry boo. Didn't mean to fall asleep on you.”

“It's ok, baby. You want me to rewind it a bit?”

“No, that's alright” she answered with a yawn and a wave.

“You sure? You missed the best part.”

“No, I didn't.”

Percy smirked. “How do you know?”

“Because it's on screen right now.”

Percy turned back to the TV just in time to see the camera pan up the body of *Black Phantom*. The leather and rubber of his costume highlighted his chiseled abs and bulging muscles.

The young man laughed. “Oh! I see how it is...”

“Mmmhmmm” she teased him, giving his body a squeeze before trailing one hand down to Percy's crotch.

“So that's the reason you tolerate my superhero stuff?”

“You can enjoy the comic book characters punching each other for hours on end. I'll admire the costumes. Ooooh, look at her! What's her name?!?”

“Widowmaker” Percy supplied with a sly grin.

The woman, clad in full body rubber, disarmed a man with her whip before savagely flaying him and wrapping the chord around his neck.

“Now there's a hero I can get behind!” she noted with enthusiasm.

“Oh, so you want a whip now, too?”

“Maybe...” she replied with a smile.

Percy snickered. Their bedroom play had begun straying in that direction in recent months. Female domination stuff. Maybe it was the promotions she'd received at work that made her feel like she was the one wearing the pants. Or perhaps it was the trips to the mysterious *Club Ishtar* she'd taken with her girlfriends. He'd heard some wild stories about that place.

Whatever the reason, Lindsey had taken a more dominant role in their love making and was continually pushing him to try new kinky things. In truth, Percy didn't mind. He was a modern man and he already loved eating pussy. Licking her ass wasn't so different and being stuck under her massive mounds of flesh was actually rather pleasant.

He'd been less enthused about trying butt stuff, but that was until Lindsey gave him the orgasm of a lifetime wiggling her digit fervently in his deepest, darkest place. It was hard to deny he liked it, on

some level, as she prodded him to journey farther into submission. As long as they kept it at home and confidential, he was fine with all that.

Percy reached for the remote and muted the television. He looked over at his fire-kissed beauty and smiled. “We can call it an early night if you're tired. I'll watch the rest of it later.”

“I don't know. Now that I've seen Widowmaker in action, I'm feeling a little more awake! Doesn't mean we can't head to the bedroom all the same...” she said with a wink.

Lindsey rose from the sofa, her buxom curves bounding and her extra pudge jiggling as she stood. Percy turned off the TV and set the remote aside. He joined her, grinning at the big woman as she set her hands on her wide hips and looked down at him.

Percy was a modest 5'7 while his girlfriend stood at an imposing 5'10. Women that tall already stood out, but when combined with her figure, the effect was multiplied. When Lindsey wore a pair of heels or stiletto boots, she **really** towered over him. Percy loved it. To him, the playful redhead was his *Boudica*; Queen of the Iceni tribe who'd resisted the Roman invasion of ancient Britain.

“I'm gonna grab a shower. You should get out of those clothes, get in bed and wait for me.”

“Yes, my Queen” he replied with a broad smile.

She smiled back and winked again before walking off.

He watched her long red locks sway back and forth as Lindsey strutted off to the bathroom. Percy's smile and the twinkle of excitement in his eyes didn't fade. They only grew as he walked down the hallway, entered the bedroom and began disrobing.

Percy strode to his side of the bed before kicking off his sneakers and pulling off his white v-neck shirt. He tossed it on the chair that sat next to his end table and followed it up with his blue jeans. He sat his phone down and ran his hands over his nearly shaved head. His dome sported a thin, buzzed layer of dark hair that slid down into an elegant, tapered fade.

He wasn't big on dressing up, but Percy was always presentable at the shop. He often switched up his striped button-downs and plain t-shirts with stylish hoodies and the occasional game or comic themed tee. His pants were mostly jeans, which he owned several colors of, or slightly more fancy chinos. His shoes were usually one of a half dozen pairs of cross trainers, but he also had a couple pairs of dress shoes.

Those clothes, which took up some small fraction of the closet space, and his one dresser drawer for underwear, socks and accessories, were the extent to which he had any say in the bedroom. This was Lindsey's domain, as evidenced by the multiple plants, the nicely arranged mood lighting, some rarely used exercise equipment and the neatly framed posters of concerts and plays she'd attended with friends.

This was fair, however, since Percy laid claim to the second bedroom as his den. That's where his comics, videogames, action figures and the rest of his geek paraphernalia were stored along with a nice desk and power PC. Only a few cases and bags of Lindsey's sowing supplies encroached on his man cave, but they were stuffed in the room's closet.

Percy ditched his boxers and slid onto the bed. The silky duvet felt lovely on his naked body, especially his bare cock. Although he hadn't been gifted with great height or rugged good looks, his penis was the one physical attribute in which Percy felt blessed. He had a five inch shower when soft and a girthy seven and a half inches when fully erect.

Ironically, it had been the source of much embarrassment when he was younger. He'd constantly worried about it tenting in his pants after he hit puberty. The last thing he ever wanted to do was reveal it in the boy's locker room and make a spectacle of himself. Now that he was older and a little wiser, Percy knew how good he had it.

Still, he'd often worried if the various women he'd dated throughout his twenties really liked him, or just enjoyed having a boyfriend with a big dick. It wasn't until he met Lindsey, a woman who was just as likely to playfully swat it away as she was to grab it like she owned the damn thing, that he was sure the attraction went beyond his weighty unit.

Speaking of the devil, Lindsey sauntered into the bedroom with a extra large towel wrapped around her warm flesh. She reached to the lighting dial and turned it low, dimming the overhead bulbs until Percy could see nothing but her outline. The big woman unfolded the towel from her body and tossed it aside on her desk chair.

His curvy Queen walked to the bed, slid onto the mattress and crawled forth, her massive breasts hanging low as she approached. Both of them smiled as Percy was swallowed by her doughy bulk. She lowered herself on him, her large frame and considerable weight pressing him deep into the bedding as their lips met. They kissed long and deep as Lindsey found his hands and seized them in her own. Her grip was strong. Her thick thighs pressed Percy's legs apart as she took full control.

She lifted her face from his and the gleam of erotic mischief twinkled in her eyes.

“Go ahead, babe. Just try and get away.”

They both knew it was impossible, but Percy was well aware she enjoyed his squirming. He attempted to pull away from her gripping hands, shift himself under her all-encompassing body and push back against her strong, meaty legs. His BBW Goddess didn't budge. She chuckled at his feeble attempts to break free.

“Awwww... **so sad**. Guess you're stuck here.”

“What a shame” Percy replied with a silly grin. His cock stiffened by the second, pressing upward into the soft flesh of his beloved. In short order, it sprouted between her massive ass cheeks.

Lindsey ground down on his erection, gently massaging it with her ass. She teased him for a bit before shifting her weight and reaching to the upper right corner of the bed. She found the first of the four cuffs they'd fastened to the bed with anchor points months ago. They were a permanent fixture of the bed, now. A regular feature in their love making.

She wrapped the leather cuff around his wrist, pulled it tight and buckled it securely. Her weighty breasts grazed his face as she shifted her body again and repeated the feat with his left hand.

“Hmmm... What should I do with you tonight? So many possibilities...”

“Whatever you wish, my love.”

“Good answer.”

She slid off his body and Percy was released from the grip of warm flesh for a few minutes. He breathed deep, his heart pounding in his chest as his cock stood straight up, pointed at the ceiling and weeping a thin trail of pre-cum. Lindsey made eyes at him and giggled as she wrapped the lower cuffs around his ankles and pulled them tight.

Would she ride him? Play with him? Demand a lengthy session of licking her dripping pussy? Tickle him with a feather? Apply nipple clamps? He never knew what to expect. His girlfriend's interest in domination had grown varied and unpredictable. In the old days, either she rode him or he fucked her from behind. Now, their sexual adventures were so much more dynamic.

Percy got his answer when she walked to her toy chest and returned with a blindfold. She positioned the long strip of leathery black over his eyes and pulled it tight behind his head. He was cast into darkness as Lindsey went about the rest of her preparations.

“Haha... Now you got me curious, baby. What we doin tonight?”

Lindsey loved the nervous waver in his voice.

“Like you said, whatever I want. You'll see...”

Percy felt a couple light thuds as more items were tossed onto the bed, between his legs. What toys was she bringing to bear tonight? The young man swallowed. His first real indication of the naughty play to come was when she tapped his side.

“Lift up your butt.”

He called on his core strength and raised his midsection as much as he could while being tied down. Within seconds, Percy felt a small pillow being shoved under his lower back, propping up his ass slightly.

The balance of the bed shifted as Lindsey rejoined him. The warmth of her body hovered over him until she settled on his exposed torso again. This time, they were in a sixty-nine position and the big woman's thighs straddled his chest.

“You know the drill, slut. Rattle your chains if you need a breath.”

It seemed Lindsey was in the mood for some ass licking. If one of her predilections was becoming more common, it was definitely that one.

“Yes, Mistr--”

His words were cut off as she shoved her gigantic globes of pale booty flesh back on his face. He was buried in an avalanche of freshly-washed ass. Fresh air was banished as his head was ensconced in her

ample backside.

Percy couldn't see a thing, but he didn't need to. He let sensation guide him as he extended his tongue and began gliding up and down her hot, supple skin. His face pressed through her clamping cheeks and he moaned in her bottom, finding her deepest crevice and painting it lovingly with his tongue. In between long swaths of licking, he zeroed in on her rosebud and danced around it with his soft, wet appendage.

Lindsey sighed in contented bliss. She pressed back on his face and relaxed, enjoying his early efforts before settling into more active domination. Once she grew accustomed to the godly high of having her ass licked and her hole rimmed with loving consistency, she reached forward and took more active control.

She grabbed Percy's cock with her left hand and gave it a series of hearty strokes. When it leaked fresh pre-cum, she released it, allowing it to quiver in the open air. His warm erection stood at attention as she reached below and grabbed her toys.

First, she rolled a rubber cock ring down to the base of his penis. Its tight band was snug around him, ensuring that blood could flow in, but not out for as long as it was applied. That meant she was planning to tease him for a while, most likely.

Next, Lindsey went to work with the hefty dildo she'd selected. She unwrapped a non-lubricated condom and rolled it down the dong's considerable eight inch shaft. This was the first time she would use a toy that was even bigger than Percy on his yielding pucker. She squirted a long rope of lubricant over its length and fisted it up and down, preparing the fearsome dong for insertion.

With the blindfold on and being buried under his girlfriend's mass of doughy white flesh, Percy had no idea how long the dildo was. He only knew its girth was substantial when she brought its fat tip to his waiting starfish and pushed it through.

Percy grunted in her all-consuming ass, pausing in his ministrations only briefly as he grew used to the fat invasion. He returned to bathing her increasingly sloppy crack with the full breadth of his tongue, even as Lindsey pushed the fat toy deeper in his anatomy.

“**There** we go...” Lindsey said with a grin as she sank it deeper in his ass inch by inch. She held the hefty silicone member by the balls, pushing it into his tight man-cunt with all her strength. “A **nice, thick cock** up the boy pussy...”

The bound, black bitch-boy drowning in ass felt more thick rubber cock being plowed into his bottom than he'd ever experienced in one of their sessions. Lindsey's weight was flat against him as she became sliding the toy out and plowing it back into his rectum. It became more difficult to breathe as she pushed her needy bottom against his mouth and fucked his ass with the fat toy. Percy held out as long as he could, but finally rattled the chains connected to his wrist cuffs.

Lindsey paused her thrusting dildo and lifted her lower body a few inches from his head. Percy still couldn't see, but he inhaled fresh air as his own saliva dripped from her ass crack onto his face.

“More tongue you **filthy bitch!** If you can't make me come from licking my ass, your sorry cock will **never be inside me again!**”

Percy was taken aback by the ferocity of her demands. Lindsey was really getting into the role play.

“Yes, Ma'am!” he answered, still eager to please. His cock stood at rigid attention, despite Lindsey's decision to give it little to no regard.

The bulky Goddess lowered her warm, increasingly sticky dumper back on his face and returned to her aggressive invasion of his ass. Percy swabbed his tongue up and down the full length of her crack as she fucked him with the long, fat, dildo full force. The pain of meaty rubber dick jabbing into his colon faded as her insertions became more smooth and natural. The lube eased the way as the thick toy slid along his prostate, his anatomy warming and beginning to tingle beyond his control.

They both moaned, Percy into her dark, fleshy bottom and Lindsey into the open air. Her pussy juices dripped along his neck and chest as she thrust backward on his face. She demanded more oral worship as she gushed below, her appetite for tongue against her delicate flower knowing no bounds. This continued for long stretches as Lindsey assaulted his ass endlessly.

The mild pleasurable sensation in Percy's ass grew, building until it threatened to drive him insane. He groaned in her bottom, shaking his face from side to side against her cheeks as his arms and legs pulled on their bonds reflexively. Lindsey knew it wasn't because he needed air. She felt the tension in his body. Saw his scrotum begin to clench and seize below. She knew her moment of triumph had arrived.

The big woman slid the toy balls deep in Percy's ass and left it there. She leaned back, getting clear of his thick, shuddering unit before the inevitable explosion. She grinned, seizing his steel-hard erection with her left hand and jerking it leisurely. She gave it the smallest amount of stimulation. The tiny extra push that would send him spiraling over the edge. The full weight of her bottom half pressed down around his face, his tongue buried in her asshole as the orgasm hit him like a freight train.

Percy moaned loudly into her gripping ass as a fountain of cum erupted from his cock. Lindsey leaned back, keeping her hair clear of his voluminous ejections as she stroked him up and down. His torso would've thrust him hard into her hand were her considerable weight not keeping him plastered to the bed. He could only groan, tongue her hungry pucker and feel the heavenly rush wash over him as his balls drained all over his own body and the bedding.

Lindsey grinned, milking him until every spurt of luscious nut had been siphoned from his jutting phallus. When his emissions tapered, she released his spent cock and gathered as much jizzum as she possibly could on her left hand.

The big woman lifted her massive, tingling ass from his sweaty, gunked up face and turned over him. The blindfolded submissive never saw it coming when she thrust her cum greased fingers into his mouth and shoved them deep down the length of this tongue.

“**LICK!** Suck your semen from my fingers, **little man!**”

Percy obeyed, lapping his own filth from her hand. Even he was surprised by his eagerness to do her bidding. Normally his excitement and willingness to submit faded as soon as he came, but it was lasting longer the more they engaged in kinky play. Was this what they called *sub space*?

Lindsey rubbed herself below with her right hand, gliding her fingers along her sopping wet cunt as she

forced-fed Percy his own sticky cream. She howled out low, throaty moans as her rolls of curvy white flesh shuddered in pure pleasure. After a long stretch of strumming herself and finger fucking Percy's mouth with her sperm slathered digits, Lindsey gushed as she groaned in climax.

She squirted all over her captive slut, covering him in a second layer of her juices. Her well-sucked fingers slipped from his mouth, but the ones sliding over her fleshy petals didn't stop until the last bit of her essence poured out all over her bound beloved. It flowed over his chest and splattered on his stomach, marking Lindsey's property with her pungent scent.

When her heavenly high finally began to fade, Lindsey leaned back, providing a wonderful view of her now sweaty breasts. She placed her hands on her hips and breathed deep, still straddling her soiled submissive as she admired his ruined state. She shook her long red hair from side to side, letting out a giddy laugh as she descended from cloud nine.

“Looks like you're the one who needs a shower, now.” She reached down and flipped the blindfold off his eyes before trailing her hand down and silencing him with a palm flat over his mouth. “But that's too bad. You can just wait until morning. I like you this way.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The bell fixed over the entrance to *Cave of Wonders* jingled as the door opened and a familiar face entered. Percy looked up from his perch at the registry and watched his old buddy Will stroll into the shop. They'd been friends since high school, attending many of the same clubs and fostering an interest in all things nerdy together. They weren't exactly close, and Percy would go weeks at a time without hearing from him, but they did get together occasionally to see a movie or attend a gaming tournament.

“Heeeeyyy! Willie! How you doin man?!?”

“Good! Good. It's all good!” Will exclaimed as he walked up to the counter.

Will was a few inches taller than him, but had a similar, slim to medium build. He was clad in a black and yellow hoodie, a pair of low riding black jeans and a backwards baseball cap over his cornrows. The man was all smiles, reaching out as soon as they came within range. They clapped hands and ended their greeting with a fist bump, as was customary.

“Good to hear, man.”

“How you been?”

“Same, dawg. Things are good.”

“How's business been?”

“Pretty damn good! Some guy came in here the first hour I was open and bought two of those big ass statues” Percy answered, pointing to the figurine section not far away. “Probably could've closed for the day right then.”



“Hah! Like the old man would ever let you.”

“Course not. And I wouldn't anyway. Just saying I could've.”

“Well, I'm glad you didn't, cause I just got paid and I'm ready to spend some money!”

Percy clapped his hands. “That's what we like to hear. What you lookin for today, brotha?”

“Let's start with eight boosters of *Magic Conclave* and the latest issue of *Thunder Hawk*. While you get those, I'm gonna look around and see what else catches my eye.”

“Sounds good” Percy said with a smile. He started gathering the items as Will strolled down the length of the store, checking out the latest merch.

“So, what's the deal with you and Mr. Diaz? He gonna make you a partner eventually or what?”

“That'd be nice. Though I don't think it's been long enough for that.”

“You've been here, what? Eight years already? He better start thinking about it.”

Percy scooped up the booster packs and set them aside before moving to the rack of brand new comics. “I'm gonna ask him eventually. Maybe in a few more years.”

“And what if he says no?”

The eager clerk seized the comic and turned with a smile. “Then I'm gonna open my own shop and become his competition.”

“Whoa! Look at you! Hope you've been saving your money.”

“I got a nest egg for that exact reason. If Mr. Diaz treats me right, it'll become my retirement fund instead.”

Willie nodded, apparently impressed by Percy's plan. He walked back to the front counter and looked up at the newest posters displayed overhead in a long line at the top of the wall. “Nice! That new *Titans of the Cosmos* poster. I'll take that too!”

“Right on” Percy acknowledged before moving to the poster storage bin.

“You see the new episode last night?”

“Most of it, but I missed the last fifteen minutes or so.”

“What?!? Bro, you missed the best part!”

“Yeah, I know... I got distracted.”

“Distracted by what?!?”

Percy fetched the proper cardboard tube and returned to the register. “By Lindsey. She was in the mood.”

“Oh, I see how it is!” Will chuckled. “Whhhpppiisshhh!” He made the accompanying wrist flip to signal the cracking of a whip.

“Hey, man. Priorities. You know how it is.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know” he said with cheeky grin while reaching for his wallet. “You and Lindsey are doing good, then?”

“Never better, man. How you and Jada holding up?”

“Eh, she can be a bit pushy at times, you know? But we hanging in there. Still crazy about her.”

It was Percy's turn to laugh. “Yeah, man. I know **exactly** what you mean.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Percy finished re-watching the new episode of *Titans of the Cosmos* and had just selected a new show when he heard the doorknob turn and saw Lindsey emerge at the entrance. She'd texted earlier that day to let him know she was meeting her girlfriends for dinner and drinks. That was one of the beautiful things about their relationship. They were crazy about each other, but they were both allowed their space. Lindsey never complained if he wanted a boy's night out and vice versa. He was no cook, but Percy was more than content to make himself some ramen or order a dinner delivery and enjoy a night of TV and gaming by himself.

“Hey boo” she said while removing her coat and hooking it on the rack. “How you doin? Did you eat?”

“Yeah, I made noodles” he commented while pausing the stream. Percy set the remote down, stood and moved to his behemoth belle. “Doin fine. Even better now that you're home.” They embraced and entered a long kiss with ample tongue. Percy could still taste the remnants of booze in her mouth. “You and the girls have fun?”

“So much! Claire and I did a little shopping before dinner and we discovered something I'm **so excited** to tell you about?”

Percy grinned and released her. “Oh yeah? What's that?”

Lindsey brought her big leather bag to the front and opened it. She pulled out a folded square of glossy paper and walked to their kitchen counter. She opened it and spread it out flat on the surface. Percy's eyes opened wide as he took in a truly bizarre sight.

“Isn't it awesome?!?”

“....What. The. Fuck?”

Unfurled before him was a collage of men in rubber dog masks, thick collars, paw print bondage mitts and full leather body harnesses. To the side of each of them, a woman's gleaming boots could be seen with the men's leashes leading up to each Domina's hand.

The top of the flyer read: **WOOFSTOCK!** - *A Kinky Pup Play Event sponsored by Club Ishtar.*

The bottom featured the date of the event, which was next week, along with the tagline: *Put your man where he belongs!* **IN THE DOGHOUSE!**

Percy was genuinely shocked. He knew Lindsey had been developing a deeper interest in kinky play but he never would've guessed she'd be into something like this. Lindsey had said she was going to buy him a collar soon, but he expected to be *collared* in the traditional way, not as a dog.

Lindsey snaked one strong arm around his side and placed her other hand on his shoulder. She turned him away from the poster and immediately went into charm mode. "I know, boo... It wasn't what you were expecting, but I need you to know something. I really, **really** want to give this a try. The thought of you as my obedient little puppy turns me on, so much."

The big woman put on her biggest smile and Percy just stared back at her in mouth-gaped wonder.

"Baby... I hear you, and you know I like our fun and games, but I said before I wanted to keep it at home. This is some kind of group thing, isn't it?"

"Do you know what the first rule of pup play is?" she asked, ignoring his question.

"No. What?"

"Pups don't take off their masks. They stay in character. You'll be completely anonymous unless you choose to divulge anything."

"Ok... That's nice and all, but that doesn't mean I wanna--"

"Percy" she interrupted, looking deep in his eyes. Her slate gray orbs glistened, burrowing into his very soul. "This is important to me. I love our play and it needs room to grow. More than just our bedroom. I want us to live our best lives, at home and out there. I know this is out of your comfort zone, but I'm asking you to trust me. I just want you to try one event. After that, we'll re-evaluate and go from there."

Percy looked at the poster and turned back to her apprehensively. "Even if I agreed to that, we ain't never done this pup play stuff before..."

"Which gives me one week to teach you the basics." Lindsey grabbed her bag from the counter, opened it and fetched a small black accessory box. She offered it to Percy with a smile. "This is for you, babe."

The stunned young man took it hesitantly.

"Go on. Open it."

He pulled the lid from the top of the container and set it on the counter. The inside of the box was covered in red felt. Set in the center, barely fitting within its confines, was a studded, black leather

collar with the word “SPARKY” engraved in gold letters at the front.

Percy's mouth hung open a second time. He didn't know what to say.

Lindsey pressed her fulsome curves on him, grabbing his ass and pulling him close. She spoke into his ear gently. “I love you, Percy. You're the spark that lights my fire. Please be my puppy slave.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The week that followed passed much like any other week. It was only their play time that changed. Lindsey took a full sets of his measurements on the first night he agreed to be her faithful BDSM pet. Within twenty four hours, Lindsey had his new outfit ready. It was an elaborate arrangement of bondage gear Percy would be required to wear whenever he was in his puppy role.

The thick puppy hood, an elaborate melding of leather and rubber, was the only piece that had to be carefully fitted to his dimensions. Given how quickly it had been procured, whichever shop she ordered it from must have had a wide variety of sizes. That, on top of Percy's relatively average body size, made sourcing the mask and the rest of the gear fairly easy.

Percy found himself in a leather body harness that wrapped around his shoulders, torso, waist and crotch. It had leather straps that ran up to his collar at both the front and back. Leashes could be attached at several anchor points on the harness in addition to his collar.

His feet and hands grew accustomed to being lost in thick, rubbery dog mitts. The pockets of thick leather, fashioned in playful paw shapes, kept his extremities locked away. A pair of black knee pads covered his most sensitive bones, making extended kneeling and walking on all fours less of a chore.

For the next several nights, Percy was immersed in a beginner's course of puppy play. He was kept on hands and knees for hours at a time as Lindsey ordered him about, demanded he fetch things with his mouth and trained him in basic tricks and tasks. She began using floggers, short whips and crops more in their play as she hurried him about and corrected his mistakes with resounding love taps.

Percy was less aroused by this kind of play than many of the other Femdom activities they'd explored, partially because it was more demanding, and partially because discipline and pet play simply weren't as erotic to him. Still, there was one element that he very much enjoyed. Seeing his Goddess' beaming smile and how excited she got when she had him collared, leashed and layered in leather bondage. That made all the effort worth while.

If he was honest, Lindsey had done most of the 'work' in their love making in recent months and he didn't want to seem ungrateful. He was happy to reciprocate and take a more active role in something his glorious *Boudica* seemed to revel in. Maybe this pup play stuff would work out after all. As long as it didn't eclipse everything else he enjoyed about their kinky fun, Percy would endure it gladly.

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*CHHHH-SHHINNNNG\***

Lindsey raised the door on the large metal dog cage, clearing the way for him to enter. The sizable steel container was on rollers, making it easy to wheel around and transport its cargo. It wasn't huge by any means; just large enough for a small man or large dog to fit in.

Percy sat in front of the metallic prison, clad in full puppy gear. He looked up at Lindsey, wondering for the first time if she hadn't gone a little crazy.

“Seriously?”

“Get in **Sparky!** This is how obedient puppies go on car trips! I went to a lot of trouble to arrange this ride, so hurry up and get ready. The escorts will be here any minute.”

Percy sighed. He trundled into the cage, scrunching his body together as he pressed himself into the confining steel bars. The further his body pushed in, the harder it was to constrict himself and finish the task. Finally, he yanked his mitted feet around the opening and set them in the back corners of the cage. He was glad, at least, to see the cage could be opened from both ends. That meant he wouldn't have to back out later, which would've seemed almost impossible.

Lindsey slammed the door shut behind him and locked the latch. Her voice was sing-song giddy as she observed his leather clad form in the steel box. “**Perfect!** God, this is going to be so much fun! Just wait and see, boo.”

“Yes, Mistress” he replied, trying not to reveal how silly he felt.

“Ok, I'm gonna cover you up now. Have a nice trip! I'll see you there!”

“Cover? What?!?”

Before he knew what was happening, a large black drape was lowered over the cage. The form fitting cloth slid down all four sides of the metal housing, casting his prison into almost total darkness. Cracks of light formed along the bottom of the cage, bleeding in from the bottom and giving him his only visible sense of up and down in the dark, increasingly hot pen.

“Lindsey?!? Is this necessary???”

**\*WHAM\***

The cage rattled, shaking from a blow with Lindsey's crop.

“**Mistress Sharp!** And don't you forget it. I won't have you disrespecting me in front of the other Dommies!”

“Yes, dear.”

A few minutes passed as Percy knelt in the darkness. He heard Lindsey's boot heels clacking around the apartment as she finished getting ready for the party. He loved the black leather corset holding up her plump curves and the matching leather skirt below. He only wished he could watch his fire-kissed

beauty strut around in her sexy costume instead of staring at a stupid cloth.

\*knock knock knock\*

“**BE RIGHT THERE!**” Lindsey shouted from the bathroom.

Percy followed her footsteps to the door and listened to her open it.

“Hello!”

“Hi there! You're Lindsey, right?”

“Yup! Sparky is all ready for you, right here!”

“Very good. Just sign here. He's our last pickup, so we'll have him at the event in no time.”

“We'll take good care of him. Don't worry!”

“Thanks, girls. Here you go. I guess I'll see you there!”

Two pairs of hands grabbed the sides of the cage and began pushing Percy toward the door. He heard the two mystery women exchange goodbyes with his girlfriend. Before he knew it, he was being wheeled down the hall and into the elevator. Once the elevator doors closed, Percy decided to try his luck, in spite of his better judgment.

“Ummm, hello? Nice to meet you, ladies. I was wondering if you could tell--”

\***CLANG**\*

Some unidentified instrument of discipline rattled off the side of the cage.

“Did you hear something, Ana?”

“Just some annoying barking. This pup has a grating voice. If he doesn't **shut up**, we might have to muzzle him.”

Percy winced in the darkness of his cage. He resolved not to say another word until prompted.

\***DING**\*

The doors opened and he was hastily wheeled out and down the hall. They proceeded through the main entrance and brought him out to the street. The women grunted mildly as they pushed him up a ramp, which Percy assumed led onto a truck or van of some kind. It jolted forward until it ran directly into what sounded like another cage.

\***CLANG**\*

“**ARF! ARF ARF!**” a couple human voices cried out from neighboring cages. Whoever they were, they were generating the best mimic of a dog's bark they could manage.

“**SILENCE** you mutts!” one of the women called out.

The ramp was pulled up and the grinding metal sound announced its storage in the vehicle's holding bay.

“We'll be there soon. Be good little doggies or I'll whip you raw once we get there!” the other added before slamming the doors.

The human pup in the cage beside him whimpered. Percy bit his lip and wondered what the hell he'd gotten himself into.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was forty five minutes later when the dark cloth was finally pulled from his cage and Percy was practically blinded by light. There were spotlights on his prison and the many others cages to his left and right. Each one contained a puppy slave in some variation of pup play fetish attire. Many of them barked and howled as they were brought into view. A host of women chatted, clapped and jeered in the background, enjoying the unveiling. A woman's voice made announcements about the arriving pups over a speaker system.

Percy looked from side to side and noticed many of the pup slaves had tails. They wagged the appendages back and forth by shaking their asses. The fluffy tails protruded from the slave's bottoms, jutting out from the end of inserted butt plugs. Percy offered a silent prayer of thanks that Lindsey hadn't fitted him with one of those yet, though he imagined it was only a matter of time.

The puppy submissives were released from their cages one by one. Each one was leashed and led off, either by their own Mistress or one of the many hostess Dommies that were on hand. Was this Club Ishtar? It seemed likely, but Percy had never been there and it could easily be a third party location. There was no way to know for sure. One thing was certain, though. They were definitely Club Ishtar Dommies running the show. The insignia on their glossy outfits made that apparent.

**“AND NEXT WE HAVE SPARKY! GIVE THIS NEW PUP A ROUND OF APPLAUSE, LADIES!”**

There was tepid clapping and a few whistles emanating from the darkened background as dozens of women looked on from various tables. Many were drinking and chatting in between announcements as they waited for the real fun to begin.

**“MISTRESS SHARP! ARE YOU OUT THERE?!?”**

Only silence answered the woman's voice booming over the microphone.

**“LOOKS LIKE HIS HANDLER ISN'T HERE YET! THAT'S OK! OUR DOMMIES ARE HAPPY TO GET HIM STARTED. TAKE HIM AWAY, GIRLS!”**

Within seconds, a thin, severe looking white woman in her thirties approached Percy and clipped a

chain leash to the end of his collar. She was dressed in black rubber from head to toe and her blonde hair was done up in a tight bun. When she spoke, Percy recognized her as the one named *Ana* who'd helped escort him to the event.

“Follow me, **slave**. And be quick about it!”

**\*WHAP\***

The business end of her crop lashed into Percy's ass and his nervous system screamed in anguish. She was not being gentle in the slightest. Ana strutted off and Percy followed her stiletto boots at the best trot he could manage on his hands and knees.

They walked from the starting area into a much more open hall where kinky pup play activities were in full swing. It looked like a gymnasium or concert hall had been retrofitted to use for the group's lewd purposes.

Women were leading leashed slaves through obstacle courses, whipping and flogging them when they failed to move fast enough or clear the challenges properly. There was an entire area devoted to fetch, where Dommies threw dildos of various sizes and waited for the pups to retrieve them with their mouths.

There was a row of spanking benches and other bondage equipment Percy didn't even have the vocabulary to describe. Puppy slaves were bent over many of the fixtures, being spanked, caned, or having their tails changed to larger, more unwieldy butt plugs. Finally there was a row of Queening chairs that several pups were strapped into, licking away at the Dommies bottoms. From what he could tell, any woman who happened by could make thorough use of their hooded heads and subservient tongues.

Ana led Percy to a group of fresh arrivals, greeting the other Dommies cordially. As she did, the pups at the end of the other woman's leashes approached Percy on all fours. One of them barked happily and the other crawled around to Percy's backside, sniffing at his butt.

The Dommies had a laugh as they watched the fresh recruits get to know each other. The other two pups nudged Percy, trying to engage him in their farcical play. When he failed to reciprocate, Ana lashed out.

**\*SMACK\***

She blistered his ass even more harshly, the wand lacerating both his ass cheeks through the thin, latex briefs. The stretchy fetish underwear was all Percy wore besides his leather harness and all the doggy adornments that had become his new uniform during play time. Ana's first strike had been rough. Her second one caused him to yelp in pain.

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

“Sniff back, Sparky! That's how pups greet each other!”

Percy reluctantly pressed his face toward the puppy's gimp body, inhaling a deep aroma of rubber and sweat. Although he knew what the women wanted to see, he refused to put his face near the other slave's ass. He resisted Ana's attempts to pull him near the nearby pup's wagging tail. The chain leash



jingled as he stubbornly dug in his paws.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Her implement of pain slashed across his bottom, reprimanding him for his lack of enthusiasm. White hot, searing ache danced through Percy's flayed bottom as the gathered women admonished him.

“Ugh... pathetic!”

“What a sad excuse for a pup!”

“Pffft... No kidding” Ana agreed.

“So disobedient! He needs serious training.”

“Maybe he can be of more use at the Queening station?”

“Good call” the blonde concurred. “C'mon! Let's go, Sparky. Don't make me give you ten more!”

Percy tried to keep his grunts of pain to a minimum as he followed the cruel Domina to the row of strange bondage chairs. Each chair had built-in arm, leg and chest restraints that locked the subject into the apparatus. They were parallel with the ground and had padded head rests that gave ample support to the slave's head and neck. From that end, any woman could back up her ass and reverse-sit on the slave's face, enjoying his oral attentions for as long as she wished.

When they arrived at one of the empty bondage thrones, Ana yanked his leash and pointed up. “Get in the chair, **bitch**. Make it snappy!”

Percy rose for the first time in hours. His limbs creaked as he stood, only briefly, and slid onto the padded bondage chair that would seal his fate for who knows how long. At least his palms and knees would get a break in the meantime.

Ana strapped his limbs, torso and chest into the unusual device without so much as a word. She seemed to take pleasure in the task, despite not knowing him in any meaningful way. All the women here were like that, from what he could tell. The sloppy sounds of oral worship and the moans of wanton women rose around him as slaves bathed their asses in abundant saliva and blew their hot breath into the women's sucking behinds.

The next thing Percy saw was Ana's ass sliding into view as she unzipped herself below. The latex of her suit parted with the zipper, revealing a sweaty bottom that wasn't nearly as big as Lindsey's, but still plenty to bury Percy's rubberized face in.

“Let's see if you're good for anything, pup” she spoke over her shoulder. “Get that filthy tongue **up my ass** where it belongs!”

She lowered herself down and Percy's head was pressed, full force, into the gripping, padded headrest. He was cast into fleshy darkness and surrounded by the sweat-tinged ass of the feiry club Domme. Percy began licking and tonguing immediately, knowing full well that if he didn't please her, she would show no hesitation putting her wand of punishment back to work.

She wiggled on his face, eliciting moans from the depths of his doggy hood. He pulled on his bindings instinctively as she took his breath away and kept him locked in her warm, pressing dumper. Her sweat and his saliva ran freely, coating his mask and giving her an even more slippery seat to enjoy as she oscillated back and forth on his hot mouth and obedient tongue.

To his chagrin, Percy's cock began to tent in his clingy briefs. Just as he'd feared so often in his youth, his considerable five inches of soft penis hardened into a raging seven and a half inch stiffy for anyone passing by to see. He was no longer embarrassed by his size, but he was worried by the fact that his cock was responding so quickly as he licked the ass of a woman he'd only met an hour ago. A woman who's name he wouldn't even know if another woman hadn't said it out loud.

It was crystal clear in that moment that it wasn't just Lindsey's bottom Percy enjoyed servicing. He had an ass eating fetish. And the more he lovingly licked her crack and prodded at her starfish, the more it became clear he would happily serve as these women's puppy slave, bondage bitch and pain slut if it meant he could lovingly service another Domme's ass with his tongue.

Ana let out a long moan of pleasure before lifting her hot, clingy globes of flesh from Percy's sucking lips. She caressed her latex curves all over, enjoying the ebbing orgasm before she reached below and zipped her suit back up. She stalked around the chair and set her gaze back on the bound pup.

“Well... perhaps you're not **completely** worthless. I'll be back in a bit to check on you, slave. Or maybe your handler will find you first, assuming she's not enjoying some other pup. Until then, enjoy your stay!”

The blonde Domina stalked off and Percy was left to look and listen to the debauchery around him. The laughs, moans, yelps of pain and human barks were an audible ocean of perverse insanity. He lay there, waiting for Lindsey to find him or for the next random Femdom buttocks to fall on his face until one verbal exchange stuck out from all the rest.

“**Pitiful!** Act like you've licked a woman's ass before you sorry excuse for a pup!”

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

“**AHHHHH!!!** S-Sorry, Mistress! I'll do better!”

Percy's eyes bulged to their widest point and he looked across the way to his right.

*'Willie?!? OH MY GOD!!!'*

He turned his face back, not wanting to risk the chance of his friend meeting his gaze. Even with the mask on, there was some small chance he might recognize him by the eyes alone. To the extent he was allowed to speak at all, Percy would have to be careful with how loud he was until this ordeal was over.

But did it really matter? He'd already identified his friend in this den of sin. What would it hurt if Will knew as well? Once this was all over, he would have someone to commiserate with, at least. If Willie didn't notice him, should Percy tell him later? How had Will been roped into this? The questions were endless.

**\*SMACK\***

A weighty hand streaked across his cheek, snapping him back to reality.

“**HEY!** Pay attention, slave! You've got work to do!”

An enormous woman standing just behind Percy turned her body and lifted the back of her red dress. She backed up slowly and a titanic ass slid into his field of vision. The horny Domina lowered herself on his face and Percy's entire head was enveloped by her supple, massive folds. She shimmied side to side, sealing his face in her flesh as she let out a low bellow of earthly delight.

So great was the pressure that her weight brought to bear, Percy had a hard time moving his neck muscles to glide his tongue up and down her oppressive landslide of creamy skin. Nevertheless, he extended his tongue and put himself at her disposal. He forced his face up and down her compacted crack, diving ever deeper into the role of indentured ass licker and cementing his status as a willing puppy slave to these divine harlots.

At some point during his lengthy oral service, his briefs were pulled down and a thick butt plug was shoved into his yielding rectum. It glided into his depths even as his limbs lay locked and he continued to lap away at the stifling face-hugger booty. He felt the fluffy base of his first tail brush up against his cheeks. Percy wiggled his ass side to side the little bit his bonds would allow, in thanks.

**Copyright © 2022 James Bondage. All rights reserved.**