

## Mistress Cruel Love

### Chapter 3 – Deviated Prevert

Darius leaned against the bathroom counter and inspected himself in the mirror. He needed a break from his chores and his sore nose was itching fiercely. Ultimately, he could do nothing but gaze at his nostrils and try to will the discomfort away. His septum piercing was still healing and would be for another six to seven weeks.

Heather had insisted he get more *body candy*. For reasons he still didn't fully understand, Darius had gone along with it. Alcohol had not been a factor this time. She hadn't even pressed him that hard. All it took was “Do it, Dana!” and his will had folded like a cheap tent.

Darius removed his shirt and examined his torso up and down. He had multiple ear piercings, the “Property of Heather” tattoo just above his manhood and now the nose ring. It drooped below his nostrils, silvery white crystals gleaming in the bathroom light. They stood out remarkably against his dark skin. The contrast was even greater when he wore lipstick.

He knew Heather wasn't done with his body. He accepted that she would decorate him, alter him, dominate him as she pleased. He put up with it. He allowed it. If he was honest, he'd even started to embrace it. It excited him.

How was that possible? Was it voodoo? Had a hex been cast on him? Had he taken a blow to the head? Was it nothing but man's oldest and most cruel folly: true love? No explanation made sense to Darius. Everything he'd seen, heard and been taught since he was a boy made it explicitly clear this was not the way men behaved. Not *real men* anyway. Not respectable members of society. This was the realm of degenerates and perverts.

**\*knock knock knock\***

“Pookie, you in there?”

“Yup! Be right out!”

Darius ran the cold water, splashed some on his face and toweled off his hands. It didn't help his aching nose any but it was better than nothing. It was surprisingly humid for a late spring day. The mugginess had prompted his bathroom break.

He stepped into the hallway to find Heather waiting for him. She leaned against the wall, dressed in a sleek, black, satin nightgown. Thin spaghetti straps ran from her shoulders down to lacy black holsters that held up her milky B-cups. The garment extended into shiny, solid black as it flowed down her torso and fitted to her plump curves and wide hips; terminating just below her sex.

Her thick thighs and pudgy arms, features she'd once been self-conscious of, were on full display. She wielded her body like a weapon now that she understood its full power over Darius. The poor man

could only stand there and try not to drool on himself as he drank in her silky, rotund glory. They'd purchased the lingerie weeks ago, but this was the first time she'd worn it.

“Hey! What do you think?”

Darius smiled. “You look amazing, babe.”

“Thanks!” she said with a grin and a blush. She turned from side to side a few times, showing off her new favorite sleepwear. Her cheerful expression faded into a scowl when she noticed Darius was still dressed in basketball shorts and a t-shirt. “Why aren't you in your uniform?”

“Baby, it was 8:30 after dinner. You really want me to put all that on this late? On a Sunday? It takes a half hour with the makeup and I'm not even done vacuuming!”

Heather blew an exasperated breath through her bottom lip. “Fine, I'll let it go... This time.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Heather's lips extended into a fiendish smile. She loved it when Darius used her title, especially when they weren't in the middle of kinky play. The thought of him acknowledging her as his owner and master was hot. Even hotter when said in the presence of others. She craved to hear it more. More often and more publicly.

“Dear”, “babe” and “baby” were fine on occasion, but they'd gotten stale after two years. Besides, they weren't exactly terms that correlated with their new power dynamic. She was doing her utmost to alter his vocabulary day by day. Training him ever so slowly. Eventually, “baby” would be a rarity while “Mistress” and “Goddess” became the new defaults.

“Finish your vacuuming. Then grab the laundry from the dryer and put it away. **NEATLY.**”

“I thought you were doing the laundry today?”

“I did the laundry. Washed it and dried it. The least you can do is put it away for me.”

Darius smirked. A pattern was emerging. He was expected to do an expanding share of the chores as Heather enjoyed her leisure time. Leisure and whatever it was she'd been up to on her laptop. Heather had been somewhat secretive about it, saying only that she was “establishing a social media presence.”

“Yes, dear.”

“Good. I'll be waiting for you in bed. Don't dawdle.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“OHHHHHHHHH!!! **OHFUCCKKKK!!!** MMMMMFFFFGGGHHHHMMMM!!!”

Heather wailed in pleasure as Darius sorted their socks and underwear and packed them nicely into the

dresser. His girlfriend lay in bed, a thick black dildo lodged in her dripping cunt and the round rubber end of her “magic wand” spinning away at the top of her vulva. She moaned and convulsed, enjoying a thunderous climax as Darius disrobed and slid into place beside her.

Heather removed the toy from her over-stimulated sex and pulled the dildo free, sighing in blissful contentment. As she closed her eyes and relaxed, Darius crept across the bed, his arms extending below the duvet. Before he could embrace her sensual curves, his hands bumped into something heavy and rubbery.

“The hell?”

Heather's eyes re-opened. She turned to him and chuckled before grabbing the edge of the blanket and snatching it up. The barrier between them was revealed and it should've come as no surprise to Darius.

*'Moby Dick.'* The biggest, whitest strap-on cock they'd purchased to date for their kinky play. Sixteen inches long and coke-can thick. Heather had used it on him many times and not even come close to bottoming out. Not yet, but Darius knew she would some day. She was determined.

“Give me a few minutes to recover and I'll fuck you to sleep.”

“Baby, I'm sorry but I can't tonight. I gotta get up early.”

“What? You get up early every day.”

“I mean, **extra** early tomorrow.”

“Why?”

“I got a meeting with HR.”

“Ohhhh...” Heather turned and propped her head up on one arm. “Is this about **the Rhonda incident?**”

Darius sighed and stared at the ceiling. “Yep.”

“So, you filed the complaint after all.”

“I did.”

“I'm telling you, you're wasting your time.”

“Baby, she harassed me.”

“First of all, based on **your** telling of it, that's not the impression I got. Second, even if it were true, they're never gonna believe you.”

“If that wasn't harassment, I don't know what you'd call it.”

“I think a woman who obviously has a crush on you, and probably a dominant streak, sensed that you were coming into your kinky, submissive side and decided to feel you out.”

“Oh, she felt me out alright!”

“Uh huh. And then she helped you fix your bench.”

“Ok...”

“Exactly. Everything I've said so far is perfectly **okay**.”

“You're leaving something out.”

Heather rolled her eyes, her tone growing more annoyed. “Then she asked if you were in an open relationship. When you said no, she backed off, right?”

“She did, finally.”

“So what's the problem?”

“The problem is I was dry humped at work.”

“Oh, **Jesus Christ**, Darius! **Never mind!** No pegging tonight! I'm not even in the mood anymore.” Heather pushed the giant, harnessed schlong off the bed. It hit the floor with a rubbery thud and a clang of buckles. She turned on her side; her back to Darius.

“Babe, I'm sorry...” he said, reaching out to her. He placed a hand on her side but she nudged it away with her elbow. Darius hated going to sleep with Heather angry at him. He never slept well if she wasn't happy. “I didn't mean to upset you, baby. Please, let me make it up...”

Heather didn't move for several moments, but finally sighed and rolled over.

“Give me head you filthy little **beta bitch!**”

Darius moved to the end of the bed and quickly got into position as she lifted her enormous legs. As he ducked down into her waiting cunny, she grabbed his head and crossed her heavy legs over his shoulders and back. Her doughy thighs pressed against the sides of his face as he dove into her pungent jungle with an eager tongue.

The rubbery aftertaste of the dildo and her thick juices from the previous climax were abundant. A half-gurgle, half-sputter erupted from his mouth as Heather wrapped her hands around his braids and plowed his face into her wet pussy.

“Tongue my snatch you **fucking slut!** Clean it up good before I cum again! All over your **faggot face!**”

Her heavy legs closed around him tightly and his head was crushed between blobs of pasty white flesh. His tongue dove into her slick depths as his nostrils desperately sucked in moist, musty air through her slick pubic hairs.

As Heather began to moan loudly and his tongue was worked raw, Darius could feel his penis rapidly hardening below. His would-be erection ballooned up against the metal confines of his cock cage. It

grew ever tighter until pain radiated through his sad, trapped unit.

He grunted and groaned between deep tonguings of his girlfriend's insatiable cunt. His face was sealed in her steaming beaver by Heather's fierce grip, crushing thighs and his growing love of her brutal unfairness.

\* \* \* \* \*

After sitting alone in the Human Resources office for fifteen minutes, Darius was beginning to wonder why he'd bothered to come in early. He'd already checked his socials, scrolled through his newsfeed and memorized every feature of the room. The nameplate on the desk, "Ms. Angela Masters", stared at him mockingly as he awaited his hearing.

He sighed and began scrolling through his phone's menu, looking for an app to play with. Moments later he heard sharp foot-falls striking the hallway floor outside. They grew louder until someone entered the room. Darius heard the door shut and soon Angela had walked past him.

"Hello Darius" she said while setting down her briefcase, thermos and a stack of papers. She didn't even look at him as she spoke. "Nice to see you again."

"Hi Angela" he said, not exactly sure if he should address her formally or informally. They'd met a few times in the hallway and at company events, but rarely spoken more than a polite greeting to each other. "Good to see you too. I wish it was under better circumstances."

The tall, slim brunette turned on her heels and shot Darius a disapproving glance. "Ms. Masters" she said, pointing to her nameplate. With her black rimmed glasses, maroon leather jacket, white blouse, navy short skirt and leather boots she looked every bit the ice cold, corporate lawyer. Or perhaps a librarian from hell.

"My bad" Darius replied, grimacing.

"I'll let it go this time" Angela said while removing her coat. "Besides, I should be apologizing to you. I got stuck in a meeting."

He waited for the apology that never came. "That's ok."

"Turn your phone off" she said, casting another menacing glance his way. "No phones allowed during interviews."

Darius powered it down. He held the device up to prove it was off before pocketing it.

"So..." she began as she slid into her high-back office chair on the other side of the desk. "You've filed a complaint against Ms. Rhonda Jackson. I've already spoken to her about the incident, and she informed me-"

"Wait. What?!?" Darius interrupted. "You spoke to her first?"

“Mmmhmmm.”

“But I'm the one who filed the complaint.”

“These days, it's standard procedure to interview the woman first, regardless.”

“Oh, this is some bullshit...”

“Rhonda told me what happened. If you want to dispute her account, I'm happy to listen. What she described was not altogether different, but much more innocent, than what you outlined in your statement. This is going to come down to he says / she says. Unless you happen to have a recording of the event?”

Darius thought about his phone. He had a good idea why she'd asked him to turn it off.

“No. Nothing like that.”

“Well then, let me blunt. Rhonda has a spotless record. She's one of very few women who work here and she has seniority over you. On top of that, your recent **behavior** has given the higher-ups some cause for concern.”

“My behavior?”

“All the new body mods” she said, pointing to the jewelry adorning his face. “I see you've added a nose ring. And last week you came to work wearing lipstick?”

Darius sighed internally. He knew that was going to bite him in the ass.

“That was an accident.”

“An accident?” She picked up a plastic ruler from the desk and began flexing it in her hands as she leaned back in her chair. “How does one **accidentally** put on lipstick before going to work?”

“I didn't. I woke up late that day and I didn't get a chance to wash before... Look, it's personal.”

“So you're not bathing before coming to work either? My, you **are** a filthy boy! Personally, I don't have a problem with the jewelry or lipstick, but it does violate our dress code for men and it's become a bit of a distraction.”

Darius was flabbergasted. He was out of words. He gazed back at Angela, his mouth half-open as he tried to think of a way to salvage the rapidly floundering interview.

“Would you say you're a boot licker, Darius?”

“...Excuse me?”

“Do you like to lick boots? A woman's leather boots, in particular.”

“Are you serious right now?”

“Are you serious about remaining employed? Because if you are, I have boots that need polishing.” She kicked her feet up on the desk. The leather of her footwear gleamed from the bright ceiling lights. “I have an ass that needs kissing too. Not compliments mind you-”

“This is ridiculous.”

“Actual kissing of my ass.” She grinned deviously. “But compliments are welcome too.”

“I’m done. Effective immediately.”

Angela lifted her boots from the desk and smiled. “That’s a shame, Darius, but I understand your decision.”

He stood from his chair and headed for the door as she continued speaking.

“I’ll tell security to let you clean out your locker before they escort-”

**\*SLAM\***

\* \* \* \* \*

Darius was surprised when he pushed his key into the lock and found no resistance when he turned it. That was odd. Heather and Shireen should both be at work. The door should’ve been locked. He pocketed his keys, pulled the door open and entered.

“Hello? **Heather**??? You home?”

“Yup! In the living room!”

Darius walked down the hallway, set down the bag carrying his locker items and strode into the living room. There was Heather, sitting Indian style on the sofa, typing away on her laptop. She was wearing sweat pants and a lycra top that barely contained her meaty curves.

“Hey baby. What you doin home? You call out?”

“Nope. I quit last week.”

*‘Oh shit...’*

Her matter-of-fact statement hit him like a sledge hammer. Her job had only been part time. If she’d told him that yesterday it would’ve been a surprise, but no big deal. Now they were both jobless. Darius was gonna have to find another gig really fast.

“When were you planning on tellin me?”

“At the right time” she said, looking up from her computer. She smiled innocently. “Why are **you** back

so early?"

Darius scratched his forehead before folding his arms defensively. "Well, baby. That's the thing. I kinda..."

Her eyebrows raised, waiting for him to continue.

"I quit too."

Heather snickered. "Wow. Meeting went that well, huh?"

Darius grimaced. "Yeah, not so great."

She laughed and shook her head before returning to her work. "I told you not to make a mountain out of a molehill." Her fingers flew across the keyboard, clacking away.

"Well I'm glad you think it's funny, cause it doesn't sound like either of us qualifies for unemployment. We got no income."

"Not true" she replied, holding up her index finger sternly.

"How's that?"

"Come over here" she said, patting the sofa cushion next to her. Darius unfolded his arms, walked to the couch and sat down beside her.

Heather navigated through a few links before turning the laptop so he could get a better look. Where she pointed, the screen displayed a dollar amount just shy of four digits. "We'll have at least this much coming in every month from now on. More over time."

"Ok. That's almost enough to pay our half of the rent, but not the rest of our bills. Where's it coming from?"

With a few keystrokes, Heather surfed to her homepage. The words *Duchess Daphne Divine* appeared in big letters beside a picture of her posing in a corset and fishnets. Her face was hidden behind a Victorian mask, but the body and eyes were undoubtedly hers. Darius had never heard of the website, but it was obviously one of those sites where people could subscribe and pay someone directly for their "services."

"So this is what you've been up to. And when were you going to tell me about this?"

"At the right time" she repeated with a sly grin.

"You're not selling nudes, are you?"

**\*SLAP\***

Heather reflexively smacked him across the chest.



“Ow!”

“Of course not! A proper Goddess doesn't disrobe for a bunch of pay-pigs!”

“So what is this? Like feet pics and cleavage shots?”

Heather cocked her head, her blonde locks shaking as she offered him the stink eye and a sardonic sneer.

“So far, it's mostly just pics in my Domme outfits and a little interacting with my fans.”

“You have **fans**?”

“More every week.”

“And they're paying you that much? Just for clothed pics and chit chat?”

“Mmmhmm, and this is nothing! It's **really** gonna start growing when I start posting videos.”

Darius raised his hands, his palms outstretched. “Whoa! Baby, slow down. I'm gonna get another job. You don't need to do all that!”

Heather's shimmering green eyes locked on his. “I want to do this. And I want you to help me.”

“What?!?”

“I'm going to need someone to help with the camera work. And someone to co-star in my videos. You don't want to give that honor to another sub, do you?”

“Baby, wait a minute...”

“Darius, you just quit the only job you've had since finishing trade school. If I'm not mistaken, you left on bad terms. What do you think is gonna happen when you interview at another shop and they call your **only** previous employer to ask about you?”

*'Fuck...'*

Darius hadn't thought that far ahead. She was right. Getting a second gig without a good reference would be tough.

“It might take a while, but I'll score something eventually. I can work a part time in the mean time!”

“No. I don't want you working a hazardous job anymore. And I don't want you working in some retail hell either. I want you right here, under my thumb where you belong.” She slid closer to him and put her hand on his thigh. “It'll be good for our bank account **and** our relationship! Say yes, Pookie.”

Darius didn't know what to say. She kept upending his life and this was just the latest big change she was asking for. It felt like his existence was spinning out of control. Or maybe it was completely under control. **Her** control. He couldn't deny it was exciting.

“I... let me think about it for a-”

She moved her hand to his crotch and brushed it over his caged unit before giving his balls a firm squeeze. “Say yes, **Dana**.”

His heartbeat spiked. Darius' mouth went dry. Her eyes were green steel cutting right through his soul.

“...Yes.”

She released his testes and gave him a playful swat on the thigh. “That's more like it!”

Heather turned back to her laptop and noticed the clock in the monitor's corner. “Oh! It's almost time for my story!”

“Your story?”

“Yeah, now that I'm staying home I started watching the soaps again. What can I say? Mom got me hooked when I was young.” She shrugged cheerfully before moving the computer off her lap and getting up.

Heather stretched her arms upward and flexed her hips from side to side. She shook out the kinks after being seated awkwardly on the couch for a while. Her ample ass stuck out prominently in the gray cotton of her pants, the elastic waist stretching around her considerable girth.

“Lay down, Pookie. Face up!” she commanded over her shoulder.

Darius smiled and moved to comply as Heather retrieved the TV remote. By the time she returned, he was relaxing comfortably with his hands behind his head.

“Move down farther! I want your face in the middle of that first cushion.”

Darius' cock twitched in its metal housing. He knew where this was going and the blood had already begun flowing to his member. He pushed himself down the sofa as Heather stripped off her sweatpants and underwear. Soon her bulbous, peach-toned ass was hovering just above him.

As he stared up at his girlfriend's giant, fleshy cheeks, covered in lovely creases and patches of cottage cheese cellulite, she looked over her shoulder and spoke to him sternly.

“I did my aerobics about twenty minutes before you got home. Haven't showered yet. Why should I when I have you to clean my ass? I'm going to enjoy my show now. Get to work, **slut!**”

Darius was cast into complete darkness as she lowered her massive, sweaty shelf-ass onto his head. Her full weight fell onto his face smoothly. His nose and mouth were sealed in the deepest part of Heather's crack as she shimmied on him, making sure he was jammed as far into her rear as he possibly could be.

He inhaled deeply of her sweaty musk before extending his tongue and lapping away at her taint. The feeling of compressed ass flesh pushing down on every square inch of his face felt heavenly. It was difficult to breathe, but Darius didn't care. What little air he could suck through flattened nostrils was

one hundred percent pure Heather.

She rocked her ass back and forth over Darius' face for the next fifteen minutes, guiding where his tongue should go. She lifted her full weight from his nose and mouth only occasionally to give him a few scant breaths before dropping her gelatinous mass back on his eager nose and mouth.

Darius moaned in her depths, swabbing his tongue up and down wherever Heather demanded he do so. His neck, sandwiched between the sofa and her crushing flab had no room to move. He could only lick and probe where his demanding Domina let him. His nose ring dragged across her flesh, stinging his healing septum with every lick and brush, but it was worth it. **So worth it** to an ass fiend like him.

Heather rose from the sofa and turned, her pussy visibly dripping as she stared lustfully at her drooling, sweaty, mess of a boyfriend. She leaned down, grabbed him by the chin and shook his face a few times before releasing it and scorching his cheek with her palm.

**\*SMACK\***

“Thank me for rescuing you from your old life.”

“Thank you for the wonderful new life, Mistress!”

**\*SMACK\***

“Use my new name!”

“Thank you Duchess Daphne!”

**\*SMACK\***

“Do you know what this is practice for?”

“...Mistress?”

**\*SMACK\***

“The rest of your life, **bitch!** Now get your tongue in my asshole!”

She turned and lowered her mountainous ass onto his face once again. Darius' left cheek, scorched from several slaps, was granted the soothing balm of doughy, white flesh. His face was thrust into her saliva and sweat drenched crack as Heather positioned her pucker directly over his mouth.

Darius' wet tongue speared into her silky cavern as Heather settled in to watch the rest of her show. Forty five minutes of wondrous ass worship proceeded as he sucked, slurped and tongued at his Goddess' silky portal.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Thursday afternoon and Darius moved around the condo, swishing his feather duster over every surface that needed his attention. His black high heels clicked on the hard wood floor as he moved from room to room. Almost every square inch of his body was covered in shiny satin and clingy silk.

Heather dressed him every day now, and each time he was dressed as a maid she found another garment or accessory to add to his ensemble. Black arm-gloves extended all the way past his elbows and white stockings crept up to mid-thigh. Light, wispy petticoats traveled from his waist down to his knees and under them, silky ruffle panties encircled his locked manhood snugly.

He couldn't deny these garments felt amazing on his bare skin. Darius couldn't think of another time when the simple act of wearing clothes put him in such constant communication with his body. Every turn, every bending motion, every flourish made his entire form tingle with the thrill of forced femininity.

Darius wished his chastity cage was off, if only so he could feel that wonderful velvet texture against his cock. He knew better than to ask for luxuries, though. He was beginning to wonder if Heather would ever unlock him again.

No sooner did he think about his big, beautiful woman than she walked out of the bedroom. She was wearing a tight, mint green top and light purple shorts; one hand clasped to her forehead. Her body was almost Easter egg-like in the combination of pastel colors. She eyed Darius with a look of pure irritation.

“You're still not finished dusting? **Get moving!** You got other chores.”

Her thick body brushed past him, her pudgy curves pressing against his frilly uniform as she headed for the bathroom with her palm clutching the top of her head.

“I'm almost finished. You ok, baby?”

He heard Heather open the cabinet and rattle around the shelves, looking for something. Moments later she reappeared.

“No, I'm not ok! I have a splitting fuckin headache and we're out of Tylenol!”

“Oh, I'm sorry.”

“Don't be sorry, just go get me some!”

“Get some... where?”

“The convenience store on the corner. It's not far.”

“I... I better get changed.”

Heather's expression turned furious, her eyes glaring in disbelief. “You're going to **make me wait when I'm in pain?!?**”

Darius opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. He had nothing to say that wouldn't make things

worse. He was mortified. Darius knew this day was coming, but he'd hoped it wouldn't be so soon. He was going to reveal his new self to the world.

“GO! **NOW!**” she shouted, no doubt exacerbating her condition.

He dropped his duster and snapped into action; stopping only at the entrance of their room to grab his wallet. Lacking any pockets, he stuffed it down the front of his dress and headed for the door, the silky petticoats swishing all around him.

As he stepped into the hallway, Darius hoped the store was as close as he remembered. The pavement wouldn't be kind to his high heels and his feet were already killing him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Darius was visibly sweating. He prayed that his makeup wasn't running too bad. The cross-dressing maid looked up and down the medicine shelf at the convenience store's meager offerings. It was no pharmacy, but it had most of the things you might need in a pinch. He scanned the rack of pain relievers until he found what he needed: *Top Care* Acetaminophen. 500 mg Extra Strength. 100 capsules. It wasn't name brand, but it would do.

He grabbed the small bottle and hurriedly moved to the front counter to pay for it. Darius wanted to get this errand over with as quickly as possible. The looks of disgust, gazes of intrigue and colorful comments he'd received on the way here had already put him on edge.

Darius got in line and a woman walked up behind him. He retrieved his wallet from the front of his dress as they waited for the man at the front of the line to pay for his booze and lottery tickets.

“Nice dress, honey. I like the shoes too!” the woman behind him said with a chuckle.

Darius froze. He wasn't sure what to do. He pretended he hadn't heard her over the low hum of filler pop music playing in the store.

Finally, the man in front of him collected his brown paper bag of vices and moved to exit. Darius walked forward and found himself face-to-face with an amused looking middle-aged woman. She had curly red hair and wore a white apron over her clothes. She eyed him up and down, her eyebrows arching as he drew near.

“Oh my god! Another sissy in a dress? Is it just me or has there been a five-fold increase in bitch-made sissies lately?!?”

The woman behind Darius laughed, cutting off her guffaws with a hand over her mouth. His nerves spiked and his heartbeat shot through the roof. His palm was sweaty around the bottle of meds as he set it on the counter and nodded at it.

“That'll be all.”

The clerk ignored him. “So, is this something you enjoy? Or is it a 'Mistress made me do it' kind of

thing?”

“Mam, that's really none of your business.”

“Oh, lighten up! I'm just making conversation” she said with a wave of her hand. “That means you like it, right?”

“Please just ring me out. I don't want to file a complaint with the owner, but-”

“I **AM** the owner” she cut him off with a sneer.

There was a few seconds of silence that felt like an eternity before Darius spoke again.

“Ma'am, please, my girlfriend is waiting.”

“I bet she is! With a **BIG, FAT STRAP-ON!**”

The women behind Darius burst into a fit of laughter. More women must have gotten in the queue while the haughty ginger took him to task. He didn't know if she was really the owner, but it didn't matter. He could hear multiple female voices behind him, chortling at his expense. The cruel clerk grinned as his shame took hold. The worst part was his rapidly stiffening penis. Blood flowed to his trapped unit, engorging it until it pressed painfully against the sides of his cock cage.

The woman finally tired of her games and picked up the bottle to scan his purchase. “Seven fifty nine” she stated flatly.

Darius heard the other women making comments under their breath as he paid for the meds. They exchanged lewd remarks about his dress, body and heels. His face burned with embarrassment as he waited to complete the transaction. The redhead took her time counting out his change and handing him the little bag with his item and receipt.

“Run along now sissy!”

He didn't need any encouragement. Darius was already headed for the door. His heels clacked on the tile and his maid costume ruffled around his tense, sweaty body as she called after him.

“**ENJOY THAT RUBBER DICK!**”

The women broke into raucous laughter yet again. He only had to listen to it for a few seconds before stepping onto the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

Darius hurried back into the condo and headed straight for their bedroom. He didn't want Heather to suffer another minute. As he moved down the hallway and turned into their room, a surprise awaited him. There was Heather, waiting for him with her hands on her hips and a smile on her face. The fat, peach-toned monster length of Moby Dick hung from her thick, leather strap-on harness.

“Hey Pookie.”

“Baby! I got the Tylenol” he said, holding up the bag.

“Oh, I found some in my purse. Remembered I had a backup right after you left.” Her smile curled into a much more sinister grin.

Darius set the bag and his wallet on the end table. He couldn't believe he'd gone through that for nothing. But it wasn't for nothing, was it? This was the next step that his dominant girlfriend had planned. This was part of his *evolution*. This was what he'd signed up for. What he kept putting up with. What he seemed to enjoy, whether he wanted to admit it or not.

“Kneel on the bed. Face down, ass up! Back up right to the edge! Do it **NOW**, Dana!”

Something was different this time. It wasn't just her commands or the use of his female name. Perhaps his public humiliation had put him in a different mental state. He eagerly moved to comply.

His asshole twitched in the frilly lingerie. He felt a throb of lust start there and pass through his entire body; a ripple of electric anticipation. For the first time ever, Darius realized with crystal clarity that he enjoyed submitting. Even more while dressed as a woman. He wanted that big white cock in his hungry black pucker.

Sure, he'd said the words before, in the throes of passion when Heather demanded it, but he'd never really believed it about himself until now. She had tapped into something deep within him and stripped away the silly pride and fragile ego his true nature had hidden beneath. He could no longer deny his desires. He belonged under his girlfriend's heel and he'd do anything to earn the privilege of being deep-dicked as her slutty maid.

As he got into position, Heather grabbed a bottle of lube and sauntered toward the bed. The massive cock bobbed in front of her, looking more fit to plug a fire hydrant than a human asshole. She leaned over, flipped Darius' dress up and ripped his panties down with no ceremony. His ass now bare and exposed, Heather opened the snap cap and squirted lubricant all over Darius' crack. She repeated the feat on her giant strap-on before closing the bottle and tossing it aside.

Heather stroked the massive dong up and down, smearing the viscous lube all over the head and shaft. The power-drunk Domina pressed the massive head of her white weapon to his small, shriveled black sphincter and traced small circles around his vulnerable opening. She was going to make him beg.

“Did you enjoy your little errand, Dana?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Uh huh. The truth comes out... It's about fucking time!”

**\*SMACK\***

Her open palm blistered his ass and made it jiggle. Darius whimpered as the lube-slick glans circled around his entrance. He wanted it so bad. He bit his lip and grabbed the blanket in tight fistfuls.

“Mmmm... **fucking time!** Double entendre!” Heather laughed. “Tell me what you want, Pookie.”

“Please fuck me, baby.”

**\*SMACK\***

“Be more descriptive, **bitch!**”

“Please, ma'am, I need your big white cock in my filthy black ass!”

Heather stopped circling his pucker with the tip. “Ma'am? What am I? **Your fucking Aunt?** A complete stranger? I don't think you want this cock at all...”

“Please, Mistress! Duchess Daphne! Whatever title my Goddess wants! **PLEASE--**”

Heather shoved the fat tip of the bulbous monster into his fleshy ring. His walls parted eagerly, inviting the slick, weighty glans and thick shaft into his sensitive walls. Six inches of Moby Dick glided in with no resistance, the bulging phallus expanding his pucker to accommodate its massive girth. Darius moaned into the bedding like the cock hound and size queen he was. His cheeks went flush and his body turned to jello as his prostate lit up like a Polish church.

“You love this cock, don't you?”

“Yes, Goddess!”

“Almost as much as you love being dressed up like a sissy whore!”

“Yes, Goddess! I love it all!”

“That's good, **because you're never wearing regular clothes in our home again,** you fucking slut! We'll see how much longer I allow you to keep any male clothes at all!”

Heather seized his hips and began thrusting into him fiercely as her libido surged. She shoved more of the milky white tree-trunk of a dick into his yielding black starfish. She grunted and flared her nostrils as more cock was packed in his asshole, sinking it deeper and forcing his pucker wide with each forceful fuck. Her fat ass bounced around the tight leather of her harness as she settled into Domme space and channeled all her energy into spearing her slave bitch.

Darius groaned and howled in brain broken pleasure. His heels slipped off his feet and tumbled to the floor as Heather thrashed him with her hips. He pressed his ass back on her cock in time with her thrusts, willing more of the fleshy length into his ass. His cock grew hard for the third time that day, stiffening and expanding until it reached the painful limits of what his chastity allowed.

“**Hands behind your back, Dana!**”

He complied and Heather seized them at once. She wrapped her thick digits around his silk-encased wrists and pulled his arms back. Darius' chest lifted off the bed as she shafted him relentlessly. His frilly dress bunched up and his body shuddered as she assaulted his exposed bottom with endless



rubber schlong. His head bobbed and his tongue hung out between low, slutty moans.

Pre-cum dripped from the tip of his sad, imprisoned penis. Darius knew his only chance of reaching climax was the mega-cock pummeling his man-cunt. As it thrummed over his prostate continuously the pleasure built at an agonizingly slow pace. His orgasm was always just out of reach... Until suddenly it was on the verge! Then, the fat horse-cock would sink even deeper in his anatomy, delivering a fresh dose of light pain to go with the overwhelming pleasure.

It was everything. It was his whole existence. In that moment Darius earnestly hoped that he never came again. He wanted nothing more than to be railed forever, his sissy body suspended on the edge of climax.

\* \* \* \* \*

Darius' body buzzed with nervous energy as he was led down the sidewalk by Heather's leash. She walked just ahead of him, tugging it gently in between smug backward glances at her collared property. She'd allowed him to wear regular clothes tonight, but donning the symbol of her ownership had been the compromise.

He'd begged her not to put him in a dress for their Friday night date with Shireen and Markus. Darius had come a long way, but wearing women's clothing in front of his best friend was the one thing he still couldn't abide. It was the last barrier Heather hadn't crushed, though he knew in his heart she would eventually. This time, she'd shown loving mercy.

In place of a maid outfit or something else feminine, Darius was dressed in conventional formal wear. A smart looking yellow, button-down shirt covered his top and was tucked neatly into a pair of brown dress pants. His burgundy dress shoes, which he hadn't worn in years, tapped along the pavement as they made their way down the street.

For her part, Heather wore a satin, one-piece red number that hugged her plump curves and showed off her enormous ass. A small opening between her breasts gave a peek at her underwhelming cleavage while see-through floral patterns around the sleeves allowed one to glimpse her chubby arms. Below that was nothing but thick legs and heels that looked way too thin to carry her.

Beside her was Shireen. The diva's tight, hour-glass figure was traced by an amazing blue dress. Her dark hair fell in long, curly waves and the sides of her outfit featured thick webbing that allowed anyone to behold her sultry, dark flesh pressed against its silky straps.

Markus plodded along next to Darius. Shireen wasn't leading him by a leash, but she might as well have been. He couldn't take his eyes off her generous figure, strutting ass or the knee-high black leather boots that contained her well toned calves.

Darius' dapper friend was classing it up with a purple fedora, purple suit jacket, a white dress shirt and matching purple slacks. He may have looked the part, but he was no pimp and everyone knew it. Following on Shireen's heels, Markus looked more like a lovesick schoolboy the teacher kept smacking with a ruler.

They were dressed in their best because they were all going somewhere new. Somewhere **special**. Darius hadn't learned what 'somewhere special' meant until just hours ago when Heather let it slip. When he heard the name, he wasn't surprised at all. The prophecy of the cruel convenience store clerk had come true, so why wouldn't another one? After his odd encounter in the gym shower, Darius suspected that destiny would eventually bring him to this place.

He looked up as they drew closer and beheld another extravagant sign. It was even more flashy and suggestive than *Queen Shit's* welcoming display. The dark outline of a woman with glowing devil horns and a red succubus tail could be seen stepping on the dark outline of a prone male. Her heel was planted in the center of his back and her right hand flashed a glowing whip up and down in the background. Below the figures, the words **CLUB ISHTAR** were lit up in bright white.

Darius swallowed as they approached the long cement steps leading to the massive club. Shireen had a mile-wide smile and Heather tittered with glee. She yanked on Darius' leash and to hurry his pace. Markus took a long look up at the flashing, animated sign and the building's six story height. He seemed to be in shock that an establishment of this type was seated so prominently in the city.

“Dayum!” he called out as they started up the steps. “This place is massive! I can't believe I haven't heard of it till now.”

“Maybe you're not as worldly as you think” Shireen shot over her shoulder with a haughty glance.

“Girl, I'm eager to learn and open to new experiences. If that's not the attitude of a gentleman and a scholar, I don't know what is!”

Shireen chuckled and rolled her eyes.

Once they ascended the stairs, two young men in french maid outfits and high heels were waiting for them. They wore pink armbands around their left sleeves with a large white circle and “S” written in black at the center.

“Hello!”

“Welcome to Club Ishtar!”

They smiled and pushed open the large double doors as the party approached. The maids held the doors open, their heads bowed, as Darius and company walked through. Once they'd made their way into the lobby, the maids returned to their positions and the large doors closed behind them.

The massive lobby was a bustle of activity with many people waiting to be admitted and more feminized bitch-boys rushing about to complete various tasks. Pounding dance beats could be heard through the walls, emanating from what had to be the club's main room.

At the head of the line, a woman in full leather military garb was checking the credentials of the guests before waving them through with her crop. A red arm band was snug around her left sleeve with a large white circle and the letter “M” printed in black. Darius could only assume that stood for “Mistress” or “Madam.”

The line moved quickly and before long, the group found themselves face to face with the stern looking

Domina. A military cap rested atop her luscious blonde hair which wove into a bun behind her. Thick black eyeliner and scarlet lipstick gave her an especially severe look. A name badge identified her as “Mistress Styx.”

“Name?” She asked with a quick scan of their little group. It was clear she'd already sussed out they were new to the club.

“Heather Bowen. Party of four” the bulky blonde answered eagerly.

“Ah yes, I have you here. Recommended by Miss Cunningham?”

“That's right. Is she here?”

“I know she was here earlier tonight. Not sure if she's still around. Do you know the rules?”

“Yes, I saw them on your website.”

“Then why isn't he on a leash?” Mistress Styx asked harshly, pointing her crop squarely at Marcus. His eyes went wide and his body tensed up. It looked like his fight-or-flight instinct was about to kick in.

“I'm sorry” Shireen spoke up. “I didn't get a chance to read the rules before we came tonight. Is that necessary?”

The leather Domme sighed. “It is required that any male inside the club be spoken for and accompanied by a woman at all times. Any male visitor found on their own will be punished and possibly banned. Having them collared and leashed avoids any confusion. It also means you can hand them off to another woman if you choose and they accept.”

“I'll stay on top of this one” Shireen assured her, nodding at Markus. “I promise.”

Mistress Styx smirked. “Just have him leashed next time. We don't like men walking around freely, acting like they own the place.” She marked Heather and her party off the list. “The rest is pretty straight forward. The rules for each room and floor are posted. Follow them. Respect the staff. Direct any questions you may have to the nearest club slave.”

She waved her crop to the left, pointing to another pair of double doors with a waiting pair of maids. “Right through there. Have a good time!”

The Hostess Domme smiled as Heather and Shireen stepped forth. Her expression faded into a cold stare as she watched Darius and Markus shuffle behind them.

“Welcome!” the second pair of maids said in unison before another large set of doors was opened. The foursome walked into the cavernous room and were immediately assaulted by thrumming music and a kaleidoscope of dark shades and bright colors. To say it was overwhelming would be an understatement.

2 Unlimited's '*Twilight Zone*' blasted from the central dance floor where at least a hundred and fifty dominant women, collared men and club sissy slaves were dancing, gyrating, humping and groping perversely. Cages hung suspended in the air, scattered around the main area with sissy sluts dancing in

them wildly. The entire back wall was filled with giant monitors displaying showers of sparks, fireworks and fiery explosions among the depictions of women whipping, pegging, face sitting and engaging in other S&M acts on obedient men.

The sissies were everywhere; not just the dance floor. The vast majority of them were dressed as French maids, but there were the occasional “playboy bunny” types and ones dressed more like feminized hookers as well. The ones that weren't dancing were either ferrying drinks to guests or more directly servicing the women in their booths. Some of the sissy maids acted as footstools, others were worshiping women's boots, and many were just a pair of stocking-clad legs sticking out of a frilly skirt; their faces buried under mounds of female ass.

The outskirts of the huge room, where all the booths were lined, was dimly lit with candles on every table. Neon lights cast an eerie glow across each row of seats. The center area was illuminated with swirling party lights. Looking up, you could see the club's floors ascend into a bizarre form of Femdom heaven where white light became more prominent. Each time there was a lull in the music, a loud whipcrack or firm swat could be heard floating down from the upper levels, followed by the yelp of a bound man.

The upper floors of escalating pain and perversion weren't the only attractions either. The gigantic bar was positioned under the huge, flashing monitors at the back. Off to the right was the entrance to a community center. A large, brightly lit board advertised classes in all kinds of kinky activities and Femdom culture.

To the left, there was an entrance to an ominous hallway with the word **DUNGEON** in bright red lights and an arrow pointing downward. One could only assume the most salacious acts took place down there once agreements between all parties had been reached.

“Oh my god! **THIS IS AMAZING!!!**” Heather shouted. She was in love with the club instantly.

“I heard it was nice, but this is something else!” Shireen exclaimed, nodding in agreement and smiling broadly.

Darius and Markus just stood there, stupefied. The song blasting over the speakers was only too appropriate. It didn't feel real. It felt like some alternate dimension that was slowly swallowing the 'real' world. It was a transformation they were powerless to stop.

“Let's take a tour!” Shireen suggested. She was clearly excited to see more of the palace of perversion.

“Absolutely” Heather responded. “But first, I need to visit the ladies roo-”

“**DARIUS?!?!?**”

They turned, collectively, in the direction the voice had come from. All four of them were surprised, but only Darius felt a lightning bolt of nervous energy shoot down his spine. Why, of all places, did someone have to recognize him **here** within a few minutes of entering? Standing just fifteen feet away was the first BBW he'd ever had a crush on.

His tenth grade math teacher stood before him, looking more rotund than ever. Her brunette hair spilled down to breast level. Red latex slid down her beefy curves in the form of a halter dress; squeezing her

ample, white flesh lovingly in the embrace of sultry rubber. Knee-high red latex boots with short heels completed the image. Her ensemble invited Darius' tongue to unfurl despite the fact that his girlfriend was only steps away, holding his leash.

“M-Miss Carruthers???”

The large woman sauntered over to the group in short order, her pudgy limbs straining against the glossy red rubber. She parked herself in front of Darius and Heather before putting her hands on her hips.

“Should've known you were a total pervert! Those looks you always gave me in class were an early clue.” She smiled at him knowingly before turning her gaze to Heather. “And who is this lucky young woman who's collared you?”

“I'm Heather” she answered, extending her hand.

Miss Carruthers shook it gladly. “Very nice to meet you. I'm Deborah. Would you like to sit down? I have a table right over there.” The curvy latex Goddess held up her right hand and pointed behind herself.

“Love to, but I was just about to head to the ladies room. Actually, this is perfect! Deborah, would you mind babysitting Darius for a bit?” She held out the leash; one pasty white BBW offering Darius to another like a hunk of dark meat.

“Are you kidding? I'd love to!” Deborah took it from her excitedly. “We can get re-acquainted.”

Heather smiled and nodded before turning to Darius. “You're to do whatever Deborah tells you until I get back. Understood, **Dana**?”

“Yes, dear” he replied reflexively. He looked nervously from Heather back to his former math teacher.

“Good. Be back in a bit!” she said before strolling off to ask one of the sissy maids where the bathrooms were.

“**Take your time!**” Deborah called after her. “I'll take good care of him!”

Darius heard laughter behind him and realized Shireen and Markus were having fun at his expense. Their amusement was evident as Deborah pulled Darius by the collar until he was pressed up against her thick, latex curves.

“Ummm, we're gonna go look around!” Shireen said between giggles. “You two have fun!”

“Later!” Markus said with a grin and a wave. He turned and followed Shireen.

Before he could give his best friend's abandonment another thought, Deborah yanked on his collar and began walking Darius back to her booth. She kept him close by her side so they could hear each other over the pulsing music in the background.

“So... **Dana** is it? With a slutty name like that, why aren't you dressed like a slut?”

“Mistress let me wear normal clothes today. This is our first visit.”

“Oh? Very generous of her! Too lenient if you ask me. When you come here in the future, you should be dressed like the bitch you are.” Her left hand pulled the leash tight as her right snaked around Darius' back and grabbed his ass. She leaned down and spoke into his ear. “Because I'm going to fuck you like a bitch. With Heather's permission of course.”

Darius swallowed. “Y-Yes Miss Carruthers.”

She straightened back to her full height before continuing. “Wish I'd known you were a submissive slut back then. We could've had so much fun.”

Darius emitted a nervous laugh, trying his best to keep up with her as she hurried him back to her seat.

Within seconds they'd closed in on a table with a wide semi-circle of leather upholstered seating around it. The shiny, luscious cushioning gleamed in the low light of the decadent club. There was ample space below the table and Darius had a good idea why. These booths had been constructed not only with large women in mind, but ensuring there was ample space for whatever vulgar feats the women wished to engage in with the club slaves.

Deborah shoved him into the entrance of the booth and he slid across the leather seating toward the back. She followed him directly; her portly, rubber-clad curves rubbing up against the side of the table. Her ass dragged across the leather cushions as she shimmied her way in.

She turned so she was facing Darius despite their close proximity in the circular booth. She picked up her half-drained mimosa and took a long sip before setting it back down. Deborah leaned her elbow on the table. Her brown eyes were fixed on him, studying Darius with an intensity fed by the club and the symphony of sin around them.

“How you been Miss Car-”

“You know what I remember most about your days in my class?” she asked, cutting him off. “Your fucking cunt of a mother! Do you have any idea what a pain in my ass she was during parent-teacher conferences?”

“Hey now, there's no need to talk about my Mama like-”

“A royal pain!” she shouted over him. “Your **bitch mother** would've been easier to tolerate if I had her son under my desk. You should've been sucking my toes while I listened to her blather on.”

“Miss Carruthers, I'm not gonna...”

“**SHUTUP, SLUT!** You're going to do exactly what I say and the first thing you're going to do is make up for all the times I had to deal with your cunt *'tiger mom'*. Stretch out on the seat! Face up!”

Darius hesitated for only a single moment before his body snapped into action. It seemed to move of its own accord, his desire to submit overriding any consideration for how she'd just brutally slandered his mother. He swung his legs up on the leather cushions and pushed his body down, stretching his torso

and legs over the cushy seating. He maneuvered himself until his face was squarely in the center of the leather cushion next to Deborah.

The whale of a woman stood, her latex clothing creaking and stretching around her folds as the leather seat released her noisily. She turned her back to Darius and he was astonished to see that her dress was assless. He was staring up at two giant, white, fatty ass cheeks with only the thinnest strand of red latex proceeding up her crack in the form of a shiny thong.

She peered at him over her shoulder and smiled wickedly before pulling the smelly thong to the side and lowering her jiggling mass onto his face. Darius' head felt two hundred plus pounds of woman press her blubbery ass into his every facial feature. His head was plastered into the leather as he got his first smell and taste of her wide bottom.

He licked, tongued and sucked away in her fleshy depths, needing no instruction. His cock grew erect, bulging painfully against its cage as she shook from side to side, pressing her full weight on his face. Darius slurped away in her darkness for several minutes before he could wait for air no longer. His hands found her sides and gently tapped her flanks, kindly begging for air.

Deborah lifted her massive, moist cheeks from his face and looked back at him with a mixture of cruelty and pleased arousal. "It's too bad I'm not gassy today. I bet a faggot like you loves being farted on while he licks a woman's ass!"

Darius hissed in pain as his cock strained against its metal bindings. Blood poured into his tortured unit like it rarely had before, punishing him for his love of ass worship and humiliation. He did his best to endure the pain through delirious, panted breaths.

His former teacher noticed the cock cage making an outline in his pants.

"At least she's got you locked up proper! Still, I don't think your girlfriend's coming back any time soon. She obviously enjoys whoring you out for other women to use. I bet she's sitting on the toilet right now, flickin her bean to a big ole climax!"

"Ahhhhhhh!" Darius groaned, his cock bulging within the device, painfully.

Deborah reached down and slapped him across his saliva strewn face.

**\*SMACK\***

"Welcome to your new home, **bitch.**"

She dropped her flabby dumper back on his face like a ton of pungent play-dough. The sounds of the club were muffled again as he was cast into darkness and sealed in her bulbous cheeks. Darius moaned into her all encompassing ass. He sucked and slurped away with gleeful abandon, his face swimming through her slick flesh. Darius' tongue sought out Miss Carruthers' ripe pucker with eager obedience and dove into the succulent well of endless debauchery.

**Copyright © 2020 James Bondage. All rights reserved.**