

## Quickie #20

### Lifestyle Training

“Ohhhhhhhh! **OHHHH FUCK!!!**”

Nate bit his bottom lip and clutched the thick duvet as his wife's hips pounded him. He was on his hands and knees, trying to maintain his balance on the bed as her strapon thrust into his tight ass with growing speed and power. It was the third time Laura had pegged him in the last two weeks. She'd sized up the toy each time. First they'd used a five inch dildo. Then a six incher. Now there was a seven inch rubber cock plowing Nathan's dilated back door. On top of the added length, this dong was thicker than the first two.

Femdom was a fairly new addition to their sex lives, yet it had come to *dominate* their nightly interactions. Trying some light BDSM had been Nathan's suggestion as they searched for a way to spice things up. He'd expressed a willingness to top or bottom, but Laura had eagerly taken the reigns. As the days and nights passed and she slipped more into her dominant role, there was nothing ambiguous about her reactions. Laura was loving every minute of it.

**\*SMACK\***

Her palm blasted Nate's ass before taking a fresh grasp of his hips and sinking her cock deep.

“Yeah, you like that?!? **Moan for me, you slut!**”

Nate was still processing how he felt about taking orders from his wife and getting fucked up the ass on the regular. On the one hand, they were having sex more frequently and passionately than they had in years. If stoking the flames of passion was the goal, *mission accomplished*.

On the other hand, the nature of their sex life had changed completely. Tonight, for example, she'd demanded cunnilingus, sitting on his face for a half hour while he tongued her to multiple orgasms. Once she'd had her fill, Laura ordered him into position, strapped on her harness and begun her assault on his ass.

Even now, as her dildo thrust deep into his spongy pucker and her hips slapped his cheeks loudly, his half-hard cock swung below. It drooled with a trickle of pre-cum, left cold, alone and dangling in the cool air. His cock had received virtually no attention. But that was the nature of domination and submission. You did what the dominant partner told you and bathed in the sensory experience they imparted. You trusted they were leading you to a good place, even if the journey seemed frustrating, difficult or downright hellish at times.

Nate didn't get off on following orders, so it was a good bet he wasn't a *natural submissive*. However, he did find something intensely erotic about the taboos of BDSM. Particularly role reversal and the prospect of going places other couples wouldn't dare to. He was elated when Laura agreed to try BDSM. Now he was struggling to keep up with his wife, whose libido was growing stronger and more

demanding with each Femdom date night.

“**Take that cock like a good little whore!**” she called out as her hips pounded him aggressively.

She reached up with one hand and raked her fingernails down his back. She dug into his flesh lightly as her cock bottomed out in his packed hole. Nathan bowed his head and grunted as his wife drilled further into his anatomy than she ever had. It was so fucking tight and yet she glided in and out of him effortlessly. Such was the power of abundant lubrication.

It was difficult to describe the sensation of being pegged. It didn't seriously **hurt** if you prepared properly, and Laura always made sure he was well stretched and lubed before she dove in. But there was a persistent ache associated with having your asshole stretched out. Also, the sudden thrusts, especially deep ones, could provide little bursts of pain. They mingled with a light, giddy pleasure that flowed through the body as you were being sodomized. A pleasure that only grew with time.

Nathan hadn't yet experienced a prostate orgasm, but he knew that would take time and practice. He'd read that it was the holy grail of male orgasms, a brain flushing explosion of nirvana. It was half the reason he'd considered trying Femdom. He also genuinely thought it might help their relationship, so his motivations weren't purely selfish. He'd had no idea how thoroughly Laura would embrace their new dynamic.

Initially, Nate imagined their play would involve a pair of fuzzy cuffs and maybe some light spanking before she fingered his asshole and sucked his cock. She'd taken it far beyond that. It was becoming clearer by the day that if he got to experience the mother of all male climaxes, it would be delivered by a fat rubber dick in his ass.

“MMMMMMMM!!!! **OH GODDDDDD!!!!**”

Laura's loud cries and the sudden burst of speed in her thrusts informed Nate she was having her fourth orgasm of the evening. She bucked into his ass powerfully as the rubber nubs built into the harness massaged her clit just right. Her moans came long and loud as she deep-dicked him into total submission. After a dozen more thrusts and a scream of climax, her hips slowed to a stop. She bent forward and Nathan felt her sweaty breasts press into his back.

“Ohhhh.... Oh my god!”

She pawed his body all over and planted kisses on his neck and back as their racing heartbeats slowed together. Laura backed away and her strapon exited Nathan's ass with a lube-drenched slurch. A feeling of emptiness overwhelmed him as she pulled out. It always felt weird after being so **filled** for an extended period of time.

“Turn over, baby. On your side” she instructed him.

Nathan needed no coaxing. His wrists and knees were weak after the long pounding he'd just taken. He wanted nothing more than to collapse and rest. Nate rolled over and ran a hand through his short brown hair. He relaxed and stretched out as Laura got up, unstrapped her harness and set the toy aside. Soon she was back on the bed, sliding in behind Nathan and wrapping her arms around him. It still felt a bit odd, being the little spoon, but Nathan was growing to like it, especially after one of their intense sessions of naughty play.

“That was amazing! I enjoyed it so much. I hope you did too” she spoke into his ear. Her right hand stroked his chest as her, warm body pressed into his back.

“I did, my Queen.”

His answer was honest, yet Nate was frustrated. She hadn't let him come in four days. He couldn't deny their play was pleasurable and intensely erotic. Was it hotter because she now controlled his release? It was a concept he was still growing used to. Even now, his manhood was half erect; twitching with strands of pre-cum leaking from the glans.

As if reading his mind, she reached down and took hold of his pulsing warmth. Laura's touch was soft, but possessive. She glided her palm up and down his length with slow, gentle strokes.

“I think we've found what we need” she announced. “We can stop going to couples therapy if you want.”

Nathan sucked in a ragged breath as her strokes sent shivers down his spine. “If you think we're ready, that'd be great.”

“I know we are. I'm having the time of my life and I think you are too. Am I right?”

“You're right. It's been fun.”

“Mmmhmm... And we're just getting started. You want to come, don't you slut?”

“Yes, my Goddess” he confirmed. His hands gripped the pillow beside him as she continued to work him over.

“Grab the headboard. Don't let go until I say” she instructed.

Nathan released the pillow and reached up. He wrapped his palms around the cool metal bars and took a firm grip. The speed of Laura's strokes increased. He muttered pleurably as she teased him.

“I want to try some **real** bondage soon. We need more toys. And I think we both should get some new outfits. Something more appropriate for our play. I want us to go **further**, Nathan. What do you think of that?”

“Ummmm... **Yes!** Definitely!” he answered as his face grew flush. His dick was now fully erect and straining with lust. Her hand flowed up and down his leaking length skillfully. She fondled his balls between sensual strokes of his bulging cock.

“I want you to wear a collar. My collar.”

“Yes, Ma'am!”

“Every cock in this house belongs to me, including yours. You're my **bitch boy property**. Isn't that right?”

“Yes! **OH YES!!!**”

“You want to come?” Her sweaty curves pressed into his body more insistently. Laura's right leg wrapped around Nathan's and held it down. Her fist tightened around his cock as her fluid strokes accelerated.

“**PLEASE! YES PLEASE!!!**”

“If I let you come, you have to eat every drop. Understood?”

“Fuck yes! **PLEASE, JUST LET ME COME!!!**”

“Good boy.”

As she fisted his cock with fervor, Laura reached up and pressed her lips to Nathan's neck. She applied firm suction and bit into his skin lightly, marking him with her lipstick. The deep red of a rapidly forming hickey swelled into being. She kept the pressure and suction on for a good thirty seconds. Her increasingly slick jerking wracked his body with blissful convulsions.

“I... **OH FUCK!!! I'M GONNA!!!**”

Nathan's balls seized and pleasure coursed through his body. A lightning bolt of ecstasy rattled through his every nerve. Nate shuddered in Laura's grasp as streams of thick, white paste blasted from his tip. The first rope shot all over the bedding. As he continued to nut, Laura slid her fingers to the glans and gathered his emissions in her increasingly sloppy hand. Nate moaned and writhed in rapture. He held onto the bars of the headboard tightly as his balls emptied and four days of sexual frustration exited his body along with several blasts of sticky sperm.

His eyes were closed for most of the intense climax. When they opened, he knew what to expect. Laura released his spent cock and brought her dripping fingers to his mouth. Her cum-slathered digits poked at his lips and he opened them obediently. Laura half-rolled onto his body, pressing him into the bed as she sunk two jizz-coated fingers into his mouth and fed Nathan his own filth.

“**Eat it!** Taste your own cum!!!”

Laura ran her free hand through her long, blonde hair and grinned as she looked down at him. She probed his mouth, fucking his lips with two fingers at a time and depositing hot webs of gunk all over his wagging tongue. She flowed her digits in and out of his warm, wet maw, chuckling to herself as she fed him his own jizzum. When her fingers were clean, she presented her palm and Nathan licked it until nothing but saliva coated her flesh. She ended their play with two wet pats to his cheek.

“That's a good whore. **Fuck**, that was hot! If I wasn't so tired, you'd be eating me out again before bed.”

Nathan let out an exhausted laugh. As fun as that sounded, he was glad it was time for sleep.

They got under the covers, easing their sapped, soiled and relaxed bodies. Laura scooted up behind him and wrapped an arm around Nate's side. She pressed her warm curves into his back, ass and legs, assuming the position of *big spoon* once again. The pleased Domina reached up and stroked his hair gently as they settled in for the night.

“You know it's not just the sex, right? It's more than that. We're communicating again. You're responding to my wants and needs. And most of all, you're allowing yourself to be vulnerable. That's what was missing before.”

“I know, my love. I'm sorry I didn't realize it sooner.”

“Shhhhhh... It's alright. You're doing so well. And now that you're trusting me to guide this relationship, everything is going to be so much better.”

Nathan felt her hand glide across his chest and her hips press against his ass warmly. He blushed and smiled before falling into the most restful sleep of his life.

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12:14 PM

### **WIFEY (She Who Must Be Obeyed)**

Hey. You on break?

Yeah, I was just about to get some lunch.  
How's your day, beautiful?

Pretty good, handsome. Tired as fuck of meetings, but that's to be expected. Anyway, in regards to tonight, there's been a change of plans.

Oh?

I know we just dropped therapy and now our Tuesdays are open for the first time in months, but I scheduled us for a new kind of counseling.

What kind, exactly?

BDSM counseling. Officially, it's called “lifestyle training.” We have our first

session tonight.

Oh! lol...  
Should I be worried?

No, you should be excited.

I am very excited, my Queen.

Have you been a good boy? You haven't touched yourself? No coming since Friday night?

No ma'am. I've been good.

You must be awfully horny then?

As horny as I was on Friday.  
Maybe more.

Good. I was thinking of giving you permission to jerk off until you come in the men's room. Perhaps ordering you to do so. But now that we have plans, I think I'll keep you frustrated until then.

That's just mean.

Awww, so sad! See you tonight, slut. We'll grab a bite out before your new training begins. :)

Yes, Ma'am.  
Love you, wife.

Love you so much, husband.

\* \* \* \* \*

“He should be below you at all times. Especially when you play, but I recommend extending it beyond play time. Any time you're alone together is a good rule.”

“It's nice being the one who towers over him, for a change. I must admit, I'm enjoying this.”

Nathan's knees and ass were raw as he looked up at two beauties sitting on the sofa above him. One was his wife, dressed much more provocatively than usual. She was decked out in a luxurious red latex bustier with matching thigh highs and arm gloves. It was an outfit she'd purchased in secret for tonight's session. She looked amazing in it. Nate hoped it would be a staple in the bedroom.

The other woman, Mistress Sevara, was their new *counselor*. Not really, of course. Sex therapist? Throwing away all pretense, she was clearly a Dominatrix. Nathan wondered if Laura had typed out the word *counseling* with a straight face earlier. It was an interesting type of counseling that saw someone stripped naked, shackled and worked over with paddles and floggers.

Since arriving at Sevara's lair, they'd gone over some basic BDSM safety, most of which Nate and Laura already knew. Nathan had been outfitted with a collar, wrist cuffs, thigh cuffs and ankle cuffs; all made of thick, premium leather. Mistress Sevara gave him his first enema, a lesson that would come in handy for a couple who regularly enjoyed anal play.

After that, they enjoyed ordering him around on hands and knees for a while before moving to the dungeon. Mistress Sevara had demonstrated many techniques with paddle, switch and whip. Laura was a quick learner, but that did nothing to dull the throbbing ache in Nate's ass.

Now they were taking a break in the parlor. Nathan was periodically ordered to lick and kiss their boots in between fetching whatever Mistress Sevara wanted. The Femdom duo chatted away. The pro Domme asked Laura questions and imparted all kinds of tips and suggestions. It was obvious she relished encouraging couples to enter and intensify female-led relationships.

Nate felt like he was seeing double. It was almost comical how alike they were, in appearance if not demeanor. Mistress Sevara was also a full-figured blonde. She was a bit older and had more meat on her bones, but her cushion was in all the right places. She looked fantastic for her age. The haughty hostess wore a shiny, black leather corset over her pink lingerie. Her pink arm gloves shined with bubblegum gloss. Her outfit was a feast for the senses.

“Have you picked out a personal collar for him yet?”

“No, but I'm going to soon. He's already agreed to wear one.”

“I would hope so. How about a chastity cage? You mentioned enjoying the orgasm denial, so why not go all the way?”

“Are those safe?”

“Oh yes, absolutely! If you buy the right kind and follow the precautions, it's safe and so fulfilling. I'll

be more than happy to help you with that.”

Nathan winced. Things were moving ahead much faster than he'd anticipated. Still, how could he complain when it was his suggestion to begin with? Besides, whatever bit of silly, egotistical male pride was still screaming in the back of his mind, he couldn't deny he was turned on.

His penis twitched below. It grew harder the more they talked about him like a slave whose agency and autonomy would soon be nothing but a memory. He may not be a natural sub who reveled in following orders, but he was definitely a bottom and growing more enamored with the Femdom paradigm every day.

“What about outfits? I want to get some new ones for our play, but I'm not sure where to start. Well, other than what I'm wearing.”

“Laura, you should start by deciding what **YOU** want! Look at you! You're a **Goddess** in red rubber!” Mistress Sevara retrieved her crop from the end table and pointed it at Nathan. “**He** doesn't deserve that! He has to **earn** it. The **LEAST** he can do is wear what you want him to! Whether that's a leather harness, a gimp suit, a dress or nothing but his collar.”

Laura looked increasingly excited the more Mistress Sevara spoke. “Well, when you put it that way... I guess I'll be doing some more shopping soon. I take it you can point me in the direction of some good vendors?”

“With pleasure, dear.”

Mistress Sevara set her crop aside and took up her tea, draining the glass smoothly. Laura uncapped her bottled water and downed its remnants, refreshing herself after their first round of Femdom exertions.

“I think it's time for Nathan's anal training. Shall we head back to the dungeon for the finale?” the eager Domme suggested.

“Absolutely! I'm ready” Laura agreed.

“Very good. Perhaps we should give this naughty young man his first taste of being spit-roasted while we're at it? If you're so inclined.”

“Oh, I'm **very** inclined!” Laura replied with a grin and a chuckle.

The two Dominas stood and Laura grabbed the leash connected to Nate's collar. They led him back to the hallway and started down the stairs, chatting as their boots thudded against the floorboards.

“Thank you **so much** for all of this, Sevara. I think we'll definitely be booking another session soon, if you're available.”

“You'll be happy to know I offer discounts for regular customers. Significant savings for those who schedule bi-weekly sessions or weekly play.”

“Awesome!” Laura's enthusiasm was evident.



They reached the bottom of the stairs and the trio re-entered Mistress Sevara's fully equipped dungeon. The smells of leather, rubber, metal and lubricant permeated the cool air, washing over Nathan as he quickly returned to his hands and knees. To his chagrin, he realized he'd done so without even being instructed. He truly was being **trained**.

"If I may, Mistress Laura?" Sevara reached for the leash.

"Oh, of course!" She handed it over readily.

In private, Laura told him that she didn't care for the term *Mistress*, but it seemed she was warning to it quickly under the tutelage of a professional Domme.

Mistress Sevara led Nathan over the cold, stone expanse to an odd device that looked almost like a coffin. "Up here" she said, tapping the sturdy wooden box with her crop. "Line up your wrists with those cuffs and kneel on the end by the hole."

Nate climbed onto the medieval contraption and positioned himself accordingly. Sevara set her crop aside and quickly undid his existing wrist cuffs before locking him into the ones attached to the device.

"This is a smother box" she explained as she worked. "It's used for sitting on men's faces while they're bound in a confined space. *Queening*, as it's often called. Perhaps we'll enjoy that during your next session."

"Mmmm... yes please" Laura purred.

"It's smart of you to do this" Sevara continued as she tossed the old cuffs aside with a metallic clank. "It's a huge expense, equipping a dungeon. Why buy bondage furniture when you can come use mine?"

"I agree" Laura replied with a nod. "Though, if I'm honest, I'm already dreaming of having my own little dungeon some day."

"Oh! Going to give me some competition?" the veteran joked.

"No, no! Nothing like that!!!" Laura waved her arms.

The duo laughed and Sevara nodded toward her massive rack of dildos. "C'mon, let's pick out our toys. What's the biggest cock this little bitch has taken so far?"

"Seven inches."

"Pffft, a small fry in my business. Think he's ready to take it up a notch?"

"Only one way to find out!"

Nathan tried his hardest to get comfortable as the two Dominas laughed and outfitted themselves with strapon harnesses. It was so weird to be face down, ass up, shivering in a bondage dungeon. Even more so to hear them talking about a seven inch dick like it was small. Seven inches was Nathan's size when fully erect. He'd always been proud of his above average penis. It seemed if his wife and Mistress Sevara had their way, those days would soon be over.

When they returned a few minutes later, Laura had a giant red rubber dong strapped around her waist. It matched her outfit perfectly. The fat, nine inch silicone phallus gleamed in the overhead lights of the dungeon. Mistress Sevara stepped into his field of vision briefly to show off her mighty monster. It was a massive, shiny pink schlong; an inch longer than Laura's and equally thick. She'd discarded her corset and now stood only in pink satin and latex. Despite the color coordination, their thick, bobbing weapons stood out menacingly.

Nathan's nervous laughter came involuntarily as he watched the women stroke their girthy lengths. He wondered if he could actually take those gargantuan toys. They say all it takes is lube and patience, but that's easy to imagine when you're not staring down the barrel of two colossal rubber dicks.

“Don't worry honey, we'll be gentle” Laura said in her most soothing voice.

“At first” Sevara added, followed by a hearty laugh. She disappeared from view, stalking around to his backside.

As the hostess slathered her fingers in lube and began probing his pucker, Laura brought the tip of her strapon to Nathan's lips.

“Open up, lover boy. You're gonna learn to suck cock properly, tonight.”

Her hips pushed the red glans past his lips. She didn't stop until Nate had taken the first three inches in his mouth. He was instantly packed with slick, pungent silicone. Nathan began slurping away, eager to please his wife. As Laura held his leash tight and guided more of her fetish-wear phallus into his mouth, Sevara opened his anus with three fingers. Eventually, that turned into four thrusting digits as his pucker loosened.

Nathan groaned around the increasingly sloppy strapon. His wife pulled back gently before gliding it back in. Laura had almost reached the five inch mark and Nate was coming close to gagging with each insistent push into his packed mouth. He could taste nothing but musty rubber and his own frothy spittle as Laura smiled wickedly and fed him more cock.

Mistress Sevara's fingers were digging so deep in his rectum, she was practically fisting him. Finally, they slurped free with a thick trail of viscous lube. She pressed the tube of anal grease to his ass and gave it a generous squirt. The thick jelly coated his insides liberally.

“Spread your legs like a good whore!” she commanded from behind.

Nathan obeyed and awaited his anal pounding. She tossed aside the lube and lined up the head of her cock with his spongy rosebud. Mistress Sevara guided it in and pressed her hips forward firmly. Nathan felt his asshole expand with the full weight and girth of her bulbous bitch-breaker.

“MMMMPPHHHHH!! GHHHHMMMMPPPPHHMMMM!!!” he muttered around his wife's thrusting red fuck-wand.

“Ahhhhh, there we go!” Laura shouted gleefully as she watched Sevara tunnel into her lover's accommodating bottom. “Look at that! You're taking that **big fucking cock** like a champ!”

“Mmmmm, he sure is!” Sevara added as she backed out and plunged deeper in his silky hole. “Looks like he loves that big red treat you're feeding him, too.”

“No kidding. I think he's enjoying it a *little too much*” she replied with a pair of slaps to Nate's cheek. “Time to go deeper!”

Nathan tasted bile for the first time as his wife sank to the six inch mark in his face, pushing her latex cockhead all the way to the back of his throat. He gagged around the rubber length and his wrist cuffs rattled as he pulled on the restraints. Mistress Sevara took a fierce grip of his hips and started fucking his ass at a strong, steady pace. She sank to the six inch mark much faster than Laura, since his ass was already trained to take it. From the increasing speed and intensity of her thrusts, it was clear she intended to give him much more.

As he choked on fat rubber dick and felt Sevara pound him roughly from behind, Nathan did his best to relax and accept his new station as a strapon slave. The longer it went on, the more he noticed his body reacting in a positive way.

Mistress Sevara's strokes were somehow different. She was angling her fucking down slightly. The constant rubbing over his prostate filled Nathan with a warm, spreading giddiness that he'd never experienced. His groaning and grunting turned to pleasurable moans as Sevara bucked in and out of him with two thirds of her thick, lube-drenched length.

**\*SMACK SMACK\***

Her pink latex palm blasted off his ass cheek before seizing his hips anew.

“You love it! Don't you, slave?!?”

“**YRRRMMM! MMMRRRTHHHRRMMMM!**” he squelched wetly around his wife's plunging phallus.

Laura laughed and seized his brown locks in her red latex fingers.

The aggressive spit-roasting continued for long minutes as Nathan's body buzzed with ever more delirious pleasure. The warm giddiness of submission more than made up for any discomfort caused by the two thick lengths spearing his holes. His moans and the pulls on his bindings grew more frenzied as he lost all control of himself. There was a rapture building in his body that was so much more powerful than anything his penis had ever delivered. This was a euphoria that could only be felt by surrendering one's ass to an experienced strapon Goddess.

“**MMMMMMMMMMPPPHHH!!! MPPPPHRRRRMMMMMMMM!!!!**”

Nathan's body spasmed and his hot load shot all over the top of the smother box. Ropes of white gunk decorated the creased, brown wood as his cock erupted uncontrollably. Nate's mind went blank. His limbs shuddered with a bliss he'd never imagined, driven on by the fat rubber cocks plowing his mouth and ass without end.

“**WHO THE FUCK SAID YOU COULD COME, PIGGY?!?**” Mistress Sevara shouted when she realized the mess he'd made.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Her vicious palm swatted his already red ass for another round of firm spansks.

“Certainly not me” Laura added, glaring down at him with a look of smug disapproval.

She took tighter hold of his hair with both fists and began fucking his mouth even harder. Mistress Sevara pushed herself deeper into Nate's stretched pucker, going beyond the eight inch mark. The ferocity in her thrusts told Nathan she wouldn't be happy until her fearsome weapon was balls deep in his ass.

“That's ok. He can clean it up when we're done.”

“With his tongue, of course” Laura clarified.

“Naturally” Sevara replied with a wicked smile.

Both women lost themselves in the rutting pleasure of female domination as the brutal spit-roast dragged on. Nathan lowered further onto the smother box as the strength left his arms and legs. Soon he was wallowing in a puddle of his own jizzum as he was filled at both ends with slippery silicone cock. The frenzied femmes hunkered down on strong thighs and continued until their hips and legs could thrust no more.

It was a grueling first session with Mistress Sevara. Nate could only imagine how intense the next one would be. How much farther, faster and harder would his wife push their sexual dynamic now that she'd discovered her need to dominate? How long would his cock be locked in chastity in between permitted orgasms? How much of their nest egg would be spent on rubber clothing, giant dildos, sexual *counseling* and outfitting a dungeon in their basement?

Nathan and Laura's marriage was saved. All it had cost him was everything. In the end, it was a price he was delighted to pay.

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