

## Mistress Cruel Love

### Chapter 1 - How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Femdom

It was a cool spring day as Darius strode down the poorly maintained city sidewalk. Cars whizzed by on the busy street, kicking up gusts of chilly air that made him grateful he'd pulled the windbreaker over his lean torso before leaving home. His jeans and work boots kept him warm enough, though he was starting to wish he'd grabbed a hat on the way out.

The wind chilled the bare flesh of his scalp in between Darius' corn rows. His long, thin braids trailed neatly down the back of his head, dangling behind him and to both sides of his upper chest. He enjoyed the “tough guy” look the style afforded him. If he was honest, it was also a way to compensate for his barely average height. Regardless, he made sure the braids were well groomed at all times. It was hard enough for a black man to get ahead in the world without creating obstacles for himself and he considered a neat appearance to be paramount.

After high school Darius had immediately moved on to trade school where he got a thorough education in welding. It had been several years since he earned his certification and his career was starting to pay dividends. He wasn't yet making enough money for he and his girlfriend to get their own place, but with the annual raises and bonuses he was receiving, moving up the social ladder wasn't too far in their future.

“Hey! Slow down!”

Darius looked back to see his girlfriend, Heather, thumbing through her phone with an annoyed look on her face.

“Sorry baby” he said while waiting for her to catch up. “You know how I get into my stride!”

She lowered the phone as she closed in on him, scowling at his antics. “Yeah? Well it's rude. Not to mention *patriarchal*. Don't keep walking ahead of me.”

“Patriarchal? The hell that supposed to mean?”

The tall young woman put her hands on her wide hips and looked down at him. “It means you're being an **ASS**. Either stay by my side or walk behind me!”

“Walk behind you? Wouldn't that be... matriarchal?” he countered with a chuckle.

“Don't be a smart-ass, Darius” she imparted with a cold stare before returning her gaze to her phone. “You don't even know where we're going.”

“And whose fault is that?”

“It's not anybody's **fault**. It's a surprise!”

“Yes, dear.”

That was how so many of their conversations ended these days. Passive acceptance of Heather's edicts even though Darius had plenty of room to argue. But wasn't that the way of the world? When a couple has been together for a while, you learn to pick your battles. It felt like he was surrendering ninety five percent of the time, but Darius was mostly happy. Even when he wasn't happy, he was content.

And who wouldn't be content? Most of the brothas Darius had grown up with would kill for a 5'11 white woman. 6'1 in the heeled boots she was wearing. And not just a white woman, a “**THICC**” white woman with shoulder length blond hair and plenty of junk in the trunk. Her breasts weren't the biggest, but Darius didn't care. He was a legs and ass man and Heather had plump curves to spare.

Sure, she was a butter face who often wore too much makeup. On her worst days you might compare her to “Mimi” from the Drew Carey show. Yet Heather had a plain beauty and earnestness that Darius had loved since the first day they met. Their attraction had been instant. As a couple, they were doing fine two years into their relationship.

Taking Heather home to meet his parents had been a revelation. His father had beamed with pride and his mother had paid her endless compliments. Momma made it a point to say it was good Darius had “a strong woman to keep him in line” now that she wasn't around to discipline him. Maybe that was why Darius didn't mind a woman who could be so domineering at times. He'd had one all his life! After many a stern lecture and spanking with Momma's hand, wooden spoon or whatever else was handy when Darius made trouble, it felt like second nature to him; even as an adult.

“We're almost there” Heather announced, her boot heels clacking on the pavement as they made their way down the street.

“You just let me know, baby. I wouldn't want to miss this amazing store that I know nothing about.”

“Oh, don't worry. You won't” she said, glancing up from her phone with a sly grin.

Darius looked at her with raised eyebrows and a silly smile on his face. That's what he loved about her. That attitude and commanding confidence. Whenever he felt lost in the world or had any kind of doubt, she was there to fill the void.

Heather even dressed with a distinctive “in your face” style. Her leopard print hoop earrings were as impossible to miss as her cute glasses with the purple tinted frames. She wore a cheap, imitation leather jacket over her frilly green top. A black and white checkered skirt hugged her thighs and showed off the curve of her ass prominently. Silky black stockings lined her meaty legs down into her knee high leather boots.

She had to dress more modestly for her part time job as an executive assistant, but whenever she wasn't at work, she was experimenting with her clothing. Her outfits were eclectic and she didn't give a shit what anyone thought of them, least of all Darius.

“Whoa...”

The word came out of his mouth involuntarily. Darius slowed his walk as they approached a store he

didn't remember seeing before. The words "QUEEN SHIT" were lit up in bright red, only there was a big, upright dildo shaped light where the capital "I" should've been. Below the words were an animated woman dressed in black leather from head to toe, lying on her side. She had a golden crown on her head, a riding crop in her hand and one eye winking at any potential customers.

"When did this store go in?"

"A few months ago" Heather answered matter-of-factly. "Alright, let's go."

"What? You mean, **this** is the store?!?"

"That's right. Remember what we talked about a couple weeks ago?"

"Oh, cmon baby! We gotta do this now? How bout we go see a movie or something?"

"No. We're here to get the things we need to spice up our sex life."

"Jesus, say it a little louder why don't ya."

Heather's eyes opened wide. She placed her hands on her hips and her lips pressed into a frown. **"WE'RE GOING TO GO INSIDE THE SEX STORE AND GET THE THINGS WE NEED TO SPICE UP OUR SEX LIFE!!!"**

A chilling shock of horror and embarrassment shot down Darius' spine as people in all directions began looking their way. A few guys down the street howled in laughter as they turned to look at the couple standing in front of the unusual storefront. Various women covered their mouths to stop from laughing or averted their gaze entirely, stifling giggles.

It was rare enough for people to see a taller woman and shorter man as a couple out in public. To see a larger white woman glaring down at a smaller black man, demanding that they go into the sex store was the stuff of dirty jokes and stand-up comedy bits.

"Ok, ok..."

Darius raised his hands in surrender and Heather immediately grabbed his right arm and marched him towards the entrance. He wanted to add *'please just stop making a scene'* but he knew better than to let those words pass his lips. He followed her in hurriedly, not wanting to set her off any worse than he already had.

They entered the erotic superstore and the smells of leather and rubber hit Darius like a punch to the face. They had barely taken two steps in and he felt like he'd entered another dimension. There were rows of sex toys and all kinds of kinky contraptions that he didn't know the first thing about. The walls at the far sides of the store were lined with long racks of fetish clothing. Each row and every wall were decorated with red velvet drapes to give the place a more regal look and emphasize the theme of the store.

"Look, baby, I know I said we would try the..."

Heather finished his sentence when he hesitated. "Strapon sex. **ANAL PLAY**. You're an adult, Darius!"

You can say it out loud.”

“Yeah, I know I said I would, but...”

“But what?”

“Well, I just don't know if I'm ready for that” he said, folding his arms defensively as they came to a stop.

Heather glowered and pocketed her phone before turning to him. “And what's going to get you ready? **WHEN** will you be ready? Because it sounds like you're just making excuses and trying to back out after agreeing to it.”

As she chastised him, Darius looked around the store and noticed that some of the other patrons were taking note of their conversation, just like the strangers outside had been.

“Baby, could lower your voice just a little? We're attracting a lot of-”

“Do **NOT** *tone police* me! You're not backing out of our arrangement and you don't get to tell me not to be frustrated! Don't ever imply that my frustration is invalid, either. That's *gaslighting*.”

*'Tone police? Gaslighting? The fuck...?'*

This was an issue that had popped up recently. Heather had begun using all kinds of new terms and phrases that Darius had never heard before. It became more common after she'd begun attending a weekly “female empowerment” class a few months ago. Come to think of it, it wasn't long after that when Heather had gotten more insistent about introducing kinky elements to their bedroom life.

Darius had been resistant at first. To date, their sex life had been fairly vanilla and he was happy with that. As they entered their second year as a couple it became clear that Heather wasn't satisfied. Going to those classes had amplified her desire to try new things and, over time, she had sweet talked him into trying “butt stuff.” She promised it would be fun for both of them and a whole new world of pleasure for Darius. After much coaxing and a few nights of sleeping on the couch with blue balls, he'd reluctantly agreed.

“Alright, baby, damn! Let's go look at the... merchandise.”

Heather's scowl faded into a smile. That seemed to appease her and they continued into the store. Shelves of bizarre toys, dildos of every shape and size and strange costumes flashed by as they made their way further in.

Darius couldn't help but notice that it was mostly couples in the store and every couple had a similar dynamic. One couple was dressed in head to toe leather and the woman pulled the man around by the chain leash of a dog collar. Another couple featured a woman in a lovely yellow sun dress and a guy that followed her around on hands and knees wearing nothing but rubber boots, latex underwear, leather mitts and cat ears on his head.

“Queen Shit” was no joke. Everything Darius was seeing implied that the store specifically catered to women who wanted to take charge of things in the bedroom. This made Darius uneasy while at the

same time providing a silver lining. Darius knew he should be grateful that Heather wasn't looking to get dominated. He'd never had any desire to engage in the slapping, choking, spanking and other stuff he saw men doing to women in various internet porn. If Heather needed that, it might have ended their relationship.

On the other hand, if Heather wanted to liven things up by role playing as a dominatrix or whatever, that wouldn't be so bad. Would it? As long as it stayed between the two of them at home, whatever silly stuff they did would be fine. Ultimately, he loved Heather and wanted to make her happy.

They reached the end of the aisles and the store opened up to a larger space with several counters and exits to back rooms. As they approached, one of the clerks took notice of Darius and Heather.

“Hi there!” the middle aged woman spoke before stepping out from behind the counter and moving to greet Heather.

She looked like she'd just stepped off the electric sign at the front of the store. The woman's curves were outlined in a leather corset, leather pants, leather boots and latex gloves that extended up her arms to her biceps. The raven-haired white woman sported a military officers cap and carried a crop in her hands.

“Welcome to Queen Shit!” She extended her hand to Heather, who shook it immediately. “Is this your first time?”

“Yes! Thank you.”

“Hey” Darius interjected with nod and a little wave.

The woman cast him a frigid glance. “Don't speak in this store unless I or Miss...” she turned her gaze back to the tall blonde.

“Heather.”

“Unless I or Miss Heather instruct you to.”

Darius shut up right quick and put his hands in his pockets; looking anywhere but the ice queen's gleaming curves.

“I'm Mistress Veronica” she said to Heather with a smile. “What can I help you with today?”

“We're looking to change things up in the bedroom a bit, starting with some anal play.”

“Very good. I take it you've come here because you plan to take charge of these activities?”

“Absolutely” Heather nodded enthusiastically.

“Well then, can I make a recommendation to start?” Veronica inquired as she placed her balled up fists on her hips.

“By all means.”

“Worry less about what “we’re” looking to change and decide what YOU want to change. That’s the first step to establishing a female led relationship.”

“Hmmm, I like that. I just meant my boyfriend has already consented to a change in our activities.”

Veronica lifted her hands from her sides and began stroking her crop slowly. “Ah... yes, consent is important, but it should be noted that men are proud, obstinate and finicky creatures. They often don’t know what they want, or more importantly, what they **need**, without the guidance of a strong woman.”

Heather was practically swooning. “I have much to learn” she said with a slight bow of the head.

Darius rolled his eyes. He was liking “Mistress Veronica” less by the second.

“So, what do we need to begin this new chapter in our lives?”

Veronica grinned. “Let’s have a tour of the shop and I’ll lay everything out.” She marched between the aisles towards the front of the store, the leather of her costume creaking with each step. She turned into one of the rows quickly, followed by Heather and Darius.

The entire aisle was filled with dildos. Rubber cocks of every shape and size from the modest four inchers to the giant mega-dongs over a foot in length and more girthy than any human male would ever be. Darius inspected the collection of huge cocks, growing more self-conscious by the minute.

“I’m going to recommend at least three of these models to start” Veronica announced. “That may sound excessive, but you can size up fairly quickly when it comes to anal play. It just takes a little training.”

“Sounds good!” Heather replied. “Whatever you think we need to get started, just hand the items to Darius.”

“This one as a starter” Veronica said, reaching out and retrieving a seven inch cock with average girth and handing it to Darius.

*‘Whoa, hold on here...’*

“This dildo would make an excellent intermediate” she stated while grabbing a nine inch model that was significantly wider. She shoved the plastic sealed phallus into his arms without so much as looking at Darius.

“And this...” she said while reaching up to one of the huge, coke-can thick twelve inch cocks. “Is what you’ll be shooting for.” She pulled the product down and held it out to him.

“Are you **NUTS?!?**”

Time stopped. Both women turned to him, looking furious.

“**Darius!**”

Veronica extended her crop and stuck the tip in Darius’ chest.

“I told you, you're not to speak in this establishment without permission.”

Her eyes were wild, but there was no anger in her voice. Just cold, hard command. Darius stared back, in disbelief that anyone would treat a customer this way.

“Miss Heather. Would you mind if I deliver some mild discipline to this young man?”

“Please do” she replied without hesitation.

“Unless you'd prefer to do it yourself, that is?”

“No, no. I'd like to watch and learn.”

“Very well” she said before shoving the twelve inch mega cock into Darius' arms on top of the other two. “Alright piggy, bend over and lean against that shelf. Do **not** let go of those items.”

Darius could hardly believe this was happening, but he did as he was instructed. He leaned forward and exposed his ass, the bundle of giant rubber dicks snug against his chest.

**\*Whap\***

Veronica struck his left ass cheek with her crop. His jeans absorbed some of the blow, but it still stung. Darius could tell she hadn't used anything close to her full strength.

Veronica reached back for the next one.

**\*WHAP\***

The end of the crop lashed into his right ass cheek fiercely.

“OW!”

“You get one more for crying out. Do **NOT** drop that merchandise or you'll get five more.”

Darius was astonished to be getting spanked by a complete stranger in a sex store. He looked over at his girlfriend who was watching with rapt attention; a giant smile on her face.

**\*WHAP\***

A strong blow blistered across both ass cheeks and Darius bit his tongue. He blew air through both nostrils as he waited for the sting to dissipate.

“You may stand. Do not speak again unless spoken to.”

Veronica continued down the aisle and returned to hawking products. Heather followed along, as if nothing had happened and this was all completely normal. Darius plodded behind them with a stack of cocks in his arms.

“You're going to need this” Veronica said, placing an enema kit into his arms “to make sure he's clean. And these...” She grabbed three boxes of Astroglide and piled them with the other products. “You can never have too much lube!”

Heather followed along and nodded; occasionally asking questions. Darius' head was spinning as he began to wonder how much all this was going to cost.

“We have some excellent devices, the vibrating egg for example, that you can wear under your strapon and enjoy really powerful orgasms while you're fucking your man.”

“Oooh, that sounds amazing!”

“It is” Veronica said, grabbing one of the eggs and adding it to the pile. Darius did his best to balance the stack of items with growing difficulty.

“OK, let's pick out a sturdy harness and then we can move on to butt plugs. You'll probably want to install one in him immediately and begin stretching him out back there. Also, did you have any interest in feminizing him?”

“Feminizing? I hadn't thought about that.”

*'Feminizing? The fuck?!?'*

“All men are good candidates for feminization” Veronica insisted as she looked back and studied Darius up and down. “But your man is an **excellent** candidate! He's on the short side and has a decent ass.”

Darius checked out completely. They were talking about him like he was a piece of meat and he didn't want to listen anymore. He just wanted the shopping trip from hell to be over.

“If you think it's a good idea, I'm certainly open to it” Heather replied with a hint of excitement.

“It's a great idea! How bout we go look at some outfits?”

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They had been in the store for ninety minutes and there was a small mountain of items piled up on the counter. Darius couldn't imagine that all those toys, accessories and clothing were going to add up to less than a thousand dollars. Mistress Veronica was doing the math on a calculator while he pulled Heather aside for a chat.

“Hey! Get your hand off my arm!”

“Baby, I know I said I would try some new things, but I never said I'd spend a fortune to do them. Just how much you think all that is going to cost?”

Heather put her hands on her hips as a smirk spread across her face. “Oh, stop exaggerating! We've



spent more than this on a TV. Are you saying our sex life isn't worth it?"

"No, that's not what I'm saying..."

"Good. Because I didn't complain the last time you dropped eight hundred dollars on a new videogame system and a bunch of stuff to go with it. And that was just for YOU. This is for both of us."

Darius sighed. He couldn't argue with that, but there were other factors at play.

"All I'm saying is our credit card is getting close to maxed. We keep adding on and it's gonna screw up our score! You want to move out of that apartment, don't you?"

"Excuse me" came an older female voice in the background.

Darius turned to find a stern looking older woman with short, white hair gazing at them. Her stylish perm and commanding blue eyes gave her a regal look. It was clear this classy matron was a woman who brooked no nonsense. She wore a shiny, black raincoat over her silky white top, a long, black leather skirt and short heeled black pumps. Her thick, alligator skin bag hung over one shoulder, the weight of which belied her small stature.

As they moved to greet her, the woman immediately crossed the remaining distance, nudging Darius aside with surprising force and planting herself in front of Heather.

"Hello, my dear. I'm Beatrice, a long time patron of this establishment."

"Oh... hello there! I'm Heather. Nice to meet you!" The two women shook hands briefly.

"The pleasure is mine. I hope I'm not being too nosy, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation..."

Darius grimaced and crossed his arms. He wouldn't even bother trying to introduce himself this time.

"I'm sorry if we were being too loud."

"Not at all, my child. In fact, it was refreshing to hear you just now! It brings back memories. Also, it gives me hope for the future when I hear a young woman asserting herself."

"You said you're a long time patron? Isn't this store fairly new?" Heather inquired.

"New location, my dear. Old store that's had many names over the years."

"I see. Is there something I can do for you?"

"No, but there's something I can do for **YOU**, I hope."

Heather liked the sound of that. She clasped her hands in front of her as the daring duchess continued.

"I'm a woman of considerable means and this isn't the first time I've offered to help a young woman begin her journey of self discovery. I'd be happy to set you up, all expenses paid. I have only one

condition.”

“And what's that, Miss Beatrice?”

The older woman leaned in to the point that Darius could barely hear her, but he listened carefully.

“That young buck walks out of here wearing a butt plug and a cock cage.”

“WHAT?!?” Darius raised his hands, completely incredulous.

The matron turned, a fury building in her piercing, cerulean eyes. “**SILENCE** young man! Your betters are speaking.”

“Darius, you were just worrying about the expense! This very generous woman has offered to pay for our order! Thank her immediately!”

“But baby...”

“**NOW!**”

Silence hung in the air for a few moments before Darius put his hands back in his pockets.

“Thank you kindly, Miss Beatrice.”

Without missing a beat the older woman closed in on Darius, getting uncomfortably close to his face.

“How big is your cock? Flaccid and hard.”

Terror and humiliation shot through his spine for the second time that day. He swallowed air in a nervous gulp, his glands ready to release beads of sweat any second as the heat of embarrassment washed over him.

“Answer her! Now!” Heather instructed, folding her arms below her breasts.

“Ummm... about three to four inches flaccid, Mam. Six and a half inches hard.”

Darius couldn't believe he'd just set it out loud. He'd never shared anything that personal in his entire life with a total stranger, let alone in a public setting.

The mature, leather clad Domina pulled her stony gaze from the nervous young man and turned back to Heather. “I'll pick out a cage for him. Tell Mistress Veronica that your purchases go on my tab.”

“Thank you so much, Beatrice!” Heather gushed with a warm smile.

“It's my pleasure, child. I'll be right back.”

Darius watched her saunter down the center of the store before turning into one of the aisles with purpose. He had to assume she was intimately familiar with where the “cock cages” were located. He wasn't looking forward to finding out how those worked.

He followed Heather back to the checkout counter to find Mistress Veronica waiting for them. She held up the oversized calculator with a cat-like grin on her face. Darius almost fainted when he saw the amount. One thousand, three hundred and seventy four dollars. Perhaps Miss Beatrice was a blessing after all.

“How are you paying?”

“Actually, Miss Beatrice has just offered to pay for our purchases” Heather relayed. “She said to put it on her account?”

“Oh, very good! Beatrice is one of our finest customers. Love that woman! A real gem.”

Veronica went to work filling out the requisite paperwork and recording the total to be billed to the old matron. Before she finished, Beatrice had returned holding a boxed metal cock cage in one hand.

“Add this to the bill, Miss Veronica.”

Veronica waved her hand dismissively. “On the house.”

Beatrice handed the ominous looking toy to Heather with a satisfied smile. “There are changing rooms right over there” she said, pointing to one corner of the store.

Heather nodded before collecting one of the butt plugs and a tube of Astroglide from their pile of purchases. She motioned for Darius to follow her as Veronica began bagging up the rest of their items. “Cmon, let's go Pookie!”

Pookie. Now she was using one of their cute nicknames in front of people they'd just met. When did this happen? How did Heather become so oddly comfortable in her own skin, suddenly? Mistress Veronica and Miss Beatrice were alien creatures to Darius, but in their presence, he was beginning to notice that Heather wasn't so different. In fact, she seemed to be drawing inspiration and confidence from both of them.

Darius sighed internally and followed his girlfriend. His anal deflowering and penis imprisonment awaited. Best to get it over with quickly.

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Fifteen minutes later a smiling Heather exited the changing area with a hurting boyfriend slowly waddling behind her. Darius grimaced as he tried to get used to the thick rubber plug lodged in his rectum and the cool metal cage surrounding his flaccid unit.

Each step forward brought fresh discomfort. The ring of his pucker was forcibly held open with the flat base of the toy crammed against his ass by the bottom of his jeans. His expression was something akin to a beaten dog as they came to a stop before Beatrice and Veronica. The two women were having a chat as they waited to see the results of their mischief.

Beatrice smiled as she observed his ginger steps and look of total resignation. She reached into her coat, extracted a business card and handed it to Heather. "If you're ever in need of guidance or just want someone to talk to, call any time. I'd love to hear how your new life is going! Perhaps we could get together, if you're so inclined."

Heather accepted it gladly. "Thank you again for everything! I'm sure we'll be chatting soon."

Veronica retrieved two large, heavy shopping bags containing all their new items and set them down in front of Darius. She ignored him completely, turning to Heather. "And thank YOU for stopping in today! We hope to see you again!"

Heather shook their hands and exchanged some final pleasantries before turning and striding towards the door, leaving Darius in the dust. "Let's go Pookie! Chop chop!"

Darius didn't even spare a side glance at the two women who'd just made his life considerably more troublesome. He knew they were staring daggers at him. He grabbed up the bags and plodded after his girlfriend as fast as he could with a foreign object shoved up his ass. The final insult came when he heard snickers and a cackle of laughter behind him.

The air in the city could hardly be called "fresh" but it had never tasted so good to Darius. After inhaling the fumes of concentrated rubber, leather, latex and silicone for so long, emerging onto the street felt like a trip to the countryside. The walk back to the car would be burdensome, but at least Darius could go home and put this nightmare behind him.

"Let's head to the mall" Heather said nonchalantly.

"What?!? Baby, we just spent two hours shoppin!"

"Yeah, and you didn't have to spend a dime. Most of the outfits we got are for YOU to wear. Now it's my turn! I thought we'd go have a look through Freddie's and Victoria's Secret. You can help me pick something sexy to wear..."

She finished her plea in the lilting, sing-song way that she knew worked every time. Between that and the innocent, doe-eyed expression she was putting on, Darius knew he wouldn't be able to resist.

"Alright, fine... but can we get something to eat first?"

"Sure, we'll grab a bite at the food court. Oh, don't look so dour! It'll be fun!"

*'Yeah, more fun if I didn't have a cage on my dick and a rubber cone up my ass...'*

Darius knew better than to voice his frustrations. His predicament was part of her "fun" now. Heather was in a good mood and he didn't want to spoil it. He offered her a thin smile and endured the ache in his ass with as few grunts as possible as they marched back to the packing garage. His arms were weighed down with bags of dildos, fetish attire, lube and dozens of other toys, but at least he wasn't being humiliated in front of strangers anymore.

If he could just get through the afternoon, everything would be fine. Surely after a long shopping trip, Heather wouldn't have the energy or desire to play with all this nonsense tonight.

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Darius winced as they walked out of Fredrick's of Hollywood with yet more more shopping bags in both hands. They had purchased some nice outfits for Heather at a few different lingerie shops. Their credit was hurting almost as much as his asshole.

Over the previous two hours, Darius had learned one lesson well. The only thing worse than trying to walk with a buttplug buried deep in your cheeks was trying to SIT with one. He had never enjoyed fried chicken and biscuits less in his life than when trying to ignore the hot, stretching sensation in his ass while eating.

He found that if he stayed still for a while, especially while standing up, it was actually quite manageable. His ass grew accustomed to the intrusion and his body could relax to an extent. But that was rarely the case as they went about their business at the mall. He was sitting down, getting up and walking for long stretches. Each movement stretched his pucker around the thick rubber base of the plug and brought fresh ache to his lower body. In addition to the pain, it felt like he had to take a giant shit, but he would be denied any relief forever.

If that wasn't bad enough, while they'd been in Freddie's, he'd gotten his first erection since being locked in the cock cage. Truthfully, it was more of an **attempted** erection. When Darius whispered what was happening to Heather and gritted his teeth from the agony of his most sensitive organ bulging within the metal confines of the cage, she'd made things even worse by running her hand over his crotch repeatedly. As the pressure grew more intense and his humiliation mounted, Heather had giggled and teased him, blowing into his ear and rubbing her breasts against his side.

It had taken quite a while for his cock to shrink back to normal with his girlfriend's antics coaxing his manhood into painful constriction. On top of that, he'd been mortified they might be kicked out of the store at any minute.

As they began walking down the brightly lit stone tile hallway, the voices of other shoppers echoed around them and the incessant, happy-go-lucky pop music drifted down from the mall's speakers. In that moment, Darius decided that he'd had enough. He was hurting, he was tired and he wanted to go home.

“Let's head back, baby. I'm beat.”

“Oh cmon, one more store! And I'm kind of in the mood for an Orange Julius...”

“Another time babe.”

Heather's face fell into a scowl and she shouldered her purse in a way that plainly communicated she was annoyed. “There you go with your *patriarchal* shit again. You don't give me orders! We decide these things together. That's how a relationship works.”

Darius looked around at the passing shoppers as they continued down the mall corridor. The last thing he wanted was a repeat of their spectacle from earlier in the day, so he carefully lowered his voice.

“I agree. And as your partner, I'm tellin you, my ass is hurtin and you know the reason why.”

“Oh my god... don't be such a fucking baby!”

“What?!? Do you have any idea how uncomfortable this thing is? Or how much my dick was hurting in that store?”

“Wah wah wah!” she mocked him.

“And what about those women at Queen Shit?!? Did it not bother you how much they were disrespecting me? Your man!”

“Shutup, Darius.”

“Oh, this is a relationship, huh? But I need to shutup? Is that right?”

Heather stopped in her tracks. He regretted his words immediately.

“**DARIUS! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR *CHAUVINIST* CRAP!**”

Darius turned to face her, his fear growing steadily as he noticed people's heads turning to observe them. He swallowed involuntarily and visibly pleaded with her not to make a scene. His raised hands and “surrender” gesture had no effect on his now enraged girlfriend.

“**DO YOU KNOW HOW OFTEN WOMEN ARE UNCOMFORTABLE?!? HOW OFTEN WE SACRIFICE FOR YOU WHILE ASKING SO LITTLE IN RETURN?!? We are **TWO HOURS** into trying something new and you're already complaining!**”

“Baby, please...”

“**DON'T 'BABY' ME! YOU ARE GOING TO LISTEN!**”

There was now a small crowd gathering around them and Darius was beginning to sweat.

“I have put up with your *MAN-SPLAINING* nonsense for as long as I'm going to! You will **NOT** tell me what to do or when to do it! You will start acting like an equal partner in this relationship! You will be open to new experiences and you will show women the **RESPECT** they deserve! **Is that clear?**”

Darius' tongue was tied in terror. You could hear a pin drop for a brief moment, until one by one, a dozen or so of the women that had stopped to listen to Heather's tirade began clapping. Pretty soon, their combined applause was echoing off the walls, amplified due to the mall's acoustics.

The men in the audience were either ignoring the scene or softly clapping along with their wives. Some were looking at their phones, others turned away, pretending to focus on something else in the distance. Others simply walked away from the feminist cheering squad as quickly as possible.

“**YEAH!** You tell em girl!”

“Drag him girlfriend!”

“Who runs the world? **GIRLS!**”

“Put that fool in his place!”

The applause and the women's shouts of support eventually died down. Darius' face burned with embarrassment as all eyes turned to him, waiting for his reply.

“...yes, dear.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“I hope you've been paying attention. I expect you to do this on your own in the future” Heather informed him sternly as she turned the shut-off valve on the enema kit's tubing.

Darius was on his back in the tub with his knees pressed to his chest and his ass up in the air. The enema tube had flooded his insides with the cleansing tonic and the discomfort had mounted as the bag slowly drained into his ass. Darius thought he'd felt “full” at the mall, but he didn't know the meaning of the word until now. All he could feel was his lube-greased asshole clamping around the feeding plug tightly and a lower body packed to the gills with warm water.

“I got it baby! Please, just no more!”

Heather looked at her watch. “We'll wait a minute, but then the rest is going in. You need to be nice and clean down there!”

He'd been dead wrong about their plans for the evening. Rather than the nightmare being over, it felt like it was just beginning. Darius thought by the time they got back Heather would want to cuddle on the sofa and watch a movie. Fat chance of that. She couldn't wait to try out some of her new toys.

Darius groaned as the water worked its way deeper into his bowels and seeped through the twists and turns of his colon. He sucked in short breaths instinctively. It seemed to alleviate the pain to some degree.

Heather gazed down at him with an expression of mock sympathy. “I know, Pookie... it doesn't feel so good. Just remember, this is nothing compared to what a woman goes through every month.”

She turned the valve on the tubing once again and the rest of the solution being draining into his ass.

“AAAGGGHH!!! It's so full!”

“Relax. It's almost done. This should get easier each time you do it. I know it feels rough right now, but believe me babe, it's going to be worth it.”

*'Oh yeah, it's gonna be so worth it when you're shoving a giant rubber dick in my ass...'*

“Yes, dear... arghh!”

The bag emptied and within seconds an equilibrium was achieved in his bowels. Darius felt immensely tense and full, but now that the water had stopped running into his depths, he found he could at least tolerate the gross predicament.

“Alright babe, you're going to hold that in for 3 minutes. No less! Then you can pull the the feeding plug and let it start to drain out. Once most of it's drained, you can stand up and shower. The rest should flow out while you're cleaning up. While you're doing that, I'm gonna go change.”

Heather turned and started to leave when Darius had a panicked thought. The last thing he wanted was their roommates walking in while he was finishing an enema.

“Baby, wait! What if Shireen or her boyfriend barge in here?”

She smirked at him over her shoulder. “His name is Jake. You really worried about that? Fine, I'll lock the door. Don't take too long, though.”

The bathroom door closed behind her and Darius sighed. He looked down at his flaccid three and a half inch penis locked in constricting metal and the thick, white plastic tube jutting out of his rectum. What a crazy fucking day... and it wasn't over yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Darius exited the muggy bathroom into the cool air of the hallway, his body naked except for the boxers around his waist. His warm, freshly washed feet strode across the cool, hardwood floor. It was a nice condo they'd landed, but quality living space wasn't cheap in the city and that's why they still had roommates. Technically it was only one roommate, Shireen, but Jake had been staying so often lately that it felt like they had two.

He was careful to be quiet as he walked through the kitchen and past Shireen's room, but he needn't have bothered. The sounds of animalistic fucking were pervasive and there was no way either of them would've noticed Darius. Shireen was wailing in climax and Jake's moans were unending as the slap-slap of enthusiastic pounding could be heard through the crack in their bedroom door. This wasn't the first time Shireen had left the door ajar while she and Jake were having sex. Darius was starting to think she did it on purpose.

He quickly moved past the storage closet and laundry room before turning into he and Heather's bedroom. What he saw next was a less than pleasant surprise. There was Heather, clad in nothing but a sports bra and gray yoga pants over her thick thighs and ample ass. Darius had just spent somewhere between three and four hundred dollars on new lingerie for her and she wasn't going to wear any of it tonight.

On top of that, Heather already had the strapon harness buckled around her waist with the seven inch “flesh colored” cock sticking straight out of her pelvis. It was obvious what her priority had been and it wasn't dressing sexy for Darius. He couldn't help but wonder why a peach toned rubber cock was still referred to as “flesh colored?” Weren't these feminists supposed to be all “woke” and shit? Apparently



that didn't matter when it came to sex toys.

Darius pushed the thought aside and decided to remain as open minded as possible. He crossed to Heather, doing his best to ignore the fat schlong hanging from her body and moved to kiss her. Heather gave her blonde hair a shake, clearing stray strands from her field of vision before joining their lips in a long kiss with much tongue. She reached behind him and gave his ass a squeeze, beginning to pull his boxers down only seconds later.

With his underwear dropping down his legs, her hand moved to his caged member. She groped him and felt around the cock cage as she chuckled in his mouth. Her breathing had become more excited as she broke the kiss.

“Lose those boxers and get on the bed! Face down, ass up!”

“Baby... we gotta go so fast?”

She cackled. “Uh huh... You're about to get **fucked** and now you're interested in foreplay for the first time in your life? I'm sure that's a coincidence.” Her sarcasm was venomous. “I'm serious. On the bed and get your ass in the air.”

“Yes, dear.”

He slipped onto the Queen size bed, his limbs sprawling across the black, duvet covers. Darius assumed the position and braced for contact, telling himself that it wouldn't be so bad and it was best to just get it over with. Heather grabbed their open tube of Astroglide and joined him, the weight of the bed shifting behind Darius as he felt his plus sized woman cozy up behind him.

The unmistakable squirting sound of lube was followed by two of Heather fingers plunging into his thoroughly clean pucker. Darius groaned as she wasted no time, knowing that the buttplug and feeding plug had already opened him up significantly. She made circular motions around his rosebud and began slurping her fingers in and out as she prepared him quickly for his first, full deflowering.

“You ready to get **FUCKED**, Pookie?”

“I... I think so, baby...”

**\*SMACK\***

Her palm scorched his bare ass with a loud crack.

“Say I'm ready to get fucked!”

“I'm ready to get fucked...”

“That's what I thought.”

Heather withdrew her fingers from his ass and got right down to business. She wiped her lube slick fingers on his back and then closed the remaining distance to her ass, bringing the tip of her fat phallus to his waiting entrance. She began pushing it in smoothly; slow at first, and then a little faster when it

was obvious his ass was sucking it up greedily.

“Ahhhh.... **AHHHHHHH!!!**”

Darius tensed up and grabbed the pillow in front of him. He buried his face in it as she continued to press forward hungrily. It wasn't nearly the feeling of “fullness” that the enema had been, but it was considerably girthier than either of the plugs. His pucker was stretching painfully as the cock plowed deeper into his bowels.

“There we go” Heather said as her pelvis came to a rest against his ass and balls. “See? Seven inches was nothing for you. You got a nice beefy ass that can accommodate lots of cock.”

*'Nothing?!? Easy for you to say...'*

Darius focused on his breathing as the burning in his anal ring started to lessen slowly. Heather worked the dildo around in little circles, stretching him out even more as he sucked wind and tried not to yelp in pain. She felt his back and sides up and down with hungry hands, groping her bitch boy playfully.

“I've been waiting so long for this, Darius... hope you're ready.”

“...baby?”

Without another word of warning Heather drew back her hips until only the tip remained lodged in his pucker. She then slammed her body forward, the entire thick length of cock meat burying itself in his fleshy anal walls as Darius grunted loudly. She didn't stop there, immediately drawing back and repeating the motion; putting her full weight behind the second thrust and the third. Darius' body jolted forward each time as she filled his insides with fat rubber cock.

She grabbed onto his hips fiercely and began pumping him full speed. He heard giddy laughter behind him as Heather pounded him harshly. Darius bit his tongue as the cock speared in and out of his well lubed ass and the room filled with the slurping and fapping sounds of degenerate strapon sex.

As her cock drilled him nonstop and her hips continued slapping into him forcefully, the initial pain and discomfort gave way to a strange feeling. Darius wasn't sure he would call it pleasure, but it was building to something like it. His grunts faded as the continuous assault on his loosened pucker and fleshy anal walls began to fill his body with giddiness.

“Yeah, you like that bitch??? This is your first time and I've already given you more cock than you've ever given me! Don't worry though sweetie, this is the smallest one. There's so much more for you to enjoy! **NOW TELL ME YOU LOVE IT!**”

“I... I love it, baby...”

“Uh huh... I knew you would. **Slave bitch.**”

He could barely speak through ragged breaths. The ache in his pucker and the unfamiliar sensation of prostate stimulation became overwhelming for Darius. His legs extended outward, lowering his ass closer to the bed. His body was doing everything possible to slow her violation, but Heather matched his movements quickly.

“Uh uh... you're not going anywhere Pookie! Your ass is **MINE!**”

She lowered all two hundred plus pounds of her body down onto his smaller frame, her breasts pressing against his back. Her thick legs pushed his smaller ones outward and her arms reached up, snaking around his shoulders and holding him fast. She then reached back with her hips and began fucking him like a bitch in heat, her body wrapped around his in something resembling a full nelson.

Darius grunted and gasped as he could do nothing but take her powerful thrusts. The slick rubber cock glommed in and out of his now loose asshole ceaselessly. To his shock, the sensation was becoming more pleasurable by the second. His body went slack as the strapon stroked over his prostate again and again.

His cock hardened rapidly, pressing painfully against the outline of his penis cage. Darius' arousal was intense despite his locked manhood being mashed into the bed under the weight of himself and his girlfriend. Without even realizing it, he'd begun moaning in earnest.

“You like a **big white dick** in your **slutty black ass**, don't you?”

“Ahhhh..... AHHHHHHH!!!”

“**SAY IT!**”

“**YES! I LOVE YOUR BIG WHITE C-AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Ropes of thick white jizzum began hosing out of Darius' caged cock as Heather held him in her tight grasp and continued thrusting into his accommodating boy pussy. He moaned out a long, powerful climax as blasts of gooey paste decorated the duvet below, forming a puddle of sticky filth against his torso.

When his body stopped convulsing, Heather slowly brought her fucking to a stop and loosened her grip on his limbs. She leaned back, giving his ass another firm smack before backing her cock out of his blown out pucker. The tip of her strapon exited his body with a wet pop and she grabbed Darius by the arm and gave him a tug, indicating for him to roll over. He followed suit, and there was his sticky mess for both of them to behold.

“Oh my god! You just came while being fucked in the ass for the first time! **WHILE WEARING A COCK CAGE!** I knew you were a fucking pervert!”

Darius stared at the glue-like mess on the shiny black covers. If Heather was surprised, he was in total disbelief. Not only had he done what she described, but it had been a massively powerful orgasm to boot. Easily the strongest of his life.

“Well don't just sit there... Clean it up!”

Darius moved to follow her command, reaching over to the end table for their box of tissues. Heather intercepted his arm, grabbing his wrist and pulling his hand back. Her piercing green eyes demanded obedience.

“With your tongue.”

Darius hesitated, if only for a moment.

“**NOW!**”

Surrendering himself to the dramatic shift their relationship had taken, he leaned forward, pushing his face down to the creamy white mess he'd just unleashed. Heather seized the back of his head and pushed his face down into the cum slathered covers.

“Lick! **LICK IT UP!!!** Every single drop! Clean your filth off my bed!!!”

As he began lapping up his own foul baby batter, Heather re-positioned herself and took the opportunity to exert her dominance even further.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Her bare hand stung his ass cheeks repeatedly; more intense with each impact. He swabbed his tongue across the bedding, knowing that her spankings would continue until he finished the task.

Once the duvet was clean and his mouth and throat were slick with the taste of his own creamy nut, Darius rolled over to recover and Heather stood on the bed. She grinned down at him; planting one of her large feet directly onto his chest and pressing it into his flesh firmly. She stroked her girthy, lube slick strapon back and forth several times before moving her foot to his mouth.

“Suck it.”

He opened his mouth and she shoved her toes in eagerly. Heather pressed the end of her foot into his warm, wet mouth as far as she could manage.

“Yeah... suck my toes while you have a little rest, Pookie. But don't get too comfortable. We're just getting started.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Darius slogged to the kitchen, a limp in his step from his drained condition and severely aching ass. Heather had ordered him to fetch Gatorade and insisted he remain naked as he did so. The only things he was wearing were his cock cage and the even bigger buttplug she'd stuffed up his ass before a lengthy session of cunnilingus.

As he came around the corner, Darius got his umpteenth shock of the day. There was Jake, bent over in front of the fridge, rooting around for something. He, too, was naked as the day he was born. As Darius got closer, the end of a buttplug was clearly visible at the stocky young white man's back passage.

This was a moment of clarity for Darius. Everything began falling into place. While Heather had been dominating him, Shireen, a black woman, had likewise been sodomizing her white boyfriend; probably with a giant black strapon. There was some mirror universe shit going on here. This was the world

going mad. And dollars to donuts, it was Shireen that had gotten Heather interested in all this kink shit to begin with.

With no reason left to hide anything, Darius continued into the kitchen and pulled up right alongside Jake. The young man turned to see him and immediately snickered, opening the fridge door wider so Darius could get what he needed.

“You're in club Femdom now too, eh?”

“Seems that way” Darius acknowledged.

“Well, it could be worse, right? There's way nastier kinks out there!” Jake said with a chuckle.

Darius ignored his attempt at consolation. He reached in and pulled two bottles of purple Gatorade from the back of the fridge. “How long you and Shireen been at this?”

“Couple weeks now.”

“No shit? And you like it?”

“Hell yeah! Most sex I've ever had in my life. Not to mention the orgasms... phew.”

Darius was about to reply when Heather's yells cascaded down the hall. “DARIUS! GET THOSE DRINKS AND GET YOUR ASS BACK IN HERE!!!”

He had a dozen more questions, but they would have to wait. “I think that's my cue... Later Jake.”

“Hang in there, man. I know it seems weird right now, but give it some time and you just might find you love it.”

Darius nodded and happily exited the strangest conversation he'd ever had in his life. He turned and walked back to the bedroom as quickly as his sore ass would let him.

The smells of rubber and sex were heavy in the air as he re-entered their war room. Heather was standing by their shopping bags and adjusting her strapon harness. She'd already removed the first cock and was buckling the even thicker nine inch monster firmly around her waist.

With that feat accomplished and a wicked smile on her face, she reached down and withdrew one of the outfits they'd bought at “Queen Shit.” Heather held up the frilly, French maid costume and emitted a throaty laugh.

“Drink up, Pookie. Then put this on! It's time for round two.”