

Quickie #45

The Next Step

Maxine. Wonderful, beautiful, magnificent Maxine. Jared's girlfriend, fiancée and dynamic Domina. A true Goddess, if ever there was one, gracing the Earth with her exalted form. Jared stared across the dinner table at his one and only, Mistress Maxine. She with the alluring pixie cut, full, supple lips and the inviting beauty mark on her chin.

What had Jared done to deserve such a flawless female dominant in his life? He often pondered if his true love was real, or if Jared languished in a coma, oblivious to the material world as machines kept him alive and he enjoyed a rapturous, never ending fantasy. If that was true, he harbored no desire to emerge from his slumber. Better to be bed ridden than ripped from the sumptuous bondage and delicious discipline that Maxine imparted with lustful regularity.

“How was your day?” she asked between bites of her salad.

“Good!” Jared replied, before sipping his wine. “Busy, but good. My team is close to finishing our current project.”

“How nice!”

Maxine rarely asked for details about his work and Jared didn't blame her. The complexities of being a code monkey weren't easy to expound on and any attempt to explain the details resulted in tedium. Her daily trials and tribulations, on the other hand, were more interesting. They were tales of boardroom battles where Maxine used her wit, guile and domineering presence to charm clients and outcompete her contemporaries. She'd done well at the firm she worked for, climbing the ranks and making a name for herself in the world of advertising.

Jared had never been to her place of business, but he could picture his sizzling seductress, every bit as commanding in a business suit as she was in stylish fetishwear. In fact, her dark skin stood out even more in the light clothes of her work attire, like the ones she wore right now. Her mocha flesh called out to him, making Jared's mouth water for something more visceral and exciting than the food laid out on the table.

Mistress wasn't a tall woman, but her poise and imposing presence more than made up for her short stature. To the extent she was physically imposing, it was her strong thighs and voluptuous E-cup breasts that made people take notice. She had the well-toned, medium build body of a woman who'd once performed track and field in high school and college. Maxine spent time in the gym every week to maintain that body. Her heavy bras hid them well, but if Mistress' co-workers, clients and friends could identify the twin metal rods pierced through her nipples, they'd either be terrified or insanely aroused.

“How about you, my love?” Jared posited between chomps of lettuce and crunches of croutons. “I hope your week ended better than it started.”

“Ugh... I wish. It was a nightmare, start to finish. IT problems, missing data, miscommunications. A regular three ring circus.”

“Ooof. Sorry to hear.”

“Don't be too sorry” she said with a grin. Maxine lifted her glass and took a long sip of her fine red. “I'm gonna take it all out on that cute bubble butt of yours. Every ounce of frustration I've endured will be channeled into your quivering cheeks. And your tongue? No rest until I'm fully relaxed.”

Jared's heartbeat raced. The hairs on his forearms stood on end. His breath caught in his throat and his temperature began to rise. The young man's penis jumped to life, ballooning with an initial surge of blood as it pressed against the confines of his chastity cage. Jared knew exactly what he'd be wearing after dinner and quite possibly for the rest of the weekend. It was Friday night and he'd soon don the gimp suit and collar his glorious Goddess demanded.

That's all they'd known about each other at first, in terms of kink. When their dating profiles matched, they both had an interest in BDSM and fetish attire. Jared presented himself with a preference for bottoming, but an openness to switching and an eagerness to learn and try new things. Maxine had listed no preference, likely tired of being bombarded by guys looking for a top. She was searching for a funny, intelligent male companion who was as interested in a long term, exclusive relationship as he was in rough, kinky sex. In each other, they found what they both desperately longed for.

Maxine was seven years his senior, and that was ideal for Jared. He was elated to be with a more experienced and worldly woman. Their first date was a fun, friendly affair. On their second date, Maxine asked him if he'd ever seen *Pulp Fiction*. When Jared confirmed he had, the conversation shifted to *that* scene. The scene everyone talks about when discussing Tarentino's bizarre masterpiece. Finally, the real question slipped from Maxine's sultry lips, accompanied by the most enticing, seductive smile Jared could recall in his young life.

'Have you ever wanted to be a gimp?'

On their third date, they purchased his first full set of fetish attire together. The next evening, they spent their first night together and Jared wore his glossy black second skin; serving his leather fetish Queen into the night. Sparks flew, passions soared and any thought of switching roles was banished to some far away shadow realm, never to be seen or heard again.

“Yes, Mistress” Jared replied with a nod, sliding down the slippery slope to *subspace* in record time.

Normally, Maxine waited until she'd placed the collar on his neck to engage in that kind of dirty talk, but she was clearly in no mood to wait tonight. In truth, the informal rules they'd established at the outset of their kinky journey were melting further into the background with each passing week. More and more, Mistress was making demands, giving commands and disciplining him even when they weren't in costume. Their normal lives and sexy time were bleeding into each other with startling speed; a process which neither could deny they found intoxicating.

Jared reached for the centerpiece of their meal, the plate of lamb chops he'd rushed home that evening to prepare. He offered Maxine a generous portion. She nodded and he furnished her plate before helping himself.

“As always, it is my pleasure to serve you” he followed up. The gleam in his eyes divulged that no truer words could've passed the young man's lips.

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Jared muttered into the warm, pungent canal of his Mistress and beloved; contending with extensive bondage as he lapped away at her dripping dew flaps. He serviced Maxine's pussy in hot, tight, sweaty darkness. The blindfold took away his vision and the thick rubber hood dulled his hearing. A tight head harness held everything in place, its many O-rings providing points of leverage between the leather straps that bit into his skin. As he tongued away at her insatiable quim, all Jared could hear was the creak of latex, the moans of his Goddess and the pounding of his own excited blood in his ears.

His head wasn't the only part of his body restrained in this way. Jared's jet black gimp suit covered his entire body in thick, gripping rubber. He was flat on their bed in what amounted to a hog-tie position, but it was more than simple ropes that immobilized him.

From his slave collar, another belt-like strap ran down the length of his rubberized back. It ran under his restrained arms and looped back over his wrists, locking into the metal fittings of his leather wrist cuffs. His hands were sealed in matching mitts which flexed with his occasional struggles, but his fingers remained useless in the leathery, black pockets.

Jared's legs had it even rougher. His calves were pulled back sternly until the bottoms of his feet almost touched his ass and his toes remained pointed straight up at the ceiling. His ankle and thigh cuffs were connected with singular snap-hook restraints, ensuring that he couldn't escape the position until Maxine released him. Jared's bare feet were the only flesh of his gimp form that were visible, but even they were fully restrained. A small, nefarious metal bar connected them, cuffing his big toes together and locking his feet in place.

The final piece was the thin leather strap running from the top of Jared's head harness down to his hog-tied legs. It's taut length kept his face pulled upward and aimed directly at Maxine's steamy twat. With so much interconnected bondage, even the smallest tugs by his restrained limbs caused stress and discomfort on another part of his body, yet the bound bitch boy couldn't resist it. He writhed and shifted the tiny bit he could, wallowing in the hot, rubbery filth of his latex prison.

Jared grunted and groaned as he sank his tongue deep in his owner's velvety depths. His gimp suit bulged and stretched with the wonderful sounds of flexing fetishwear. His leather bindings creaked as he pulled on them pointlessly. He fed his wet appendage between her sopping lips, worming his tongue in and out a few times before resuming his dutiful swabs up and down her vulva and licks around her clit.

“Mmmmmmmmm! **YES!!!**” Maxine reached down and seized the top of his head harness with her left hand. She pulled his face even more insistently into her needy anatomy. Jared's legs strained as his web of bondage tightened with her sudden demands. “Right there! **KEEP GOING! RIGHT THERE!!!**”

It wasn't always easy to find her sacred spot, especially when blind folded, but Mistress let him know when he'd hit the bullseye. Jared entered a steady circular pattern of impassioned licking. He let out a long, sensual murmur deep in her pressing flesh, letting Mistress know he was enjoying his gimp

servitude every bit as much as she was.

Mistress Maxine gazed down with glassy eyes, taking in the visual feast as her pleasure surged. Her clam-eating sissy bitch was helpless between her legs. She could crush his rubberized face between her strong mocha thighs whenever she wished, and often did. Jared's ample ass cheeks strained against the rubber of his costume. His feet flexed below the painful toe-cuffs; his flesh already marked with the latticework blows from her miniature cane. The best part was knowing that his locked dicklet was leaking pre-cum all over the inside of his suit, making an already sticky mess even more filthy.

THWACK THWACK THWACK

Maxine delivered several lightning quick strikes to his suffering soles.

“I said more! **MORE YOU SNIVELING RUBBER PIG!!!**”

THWACK THWACK THWACK

She gripped the back of his neck and mashed Jared's face into her quivering curtains. He re-doubled his effort, his neck straining as the oral slave lapped up and down between more pointed strokes and sucks.

Maxine leaned back and enjoyed the blissful ride. Her body was nude aside from the silky choker adorning her neck and the open satin bathrobe trailing down her back and arms. Her large breasts glistened with a light sheen of sweat, the dim light of the room reflecting off her twin nipple piercings. She breathed deep between growing moans as she guided the efforts of her suffering, slobbery slave boy.

“Don't you **da**re get tired on me! We're just getting started!”

“Yes, Mistress!” he half-sputtered in the midst of obedient tonguing.

“Worship my pussy you **little bitch!** I know all you can think of is my **big black strapon** but you could at least **PRETEND** you want something but a giant dick in your mouth and ass!”

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

This time her blows sank into the rubbery cushions of Jared's balloon-like bottom. Her rattan rod of doom made satisfying sounds as it glanced off his rubber cheeks, though not nearly as nice as the snapping it drew from naked flesh.

Jared groaned into her gushing folds as his buttocks absorbed the blows. He'd worked hard in the last year to provide Mistress with a more satisfying target for her numerous sex toys. His lower body workouts had resulted in more pronounced glutes; satisfying spheres for Maxine to slap with her crops, paddles and hips.

“Mmmmmmmmm! **Yes!** Just like that! Keep going and Mistress will reward you with a nice, long deep-dicking!”

Jared would welcome that, though he doubted it would happen tonight. After enjoying a long session of continuous oral pleasure, Maxine typically untied him and gave him whatever aftercare he required

Maxine leaned back and relaxed as her slave went to work, his barely-recovered tongue sliding up and down her weary soles. He kissed the supple flesh of each arch and sucked her toes into his mouth one after the other. He lovingly polished each digit before lavishing the rest of her dainty feet with his eager, warm appendage. Maxine moaned lightly as his saliva and suction soothed her sore body and she felt the first tingle of sexual arousal.

“You may use your hands. Massage them too...”

Jared continued his oral ministrations as his fingers sought out her aching joints and muscles. He rubbed down her ankles, bridges and insteps as his servile tongue continued coursing across her sensitive nerves and smooth skin. Her sucked the musty, slightly salty taste from her flesh, enjoying Maxine's murmurs of deep relaxation.

“Enough” she announced after several long minutes. She pushed Jared back with the ball of her right foot before standing. “Open your mouth” she commanded.

Jared looked up, gawking at his Goddess as he complied.

“**Wider!**” she shouted.

He did as she bade, stretching his lips to the widest circumference possible.

Maxine drew up a heavy dollop of spit and leaned down. She hocked the phlegmy wad into his mouth and grabbed his chin.

“Your reward” she stated, before delivering three increasingly rough swats to his cheek.

pat pat* *SMACK

“I'm gonna grab a shower” she announced as she sauntered toward the bathroom. “You, head downstairs, prep yourself and get on the spanking bench. I'll be there shortly.”

“Yes, Mistress!” Jared replied with genuine exhilaration. Still on his knees, he bowed until his forehead nearly touched the floor.

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It didn't take long for Maxine to secure him to the leather padded piece. The fuck furniture had multiple built-in restraints for locking ankles and wrists, plus straps to tighten over the submissive's back. As she went through the familiar binding routine, Jared studied his gorgeous wife-to-be in the large mirror on the wall. It'd been placed there strategically so he could see Mistress in her most passionate acts of domination and she could see Jared's facial expressions as he was fucked, flogged and fisted.

Finally, Mistress had joined in the fetish fun. She was dressed in an exquisite red latex catsuit that couldn't help but remind him of *Britney Spears*. It was good thing Maxine could only *figuratively* read his mind, because if she knew he was thinking about a pop star, he'd be in for an even worse beating. Then again, would that really be a bad thing? Jared briefly weighed the wisdom of openly comparing

her to the blonde starlet before deciding it was a bad idea.

After securing him, Maxine chose her first weapon; a long, black leather spanking paddle. She unzipped the bottom of his suit and stepped back. "Alright, *Jare-Bear*. Time for the real fun to start! Count em as I go, **slut!**"

"With pleasure, Mistress!"

Maxine chuckled. "We'll see how long it's pleasurable."

WHAP

"One."

WHAP

"Two."

WHAP

"Three!"

With each blow, the impact grew a little more intolerable and his endurance shaved away. His round, protruding cheeks were blasted with thick hide relentlessly, sending them rippling in waves of scorched flesh. Each time they were battered, they jiggled before returning to their eye-pleasing form.

Maxine watched her target with rapt attention as the count increased, his bottom inflamed and her excitement grew. Soon, Jared's grunts were accompanied with heavy breathing. At twenty strikes, his muffled groans turned to pained yelps. At twenty five spanks, his voice began to crack. He could *safe word* at any point, but he refused to, and that made Maxine giddy.

His total trust in her was intoxicating. Jared's physical and emotional vulnerability were like mana from heaven for her to drink. It filled Maxine to the brim with the rush of power and control that every Domme craves. She'd only had her filthy slut confined in rubber for twenty four hours. They had forty eight left to go, but she knew it would never be enough. Not for either of them.

WHAP

"Tw.. Twenty eight!"

WHAP

"Twenty nine!"

WHAP

"Th-thirty!!!"

Maxine tossed her paddle aside. Jared got a brief reprieve as she walked to the far wall and selected one

of her strapon harnesses and a sizable toy to start with. Jared was fairly well trained now. As the raven-haired vixen climbed into the web of leather and locked her rubber weapon in its place, she reasoned it was fine to start him with a girthy, ten inch dong. His well-beaten bottom could handle it.

Mistress Maxine grabbed a bottle of lube as she strolled back to his bent over and locked-down gimp form. She drizzled the sticky syrup over her fat phallus like mustard on a bloated hot dog and stroked the weighty toy until it was thoroughly coated.

“You know, one of these weekends I'm gonna do it. Invite someone over to double team you.”

“I've heard that before, Mistress.”

“Just wait. It's gonna happen when you least expect it! In fact, I may invite over a whole group and let them run a train on your slutty ass.”

Now it was Jared's turn to laugh. “That'll be the day.”

“Keep doubting me, slut” Maxine warned him as she reached out and ran her latex fingers over his bruised ass. “Maybe I'll hire a couple Futa Dommies to come spitroast you. You can get your first taste of real cock and guzzle semen all night. Bet you'd love that!”

“Mistress, while it would be fun to indulge my gangbang fantasy, I know that's not your thing. You don't like sharing and I accept that. You don't have to-**AHHHHHH!!!!**”

Maxine seized his hips in a death grip and rammed her latex missile deep in Jared's man-cunt. She backed out slightly and launched into a second, even deeper thrust; going balls deep in record time. Mistress ground her meaty missile in small circles, stretching out his aching starfish as Jared winced, groaned and pulled on his bindings.

“You will **TAKE** whatever I give you and **THANK ME** for it! Isn't that right, slave?!?”

“Oh god.... Y-Yes, Mistress!” he answered with hazy, half-open eyes.

“Good. Now watch your Goddess closely. I'm about to remind you of your place in this relationship! Here's that *deep fucking* you ordered, you **filthy gimp bitch!**”

Maxine backed out again, only to launch into a full, frenzied assault on Jared's bruised bottom. She entered a strong, fast, ass-pounding rhythm, stuffing his fuck-hole with every bit of force her small frame could muster. Her hips smacked into his body steadily as ten inches of thick rubber dick speared through his love tunnel and set his most sensitive nerves alight. The moist thwack of lube and silicone cock spearing yielding boy pussy added to the symphony of rubber-clad bodies slapping.

Jared's grunts and cries were pained at first, but soon the sensation he craved more than anything in the world flooded him from the inside. The exquisite feeling of latex schlong gliding across his prostate sent every conceivable happy chemical rushing to his brain. The ache in his inflamed cheeks began to subside. His anus loosened and the deep pain of penetration started to fade.

The harmony of subspace merged with the growing pleasure Mistress Maxine inflicted on him with every thrust. Their bliss built together, dual waves of glowing nirvana that reached a higher water mark

with every plunge of her plump strapon. Jared's moans grew in frequency and volume the longer he was fucked like the cock-hungry bondage bitch he plainly was.

“Ahhhhhh! Yes... **PLEASE!** Fuck me, Mistress! **MORE! HARDER!!!**”

That was all the encouragement Maxine needed. Her grin was wild and mischievous as she dug her latex fingers into his sides and hammered his gripping hole with lustful vigor. As she pounded him into the early evening, her own body grew warm and clammy within her cherry red second skin. It clung to her curves wonderfully, groping her mocha breasts and thick thighs with a fetish lover's caress.

The nubs in her strapon harness continued stroking her sex through the steamy latex. Maxine saw stars as she stared into the mirror and watched herself pummel her fiance, like fucking a rubber slave's ass was the sole act she'd been put on this planet to perform. Jared's deep bellows of bliss revealed his caged cock was close to exploding in his first gimp-gasm of the weekend.

It was hard to say who would reach Mount Olympus first. Mistress or slave? Not that it mattered. This was round one of Femdom fever, to be followed by two more rounds of impact play and two longer, thicker strap-ons. Jared and Maxine's long weekend was just starting to hit its stride.

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It was Monday night and exhaustion had fully set in for both kinky lovers. They lounged on the sofa together, massaging and kissing each other intermittently as some random show played on the TV. Neither of them was paying attention to it. How could they, when their minds still dwelled on the intense scene that had just ended in real life. It was the slow letdown necessary after a weekend full of hedonistic Femdom thrills.

Only an hour ago, Jared's filth drenched suit had finally been unlocked. He'd stripped out of the clinging rubber and taken what was probably the most wonderful, rejuvenating hot shower of his entire life. He held Maxine close and wondered, once again, how he'd gotten so lucky.

“How do you feel?” she turned and asked out of the blue.

“Like a new man” he replied with an overwhelmed smile.

“I feel like I just cured cancer, climbed Mt. Everest and won the lottery” she shot back.

“Wow. All that just from topping me for three days?”

“There's no *just* about it, Jare. It was a beautiful and sacred thing. It's amazing every time we do it. This is the way adults were **meant** to play. I never feel more fulfilled than after one of our sessions. Don't you feel that way?”

“I do.”

“Alright then. Are you ready to take the next step?”

“The next step?”

“Yeah. We've done a few weekends. Why not a week? Or even two weeks?”

“Well, there are... practical implications, for one thing.”

“You have vacation time saved up, don't you?”

“Yeah, a fair amount.”

“So do I. Let's pick a couple weeks and go for it.”

“24/7 for two weeks? Hold on... I-”

“Tell me the truth” Maxine interrupted. She stared him directly in the eyes. “Don't you wish you were still wearing your collar right now?”

“I mean...”

“Yes or no?” She narrowed her eyes, determined to tease the truth from him.

“Yes” he admitted.

“Then let's try two weeks and see how we like it.”

“And if we love it?”

Maxine bit her lip. Her eyes lit up with depraved desire as a puckish smirk played across her face. “Well, then, maybe we'll look into something more permanent.”

“**Permanent?!?**”

“I've always wanted a live-in slave” she confirmed. “He might as well be my husband.”

Jared was flabbergasted. His mouth hung open as he failed to summon a timely, rational response.

Maxine giggled, amused by his dumbstruck state. She reached up and kissed him on the cheek before settling back at his side and leaning her head against his shoulder.

As they relaxed into the evening, Jared realized that Maxine was right. She **had** won the lottery, and so had he. They'd found true love, passion and meaning in each other. How many couples could really say that? They were already living the proverbial dream. Why not embrace it fully, if they had the opportunity?

Jared was still a young man. If he entered into that kind of arrangement now, how much of his life would be spent under lock and key; collared and in the grip of restrictive, sumptuous leather and rubber? How many nights would he lie beneath his Goddess, tonguing her sex, worshiping her ass and licking her boots?

The more he pondered the question, the more his penis stiffened to fresh arousal. It bulged in the confines of his chastity cage, his most sensitive flesh pressing into the steel housing with growing agony. The prospect of losing all freedom and control; to be at Maxine's mercy forever... The thought blossomed in his mind and spread its chemical messengers through his nervous system like some rapturous narcotic.

This was no choice at all. Maxine had planted the seed of full enslavement in his mind and, in doing so, dominated him yet again. Aside from the occasional family function or outing with friends, Jared's future was bondage and utter depravity. As the scattered remnants of his pride crumbled into dust and blew away, his true desires were clarified in an instant.

Permanent submission. Total power exchange. A life devoted to glorious kink.

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