

Mistress Cruel Love

Chapter 4 – Mein Herrin! I Can Dance!

Club Ishtar was jumping and so were Heather's bulbous curves. Her pudgy arms and thick thighs jiggled as she exited the bathroom and strode down the hallway back to the main room where the party was in full swing. The red satin of her dress stretched around her plump body as she strutted her stuff. Her confidence had been building steadily for months, but she'd never felt better about being a *large and in charge* female dominant since stepping into this Femdom wonderland.

As the corridor opened to the massive dance hall, she was assaulted by a swirl of colors and the thrum of pounding dance beats. She drank it all in, looking up at the caged, gyrating sissies and across the expanse of tables surrounding the dance floor. Heather's party had arrived not long ago. It was their first visit and there was still so much to see.

The thrill of handing Darius off to a woman Heather didn't know caught her by surprise. A rush of intense arousal had surged through her body when she commanded him to accompany and obey Ms. Carruthers until she returned. The *relief* Heather found in the bathroom was more than just the emptying of her bladder. However, there was some nagging concern for her boyfriend echoing in the back of her mind as she started off in the direction of Deborah's table.

Heather didn't get far before two older men entered her path on hands and knees. They crawled into view wearing nothing but latex thong underwear, rubber gimp hoods, leather horse bits fixed around their gagged mouths and metal blinders attached to their heads. They could see nothing but what was directly in front of them. Their old man titties drooped under their chests, held down by attached weights as they shuffled forward. Their leashes led to a singular figure, behind them, and soon a familiar face walked into view.

“Beatrice!” Heather exclaimed, stopping the old matron in her tracks.

She looked somewhat different from their first meeting at *Queen Shit*, but it was definitely her. Beatrice had dyed her hair from white to blonde and was decked out in full Dominatrix regalia. A long, shiny, black leather coat hung around her short, thin frame. The thick fetish garment covered all but her front. For an older woman she was in surprisingly great shape. She clearly enjoyed showing off her body at the club. Under the coat, Beatrice wore nothing but a leather brassiere, latex panties and knee-high leather boots. She followed the two aging submissives with a stern grip on their metal leashes.

As soon as Heather spoke, Beatrice's head turned and her face lit up in pleasant surprise. “Heather! You made it! I'm so glad!”

Heather rushed to her side and the two shared a tender hug. They'd been in contact by phone and email for a while, but this was the first time they'd seen each other since their fateful encounter at the sex shop.

“How do you like the club?”

“It's **AMAZING!** Thank you so much for inviting us! We just got here, so I was about to take a tour.”

“It was my pleasure. Where's Darius?”

“Oh, we bumped into an old acquaintance of his on the way in, so she's looking after him right now.”

“Really? How fortunate! How bout I show you around and we have a little chat? I can't stay long. I have other activities planned for **THESE** filthy worms--”

Beatrice gave the men's asses a forceful shove with the heel of her boot. They grunted into their leather gags as each was stabbed in the butt and jolted forward.

“--but I have time enough to show you around a little.”

“That sounds great, but I think maybe I should check on Darius first...”

“Hun, you got nothing to worry about. Look here.” The experienced Domina pointed in a few different directions, indicating security cameras that were stationed all over the place. “This club has rules and its eyes are everywhere. Darius will be fine. If this woman violated his consent or tried to remove him from the club without your permission, she would be banned for life.”

Heather smiled. Beatrice was already making the sexual underworld feel like home. Her worries were instantly dispelled. “You're right. I'm sure Darius is having a great time. Lead on!”

* * * * *

Darius licked and tongued away under the sweaty, fleshy mountains of Deborah's humongous ass. His face and neck were numb and he didn't care. She was holding his arms down by the wrists at both sides as she continued to rock her shelf-ass back and forth on his abused face. His cock pulsed painfully in its metal housing. He was loving every minute of it.

How long had she been sitting on him and demanding oral worship? A half hour? More? It seemed she'd been right about Heather taking her time. Was his girlfriend really enjoying the thought of him being used like this? The questions assailed him in the moist darkness of Deborah's ass.

Darius slithered his soiled tongue along her crack and into her portly pucker again. Just as he was pressing it into her depths, the ring of her anus expanded violently and rank gas exploded all over his face. He coughed and retched as her fart rippled into his mouth and nostrils. Deborah held onto his wrists fiercely.

“Oops! Looks like I had a little something extra for you after all. Enjoy, slut!”

She chuckled as he struggled weakly and inhaled her noxious fumes. Deborah continued to wriggle her crushing cheeks all over his face, making him wait a good fifteen seconds until she finally stood and offered him fresh air.

Darius gasped in relief, his face covered in her musk and sweat. She looked down at him contemptuously with her hands on her rotund hips.

“Did you enjoy that, **Dana**?”

He couldn't deny it. Especially not when she used his secret name. “Yes, Miss Carruthers!”

“It's **Mistress** Deborah. And of course you did, you **sissy bitch!**”

She lowered herself again, pressing his head deep into the leather cushioning. Darius had lost count of the times she'd buried him with her globular mass. His face was consumed by stifling, gelatinous ass. His lips and tongue resumed their work as his upper body was sealed against the shiny upholstery.

* * * * *

After a brisk walk up many steps, Markus and Shireen reached the second floor of Club Ishtar's tower of decadence. They strolled along the perimeter together, peeking into various rooms and witnessing the many depraved activities ongoing. Yelps, hisses and cries of delightful agony sang out as men of all ages took their beatings.

From what Markus could tell, everything on this floor was dedicated to impact play. There was a room designated for every kind of spanking and each was stationed by a different Domina. Bare hand, paddling, flogging, cropping, caning and whipping. He could only imagine what waited on the floors above this one.

“Cmon now, you never been spanked before?” Shireen asked, baiting the hook for Markus.

“Not as an adult” he replied as they stopped by the railing.

Below, the masses of club-goers were dancing, jumping and grinding in raucous, sexualized glee. The pair gazed at each other as the music pulsed and the lights swirled around them. The taboo nature of the place made Markus uneasy, yet this was the first time he'd gotten Shireen to give him the time of day. If he played his cards right, an intimate moment could be crafted. This was his ticket in.

“Pffft... Not even at a frat house or bachelor party? Guys do that kind of stuff all the time!”

“Never joined a frat. Wasn't my thing. Neither did Darius, though I bet he would've if he'd had the chance.”

“You've led a sheltered life, Markus.”

“Hey baby” he said leaning forward. “There's more to me than meets the eye. You just gotta get to know me better.”

Shireen's face froze in stony smarm. She crossed her arms and gave him a severe look. “Don't *baby* me. I'm **not** your girl.”

Markus approached a little closer, his arms raised in surrender. “What I gotta do for you to give me a chance?”

Shireen's left eyebrow rose and her mouth entered a half-smile. She nodded down the hallway and Markus turned to see what she was indicating. Not far from them was the *Paddling Room*.

“Prove to me you're not the most vanilla black man that's ever lived.”

Darius sighed. “How many?”

“One round of spankings.”

“How many is in a round?”

Shireen grinned. “The more you take, the more impressed I'll be...”

Markus hesitated for just a moment, but he was resolved not to blow this. “Fine, but my pants stay on.”

She took his arm and began dragging him toward his doom. “Oh no! I intend to see what you're wearing down there! Are you a brief bitch or a boxer jock?”

“Maybe I'm wearing panties. You'd love that, right?”

Shireen cackled as they marched off. “If you had those kinda vibes, we'd already be dating.”

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The chain leashes extending from Beatrice's hand jingled as her submissives crawled ahead of her, their nipple weights swinging below. She and Heather had walked around the community center and were headed back to the main room. Two pairs of heels clacked on the floor as they proceeded down the long, well-lit corridor. Framed Femdom artwork and advertisements for Femdom themed movies, books and classes adorned the walls as far as the eye could see.

Heather was gushing at each new discovery. Beatrice looked thoroughly pleased with herself. The old matron lashed out with her crop periodically, encouraging her harnessed sluts to move faster. As they approached the lobby, she glanced over at her newest apprentice, noting how far she'd come in such a short time.

“I can't tell you how glad I am that you're here tonight! That you've embraced the lifestyle so fully.”

“Thank you, Beatrice. I've never been happier and I owe you so much! I don't think I'd be here without your guidance.”

“Nonsense. You went to that shop of your own accord. I merely greased the wheels for your journey. Speaking of which, how is Darius handling all this? Has he fully accepted his new role?”

“Yes, even better than I expected. He was reluctant at first, but always caved, eventually. No matter

what I demanded. That's why I suspected he was a submissive from the beginning.”

“All men are, dear. Some of them just don't know it yet.”

Heather chortled. “I'm picking out his clothes regularly now. Darius is starting to fully embrace his new life. He obviously enjoys being a sissy maid and submitting 24/7, but it's taken a while for him to admit it. Especially to himself.”

“Utterly ridiculous” Beatrice spat, looking down at her bitch-made men. “These fools fail to comprehend their own needs and desires. Patriarchy prevents their emotional development and sexual evolution. It stifles any social and personal growth they might experience. And then they're **given power**? Allowed to run the world?!? Not for much longer! **HALT!!!**”

The leather and metal clad slaves came to an immediate stop as they approached the entrance to the party hall. The booming music and flashing lights had grown more prominent with each step, bringing the tunnel to echoing, pulsing life. Beatrice paused for a moment as the lighting gleamed on her shiny leather. She tapped her boot with her leather crop; lost in thought.

“You know what Darius needs?” she asked, turning to Heather with a wicked smile.

“What?”

“A coming out party.”

“Oh! Yes, that sounds like fun! What did you have in--”

“Right here! At Club Ishtar. A full extravaganza to unveil him to the club and cement the boy in his new role!”

“Hmmm, that sounds great, but I don't know if we can afford something like that right now. I just got my new venture setup and--”

“Oh, stop it! My treat, of course.”

“**MMMPPPGGGHHHHGLLLUUMMPHHH!!!**”

One of the slaves started groaning and murmuring into his bit. The man's body wiggled in the grasp of the leash. Beatrice turned and scowled at him. “**What is it Harold?!?** Don't tell me you have to use the bathroom again?!?”

“**MMMHMMMM**” he answered, nodding his hooded and harnessed head affirmatively. Strings of drool streamed down from the thick leather gag pulled harshly between his teeth.

“Ugh...” She turned back to Heather, shaking her head. “I swear, this one's bladder is the size of a pea. I really do need to get going, but I'll be in touch. We'll plan the party for next weekend, if that works for you?”

“Absolutely!” Heather said with a beaming smile. “Again, thank you so much!”

“No thanks needed, my dear. I'm going to **savor** this event! Everything from the planning to the party itself. Enjoy the rest of the night! We'll talk more tomorrow.”

“I will, Beatrice. Talk to you soon!” Heather nodded.

The Domina whipped Harold's ass for interrupting her and then slapped the reins on her team of slaves. They marched toward the lobby with Beatrice in tow, berating them the whole way.

Heather walked back into the carnival of debauchery with a giddy smile. Maybe she would look around a while longer before going to fetch Darius...

* * * * *

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Markus gritted his teeth as each loud swat of the large wooden paddle made his ass cheeks vibrate and burn. He was bent over the side of a bondage table with his pants down, taking sting after sting. His boxers did very little to help cushion the blows.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

It was a red-headed Domme with an Irish accent currently paddling him. She was a small woman, but anyone being spanked by her who hadn't seen her first would've been fooled. The surprisingly strong Domina reached back and sent every stroke of the paddle into his ass with blistering force.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

'Oh shit! I lost count! OWW! FUCK!!! I can't take many more...'

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“MERCY!!!”

It took another chunk out of his ego, but he shouted the safe word and the beating ceased. The haughty Domme tossed her paddle on the table with a loud clatter and it came to a stop just in front of Markus. She put her hands on her hips and looked down at him with a scornful expression that clearly read: *'Is that it, bitch?'*

Shireen giggled and thanked the *Mistress of Paddling* as Markus pulled his pants back up. They exited the room with Markus hissing in bruised anguish. Shireen wore the biggest smile he'd ever seen.

His ass was brutally sore as they made their way back downstairs. Shireen followed him at a deliberately slow pace, enjoying every second he waddled and grimaced in pain. He'd taken twenty three strong swats to his cheeks before bailing. Not overly impressive, but not bad for someone as obviously inexperienced as Markus.

“Agghhh! Damn, that woman can dish it out!”

“Stronger than you imagined, hmmm? Most women are, you know.”

“Yeah, yeah... I get it” Markus grumbled.

They reached the ground floor and Shireen walked past him, heading in the direction of the bathrooms. “I need to freshen up. This way.”

He followed her down a long line of red leather booths. The women at several tables eyed him as the couple passed by. It didn't help that his flashy purple suit drew attention naturally.

“You not gonna be long, right?” He asked as they closed in on the restrooms.

“Nope. Just a few. Wait right here” Shireen instructed before strutting down the short hallway. Markus turned and leaned against the wall.

Directly opposite him was a table seating three, large, white women. Calling them *large* was polite, actually. They were enormous, stocky women who all looked to be in their forties and fifties. They weren't alone, either. A trio of sissy maids was just below the table, each servicing their charges in the way the women preferred.

By coincidence or not, all three of the sissies were dark skinned. They were being put through their paces by the blubbery, white club-goers. The first maid was licking the first woman's boots up and down. He coated the length of her footwear with utter disregard for his increasingly raw tongue and total reverence for her shiny footwear.

On the right side of the table, the second maid had removed the shoes of the second woman and was giving her enormous feet an extended foot rub. His skillful hands flowed up and down her doughy flesh, kneading them and slipping his fingers through the webs of her toes. The woman moaned in blissful comfort as the sissy went about his business.

The third maid was nowhere to be seen, or at least not the upper half of his body. His torso and legs stuck out from the center of the table under the third woman's ass. His frilly, white petticoats were displayed to the world as his legs writhed, trying to maintain his footing. The woman gyrated her fat ass on the young man's face, mashing him into the seat as his mouth was put to good use.

Markus watched the bizarre scene for a while as he waited for Shireen. Every now and then one of the two un-buried sissies would glance his way. They looked shocked to see a man who wasn't collared or dressed as a woman. It was as if Markus was some kind of rare, exotic specimen to them.

“Hey, Mr. Purple!” the blonde woman having her boots polished called out. “Come over here!”

Markus pointed to himself and when she nodded yes, he held up his hands and attempted to wave them off.

“That wasn't a request, **bitch!** I don't see you with a woman. Get over here before I report you to the club!”

Markus bit his tongue and strode forward, still holding his hands up in conciliation. As he got closer, he

got an even better look at the three massive white women wedged into the round booth. Their girth barely fit into the wide seating, their stomachs pushed up against the table as they leaned back, enjoying the efforts of the sissy maids. Boot-lady eyed him up and down as he approached.

“You got some nerve wearing that getup in Ishtar!”

“Ma'am, I **am** here with a woman. She's just in the bathroom” Markus explained, turning briefly and pointing in the proper direction. “She'll be back any minute.”

The brunette getting her feet rubbed scanned him as he closed in. “No leash, either! Looks pretty suspicious to me.”

The third woman was so enthralled with the sissy worshipping her ass that she didn't pay any attention to the conversation that was unfolding. Her head lulled back as low moans escaped her lips.

“Tell ya what, purple” the blonde continued. “Why don't you get under the table and help this slut with my boots? Then we'll know you're actually suppose to be here.”

“Ma'am, please, I'm really just here to look--”

“**NOW!**” the blonde behemoth shouted and Markus' body shook. His thin frame buzzed with nervous energy as he considered doing what she asked. After all, if he got kicked out of the club, there was no way he was getting a date with Shireen.

THWIP

The distinct sound of fingers snapping pierced the air and Markus turned to find Shireen folding her arms below her breasts.

“He's with me, ladies. Sorry for the trouble.”

The large blonde smirked, annoyed to see Markus had been telling the truth. “No trouble at all. You might want to leash Mr. Purple, though, and change him into something more fitting!”

Shireen walked to his side and put her hand around his arm. “Don't worry, the next time he's here, he'll be wearing something much more appropriate.” She nodded to the seated Dommies before leading him away.

Markus was quiet as the grave until they were out of earshot. “Wooo... That was getting sketchy! Thanks, girl.”

“I'm not your girl” Shireen reminded him.

“Damn, woman! What am I supposed to call you?”

She released his arm and stopped in her tracks, putting her hands on her hips. “Try something more respectful.”

Markus sighed. Shireen was smoking hot, but also exhausting. Everything always had to be on her

terms. Then again, maybe that was the lesson. Was this what women had to deal with for thousands of years? Arrogant men dictating everything? No wonder they were all a little crazy.

He was beginning to doubt they were going to work out as a couple. Still, looking at her now, he dared to hope. Her flawless mocha skin and wonderful curves were framed perfectly by her elegant blue dress. The club's lights flashed across her body and set off her eyes like glowing jewels. Markus wasn't ready to give up. She was too enticing and his lust burned bright.

“Shireen” he said with a respectful nod. “What would you like to do now, my Queen?”

The dark beauty chuckled and nodded towards the dance floor. “Let's cut a rug, *Mr. Purple.*”

Markus snickered at his new nickname, but followed her into the throng of dancing kinksters gladly. They spent the next forty five minutes among the mob of Dominas, leather slaves and club sissies as they flowed and undulated to the music. Almost every track that blasted through the hall made some allusion to or explicitly referenced sex and BDSM.

Not long after, they met up with a glowing Heather and a very disheveled Darius. Among the group, there was little doubt there would be stories to share later. The exhausted men followed the energized women into the cool night air and thus ended their first evening at Club Ishtar.

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1:07 PM

SHIREEN

Hey, just wanted to say I had a great time last night!

Don't lie. Your eyes and body language certainly didn't.

Ok, I was a little freaked out, but I'm glad I went.
It was worth it to spend time with a peerless beauty. ;-)

Compliments are nice, but I like men who are open to kink.

I let the club domme spank me, didn't I?

Mmmhmm, and that earned you my number.

So how bout it? Let me take you out some time.

To do what?

You know, a normal date.

Nothing we saw last night was abnormal. If anything, you got off easy.

Alright, my kinky Queen. What hoop I gotta jump through now?

For a one-on-one date with me? Straight up?

Yes.

You're going back to the club, dressed as a maid.

WHAT?!? Stop playin!

I know a boutique downtown that sells costumes for men and women.
I can setup an appointment for you to get outfitted.

Cmon now! That's too much!

Nobody has to know about it but us.

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A sophisticated, worldly man like yourself isn't ashamed to dress like a woman, are you Markus? What's there to be ashamed of?

Fine. Make the appointment.

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Heather walked into the kitchen to grab a drink and found Darius bent over in front of the stove. She had a lovely view of his stocking clad legs, ruffle panties and the rest of his silky maid outfit as he scrubbed away. The blonde butterface instantly felt tingles of lust. Heather smiled and closed the distance between them silently.

She waited until Darius had finished his cleaning, backed out and closed the oven door before surprising him. Heather wrapped her heavy arms around his silky body and pressed her crotch to his ass hungrily. She felt him up and down as her body pressed him against the stove, groping him with abandon.

Darius had lost weight recently. He'd begun an exercise and diet regime so he could look as sleek as possible in the maid outfits and other costumes Heather dressed him in. Pretty soon they'd need to order smaller sizes. Even more than Darius' slimming figure, his desire to look more feminine and sexy turned Heather on powerfully.

He grinned sheepishly as Heather surrounded him with her body. "Hey, baby."

"Hey, Pookie" she replied, reaching her hand below and running it over the cock cage snug in his panties. "You almost done with your chores?"

"Yeah. Just need to finish the laundry."

"Good. You know what that means? We might have time for a quickie before dinner."

"Mmmm..." Darius moaned as she rubbed him all over and pressed him against the counter.

"Would you like that?" She spoke into his ear. "A big, fat strapon in your boy pussy?"

"Yes, please."

"That's what I thought."

Heather released him and stepped back. She followed up with a firm swat to his nearly-bare ass.

SMACK

"Do the laundry, **Dana!**"

"Yes, Mistress!"

Darius hurried off to finish his work and Heather grabbed a cola from the fridge. She moved into the living room, grabbed her laptop and plopped down on the couch. After setting her phone aside and booting up the computer, she went right to her email. New correspondence flowed into her inbox rapidly. There were several new subscriptions for *Duchess Daphne Divine* along with some spam and an email from Beatrice with the subject '**Party plan.**'

“Oooh...”

Heather opened it immediately and began reading the letter. A few moments later, her phone buzzed on the sofa and her ringtone began blaring.

BOOM-CHICKA BOOM-CHICKA BOOM-CHICKA BOOM-CHIKA

She looked over to see who appeared on the caller ID and a smile spread across her face.

“MY MILKSHAKE BRINGS ALL THE BOYS TO THE YARD! AND THEY'RE LIKE, IT'S BETTER THAN YOURS! DAMN RIGHT, IT'S BETTER THAN YOURS! I CAN TEACH YOU, BUT I--”

“Beatrice?”

“Hello, dear. Is this a good time?”

“Of course! How's your Saturday?”

“I'm doing well, thanks. Probably stayed up a later than I should've last night, but you only live once. I take it you enjoyed the rest of your visit to Ishtar?”

“Oh my god, it was the best! I can't wait to go back!”

“That's good, because I've purchased a one year membership for both you and Darius. Your friends are welcome to stop in again, too. They'll be admitted as my guests until further notice.”

“You're too kind. I doubt Markus will go back, but Shireen will make use of it, I'm sure.”

“Well, one never knows. Did you happen to see my email?”

“You must have ESP! I was just looking at it. Give me a minute to finish reading it.”

Heather scanned through the rest of the text rapidly, her eyes going wide as saucers. The event was going to be fully catered, have music and entertainment; the works.

“Beatrice, this is too much!”

“Not at all.”

“You're going to hire six club Dommies for the evening?”

“And a dozen sissy sluts to serve and participate. I just need to know how many people you're inviting so we can get an accurate head count.”

“Oh, about that... I haven't told Darius about the party yet. I don't think he'd be comfortable doing this in front of our friends. I know it's a *coming out* party, but that will be symbolic, for now. I don't want to push him too hard. Would it be ok if it was just your friends in the audience?”

The old matron let out a hearty chuckle. “Darling, I understand. And believe me, I have more than enough friends who can help fill the room. Most of them are already members. When I tell them there's free booze and a sissy's first dance, they'll come in droves.”

“That's a relief. As long as the audience is strangers, I think I can prepare him for this.”

“Don't you mean prepare **her**?”

“Haha, yes! His sissy name is Dana, in case that's useful for the preparations.”

“I've written it down. Very good! We'll talk again next week as the date draws closer. I'm looking forward to it!”

“So am I! Thanks again.”

The line went dead and Heather tossed her phone aside. She smiled wickedly as her fingers returned to the laptop. She inspected the tributes from her new virtual subs, but thoughts of the upcoming party remained foremost in her mind. It would be difficult to think of anything else for the next week. Especially when she was pounding his hungry hole.

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Darius walked to the dinner table, his heels clicking on the floor as he steadied the plates in his hands. He set the product of his efforts in front of Heather, proudly. She set aside her phone, eager to examine her sissy maid's handiwork. It smelled wonderful.

The dish was sesame grilled salmon cooked in an Asian-style marinade. It was served with grilled bell peppers, green beans, and wild rice with herbs. This was Darius' first attempt at fancy seafood fare and he hoped his Goddess liked it. In recent weeks he'd focused on learning to make healthy meals that looked extravagant but didn't take much preparation or cooking time.

Heather took up her utensils, cut out a piece of fish and ate it hungrily. It had excellent texture, exotic flavor and was absolutely delicious.

“Wow, great job! I'm impressed!” she said with a nod of approval. Darius sat opposite her, smiling.

He tucked a napkin into the neck of his dress to protect the lacy uniform. Darius beamed as she complimented him. “I'm glad you like it, baby.”

“I love it!” Heather exclaimed as she dug in for more. She followed up the next few bites with a sip of Pinot Noir. Darius had picked out the perfect wine to go with the meal. Even more noteworthy was how he'd gone to the liquor store wearing his dress with no hesitation.

“You're really coming into your own, Dana. I'm very proud of you. See how amazing you can be when you just let go and do what Mistress says?”

Darius blushed. “Thank you, Mistress.”

“I love you, Pookie” she said with a wink.

“I love you baby” he replied with a grin before carving into his meal.

“On the topic of *coming into your own*, I have some news to share.”

“What's that?” he asked between bites of the savory fish.

“We're going to a party this weekend at Club Ishtar.”

“Oh? What's the occasion?”

* * * * *

Darius' body buzzed with excited, nervous energy. He was in the middle of the large hall at the community center of Ishtar. It was brightly lit at the moment, but the lighting racks above indicated that would likely change at show time.

A stage had been set up and three stainless steel poles erected. One was in the center and the other two were fixed to either side behind the main pole. Dozens of people he didn't know were filing into the room every minute.

Sissy maids ferried food out to the serving tables on either side of the hall. A large array of banquet tables were set up in front of the stage for the guests. Heather was off in one corner chatting with Beatrice and six of the club Dommies. Darius had been told to wait here and someone would be out to instruct him presently. He pulled a compact mirror out of his handbag and checked his makeup. He didn't want it to run before the show began.

“Hey!” came a lilting voice behind him.

“Hello!” a slightly more feminine voice followed up.

Darius turned to find two of the sissy maids approaching him. One was a flat-chested femboy with short, platinum blonde hair, light blue lips and a glittery face. The other was a sissy with b-cup breasts, long black hair and thick scarlet lipstick.

“I'm Riley” the femboy said, holding out his hand.

“Lexi” the other one said, following suit.

“Dana” Darius replied as he shook their hands.

“We're your backup dancers!” Riley informed him. “This is your first time, right?”

“Yeah, and I don't really know what I'm doing...”

“There's nothing to it” Lexi insisted. “We can show you some basic moves before the show, if you like.”

“That'd be good” Darius replied, still convinced he was going to make a fool of himself.

“This is nothing to stress over” Riley said, folding his silk-clad arms over his maid costume. We're gonna have fun out there! If you feel lost, just look our way and you can follow along with us.”

“The important thing is to let your body move to the rhythm of the song. After that it's just flinging yourself around a pole!” Lexi said with a wink.

“Thanks...” Darius said, his confidence budding. “I think I can do that.”

Across the room, a fearsome team of Dominas were gathered before Heather and Beatrice. Heather wore a tight, ruched purple dress that emphasized her plump curves. The wealthy matron was clad from neck-to-toe in white leather and latex. She held the reigns of a muzzled gimp slave at her feet. The featureless, medium-build submissive was locked in a prison of black leather.

“Heather, I believe you've met Mistress Styx?” Beatrice asked, indicating the lead Dominatrix.

“Yes, we met in the lobby last week.”

Mistress Styx smiled and nodded, her officer's cap and costume shining in the light of the hall. Her arms were folded below sizable breasts. A black corset framed her curvy body. “You've seen the game plan, yes? Any boundaries or rules you wish to spell out before we begin?”

“Only light discipline. No permanent marks” Heather answered as she scanned the row of leather-clad hellions. Each had a distinct Femdom fashion style and carried a different kind of crop or paddle. “When the finale arrives, you can get a little more rough. Just be careful. I want this to be special for him.”

“Heather, my dear, you're dealing with professionals. You have nothing to worry about” Beatrice assured her with a hand on her shoulder.

“Sorry. Guess I'm feeling a little over-protective at the moment. Hard not to when I'm sharing my Dana with so many intimidating Dommies!”

The women snickered and giggled as they flexed their toys and stretched their latex and leather-clad limbs.

“When does the curtain rise?” Mistress Styx inquired.

Beatrice waved to her arriving guests and turned back to the head Domina. “In twenty minutes, a star will be born.”

* * * * *

The hall had gone dark and Darius held onto his poll with velvety gloved hands. His maid outfit clung to his body with silky smoothness, providing him some relief from the mounting tension. Looking out into the audience he could hear light chatter and see a few fiery dots where people were enjoying cigarettes or cigars. He doubted that was legal, but it probably wasn't the only way Club Ishtar flouted the law.

He breathed deeply as he waited for the music to start. His sissy backups told him the song they'd be dancing to and, luckily, he was familiar with it. Riley had informed him it was considered a *beginner song* for pole dancing. Darius offered a silent thank you to Heather for allowing him to wear short heels for his first dance. Anything taller than two inches might've been catastrophic.

Three spotlights activated and poured light onto Dana, Riley and Lexi. The song began as the rhythmic, almost military-style, drumming of Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit* flowed from the room's speakers and filled the hall. Darius placed his hands on his sides and rolled his shoulders and hips in time with the beat. Lexi and Riley revolved around their respective poles and twirled their bodies in small circles. As the song entered its first verse, Darius joined them.

***'One pill makes you larger.
And one pill makes you small.
And the ones that mother gives you...
Don't do anything at all.
Go ask Alice... when she's ten feet tall.'***

Riley and Lexi both went to the floor and Darius moved with them. They flattened themselves face-forward before lifting their torsos and shaking their chests at the crowd. They began rolling over themselves and stroking their silk and lace clad bodies up and down as they continued gyrating to the building music.

***'And if you go... chasing rabbits.
And you know you're bound to fall.
Well tell 'em a hookah... a smoking caterpillar.
Has given you the call.
Call Alice... when she was just small.'***

Part of Darius couldn't believe he was doing this, but now that the music was playing and the lights were shining on him, instinct took over. The crowd demanded dancing sissies and he was there to accommodate.

The three maids all slid onto their knees and jumped to their feet before approaching their poles once again. Riley leapt onto his poll and pulled himself up, slowly twirling his lithe body on high. Lexi slung herself around her pole and then entered a full split, lowering herself to the ground. She slowly pulled herself back up, shaking her hips and ass the whole way.

Darius knew he couldn't do anything that advanced yet, but he confidently swung himself around the pole faster. He made a circular kick with his right leg as high as he could, giving the crowd a peek at the satin undergarments below his petticoats. He stroked the pole up and down and gyrated his French maid form against it, treating it like a passionate lover. He placed a kiss on the metal beam before entering another series of elegant swings. The song continued building in intensity.

*'When men on the chessboard...
Get up and tell you where to go!
And you've just had some kind of mushroom...
And your mind is moving slow!
GO ASK ALICE!
I think she'll know!'*

Darius and his backups all grabbed their poles and stuck their asses toward the audience. They began thrusting their booties and shaking their hips from side to side in time with the intense drumbeat. Three sets of billowy white ruffles and stocking clad legs shimmied before the crowd.

*'When logic! And proportion!
HAVE FALLEN... SLOPPY DEAD!
And the white knight is talking backward!
And the Red Queen, she's off with her head!'*

As the song built to its crescendo, Lexi and Riley performed their most acrobatic maneuvers. They whipped themselves around their poles and twisted into unbelievable forms that flowed gracefully from one to the next. Not wanting to be outdone, Darius jumped as high onto the center pole as he could and wrapped his silky legs around the sturdy unit. His momentum carried him around in gentle circles, swirling ever downward as he dipped his head back and his sissy-maid body corkscrewed back to the stage floor.

*'RE-MEM-BER!
WHAT THE DORMOUSE SAID!
FEED YOUR HEEEEAAADDDDD!!!'*

The final guitar riff belted out and all three maids slowed to a stop; wrapped around their dance poles. The audience's reaction was immediate: wild applause, whistling and raucous shouts of encouragement and lust. The clapping went on as the two backups rose to their feet and hurried over to Darius. They reached down and each offered him a hand, raising the astonished sissy maid to his feet.

“See! Nothing to it” Lexi said with a wink.

Darius was as overwhelmed by his own reaction as he was by the crowd's. His body tingled with elation and relief. He'd actually enjoyed that! When, in the past, had he felt this alive? This desired? This sexy? Perhaps never.

The spotlights all converged on Darius and the backup maids disappeared into the darkness of the stage. As the audience rose and continued their clapping and shouting, he took hold of the sides of his dress and dropped into a curtsy. He bowed to the crowd and showed off his dress repeatedly until the applause died off.

Moments later the main lights were turned back on and the spotlights faded away. Climbing up the short staircase to the stage was Mistress Styx in all her gleaming leather glory. She stalked across the glossy hardwood maple floor towards Darius, her boot heels echoing across the room as she approached. The fearsome woman pointed her crop in his direction and gave a single command.

“Kneel!”

Darius was caught off guard and hesitated briefly.

“DO WHAT SHE SAYS, DANA!” Heather shouted from the front row.

“DO WHAT THEY ALL SAY!” Beatrice followed up and the crowd laughed.

He lowered himself to his knees as Mistress Styx closed the distance. Her boots halted inches from his face and she placed her left one directly in front of his mouth.

“Lick.”

He didn't hesitate this time. Darius extended his tongue and applied his wet flesh to her boots in wide swaths. One look at her was instructive on how much she wanted to use her crop. He didn't wish to give her any extra incentive.

SWAT

Despite his eagerness, her leather weapon whistled into his exposed behind.

“Faster, slut. I don't have all day! **EVERY INCH OF MY BOOTS!**”

Darius glided his tongue up and down the soft leather of her shiny knee-highs. He cleaned the pungent footwear as quickly and thoroughly as possible, the thick taste of leather building up on his tongue. As he performed his boot-licking duties, he could hear objects being setup on the stage around him. Mistress Styx was giving her crew time to prepare the rest of Darius' ordeal. She pulled her left boot away and planted the right one in front of his face so the work could continue.

SWAT SWAT SWAT

Three more lashes whipped into Darius' ass to provide encouragement.

Much of the crowd had moved to the food tables and begun choosing their courses from the extravagant catered smorgasbord. Some were at the bar getting fresh drinks. Others were still in their seats, enjoying the sight of a sissy maid polishing a woman's footwear with his tongue. Chatter and the occasional hoot of laughter echoed around the hall as Darius slobbered away.

“ENOUGH!” Styx announced and withdrew her leg from his mouth.

The leather-clad enforcer stomped away and left him on his knees. Within moments another Domina carrying a large wooden paddle and a leash strode into view. She clipped the leash on Darius' collar and began petting his face softly with her latex fingers.

“Alright doggy! Time for you to get some exercise. Try to keep up now!”

The woman strode away and yanked his collar, imploring Darius to follow. He crawled as quickly as he could on hands and knees, but the heels made it difficult and he was never fast enough. She pulled on the leash harshly and forced him to shamble behind her even faster. The front of his maid costume dragged across the stage as she led him around, getting dirtier by the second.

Within moments they were in front of an obstacle course. His new Dominatrix pointed to the elaborate layout of cones and upturned hoops and beckoned him to action across the stage.

“Around the cones and through the hoops! Don't screw up or you have to start over!”

SMACK

The wooden paddle blistered his ass and Darius took off on hands and knees. He began worming his way around the silly display, weaving through the cones and climbing through the hoops as fast as he could.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

“**FASTER!**” The woman called out, following alongside him and delivering a blow of encouragement whenever she felt like it.

With each hoop he lumbered through, the demanding Domme would beat his ass hard. His dress offered some cushioning, but she wasn't being gentle. His ass was growing increasingly red and painful the further he proceeded.

By the time the course was done, Darius' heart was beating like a jack rabbit's. Domina number two left him on hands and knees to catch his breath as Domina number three approached. Another pair of black boots strode into view and Darius was too tired to even look up. He soon realized he wouldn't need to as the woman knelt down and slid a large bowl in front of his face.

The metal bowl contained a messy mixture of many foods. Mashed potatoes, vegetables, gravy, pieces of bread. There were likely more components, but those were the ones that stuck out to Darius immediately.

“You must be hungry by now” the Femdom announced as she placed her hands on her hips. “**Start eating, bitch!** No hands allowed.”

Darius ducked his face into the bowl and started lapping away. He wasn't even surprised when she placed the tip of her boot on the back of his head and pressed his face into the bowl of muck. The audience roared and cackled with glee as Darius got his first dose of *wet and messy* play.

When she finally let his glop-smear face up for air and the discolored potato slurry fell from his eyes, he looked across the stage and saw three more Dominas waiting to have their fun.

* * * * *

“**GLRRRRRMMMMMMPPPHHHH!!! UURRRMMMPPPGGGHHHHHHH!!!!**”

A fat, purple strapon slid between Darius' sucking lips as a giant white rubber cock was fed into his stretched-wide asshole simultaneously. Mistress Styx was at his rear, pounding his sissy pucker through ripped pantyhose as the other Domina held his ears firmly and sawed saliva-strewn strapon deep into

his throat. Darius sputtered and gagged as the women thrust their hips forcefully, mocking him and laughing as they spit-roasted him before a captivated audience.

He was secured to a bondage horse with his wrists and ankles chained to the sides. His maid costume was completely defiled, covered in sweat, spit, food and the dust and dirt of the stage. The horse rocked slightly as the aggressive women poured all their energies into assaulting his waiting holes. That was all he was good for since they secured him to the horse. He'd already endured the other four Mistresses fucking him at both ends with their giant rubber cocks.

His asshole ached and burned as Mistress Styx railed him with the biggest one yet. It had to be at least as big as Heather's *Moby Dick*. Maybe bigger. The veteran Domina had been pleasantly surprised Darius could handle the massive schlong. Many sissies before Dana had failed to.

“Did you think just because you did a nice little dance we wouldn't treat you like the **COCK WHORE** you are?!?” she yelled as she hilted the thick strapon in his ass. The toy's massive rubber scrotum smacked into his own and his penis bulged in its stinging, metal prison. He'd already cum twice from being assfucked before a live audience and he was on the verge of another stinging orgasm.

Styx gathered a good amount of spit in her mouth and lobbed a fat, globular loogie onto Darius' back. The Dominatrix at his front pulled her cock from his sucking lips and lit his face up with her open palm.

SMACK

“DEEPER **WHORE!** THROAT ME TO THE BALLS!”

“**RRMMMMMMHHHHMMMGLLLPPHHHHH!**”

The dripping rubber missile plowed into his mouth once again. Her manic thrusts drove the spongy cock-head past his uvula and deep into his phlegm-clogged throat. Darius sucked away greedily, moaning around the strapon as his chained limbs rattled below.

“Cmon you **sissy bitch!** One more time!” Styx cried out as she dug her hands into his sides and smacked her hips into his ass with pounding thrusts. “**SHOOT YOUR SAD LITTLE LOAD OUT OF YOUR CAGED DICKLET YOU FAIRY FUCK!!!**”

“**SUCK HARDER, SLUT!** The crowd wants to hear those pretty noises!” the woman at his front yelled. She took a firm grip of his hair and plowed her strapon in and out of his stretched mouth. He slurped on her silicone dong with fervor, doing his best to produce the loudest glomming and gagging sounds he could for the depraved audience. Caked food and the runny remnants of makeup oozed from Darius' face just as the thick combination of saliva and lube dripped from his pursed, dick sucking lips.

Their verbal abuse and Styx's assault on his prostate forced Darius into his third public orgasm. He convulsed on the bondage horse as his half-hard penis strained painfully against its metal housing. His constrained, black clitty ejaculated for the third time that evening. The two Dominas continued to assault his ass and mouth, making sure every ounce of his sissy filth was spat into his already-soiled panties. A cheer and round of applause went up from the crowd as Darius' third spit-roasting drew to a close.

When he was done moaning and yanking on his bonds like a bitch in heat, the delighted Femdoms pulled their cocks free. Two loud slurps announced their exit as webs of sticky saliva slid from Darius' mouth and frothy anal juices dripped from his blown-out pucker. He lay there with his head resting on the surface of the bondage horse as he wondered if his public defilement was finally over. He learned within seconds that it was not.

“Alright maids, gather around our star sissy!” Mistress Styx called out. She hadn't bothered to unstrap the massive white dong from her waist. It bobbed in front of her as she whipped the group of sissies into order with her crop. The contingent of club maids encircled Darius, stepping ever closer to his bound and disheveled form. He noticed that Riley and Lexi were among them.

“Time for the big finish! **Get to it you filthy sluts!!!**”

At Styx's command, the sissy maids lifted up their skirts and began pulling their panties down one by one. Their cocks were freed and soon six silky gloved hands were working back and forth on six soft sissy cocks. The maids began moaning and sighing in pleasure as each slowly worked themselves to full mast.

WHAP

SMACK

WHIP

THWAP

The Dominas each took up position behind one of the maids and rained their encouragement on each sissy ass.

“Get hard **faggot!**”

“Hurry up you **fucking cunt!**”

“Do you want to cum today or not?!? This is your **only chance!!!**”

The faces of the sissy maids grew red and euphoric as their cocks strained and they took perverse pleasure in their ass beatings. They stepped even closer to the bound sissy star, their cocks on the verge of exploding. Slick fapping sounds came wet and fast as blows continued to flail away at their sissy asses. Lexi was the first to scream in climax.

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Her thick, viscous seed shot all over Darius' face as she masturbated furiously. The sissy's face was a mask of *ahegao* contortions as she held her dress up with one hand and her silken fingers were a blur, stroking up and down her exploding phallus. Every time he thought the last wad of sticky filth had plastered him, another followed. She continued yelling in climax as every bit of stringy butter was milked onto his hair, forehead and cheeks.

The other maids erupted in climax sequentially, ropes of thick batter blasting Darius from every angle.

His already ruined costume was treated to a sissy maid bukkake. The pungent spurts of sticky nut kept coming and coating him like a pastry. Riley fired his sissy load all over Darius' recovering ass-crack, his glue-like semen trickling down the star sissy's ass and thighs.

All six sissy maids groaned in climax and emptied their balls on the newest member of their clique. The crowd roared with approval and before long, the last shot of sissy yogurt had been fired onto Darius' back. He lay in a heap of filth until they'd all finished and Mistress Styx nodded to Lexi and Riley. His backup dancers mercifully unchained him and Darius was able to slide off the sticky bondage furniture. He steadied his weary form carefully and turned to the crowd, displaying the tattered remnants of his uniform and his thoroughly defiled body.

Below, Darius could see a cake had been wheeled out to just in front of the stage. It was lit with a large ring of candles and the top had a frosting inscription that read: “**HAPPY SISSIFICATION, DANA!**”

Heather walked up the short staircase and onto the stage as fast as her thick thighs could bring her. She looked overjoyed as she strode to Darius, her bulbous curves bulging through the tight, purple evening wear. She stopped in front him with a beaming smile, but said nothing, at first. His Goddess reached into her pocket and then leaned down and took a knee.

The crowd grew quiet at the unexpected development. Heather, so used to towering over her man, looked up at her filth slathered sissy with hopeful, shimmering eyes. She opened the small jewelry box in her hands and displayed a modest diamond ring to Darius.

“I've never been more happy, more aroused or more in love than I am right now. Marry me, Dana!”

It was more a command than a question, and that was fitting. Posed as a question, it would've been rhetorical. Heather knew the answer and so did Darius. The crowd knew the answer. The whole damn world knew the answer. The word *no* didn't exist in his vocabulary any longer.

Despite his ruined state, a broad smile spread across Darius' lips. His heart soared as he realized with sudden clarity that he'd never been happier than he was at this moment. He would never again be burdened by decisions. The woman he loved had unveiled his true desires and given him all he ever could've wanted. His future was no longer in his control and that was a beautiful thing.

“I love you so much, Mistress. Of course I'll marry you! I'm yours forever.”

Club members, Dominas and sissies alike shouted in approval and applauded wildly. Heather rose and embraced her soiled submissive, bending him over as they kissed long and deep. All apprehension, doubt and reservation that remained in Darius sailed into the sunset, never to be seen again.