

Long Is The Way

Chapter 3 – A Heaven Of Hell

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

SMASH

The toy bomber flew from his grip as Owen crashed into the table. He fell to the ground with the sound of sloshing water, breaking glass and shattered ceramics in his ears. Most kid's instinct would be to cry or call out for help, especially with the harsh bruise he'd just taken to the shoulder and the nasty scrape across his leg. But not Owen. The first thing he felt was fear.

He pushed himself up, examining the broken lamp and destroyed artisan vase. The floor was all wet and the flowers were in tatters. Owen looked on, wide eyed, wondering just how much trouble he was in.

“**WHAT WAS THAT?!?**” he heard his foster mother yell from the kitchen.

'Oh no...'

Gertrude, or *Trudy* as she was commonly known, stomped into the hallway. Her short, wide heels struck the hardwood floor loudly as she marched forth in a huff. Her platinum blonde curls bounced around her head as she stalked into view.

She gasped when she caught site of Owen, the broken lamp, the obliterated artifact and the ruined flowers. Trudy looked deeply saddened at first, but shocked dismay quickly turned to anger.

“**OWEN!** How many times have I told you not to run in the house!” She closed the distance to him and grabbed him by the wrist. Trudy dragged him to his feet as she continued admonishing him. “Look what your **horseplay** did this time!”

“I'm sorry! It was an accident.”

Trudy bent down and fixed her stony gaze on him. “**Sorry** doesn't give me back a precious family heirloom! Do you have any idea how old that was?!?”

“No...” Owen answered with glassy eyes.

The front door opened in the distance and the young boy turned to see his foster father enter. As Harold removed his hat and coat, he studied the scene of destruction and his distraught wife. “Jesus H. Christ, what's he done this time?”

“**Destroyed** the wonderful piece Aunt Ruth left us!” Trudy answered with bitter contempt. “And a

perfectly good lamp as well!”

The world weary, blue collar pipe fitter proceeded down the hallway, shaking his head as he approached. He avoided the zones of broken glass and shattered porcelain, but reached down to pick up the toy airplane before coming to a stop next to Owen.

SMACK

Without warning, the hefty metal toy was cuffed into the back of Owen's head. He almost fell over from the sheer force, but managed to stay standing, somehow. He gritted his teeth, hoping he'd earned some measure of respect from the old coot.

“Go to your room. I'll be up to deal with you, shortly.”

“Yes, sir.”

Owen walked off quickly, but not so fast that it could be called a run. He made his way to the staircase and proceeded up without delay.

“**And you can stay there until supper!**” Trudy called after him.

“No dinner for Owen, tonight” the man of the house corrected. “Maybe that'll teach him not to be such a troublesome jackass.”

“Harold... I don't know if that's necessary.”

“You heard me. He's not gonna learn otherwise.”

“But...”

“But nothing. A stern talk and one missed meal. He's lucky that's all he's getting. If it happens again, I'll do the talking with my belt.”

Their words grew quieter and more distant until Owen reached his room and closed the door behind him. He wiped half-formed tears from his eyes on the sleeves of his shirt. He sat on the bed and looked out the window. There was nothing to do but wait for his scolding.

It would be another verbal assault, asserting how fortunate he was to have a roof, clothes and two adults to look after him. That he could be starving or lying dead in a ditch somewhere. A firm reminder that no one else wanted him.

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PRESENT DAY

“Flash, give me a **sitrep**” Owen spoke into his radio.

He gazed into the waning light of dusk as he waited for a response. Too early for night vision. Too late for regular binoculars to be of much use. Owen held his hand over his eyes, trying to block out the orange light and find some flicker of motion on the horizon. Something to indicate the guys were on the way back.

They'd gone on patrol and left him to guard their little outpost. It was a bullshit mission, like most of them these days. Guarding some opium field in the middle of nowhere. Holding a point of questionable strategic value. Just asking to get ambushed by fuckers who were so good at hiding in the rocks, you wouldn't even know where the bullets were coming from.

“Flash? Andre? Keebs? Where the hell are you guys? Give me a report. Over.”

Owen shouldered his weapon and studied the perimeter. The lack of response was making him nervous. After a few moments of silence, a sinister voice crackled through the receiver.

“Hahahahaha... Sorry. I'm afraid they can't come to the phone.”

Owen eyes widened in alarm. He abandoned his position and ran to the side of his Humvee. As he found cover, a long series of gunshots rang out in the distance, followed by several screams. His heartbeat ticked up as adrenaline surged through his body. After a few moments of silence, Owen grabbed his radio and replied.

“Who the fuck is this?!?”

*“They're all dead, Owen. **You're all alone.**”*

“We'll see, mother fucker.”

*“**Hahahahahahaha!**”*

The voice grew more raspy and taunting. It's deep sound distorted and grew more menacing as it came through the radio ever louder.

*“You're alone, **you sad piece of shit.** You've always been alone. And now you're going to die alone. **It's what you deserve.**”*

A hail of automatic gunfire rang out and ricocheted off Owen's vehicle. He fell back around the side of the carrier, making a hasty bid for safety. His heart thumped powerfully as Owen opened the door and sealed himself inside.

“You think that will help? You dumb son of a bitch...” the fiendish voice slithered and crackled through the receiver.

Owen was about to respond when the radio on the vehicle lit up. “Havoc! This is Almighty, over! Is anyone there?!?”

He grabbed the alternate radio, glad to hear a friendly voice. “Yes, this is Havoc One Actual! Go ahead, Almighty!”

Silence. Command couldn't hear him for some reason. Was the vehicle's radio damaged? It seemed it couldn't send anymore; only receive.

“Havoc! If anyone is receiving this, you need to clear out immediately! We've got inbound at your last known location and this shit is **not** surgical! I repeat, you have three minutes to get the hell out of dodge! **DANGER CLOSE!**”

'Fuck me.'

Owen set his rifle aside, started the engine and prepared to roll out. As the vehicle lurched forward, the demonic voice taunted him from the radio on his vest.

“You've wasted your whole fucking life. No one has ever loved you. No one will miss you when you're gone. You might as well have not lived at all.”

“**SHUTUP!**” Owen yelled as the armored car plowed ahead. It jostled down the uneven dirt road, shaking as the headlights barely provided clarity in the growing dark. He shifted and hit the gas, pouring on the best speed the heavy vehicle could muster as he tried to make it to a safe distance.

KA-BOOM

Owen saw no sign of the IED that lit up his vehicle. It sent the three-ton hunk of steel, rubber and fuel tumbling and rolling in a shower of sparks, scrap and ashy debris. He screamed as it hurled him through the air, eventually slamming him into the remnants of its own metal confines. The Humvee skidded to a stop somewhere in the dirt and darkness.

He was half conscience, trying to hold onto his awareness in the smokey dark. Then light re-emerged as a fire went up around him. Sparks sprayed and Owen nostrils choked on the fumes of burning fuel and hot metal. Somehow, the vehicle's radio had survived.

“Havoc, this is your last warning! We are coming in **hot.**”

“**NOOOOOO!!! HELP!!! IT'S ME! PLEASE NOOOOOO!!!!**”

The fire grew around him. The scorching heat singed Owen's flesh through his body armor and camo. He didn't even know which way was up. Smoke choked him as he frantically searched for a way to pry open the smashed up door. All he could see through cracked windows was mud, darkness and fire.

The growing whistle of incoming ordinance was the only thing Owen could hear over the sizzling flames.

“**NOOOOOOOO!!!!!! AAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!**”

Owen shot straight up in bed and dropped the half empty bottle of *Johnny Walker* he'd been clutching. He panted, dripping sweat as it clattered to the floor and spilled its contents everywhere. His heart pounded in his chest like a kick drum. Owen gasped, his torso heaving as the fear and adrenaline melted away. He slowly returned to reality as the feverish hallucinations faded.

He slumped back onto the pillow, his neck finding the yucky touch of cold fabric soaked in his own sweat. He looked across his body at the TV opposite the bed. A whistling sound called out as a bomb fell. Owen watched *Wile E. Coyote* blow himself up for the umpteenth time as the *Road Runner* escaped, yet again. He breathed deep and let out a massive sigh as his palm found his moist forehead and his fingers slipped down to rub his eyes.

He'd left the TV playing cartoons as he drifted to sleep. Something light and easy to send him off to dreamland. A show that hopefully wouldn't inspire nightmares. It hadn't helped. Nothing did.

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WHAP

“Thirty nine! Thank you, Mistress!”

WHAP

“Forty! Thank you, Mistress!”

The vicious cane lacerated Owen's exposed ass cheeks one last time and he gave an exasperated grunt of anguish. He couldn't see the marks, but he could feel each delicious red line embedded in his savaged glutes. His inflamed bottom was open to the cool dungeon air. It was a raw, visceral contrast that made him feel fantastically alive.

Elizabeth whirled her thin, black weapon through the air with a smile. She admired her work with hungry eyes, tracing the lines of pain she'd painted across his ass. The latex doctor bent down, the rubber of her costume creaking as she stretched out her free hand and groped his burning cheeks.

“**Ahhhhhhh!**”

She massaged them with her latex palm, the black rubber smoothing and seizing in equal measure. Her cool touch was like a soothing balm until she gripped sternly and sent fresh jolts of ache through his throbbing buttocks. It was everything he loved taking and she loved doling out. A hint of pleasure through the pain. His anticipation and her excitement at keeping him in suspense of the next wonderful sting.

Owen's bottom was exposed, but the rest of his body wasn't. He'd been enjoying private sessions with Elizabeth for a little over a month and in that time she'd trained him into an obedient latex slave. Owen had never been big on dressing in rubber, latex or the like, but Elizabeth had made it clear their relationship wasn't just about what **he** wanted. The shiny aesthetic and making her submissive try new things were two aspects of Femdom **she** enjoyed. Owen had to admit, it had brought their play to new heights.

His entire body was hugged tightly in the thick, stretching rubber. His body sweltered, surrounded by his own warm sweat in the gripping, sensual material. His nostrils sucked in cool air through tiny gaps in his rubber hood. It was the only thing that kept him from completely overheating and passing out on the spanking bench.

Gimp slavery had added another degree of difficulty and degradation to their sessions and those were things he very much enjoyed. Besides, it was obvious Elizabeth liked seeing her submissive dressed up. Pleasing her had become his highest priority. It was only fair that a woman who put so much time and effort into glorious fetish fashion and perfecting her Femdom skills would get to decide how her subordinates dressed in her lavish play space.

“That's good for a warm-up” she spoke from behind, still rubbing his burning ass cheeks and squeezing them intermittently. Her British accent cut through the frosty air and the layer of latex stretched over Owen's ears. “You may have a brief rest while I find the right toy to stuff in your slutty bottom.”

Elizabeth released his ass and set her cane aside. She started off toward the large cache of toys and equipment that outlined her medical play room.

“Yes, Dr. Long.”

She halted in her tracks. Elizabeth half-turned, prepared to admonish him and remind Owen that she was no longer his psychologist. A second thought stopped her.

*'He means **medical** doctor, duh. You're playing a doctor right now! Stop being so damn self conscious!'*

Her boot heels clicked off the floor as she resumed her stride. She opened a large metal chest by the wall and rummaged through it briefly before finding what she needed. A fat, seven inch butt plug with a built-in, remote controlled vibrator.

'Perfect.'

She turned on the device briefly, testing to make sure its batteries were still fresh. With that done, she slipped the remote into the front pocket of her latex apron and closed the large container.

On her way back to the bent over slave, she grabbed a bottle of lube from her display case of medical goods. It contained an assortment of lubricants, spare latex gloves, syringes, tubing and every other accessory a fetish doctor could possibly need.

Elizabeth shook the bottle as she returned. She set her toy aside, placed her free hand on his back and pushed down. “Alright then, let's get you ready for a nice, thick plug. You'll be wearing it for the rest of the session.”

“Yes, my Queen.”

She uncapped the bottle and brought its tip to Owen's pucker. Elizabeth preferred the kind of bottle that you could insert and just squeeze the substance in. It was such a time saver, compared to rubbing it on your hands and massaging it in manually.

The squirt top plunged into Owen's spongy ring like a mini dildo. She gave the tube a squeeze and Owen felt cold, gelatinous cream oozing into his rectum. He muttered low grunts as the doctor packed his ass with sticky slime. After feeding him a third of the tube, she pulled it free and set the remnants on her tray table.

The goopy, crystal clear liquid started to leak from Owen's pucker as Elizabeth retrieved the toy. She took it up, aimed the business end at his starfish and zeroed it in. Soon, the feeling of thick, cool rubber was pressed against his lubed anal ring.

“Take a deep breath” she instructed.

Owen complied and before he sucked it all the way in, the fat rubber invader began sliding into his slime-coated depths. The first four inches were easy. He'd taken many of her toys before, but none quite this thick and long. She was sizing him up over time. Owen was sure she wouldn't be satisfied until he was being packed and fucked with dildos bigger than his own cock.

“**Ohhhhh**.... Fuck! So tight...”

“Mmmhmm. That's the idea” she replied mockingly. Elizabeth continued shoving the toy in until Owen's pucker closed around the bottom of its curve. Only the stem and flared base were left sticking out. “**THERE** we go! Hahahaha! Seven inches stuffed up the boy-pussy! I knew you could handle it.”

“Urgh... I don't think I could take another half inch.”

“Pfffft” Elizabeth blew him off as she reached below and tugged the zipper at the bottom of his suit up. “We'll get ten inches up there, eventually. No problem. All it takes is time, stretching and patience.”

Owen grimaced. He gripped the sides of the bench firmly as Mistress pulled the zipper all the way up. She re-sealed his suit, entombing the fat plug in his packed ass.

“Very good” she said as she righted herself and set the lube aside. “Stand up and hold your arms out straight in front of you. Like you're about to dive into a lake.”

Owen backed off the bench, his limbs creaking somewhat after being in the bent-over position for some time. His rubber suit flexed and meshed around his body. Between he and Mistress, the room was full of squeaking latex.

He stood up straight, groaning as the fat plug in his ass bent with the new positioning of his body. He held his hands out before him, his fingertips pointed at the wall. Elizabeth strode back into view and this time she held a heavy rubber straight jacket in her arms. Owen had a feeling that was coming. He'd noticed the straight jacket on the way in. It was only a matter of time before she put it to good use.

Dr. Long brought the heavy garment to him and guided his arms into its long, thick pockets of white latex. It was more difficult than putting on a normal straight jacket, since rubber tends to catch on rubber. With enough effort, patience and repeated pulling, Owen's armed inches into the long, stretchy pockets.

With his arms trapped in the rubbery sleeves with no holes, Elizabeth circled around him and went to work. She secured it around his back, snapping its thin metal fasteners into place and pulling the leather straps tight around his body.

With the thing locked around his torso, she returned to the front and secured his latex-locked arms. His right arm was pulled down and to the left, followed by his left arm yanked down and to the right. The long flaps of rubber wound around his body and were secured to the web of leather down his back.

His upper body was now completely immobilized in two layers of thick fetish clothing. Owen's body temperature ticked up another degree. He breathed deep as Elizabeth admired her work. His flesh was clammy below the second and third skins of glossy latex.

“Excellent. Now, up on the exam table! I'll help you.”

She guided him onto the seat, which was good, because Owen truly did need her help. Having his arms wrapped and locked around his body meant half his balance was gone. That, on top of the brutal, seven inch phallus jammed up his ass, made walking in a straight line difficult. Ascending even the short distance to the top of the table on his own would've risked a slip and fall.

The combination table and adjustable seat was the high tech king you found in most doctors office's these days. The major difference was, this device was covered in anchor points and dotted with leather straps and buckles one could use to secure the '*patient*.' Elizabeth pressed a button on the side and the back third of the cushioned surface rose behind Owen. It lifted his torso at a forty five degree angle until he finally had a clear view of his gorgeous Mistress once again.

She was playing a doctor, but in truth, Elizabeth was dressed more like a latex nurse. Her immaculate curves were outlined wonderfully by a black latex catsuit. Above that, a second layer of gleaming fetishwear covered many parts of her body. A white latex apron with a large red medical cross at its center trailed down the length of her torso and extended to the bottom of her thighs.

Matching white rubber gloves ran up her arms to mid-bicep. A shiny, black latex surgical mask covered the bottom half of her face, adding a nice touch of mystique to go with her black eye liner and light blue shadow. Her lovely brown hair was tied back in an efficient bun with just a little left free to sweep over the right side of her face in an alluring wave.

Owen smiled and watched her rubber curves flex as Mistress went about her work. She secured his body to the exam table with countless leather straps and short lengths of chain. In a matter of minutes, his shoulders, torso, legs and ankles were pinned down, locked to the sides of the weighty table. Even Owen's muscular frame was no match for such skillful and comprehensive bondage.

Now, no matter what she did to him; regardless of how much pain or pleasure was being inflicted, Owen couldn't roll over the side and hurt himself. Elizabeth would be in total control, as always.

She reached down and unzipped him at the crotch. Owen's manhood was exposed to the cool exam-room air. Elizabeth pulled the stretchy latex to either side and guided his hot flesh into the open. She cupped his sizable scrotum with one hand. Her other hand wrapped around his half-hard cock.

“Hmmm... a healthy looking specimen. And growing more eager by the second! Let's see what it can tolerate.”

“Is this procedure really necessary?” Owen asked playfully.

She gripped his cock sternly. Elizabeth's latex fingers dug into his warm, throbbing flesh. “**Absolutely** necessary! Don't question your doctor, slut.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

He had to be a brat sometimes, if only to earn the extra punishments he craved so much. Besides, seeing her reactions was half the fun. Some Dommies liked slaves who only ever acquiesced, but Elizabeth wasn't one of them. She seemed to enjoy the back and forth banter and occasional bouts of antagonism. It gave her fresh opportunities to dial things up and let her inner sadist erupt.

She stroked Owen up and down, fondling his balls gently as he quickly rose to full mast. Elizabeth was undoubtedly one of the most skilled women to ever put her hands on his cock. He sighed in bliss as her magic fingers did their work.

SWAT

Just as quickly, she released his erection and cuffed it with the palm of her hand. She followed it up with two strong flicks to his scrotum.

“Ahhhhh! **Fuck!!!**”

Owen flinched from the unexpected assaults. She hadn't gone too hard, but you didn't need to when you were slapping someone in the dick or flicking their balls. It was among the worst types of pain a man could experience. He loved it, especially when it came as a surprise from his brunette inquisitor.

She flashed him mischievous eyes and snickered before sauntering off to acquire more toys. Owen's blood-packed phallus was left out in the cold, twitching as he waited for her to return. By the time her shiny black legs strutted back, she bore an armload of devices, restraints and lubricant. Everything she needed to ensure this was an evening he wouldn't soon forget.

“That's enough talk out of you” she admonished while pushing the glossy red ball gag to his lips.

He opened his mouth, inviting in the spongy rubber ball. Elizabeth pressed it home and had the device strapped tightly around his hooded face in seconds. Owen flexed his hands and feet within the confines of his gimp suit and straight jacket. His tongue was now flat, pressed into the bottom of his stuffed mouth; as useless as his limbs.

Elizabeth's hands smoothed down his rubberized body and the eager Domina went back to work. She brought steel and rope to bear on Owen's nethers in equal measure.

First came the ball stretcher, a thick, shiny silver disc that locked around the base of his scrotum. It pushed his testicles down, making them puff out even more than they typically did. On either side of the cruel device were two metal prongs that ended in smaller rings. Through the rings, Dr. Long lopped thin lengths of red rope that trailed down Owen's legs and were tied to his ankle cuffs.

Now, if he squirmed his legs even a millimeter, the ropes tugged on the ball stretcher, yanking on his distended sack. There was little doubt he would be quivering, shaking and flexing uncontrollably in due time with what Elizabeth had planned.

“Probably won't need this, but just in case...”

Next came a rubber cock ring, pulled over his engorged glans and rolled down to the base of his penis. It dug into his flesh lightly, providing a snug sensation that would keep him hard even if his excitement

waned.

Owen's eyes widened as she brought the tube of surgical gel to the head of his cock. At this point in his life, he'd tried **most** services that dominant women offered, but he'd never felt comfortable enough with anyone to give *sounding* a go. Being flayed or fucked with a strapon was one thing. Letting them stick something down your urethra was quite another. Even with Elizabeth at the helm, he couldn't help but feel a little nervous.

Sensing his anxiety, she looked up and locked eyes with him. She'd already informed him of the basics before their session, but a reminder might help ease him in. The ever confident Domina spoke calmly as she spread his pee-hole with two fingers and inserted the tip of the small, clear plastic lube dispenser with her other hand.

“This is sterile medical gel and all my tools are sterilized. You have nothing to worry about. The more relaxed you are, the easier it will be. I'll go slow at first and you're going to feel cool pressure. The farther I go, it will intensify and might feel like a mild burning sensation. This is normal. If you feel any sharp pain, yell '*yellow*' or '*red*' into your gag, but that shouldn't happen as long as I don't go too fast.”

The cool gel trickled down into the first few inches of his cock. It was so unusual to feel something flowing **into** that tube instead of gushing out, but Owen did the best he could to relax. Elizabeth wrapped her spare hand around his shaft again and stroked it gently. He murmured garbled nonsense around his gag as she completed her preparations.

Satisfied that he was well lubed, Elizabeth set the tube aside and brought her most wicked toy into view. It was a long, thin, steel rod. Not perfectly straight like most of the ones Owen had seen in videos online. This one had slight curvy bumps and ridges down its length. The bumps were small, but it was indeed a **beaded** sounding rod.

“Nice and slow” Elizabeth repeated as she brought the end of the wand to the tip of his cock.

Owen took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He didn't want to watch it enter. Not the first time, anyway.

“MMMPPPGGGGHHHHH!”

The cool, thin rod slid down into his cock hole. It glided along with the sterile lube, sinking in only a half inch at a time as Elizabeth warmed him up to it. It stretched the inside of his cock in a way that was almost impossible to describe. The further down it went, the more pressure built up on his inner walls. The ache was dull and constant, building steadily as it slid down farther.

“GMMMPPHHHULL!! MFFLLLMMMM!!!”

Owen arms jerked within his rubber straight jacket. His legs tugged on their bonds and the ropes pulled on his stretched scrotum. His pelvis flooded with creeping pain, but it was a steady, constant build. Not the sharp, sudden pain of being whipped or spanked. He could do nothing but wrestle with his bondage, and that only made it worse. More painful on his scrotum and more delightful overall.

Elizabeth stopped, holding the rod deep in his cock but not letting it advance farther. She'd managed to

get it three quarters of the way down in one long, slow advance. Now it was time to inflict a new sensation. With a wicked smile she seized the top and began pulling the beaded rod upward gently. It sprouted from his glans, the soft tissue of his cockhead sputtering as its round ridges expelled like anal beads.

“FFGGHLLLLMMMMPPHHHH!!!!!!!”

Owen's reactions intensified, his muscles pulling on the web of bondage even harder. It didn't matter. The layers of leather straps and lengths of chain help him firm. All he could do was watch his grinning Goddess as she pulled the dripping tool from his cock. A delirious combination of pleasure and pain wracked his helpless body.

“Very good! Now let's start **all over** and go a little deeper this time.”

Owen grunted loudly into the gag. They'd barely begun and his mouth was already drenched in his own phlegm, slipping around the sticky rubber ball. Elizabeth sank the goo-greased steel implement back into his cock and Owen's body convulsed from the thrilling sensation.

Elizabeth drove the ribbed, metal rod up and down his hole at a delicious, leisurely pace. It was perhaps the most odd sensation in Owen's life, hurting and making him feel giddy pleasure in a bizarre mixture of strained tingles. He struggled in his bondage, his poor, reddened balls begging for him to control himself as they were pulled harder by his own legs. He couldn't control himself, though. Owen needed an outlet for the overwhelming stimulation being delivered to him, but all avenues had been blocked.

“Pretty intense, yes?” she asked in a haughty voice.

“Mmmpppgghhhh! **MMMMPPRRRRGGGHHHH!!!**”

“That's only half of it.”

Elizabeth released her metal toy. Its handle stuck straight up from where it was hilted in Owen's cock. She reached into the bottom of her glossy apron and pulled out the remote control. The device Owen had forgotten about while his Domina was busy introducing him to the wonders of urethral sounding.

The naughty nurse set the output intensity to seven out of ten and held it up for Owen to see. She grinned at him before flipping the switch and the fat toy in his ass buzzed to life. It throttled in his anal walls, rippling against his most sensitive flesh and sending pleasurable vibrations through his colon, prostate and beyond.

“GGGPPPHHHMMMMMM!!! MMMMPPPGGHHHHHH!!!!”

Owen squirmed violently. His arms and legs moved the scant centimeters they could in the confines of latex, leather and metal bondage. Elizabeth set the remote aside, confirming that she wouldn't be turning it off any time soon. She took fresh hold of the sounding rod, wrapped her free hand around the base of his penis and continued gliding it up and down his swelling cock.

He nearly lost his mind. Owen had never felt so out of control of his own body in his entire life. The buzzing sensation continued building, dialing his pleasure up another notch with every minute that passed. Elizabeth dipped the beaded metal rod deeper into his stretched-out hole, bringing it ever closer

to grazing his glowing g-spot.

He shook his head from side to side. Foamy lather dripped from Owen's stuffed mouth. His eyes lulled upward as Elizabeth dominated him as no other woman had or likely ever would. Her sounding strokes were fast and smooth now, fucking his cock with her ribbed piston of pleasure and pain.

She watched him carefully, gauging his reactions and waiting for the inevitable. When his scrotum began to seize in the unmistakable quakes of pre-climax, she pulled the sounding rod free from his quivering tower of flesh. Dr. Long seized his shaft and stroked it up and down with lewd, loving strokes. The combination of lube, pre-cum and the residual feeling of a stretched urethra drove Owen mad with lust. His hips thrust the scant half-inch upward his bonds would allow him, running his girthy seven inches through her slippery latex fingers with dire need.

“NNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!! MMMMGGGGMMMPHHHHHHH!!!!”

Owen's first two ropes of hot butter shot with such force, they almost hit the ceiling. His stringy nougat filth slapped down, decorating his imprisoned body and Mistress' pumping hand. She'd stepped aside just in time to avoid the volcano of sticky cum. Only her gloved right hand remained, pumping up and down his shaft with a smooth, lube-slick grip.

A third, fourth, fifth and sixth blast of thick cum erupted from his pulsating member, drizzling down all over Elizabeth's hand and his rubberized body. Owen throttled in his helpless predicament, the ropes tugging on his cuffed testicles even as they spat wads of creamy filth through his recently widened hole.

Dr. Long milked out the last few globular wads of gooey spunk and Owen's head collapsed against the back of the seat. He was even hotter and stickier within his suit, his body engulfed in a full body buzz of orgasmic pleasure and soothing endorphins. He breathed deep through his nose, grunting weakly around the sloppy gag.

Elizabeth gathered as much silky jizzum as she could on her already slathered hand. She stalked up to the front of the seat and skillfully unbuckled the gag from Owen's face with her free hand. The plug continued to buzz away in his packed ass as residual trickles of cum spat from his slowly deflating cock. Dr. Long pulled the ball-gag free. Before he could say a word, she shoved her cum drenched fingers between his lips.

“Clean it, you filthy bitch!” she demanded. She pressed her cum-coated fingers down his tongue and withdrew them from sucking lips. “That's right. **Every drop!** Get the taste of your cock off my glove.”

She fucked Owen's mouth with her slimy fingers. Her free hand rested on her hip as Elizabeth force-fed him as much of his own warm ejaculate as she could manage. Owen lapped it up obediently. He gazed up at her with a combination of lust and awe as he slurped away.

When she was satisfied, Elizabeth withdrew her fingers from his sucking maw. She thought about making him lick her palm, but wiped the last bit across his face instead. Dr. Long reached over, took up the remote and finally brought the constant vibrations in his stuffed ass to an end. His over-stimulated anatomy finally knew relief.

She removed her latex face mask and set it aside on the medical tray along with the device. Elizabeth

turned back to him, her eyes still smoldering with excitement.

SMACK

She ended their play with a hefty swat across the face. It was a whiplash back to reality as Owen's full body bliss gradually faded away. Elizabeth grabbed his chin and took hold of the top of his hooded head with her other hand. She gripped him sternly as she bent down and zoomed in on his dizzy, delirious and fully dominated state.

The latex nurse smiled from ear to ear. Her delight at being in full control and inflicting such powerful sensations on her submissive was at least equal to Owen's sub-space high. Possibly greater. Her entire being radiated sensual vitality and intoxicating Femdom authority.

“Very good, slave. I'm quite pleased. The patient responded well to this treatment.”

* * * * *

A rumble of distant thunder echoed in the distance as rain fell outside and pelted against the ground. Candlelight glowed from a dresser and end table as Owen and Elizabeth relaxed together on a regular bed. No rubber bedding or bondage fixtures, just the comfort of an ordinary bed in her aftercare room. Of course Elizabeth had an aftercare room. She was perfect.

Owen's hood and Elizabeth's medical gown and latex arm-gloves had been removed, but they still donned their glossy rubber suits. He lay at her side, resting his head in her lap as Elizabeth lounged against the backboard and ran her fingers through his thick, short brown hair. Soothing piano music played from a stereo not far away. It could barely be heard over the sound of the steady rain.

It was peaceful. They were close. They'd just shared an exhilarating experience. Owen had never felt happier in his life. He didn't want it to ever end.

“How are things going with you and Rebecca?” she asked, breaking their quiet contemplation.

His new therapist was the last thing Owen wanted to think about, but his Domina would not be denied.

“Fine. She seems good enough at her job. Doesn't measure up to you, though.”

“How so?” Elizabeth asked with scrunched eyebrows.

“Not nearly as hot” Owen answered with a silly smile and a twinkle in his eye.

slap

Her palm swatted off the back of his head and Owen grunted in ache, followed by a chuckle. She resumed her massage as soon as the reprimand had been delivered. Long moments of silence passed before she spoke again.

“Hey... I've been meaning to tell you. I'm sorry how I reacted that first night.”

“Don't be. You were totally in the right.”

“Maybe, but I could've handled it more artfully. It was emotional for both of us.”

“And I could've been less selfish. I deserved what you dished out at the beginning of our first session.”

“Something tells me you **always** think you deserve what you get, no matter how bad it is. That's something we need to work on.”

“Isn't that Rebecca's job now?”

“Well, yes... But just because I'm not your therapist doesn't mean I can't help you improve in certain ways. We have a different relationship now, but Femdom is a multi-faceted tool. If a Domme cares about her submissive, she guides him down the path to becoming his best self.”

Owen considered her words. Yes, they had a new relationship. And what was that relationship exactly? Only Domina and sub? Or something more? Elizabeth possessed a wicked intelligence and chose her words carefully, but she wasn't fooling Owen in one regard. She **was** still his therapist, or at least one of them. Elizabeth could dress it up in all the lather and latex she wanted. The reality was clear to him.

She wanted to heal the world. Elizabeth desired to mend broken souls. Make them feel good; wanted. To wash away their shame and guilt. Lead them to being healthy and whole. Her need to do so was evident in both her professions. Even as a dominatrix, she was an angel disguised as the right hand of the devil.

“I'm glad someone sees me as anything but a lost cause. I've often doubted it myself.”

“There are no lost causes. And self pity does not become you, Owen.”

“Yes, my Goddess.”

They lay together and Elizabeth soothed his forehead and temples with gentle rubs. After a while, Owen pulled away gently. He turned and propped up his head on one hand, looking up at his sultry Queen.

“How do you do it, Mistress?”

“Do what?”

“Mix pleasure and pain so well. I've met many women who were good at one or the other. Rarely one who melded them into a perfect harmony.”

Elizabeth grinned. “It's because I understand this” she explained, pointing to her forehead. “And how everything going on up here has such wide ranging effects on the body. *The mind is its own place and in itself can make a heaven of hell,--*”

“*A hell of heaven*” Owen finished the quote with her.

Paradise Lost again. Some couples had a song. He and Elizabeth had a book. They'd probably discover they had more than one, with time. Assuming they truly were a couple and this continued much longer. How long until he ruined it?

"Don't you have a birthday coming up?" Elizabeth changed the subject.

"What? How did...?"

'She has your personal info, dummy. The medical forms.'

Owen sighed. "Yes, next week. But I don't really like to make a big deal out of it."

"Too bad! We're celebrating! Dinner out somewhere nice" she announced cheerfully with a raised finger. "I'll pick out a nice restaurant. It'll be good to see you somewhere other than here, for a change. Not to mention an excuse for us to dress up in something other than leather and latex."

He resisted the urge to protest. It came to him naturally, but so did obeying his gorgeous Domina. In that conflict, his stubbornness didn't have a prayer. It crumbled before the will of Dr. Long. Her enthusiasm was infectious. It gave him some measure of hope that the future could hold more than darkness and despair.

"Yes, Mistress" he acquiesced with a smile. For once, he didn't have to fake his contentment.

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Owen had just polished off his lunch platter and was draining the last of his Red Bull when the goth chick from his *Global Politics* class strolled into view. He made eye contact with her briefly before downing the rest of his drink and setting the can aside. When he looked up again, he was surprised to see she'd moved closer. In fact, she was homing in on his table, her eyes set squarely upon him.

Her face was as pale as powder could make it. Her lips were painted jet black, matching the makeup around her eyes and the color of her hair. Owen couldn't tell if it was her natural color or if she dyed. A choker necklace of black lace with a silver pentagram at its front framed her slender neck. Fingerless black gloves covered the palms of her hands.

She was 5'7 at best, even with the extra inches her platform boots gave her. The rest of her curvy, medium build body was covered in black satin, leather and fishnets. She wore a clingy top with an open v-neck showing a fair amount of cleavage and a shiny skirt leading down to her classic goth footwear. A leather messenger bag was slung over her shoulder.

"Hello, Owen. This seat taken?"

Owen smirked and waved his hand across the table. "No, by all means. Chandra, right?"

She sat and set her bag on the table. It looked old and worn; quite possibly older than she was. Owen guessed she'd gotten it at an antique shop or second hand store. In contrast to her deliberately dark aesthetic, a *Hello Kitty* pin featured prominently on the side of her tote.

"I'm surprised you remember" she replied.

"Hard to forget a name that rare. Or that pretty."

"Thanks" she responded with a wide smile. "It means *the moon which outshines the stars*. One of the few good decisions my parents ever made." Owen might've seen her blush if her face wasn't caked in pure white. "I've been meaning to say hello since your showdown with Professor Ashton last month. Just haven't had the chance until now."

"Showdown?" Owen asked with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah. You two sparred over foreign policy, remember?"

"It felt more like an interrogation than a sparring match, but it was nice to contribute for once. Instead of just listening to him drone on."

"Ugh! I know, right? He's such a stuck-up windbag."

"He's a little full of himself" Owen agreed. "But he seems to know his stuff. I've had worse instructors."

"I bet. Especially having been in the military. You mind if I ask about that?"

Owen folded his arms. "Sure, as long as it's nothing too personal."

"Well, you obviously saw some stuff that altered your views. Did your experiences overseas radicalize you?"

"Radicalize?"

Chandra twirled her hair as she spoke. For a goth girl, she had an almost valley girl demeanor.

"Like, are you an anarchist now or something?"

He chuckled. "Well, I'm still in the military, so I'd hardly call myself an anarchist. I don't plan to stay any longer than I have to, though. Just serving out my contract as a reservist."

"I see. Regardless, I was really impressed with what you said. I can't stand war-mongering shit stains like that Fukuyama guy. It sucks that they're even teaching his nonsense."

"Yeah, but at the same time, it's important to understand the perspectives of others. Even those you fiercely disagree with. *Know thyself and know thy enemy and in one hundred battles thou shall never be in peril.*" Owen quoted.

"Is that like... Napoleon, or something?"

"Sun Tzu."

“Oh” Chandra flinched in embarrassment, followed by a silly shrug. “Ummm, close enough?”

Owen laughed. “Yeah. Ancient China. Eighteenth century France. Not so far apart.”

“Yeah, yeah” she rolled her eyes. “Alright, now for the sixteen million dollar question!”

“Shoot” Owen said with a nod.

“Are you seeing anyone right now?”

His eyes shot wide open. Of all the questions he thought she might ask, that was not one of them.

“Uhhhh, are you seriously--”

“Yeah” she said with a sinister smile.

“You know I'm almost old enough to be your dad, right?”

“Maybe I'm looking for a daddy” she said with a bat of her eyelashes.

'Holy shit, lady! Are you barking up the wrong tree...'

“As a matter of fact, I am seeing someone. An amazing woman I met a couple months ago.”

“Oh... Are you **open** by any chance?”

“Open?”

“Like, poly.”

Owen was flustered. The light red of incredulity spread across his face. “Oh, wow! No, I'm afraid not. You zoomers are really forward about these things, huh?”

“And you boomers are so old fashion” she shot back.

“Hey! I'm not a boomer!”

“That's exactly what a boomer would say” she said with a pointed finger and a grin.

She was being silly. It seemed even confirmation that he was off the market wouldn't stop her flirtations. Or maybe she was just lonely. Either way, it was nice to have someone to chat with at lunch. The company was welcome, even if she was so young it felt like she practically came from a different world.

“I'm flattered” he said with a tiny bow of his head. “But we'll have to settle for being friends.”

“I'm cool with that” she confirmed. “Maybe next time we can have lunch together?”

“Sure. I'll buy.”

“Oooh, that almost sounds like a date!”

“But it won't be.”

“Right...” Chandra stood and lifted her bag from the table. She slung it over her shoulder and put her hands on her hips. “I gotta run, but it was nice talking. See ya later, soldier boy!”

“Later, Chandra.”

Owen watched her saunter out of the cafeteria with an amused smile. A few months ago, he probably would've told her to buzz off as soon as she said anything even mildly annoying. She clearly wasn't his type. What did he have to gain from listening to some jabbering girl who looked like she did all her shopping at the Halloween store at the mall?

But that was the old Owen talking. Now, Elizabeth's voice was ever present in his mind. In their earliest meetings, she'd asked if he was attempting to socialize and make new friends. She'd stressed the importance of rejoining the civilian community and reintegrating into non-military life if he was ever to overcome his troubles. If only she knew how deep they went. That they extended not just to his time in the service, but long before that.

She undoubtedly would, in time. Elizabeth was too sharp and too well trained not to pick up on it. She probably had some idea, already, that he hadn't been fully truthful about his foster parents. Or how rough his nights got when he was alone. And yet, she hadn't sent him away.

It had been the best month of his life and Owen felt like he owed Mistress Long the world. All he could do is take her advice and move forward. Try to do better. Be better. He had to, because the thought of living without her, now, was worse than any imagined hell.

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