

Quickie #2

Be Careful What You Wish For

It was date night in the Whitley household and things were just starting to get exciting. Alice and Richard had enjoyed a lovely meal at a five star restaurant, a wonderful performance at the theater and a couple glasses of fine wine upon returning home. Now in their bedroom, the lights were turned low and Alice was retrieving some items from their adult toy chest.

“Strip down and get on the bed, Richard.”

“Yes Mistress!”

'Richard? Not slave? Or slut? Oh well...'

He ruminated on their relationship while disrobing. Alice had been happy over the years to indulge his Femdom fantasies, but only halfheartedly most of the time. She never seemed to fully get into character. It was a sore spot for Richard, but he rarely brought it up. He didn't want to discourage his wife from engaging in kinky play.

Richard was a high profile defense lawyer with a stressful job. In the courtroom, the fate of his clients was in his hands. In his office, it was necessary that he be a highly demanding taskmaster to prepare adequately for each trial. At home, he just wanted to rest and relax with his beautiful, doting wife. In the bedroom he wanted, no, **needed**, to surrender. Richard could enjoy vanilla sex to some extent, but in truth, he was only fully aroused while being dominated. His need to submit had only grown with time.

Alice was hardly the picture of a Dominatrix. A five foot five petite woman with long blond hair and a perpetual smile on her face. She favored sun dresses at home and elegant gowns when they spent a night on the town. She relished her role as a homemaker and housewife, but when she'd learned of Richard's true desires, she had not judged or admonished him. She'd been open and supportive of enjoying Femdom after dark. For Richard, the problem was that she never went far enough.

He'd finished removing his first layer of clothes and quickly slid off his boxers before hopping onto their king size bed. The satin covers felt amazing on his naked body as he laid back and ran his hands through his short, black hair. He watched his well tanned darling as she looked through their toy box. She wasn't wearing any of her leather or latex Domina outfits tonight, just some typical silky lingerie. Alice had donned one of her Mardi Gras style eye masks. It gave her an alluring air of mischief and mystery.

Richard watched as she stood, pulling the fuzzy handcuffs from their trove of naughty items. She pulled on them with both hands, the chain in the center rattling as she made eyes at her husband.

'The fuzzy cuffs again?!? But there's so many other things in there... Why not the ropes? Or the arm-binder?'

Richard sighed internally, but he made no visible show that he was disappointed.

“Alright lover boy, turn over! Face down, ass up!”

Her commands were enough to coax a genuine smile from him. Maybe she was in the mood for some strap-on play. Perhaps she'd even size-up tonight!

“Yes, Mistress Alice!”

He rolled over quickly and assumed the position as his wife joined him on the bed. Her small form barely caused the weight of the mattress to shift. She crawled up behind him swiftly and placed her hands on his ass.

“Arms behind your back!”

He did as he was told and Alice snapped the fuzzy cuffs gently on his wrists. Much to his chagrin, he didn't feel his wife loosen her grip or slide off the bed to get more toys. She gave his ass cheeks some gentle squeezes before hunkering down. Richard felt hot breath on his pucker and taint as Alice got into a familiar position.

Her tongue dove into his ass with practiced ease and after a few more squeezes of his cheeks, her right hand drifted down and began massaging his flaccid member. Richard let out a light moan as she went to work. Alice was what you might call an anilingus maniac. A wife that enjoyed rimming was definitely a fine trait, but he couldn't help but dwell on the fact that he'd enjoy it more with stricter bondage or an intense spanking first. He wanted it to feel more like a Domme inflicting her will on a slave rather than just an enthusiastic partner servicing her husband.

She continued her dutiful licking and tonguing for long minutes, occasionally offering a light slap to one of his ass cheeks. Richard's penis grew half erect at best, his moans disappearing as frustration overtook him.

“Enough. Stop!”

Alice withdrew as Richard rolled over on his back, his hands still cuffed behind him.

“What? What is it honey?”

“Honey?!? Really???”

“Oh... I'm sorry. I wasn't in character, was I?”

“If your spanks were any more gentle, they'd been tickles.”

Alice crawled to her side of the bed, looking downcast. She turned and sat beside him with her back against the headboard, her arms folded below her breasts.

“We've been over this, Richard. I don't mind role playing, but I'm not a sadist. I don't want to get too aggressive or inflict serious pain on you.”

“Then you can't really play the role, can you?”

“That's not fair! I've tried very hard.”

Richard sighed. “I wish you would let me see a pro for these needs. Then we could have a regular sex life at home.”

She turned quickly and got in his face. “Absolutely not! I am your wife and you will not engage in any kind of kinky play without me present.”

Richard smiled. There was the Alice he loved. Fiercely loyal, their relationship always front and center. Ironically, she was most stern and Domme-like when insisting he not be topped by another woman. At least, not by another woman in private. Maybe she was leaving the door open for something else?

“So, what are you saying? You want to start visiting a dungeon together? Maybe assist a pro Domme in topping me or watch from the sidelines?” His eyebrows moved up and down several times in the classic “let's do this” expression.

Alice smirked. He was closer than he knew, but she had no desire to visit some skeezy dungeon where a thousand other people had perspired and painted the room with their fluids. She knew this issue was likely to come up again in the future and Alice had a plan. If Richard wanted so badly to be dominated, he would get his wish, but it was going to be on her terms.

“I have a proposal for you.”

“Oh?” Richard shimmied himself back up to a sitting position beside her. “Do tell.”

“Next weekend, right here in this very room, you are going to be dominated thoroughly.”

“Is that so?”

“So harshly, in fact, that if you aren't satisfied, I'll consider your request to visit a pro dungeon.”

“Oh my... Alice, don't make promises you ca-”

“But I PROMISE YOU” she cut him off. “That won't be necessary.”

Richard gazed into his wife's shimmering green eyes. They were steely. Determined. She wasn't playing around. He looked down at his crotch where the blood was now flowing freely. Then back at his wife with a cheeky smile on his face.

“And just like that, I'm hard as a rock.”

She snickered and gave him a playful shove. “Lay down, silly boy...”

Richard obliged and the dainty blonde climbed atop him and immediately got in a sixty nine position. She inhaled his cock with ease, slurping up and down his meaty shaft as her ass lowered on her husband's face and he began licking and tonguing her gladly. Between her smothering cheeks, his arms

locked behind his back and the threat of a **very** good time next weekend, Richard was elated.

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Six days and nights of anticipation had passed torturously slow for Richard, but now, on Friday night, he found himself on the cusp of Femdom heaven. Alice had donned an amazing black leather corset, shoulder length latex arm gloves and leather pants that he wanted desperately to paint with his tongue. She had worn even worn high heeled leather thigh highs tonight in an effort to make him extra horny and compliant. It was working spectacularly.

Richard was on the floor of their bedroom, heavily bound. He was dressed in head to toe latex; full gimp attire that she hadn't demanded he wear in ages. Richard was kneeling as Alice finished buckling and lacing up the arm binder behind him, his arms locked in the sensual, tight embrace of thick, black leather.

His arms locked away, Alice rose and moved to the toy chest to acquire the *piece de resistance*, a red rubber ball gag. She offered him a sly grin as she pushed the thick gag into his mouth and strapped it snugly around his head. Richard could hardly believe it. His beautiful wife really was going all out this time. His cock felt like a steel lamppost under the thick latex of his suit. This was going to be the best night of his life!

Alice ran a hand through her lovely blonde locks as she turned and made her way to the dresser beside their chest of naughty toys. She retrieved her leather crop and began snapping it in her gloved hand as she walked back to her captive husband, give him a nice, longing look at her full, leather clad glory.

“Alright husband... now that I have your full attention. I'd like to announce that there are going to be some changes around here.”

'Mmmm... I bet there are! Give it to me baby!'

“Those changes will extend beyond our bedroom activities...”

'Uh oh.'

“But the biggest change is to cater to your aching need to be humiliated, dominated and utterly put in your place. To that end, I won't keep you in suspense. YOU CAN COME IN BIANCA!”

Alice's gaze moved to the open door of their bedroom and Richard followed her lead. What he saw next was completely inconceivable, a vision that made his eyes bulge in disbelief.

A woman so large that she had to duck her head to pass through the doorway strode into their bedroom. She was a gargantuan Amazon, at least six and a half feet tall. Probably taller in her ridiculously high heeled boots. The woman had long, dark, luxurious black hair and most of her body was covered in a thick leather trench coat.

Richard couldn't decide if he was more scared or excited. Chills of both feelings were coursing through his bound body. He spouted gibberish into the thick rubber ball, forgetting momentarily that he was

fully gagged. The monster of a woman walked to Alice's side and put her hands on her wide hips.

“Richard, I'd like to meet your new Domme. Introduce yourself to your new slave, Bianca.”

“Hello Richard. It's nice to meet you. I've been informed by Miss Alice that you are to be my charge for the next thirty days. You will follow all of my commands and all of Miss Alice's commands, or you will be punished harshly.”

'Next thirty days? What?!?'

Her voice was cold and dispassionate. Her eyes seemed nearly emotionless. There was something unnatural about this woman. Was she an enhanced synthetic? Or just a new kind of trans-human? Richard knew they were making huge advances in both technologies all the time. Either way, it was impossible to tell by looking at her.

“Very good Bianca, but why don't you take off you coat and give Richard a **full** introduction. Let him see your most prominent feature.”

“Certainly, Miss Alice.”

The giant woman quickly undid the strap tying her coat around her and released it. She pulled back both sides of her coat in one smooth motion and her full, naked form was revealed. Richard yelled into his now sloppy, spit covered gag but only muffled nonsense came out. His body squirmed in bondage as he looked upon the impossible.

Bianca had an impossibly huge penis that hung from her crotch all the way down to the end of her muscular thighs. Her scrotum was likewise enormous and her upper body featured huge biceps that were outclassed only by her massive, milky white breasts.

The hyper sexual Goddess standing before him was absolutely breaking Richard's brain, but the bulge in the front of his latex suit didn't lie. He was massively turned on both by his new Mistress and the power his wife was now wielding.

“Richard! How rude of you! Introduce yourself properly to your new Mistress! Now!”

“HEEEHHHHRRRRHHH MIIIIITTHHRETTHHHH!”

“Pfffft, that won't do at all. Bianca, put Richard on your knee and give him a round of spankings.”

“How many, Miss Alice?”

“Hmmm... thirty should be a good number to start.”

Bianca headed directly for the bound gimp, her boot heels stomping loudly on the hardwood floor. She grabbed Richard and picked him up like he was nothing, snaking her left arm around his midsection and holding him just below her breasts. She walked to the bed and sat down, turning the latex and leather bound Richard and putting him over her knee like he was a little boy.

“On a scale of one to ten, how hard should I spank him, Miss Alice?”

“Let's start at seven. He wanted a stern spanking, after all!”

“Yes, Miss Alice.”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Bianca's blows pierced the air loudly and Richard groaned into his gag. Every spank with her wide hand lashed into both his latex clad ass cheeks, the pain growing significant by only the fifth blow. Each subsequent strike had the same incredible force behind it. Each grew more painful as his bottom was lambasted and his body jolted in her strong grip.

'Holy fuck! This is only a seven? Please, no higher than seven!'

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

By the time the last five blows scorched across his reddened ass, tears were trickling out of the eye holes of Richard's gimp mask. As Bianca set him back down, Alice came into view holding some kind of document for him to see.

“Do you know what this is, my dear? This is a one month contract with Aphrodite Inc. for Bianca's services! Isn't that great???”

“MMMPPGGGHHHHHHHLLLLFFFF!!!”

“Here comes the best part! After you and Bianca spend the weekend getting to know each other, we're going to make a trip to the bank together on Monday. There, you will name me the sole executor of our accounts and estate. Once I have control of the finances, we'll see about nailing down a **one year** contract for Bianca, along with some other changes I plan to make around here.”

Richard's groans turned into a whimper. His tugs within the thick leather of his arm binder were useless as he gazed up at his steaming hot Domina of a wife. His once sweet Alice was clearly drunk on power.

“I never wanted to hurt you, Richard. It's really not in my nature. I have to admit, though... watching you get spanked just now was pretty fucking hot. I don't mind seeing another woman inflict a little pain on you at all! I'm going to enjoy having Bianca give you everything your slutty, sissy, submissive ass deserves!”

Alice took a few steps backward and pointed her crop at the bed.

“Bianca, get Richard up there. Face down, ass up. He's been dying for a good pegging. I bet he'll like the real thing even more!”

“With pleasure, Miss Alice.”

Bianca grabbed Richard and tossed him on the bed like a fucking rag doll. She joined him quickly, her enormous weight shifting the bed like a tidal wave. As she began stroking her monster cock to full erection, Alice tossed a tube of lubricant on the bed.

“Use lube as necessary, but don't go too easy on him. Richard likes it rough!”

“Yes, Miss Alice.”

As Bianca unzipped his ass flap, doused his pucker with lube and began opening him up with her fingers, Alice pulled one of her comfy reading chairs close to the bed. She plopped down in it, sighing contently and slipping one latex clad hand down her leather pants.

“Fuck him until you fill his **bitch ass** with cum, Bianca! Then make him suck you off until you blow a load in his throat. After that, repeat until I tell you to stop.”

“Thank you, Miss Alice. I will enjoy this task immensely.”

Alice began stroking her pussy in slow circles just as Bianca fed her girthy monster into Richard's yielding pucker. He husband grunted and Alice let out a low moan. Her rubbery digits felt so good around her clit and the moist ring of her vulva. As her pleasure began to grow, she suddenly remembered something.

“Bianca, engage dirty talk mode! And don't forget to spank him regularly.”

SMACK

“TAKE MY COCK YOU **FILTHY GIMP BITCH!**”

Richard groaned loudly into his gag, bucking until Bianca grabbed him by the arm-binder and held him fast. Inch after inch of her behemoth schlong burrowed into his fleshy anal walls. He was finally getting the pain, degradation and deep dicking he'd craved for so long.

Alice was giving her husband everything he wanted and discovering a new side of herself in the process. She wasn't a good wife, she was the best wife. Soon, she would force Richard to retire early so he could become a true 24/7 bottom bitch.

In time, they would have a fully equipped dungeon in the basement. If Alice invested their nest egg wisely, they'd never lack for funds. Plus, she could always record Richard with Bianca and sell Femdom videos for extra cash. Perhaps she would order a second Aphrodite Mistress so each session would involve him getting double teamed.

There was no going back now. A beautiful future of depraved S&M awaited the happy couple. She didn't know if Richard would ever be able to take those absurdly large Aphrodite cocks to the hilt, but goddammit, they were going to find out.