

Quickie #12

Strapon Tournament

Michael pushed the hot iron back and forth across the light blue board. The searing heat smoothed every crease and wrinkle in his Goddess' suit jacket. He was ironing her work clothes; a task he performed every week now. The gentle swish-swish of the iron was a pleasing sound. One he remembered fondly from his childhood. In those days, it was almost exclusively women who did the ironing. Oh, how things had changed.

Once finished, he set the iron upright, unplugged it and left it to cool. He collected Mistress' clothes, which were now displayed neatly on hangers. Not those thin metal hangers or the cheap plastic kind. Smooth hangers with wooden encasement over the steel interior. He'd learned in recent years that those were the best kind. He'd learned so much from his new life with Mistress Janet.

Chief among those experiences was a crash course in domestic servitude that had trained him into an obedient male submissive and efficient house husband. They weren't married in the traditional sense, but now that they'd been together for a number of years, they were practically *common law* husband and wife. At least they would've been, if the old rules and standards applied anymore. They were all being rewritten with great haste.

It wasn't always this way. Not so long ago, Michael had a standard nine to five job and a girlfriend that seemed happy enough to play homemaker while working a part time on the side. He and Claudia were thinking about starting a family when the world started to transform. Neither of them were prepared for the tidal wave of female domination.

After Michael lost his job, he couldn't find another one. Not a good position that would pay the bills and provide good benefits like he used to have. Those jobs began to blip out of existence for men and never came back. Claudia supported him at first. She worked more while her boyfriend got his first taste of domestic chores and cooking. They were both ill equipped for the sudden change and hated it at first. Their relationship didn't survive.

It wasn't long after when Michael met Janet. A confident, attractive, auburn-haired Amazon who was ten years his senior. She seemed eminently more prepared for the new world. You could say it fit her like a latex glove. After a few drinks at a local bar, Michael fell under her spell. Despite her stern nature, she had a warm, understanding side. She'd listened to his troubles, nodded along, soothed his anxieties and before long, was outlining exactly what Michael needed. A strong woman to help lead him into the new paradigm. A woman like her.

Michael smiled as he walked down the hallway with her clothes over his shoulder. The memory of their meeting carved a smile on his soft lips. He turned into their bedroom, opened the large sliding closet door and began hanging her things up neatly. The smells of leather and rubber assaulted him as he filed the garments away. Fetish attire made up almost half of their wardrobe.

The task done, the still-young man turned to look at the full length mirror by their bed. There he was,

his best self, thanks to Mistress Janet. Only the thick leather collar around his neck and his cock cage adorned his otherwise nude form. Upon claiming him, Janet had mandated a cleanup of his diet and regular exercise. Michael had lost thirty pounds since then and was back to his trim, college form. He ran a hand through his short, brown hair as he prepared to report his progress to Mistress.

“Michael!” a voice came from downstairs, as if reading his mind.

He grinned, hurried from the room and headed downstairs to attend to his Goddess.

Mike entered the living room and found his one and only where he'd left her. Janet was sprawled out on the sofa, reading. She lowered her book and looked up as he entered.

“It's almost lunch time. I'll have a BLT and a lime squash. Make something for yourself too.”

“Of course, Mistress” he said with a slight bow.

“Is the ironing done?”

“Yes, I just finished.”

“Good, then you're almost done with your chores. How does a nice, long afternoon pegging sound?”

“That sounds wonderful, my Queen.”

“But we can't do that today, can we?”

“No, Mistress.”

“And why not?”

“Because tomorrow is the strapon Tournament.”

“That's right, and I need you at your most potent. How many days has it been since I let you come?”

“Three, Mistress.”

“Perfect. I need the rest as well, or my poor hips won't hold up tomorrow.”

“Of course, my love.”

“I think, instead, you can provide me some afternoon delight with that slutty tongue of yours” she announced with a wicked smile.

“It would be my pleasure.”

“Mmmhmm... Now go make lunch.” She shooed him off with a wave.

“Right away, Mistress.” He bowed again and turned toward the kitchen.

Janet lifted her book and resumed reading, but within a split second, she balked. "Wait! Michael..."

"Yes, my dear?" he asked, turning to her again.

"Are you cold?" Her brow furrowed. "You look cold." She couldn't help but notice his shriveled cock and the goosebumps on his skin.

"It does feel a little cool in here, yes."

"You're going to be nude tomorrow at the event. You should stay warm until then just to be on the safe side. I don't want you coming down with something just before we enter the spotlight. Put on one of your bodysuits before you make lunch. That should keep you plenty warm."

He chuckled, knowing what an understatement that was. He sweat like hell in those second skins of latex rubber. "Do you have a preference Mistress? A certain color?"

"Choose whichever you like, as long as it's clean and shiny."

"Yes, Mistress." He bowed a third time and retreated back to the stairs, ascending them quickly.

"And hurry!" she called after him. "I'm getting hungry!"

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Michael felt cool metal flat against his torso and upper thighs. His wrists and ankles were shackled tightly to the sides of the contestant podium. The taste of rubber was strong on his tongue; a fresh ball-gag secured in his mouth from the leather harness wrapped around his head. Aside from his collar, he was nude, his flaccid cock hanging below. All around him, the audience was comprised of thousands of boisterous women. They filled the stands, many sitting near their bound slaves and chatting with their friends as they waited for the show to begin.

The arena once hosted many different kinds of events. Now it was primarily used for women's athletics and fetish spectacles like this one. This was the third year Janet and Michael had entered the strapon Tournament, but the first year they'd advanced to the second round. Winning your local competition moved you up to All-City. Beyond that was All-State, the Regionals and the Nationals, if one dared to dream.

With each advancement in the ranks, the strapons got bigger and the competition grew much more stiff. There was nary a woman alive who didn't want the title of *Strapon Queen* for the year to come. Contests in female domination and fetish style had supplanted the beauty pageants and fashion shows of old. No competition was more celebrated than the Strapon Tournament and aside from the lucrative prizes and endorsement deals that would be showered on the champion, most women wanted the prestige.

Mike could hear Mistress Janet chatting with some of her competitors behind him. Despite the grandeur of the event and the high stakes, their rivalry was a friendly one. They spoke amicably and laughed as they adjusted their harnesses and stretched their limbs, preparing for lengthy, but pleasurable, exertion.

Michael glanced from side to side and observed his surroundings as the final minutes ticked down. There was a camera crew and an announcer not far ahead, making their final preparations. To his left, at podiums two through six, were his five contemporaries. The other men, who seemed to range in age from twenty five to forty five, were likewise bound to the daises with leather harnesses wrapped around their faces and gags fixed in their mouths.

“Alright ladies, we're live in two minutes! Take your places!” The announcer was a pretty brunette of medium height wearing a stylish suit coat. Her name tag identified her as a reporter for one of the local news stations.

The women all stepped up behind their slaves, their strapon points directly at six exposed, waiting puckers. Each Domina was clad in white satin tops, white leather gloves, a white strapon harness and, of course, their girthy weapons. These items were provided to the contestants to make sure the endowments were standardized and no equipment would give the contestants an advantage over the others.

The white colors not only made the Dommies stand out before the sea of black leather and latex in the audience, but also evoked the newfound tradition of the collaring ceremony that had replaced traditional matrimony. Now, a woman deflowered her man after collaring him and claiming him as her property. Not that *deflowering* was typically an accurate term. Men being taken on their special night were no more likely to be strapon virgins than women were to be chaste back in the day.

“Your lube dispensers are on the left side of each podium” the announcer spoke up again. “Use them as much as you like. You should do your first application now, before the broadcast begins.”

Michael felt the cold metal tip of the injector plunge into his starfish and streams of cool, viscous gel spat into his ass. It was already cold enough, being naked in the arena and strapped to a metal bondage apparatus. The lube chilled him even further and a shiver ran up his spine. He knew it wouldn't last, though. Things would be heating up very soon.

Janet squirted a generous amount of lube over her thick appendage before re-holstering the lube gun and putting her hands on her hips. After a long minute of intense anticipation the audience was directed to silence. The video cameras *live* indicator lights blinked on and the spectacle began.

“Good evening and welcome to the annual All City Strapon Tournament! I'm Amanda Fielding for Channel 9 News.”

“And I'm Barbara Galway” her color commentator interjected. “We've got a great show for you tonight!”

“Indeed! So before we get started, let's meet our contestants!”

Amanda strode toward the row of podiums as steady applause coursed through the arena. She pointed to the first dais as she spoke into the mic. “In our number one slot, the district one winner! We have Mistress Janet Woods and her slut slave, Michael!”

“Looks like Michael isn't *out of the woods* yet.” Barbara piped up.

“Something tells me he never will be” Amanda quipped. The audience laughed and there was a smattering of applause.

Michael's heart raced as the camera pointed at him, but thankfully it moved on before long. He took deep breaths through his nose and calmed himself as they went down the line and introduced the other five pairs. In short order, they were ready to proceed and the two women began explaining the rules. Most spectators already knew them, but it was part of the ceremony and you never knew who might be new to the tournament.

“The strapons being used are nine inches long and two inches in diameter. Points are awarded based on thrusting. Every minute of continual strapon fucking awards ten points. Any time a slave comes from prostate stimulation is **one hundred bonus points**. This must happen completely hands free. Any touching of the bottom's penis is an immediate disqualification!”

“Oh, so the better trained the slave, the higher the advantage?”

“Exactly! If at any point in the competition a top fails to thrust into her bottom at least fifteen times in a sixty second period, she has forfeit her right to continue. The slave may tap out any time by holding down the buttons on either side of his podium for three seconds.”

“Wouldn't want to be the first slave to do that!” Barb exclaimed with raised eyebrows and an amused expression.

“No doubt their punishment will be swift!” Amanda confirmed with a nod. “Whoever has the most points and hasn't been disqualified when all contestants are done is the winner! Ok, let's not keep everyone in suspense. **LET THE PEGGING BEGIN!**”

A loud cheer and a wave of applause went up as lights swirled from the ceiling and the stage was set. Amanda and Barbara took their seats at the announcer's table. Each woman on stage pressed the tip of her silicone weapon against the quivering entrance of her waiting bitch boy.

The audience and announcers shouted in unison as the prompter signs lit up. “**THREE! TWO! ONE! FUCK!!!**”

Six long, fat rubber cocks plunged into the silky puckers of well trained slaves. Their years of practice didn't prevent grunts and groans as each lady went balls deep in one stroke, but the howling submissives could scarcely be heard. Even without their gags, the roar of the crowd was deafening.

The row of statuesque Goddesses each seized the hips of their bend-over-boyfriends and began pounding them in earnest. The shiny, thick lengths of latex cock-meat slurped in and out of their stretched-wide holes. The women's powerful thighs flexed as their hips flew back and forth and the fat rubber scrotum of each weapon smacked their slaves with vigor. Each woman started out at a blistering pace, wanting to put on a good show and not be outdone by her fellow Femdoms.

“Whoa! Easy there, ladies! It's a marathon, not a sprint!”

“Yeah, there's no way they can keep up that pace for long. But damn, is it nice to see while it lasts...”

The eyes of each slave bulged and bugged as they were pistoned with a powerful torrent of strapon

fucking. They muttered around their gags and pulled on their bindings in futility as drool ran from their leather-locked lips and lubricant ran down their taints, pooling on the floor.

Hard as a rock, desperate to come and already feeling the bliss of rubber dick sliding back and forth over his prostate, Michael squealed around his phlegmy ball-gag and his cock shot its first load. His thick seed spat out, trailing down the sloped back end of the podium and adding gobs of goeey nut to the mess of lube below.

“Hey now! We got our first slave popping off! Let's go in for a close up!”

One of the cameras zoomed in on Michael's discharging dicklet as Janet shafted him with her much larger phallus. The excited red-head smiled and waved at the camera before returning her hand to his side. She took an even more stern grip of his flanks and fucked Michael even harder, putting on a show for the viewers at home.

Within the next ten minutes, three more slaves exploded in orgasm, sending ropes of white filth all over the stage. The encouraged Dommies grinned and fucked them ever harder. The slurping noises of rubber cocks drilling boy holes could almost be heard over the excited din of the crowd.

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It was seventy two minutes into the competition and the pace had slowed dramatically. That didn't mean there was a lack of drama, however. So far there had been two tap-outs and two Dommies who'd tired out. Now it was down to Janet and one other woman, both plowing away at their men's tortured rectums.

The area below both of their podiums was a glossy mess of cum, sweat and so much sticky lube. The women's legs were taut, trembling and threatening to cramp up as they continued to pound away. They were managing a slow, steady pace of fifteen to twenty fucks per minute, but for how much longer? Both women huffed and thrust with determination, refusing to concede.

Suddenly, Michael moaned into his gag again and shot his load for the third time. Strands of paste-like filth sputtered out of his barely erect cock and decorated the bottom of the dais. Another round of cheering and applause went up as the camera caught his climax. His third forced orgasm was showcased on the arena's big-screen monitors.

“Wow! There's Michael with number three! What a **fucking slut!** He loves getting **deep-dicked**, doesn't he?” Amanda opined.

“He sure does! Sadly for Mistress Olivia, Darren has only come once. That puts her at a severe disadvantage on the scoreboard!”

“That's right. The score is now 820 to 1,020! Unless Olivia can outlast Janet by at least twenty minutes, this thing is over!”

“And given how she looks right now, I don't see that happening” Barbara declared.

Their labored shafting proceeded for another five minutes as each woman grew steadily slower and more wobbly. Olivia looked up and saw the score of 870 to 1,070. She turned to see Janet matching her thrust for thrust and the blonde reluctantly accepted her fate. Olivia waved her arms in the air before falling forward and collapsing on her slave's back with her cock packed in his ass. The loudest cheer of the evening went up from the crowd.

“That's it! **IT'S OVER! MISTRESS JANET HAS WON!**”

Michael felt one more powerful buck into his backside before his Goddess pulled her cock free and began waving to the crowd and cameras. The adrenaline high of victory washed over Janet, soothing any discomfort that would normally accompany such a long session of intense pegging. She was giddy with excitement and delight as the audience began chanting her name repeatedly.

“**JAN-ET JAN-ET JAN-ET!!!**”

Amanda made her way to the stage and held her microphone up to the victorious Domina. “Amazing job, Mistress Janet! A truly inspiring performance! How does it feel to be *All City Champion* and know you're moving on to the All State tournament?”

Janet mopped the sweat from her brow and placed her hands on her hips. “It feels amazing! It's a dream come true. This is what you practice for, you know? That and because I love fucking my eager little butt slut. Though, to be honest, I think Michael loves it even more.”

“He sure seems to!” Amanda said with a giggle. She leaned down and held the mic to his gagged mouth. “What do you say, Mike? Ready to head to All State and take that **fat ten incher**? Think your Mistress can go ninety minutes next time?”

“**MMPPPGGHHHHLLLAWWMMMAWWAAA!**”

“Hahaha! Delightful!”

Michael sighed in relief as Amanda returned to interviewing his owner and Mistress. They engaged in more cheerful banter and presented her with various prizes before wrapping up the show. Mike was genuinely glad he could help win accolades for the Domina he adored. She'd done so much to change his life for the better and it was the least he could do in return. He'd enjoyed the competition, but his extremely sore ass, weary legs and stiff arms were glad it was over, for now.

In two weeks, he would be ready. If he hadn't been gagged, he would've told Miss Fielding, Channel 9 News and the world that he wanted nothing more than to make his Goddess happy. Win or lose, he would gladly submit as Mistress Janet plowed him in front of an even larger crowd, with an even bigger strapon, for as long as her majestic legs could manage.