

Mistress Cruel Love

Chapter 10 – A Nucleus Of Collared Specimens

The hot iron hissed as Darius pressed it into the fabric. He slid the scalding metal device across the soft board, returning that crisp, *good as new* look to yet another dress. Darius glanced at the mountain of clothes beside him and sighed. He was only on the fifth garment with so many left to go. He was hungry, tired and his time to complete chores was running out.

Half of the clothes belonged to his fiance and owner, Heather. The other half were his; mostly maid outfits like the frilly, black and white getup he wore as he worked. Darius still felt flashes of shame and embarrassment at times, but they were less common now. He'd grown to enjoy his feminized form, especially the feeling of satin, silk and lace against his dark skin. Even the high heels his feet were crammed in had become tolerable with sufficient practice.

“Pookie!” The mistress of the house yelled from the adjacent room. “Which two friends did you mention the other day?”

“Friends? You mean the ones who gonna be my *best men*?”

“You sure you wanna call them that?” she asked in a disgruntled tone.

“What? Best men?!?”

Darius felt a painful contortion quake through his bound scrotum as the *TENS unit* delivered a brutal zap. He almost dropped the iron as his legs seized, his neck strained and his body shuddered.

“**ARRGGGHHH! Baby! Please!** Not while I'm ironing!”

“Baby, huh? Someone hasn't learned their lesson.”

“**AAHHHHH!!!**”

Darius cringed as a second agonizing wave jolted through his nethers. The bursts were mercifully short, but Heather could change that if she was so inclined.

“Sorry, Mistress! It was an accident!”

“Yeah? So is this.”

The third muscle-seizing sting arrived in his aching nards. Darius barely avoided crying out again by biting his lip.

“**Nnnnngppph-**”

“Who's going to serve as your *maids of honor*? Aside from Markus, that is.”

Darius looked to the living room where Heather lounged on the sofa. She typed and clicked away on her laptop, in full wedding planner mode. She'd already clued some select friends and family that the big day wasn't far off, but all the formal arrangements, including the invitations, were still in the works.

“Percy and Carter.”

“Ooooh, Percy should work out perfectly. I know for a fact he's already made a few trips to Club Ishtar.”

“What? Since when?!?”

“Since I got Lindsey a complimentary one-time free pass and she realized all the fun she's been missing out on.”

Another friend, consumed by Femdom madness. At least that was one less awkward conversation Darius would need to have.

“Your friend, Carter, however, I don't know...” Heather continued. “Where can I find his contact info?”

“Carter? Ummm... He should be listed in the friends section of my *DigiLife* profile.”

“DigiLife? You still use that thing?”

“Not really, but last I looked he was still on there. I can get in touch with him, if you want?”

“No, no. That's fine” Heather insisted. “I'll take care of it.”

Darius sighed and moved on to the next dress. His brow shined with a light sheen of sweat as he stood over the hot iron, smoothing it back and forth over yet another garment.

Carter was a good friend. They'd met each other while Darius was in trade school to learn welding and other adjacent skills. Carter finished the program, but after less than a year in the business, decided welding wasn't for him. He now worked as a bartender, a profession he liked much better. Darius didn't see him often these days, but he still went to his friend's monthly poker nights when he was able.

Carter was a quiet, unassuming type and the most fashionable non-gay man Darius had ever met. He prided himself on looking and speaking like a gentleman, which was an asset in his job. Darius wasn't sure how he would react to being asked to play a major role in a kink-themed wedding, especially when Heather wanted him in a dress.

“Mistress, if Carter isn't about cross-dressing, would it be okay for him to wear a suit? Maybe I can talk him into wearing a leather tux? If there is such a thing.”

“**Dana!**” Heather looked up from her laptop, annoyed. Darius knew he was in trouble when she started shouting his sissy name. “Don't make me press this button again!”

“Sorry, my Queen! Just thought I'd ask.”

Heather set her laptop aside and rose from the sofa. She strode through the hallway and into the storage room where Darius was laboring diligently. Her BBW curves flexed in her satin purple top and the tight, shimmering gold skirt wrapped around her fulsome thighs.

“Leave the arrangements to me. I'll make sure everyone on your side of the chapel is on the same page. And if you can't talk Markus into performing his proper role, I'll handle him too.”

Darius bit his lip again, the taste of thick lipstick bleeding onto his tongue. He was meeting Markus later that afternoon specifically to broach the topic at hand. He wasn't looking forward to it, except for the part where he was free of his maidly duties for a few hours.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good girl.”

“Mistress, may I wear my old clothes when I go out? You said if I did a good job-”

Heather let out an exasperated sigh and rolled her eyes.

“Yes, **fine**, you can dress like your old self today.” She stalked around the ironing board, examining his feminized form as she approached him from the side. “I'll even unlock your collar and you can take your jewelry out, if you want” she added, eyeing his ear and nose rings. “But no boxers allowed! Nothing but panties around that sad little caged cock of yours” she finished with a grin.

SMACK

Her weighty palm cracked across Darius' waiting ass cheeks. The layers of thin satin and lace did little to mitigate the sting.

“You better get moving, or you won't have time to change before you head out” Heather spoke as she headed for the door. “And when you get home, you're changing right back into something slutty. You're gonna spend the evening under my ass, where you belong.”

“**Yes, my Goddess!**” Darius replied with genuine enthusiasm in his voice. His dick strained against its steel housing, blood rushing to his groin as his excitement swelled. No matter how harsh his predicament grew, Heather always knew how to entice him and keep him on edge. Darius flew into a frenzy of ironing, re-doubling his efforts as his body grew warmer in the tight cling of maid attire.

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After a short wait at the entrance to *Dango's Dugout*, Darius and Markus were shown to their table. It was a modestly busy Saturday night at their favorite sports bar and grill. The giant, wall-mounted TVs were alight with playoff programming and the dining room was abuzz with loud chatter.

Markus was dressed stylishly in one of his classic colorful suits. It was an eye-catching hue that landed somewhere between peach and orange, probably called '*salmon*' or something equally silly. He matched

it with a white dress shirt, a light blue tie and a snazzy white Panama hat. Darius had opted for a more simple pair of chinos, a white t-shirt and a jean jacket. As much as being dolled up and bossed around thrilled him, it was nice to breathe freely for a while and meet up with his best friend for food and drinks.

After sliding into their booth, they ordered brews and were left to peruse the menus. While deciding what they were in the mood to eat, Darius reasoned it would be best to get the hard part of the conversation out of the way. Then maybe he could truly relax and enjoy the rest of their visit.

“Hey, man. So, about the wedding...”

“It's finally happening for you and Heather, huh? I can't wait!”

“Yeah, about that. I wanna give you a heads up that the ceremony is gonna be... a little unconventional.”

“Unconventional? What you mean?”

“You remember our trip to Club Ishtar, right?”

“Hard to forget something like that.”

“Well, that's exactly the kind of unconventional I'm talkin about.”

“Wait.. what?” Markus looked up from his menu. “You mean the wedding is gonna be like... some kind of role play thing?”

“Not sure I'd call it play. It's a straight up kinky wedding. And we'd like you to dress up for it.”

“Well, **of course** I'm gonna dress up for your big-”

“As a woman” Darius interjected in his most deadpan voice.

Markus' eyes went wide as he got his first inkling of how serious his friend was and just how depraved their wedding plans truly were. “Ummmm... If that's what you guys want, alright” he responded with a casual shrug.

Darius could hardly believe how easily he'd taken it. “Really? You're fine with it?”

Markus shrugged again. “You're my best friend. If this is what you're doing, I'll be a part of it.”

Darius was about to break into a big grin and thank him profusely when he noticed something unusual. There was some object just below Markus' buttoned-up shirt causing it to bulge outward visibly in an unnatural way. Almost like he was wearing a...

“Hey, Markus. What's that around your neck?”

“It's a tie” he said coyly.

“No, I mean **under** your shirt! There's clearly something else there.”

“I don't know what you're talking about” he said, breaking eye contact. “They probably just over-starched my shirt again. Damn dry cleaners-”

Darius grinned. “Okay. Then take off your tie and show me!”

Markus grew flustered as it became clear the jig was up. He raised his hands defensively. “Alright, alright! Look, I'll level with you. Mary and I have been...”

“Oh. My. God.”

“...having our own little fun and games.”

Darius burst out laughing. He slapped the table several times. “They got you too! I should've known! Especially after I saw you following Shireen around like a puppy dog!”

Markus frowned, but eventually nodded in acquiescence. “It started with her, but it didn't end there.”

“And now you're wearing Mary's collar. What kind of crazy stuff she got you doing?”

“Hey! That's a bit personal, don't you think?”

“I seem to recall us sitting in this very restaurant when you asked what kind of weird stuff Heather and I were up to. Not only that, but you specifically **encouraged** me to indulge her! Saying it was good to expand my horizons. Right before telling me you **weren't** into Femdom stuff!” Darius couldn't stop smiling. “It seems fate is not without a sense of irony” he spoke, paraphrasing one of his favorite movie characters.

“Yeah, yeah! You were right about everything! Right about something weird going on with women and right about the world going crazy. Is that what you want to hear?!?”

“Mu-sic. To. My. Ears” Darius said with relish as he picked up his menu and began scanning it.

“Fine” Markus responded as he resumed searching for his dinner. “Now, let's never speak of it again.”

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“**YEAH! UNNGGHHH!! TAKE IT!!!**”

Percy clutched the blankets for dear life as Lindsey's weighty hips slammed into him forcefully. He lay with the left half of his face pressed into the soft duvet. Percy's bottom half was propped up on his knees; his ass a helpless target at the edge of the bed.

From head to toe, Percy's body was locked in the tight fetish grip of his custom, full leather pup suit. Only his butt crack and caged penis were exposed to the cool bedroom air, targets revealed by the suit's only unlocked zipper. Percy's lips quivered between grunts and moans as his anus was split wide open

by Lindsey's favorite dildo, '*Big Red*.' Somehow, its massive girth was even more imposing than its jutting, fourteen inch length.

“Yeah... **You like that!** Don't you Sparky?!?”

“Ye-Yes, Mistress!” he half-lied.

The sliding sensation of thick, moist rubber cock always felt nice against his prostate, but it hardly made up for the stretching pain that throbbed through his brutally stretched sphincter. Percy could hardly breathe as Lindsey pulled back and slammed her thick curves into his body. With each movement, she drove the monstrous red rocket deeper in his yielding ass. She held his sides with a fierce grip, pumping her hips back and forth as her fucking flew into a frenzy.

“**Mmmmm!** Yeah, boo! You're taking **all** of Mommy's plus sized strap tonight!”

“Arrgghhh! **It's so big!** Please, Mistress!” he begged through gritted teeth.

“Please, **what?** You filthy little pup-slut!”

“Please slow down! Just a bit...”

“Pfft.”

Mercifully, her strong legs relented and the constant plunge of bowel-stretching mega dong slowed to a more reasonable pace. Her enormous phallus still plowed in and slurped out of his packed pucker, but it gave him more time to adjust and brace himself as Percy's anus was dilated to its widest ever diameter.

“Such a delicate little thing you are. A regular princess! But I know you're a size queen at heart. A shameless, cock-craving backdoor whore!”

SMACK

Lindsey made his ass jiggle with a firm swat to his trembling bottom. She squeezed him below, her palm gripping dark flesh and black leather where the suit took over and consumed the rest of his splayed, defenseless form. Lindsey laughed wickedly before re-seizing his hips and driving her bulbous length of red silicone schlong deep once again.

“This is what naughty leather pups get! Lots of doggy-style deep dicking! Fitting, don't you think?”

“**MMMPPHH!!!** Yes, Mistress!”

“Good, because I'm not stopping till I go **balls deep!** And next time, we'll use an even bigger one!”

Percy's mouth hung open in delirium as Lindsey's fucking grew powerful and needy once again. Her pace increased steadily as she moaned and grunted behind him; her rutting becoming more primal with each passing minute. At some point in the long, lurid session of aggressive ass-fucking, Percy's groans turned deep and guttural as his trapped member hiccuped in its cage.

His thick, white load spat from the tip of his imprisoned penis, uninhibited by his enforced flaccidity.

Percy moaned into the bedding as the overwhelming bliss of prostate climax flooded his body. More strands of silky nut were milked from his body as Lindsey's strapon buried itself to the hilt. With her rubber weapon lodged fully in his body, she reached down and grabbed him by hood. She pushed his face into the bed as Percy continued to mutter in orgasm.

“That's it, bitch. That's how good little doggy's come! The **ONLY** way you're going to come, **ever again!**”

Normally, this is where Lindsey would make him lick up his own mess, but that wasn't to be. Not today. As soon as Percy's climactic mutterings trailed off into hazy silence, she released his face and resumed her hungry thrusts. Half the lube-slathered length of *Big Red* withdrew from Percy's violated rim, only to ram back into its warm, spongy home.

With every fresh plunge into his guts, Percy felt a little more of his sanity slip away. He never fully recovered from his forced climax, swimming in a daze of pleasure and pummeling torment as Lindsey slammed his ass and balls with the weighty rubber scrotum of her weapon.

She filled her leather pup and human cock-sleeve to bursting for another forty five minutes of frenzied fucking. Her orgasms arrived in drenching waves as the vibrator in her strapon harness buzzed away and her screams echoed off the bedroom walls.

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“Babe, this is ridiculous...” Percy said in genuine dismay. He studied his girlfriend as they sat in bed together, relaxing before lights out. Or rather they *would* be relaxing if things weren't getting more tense by the minute. Percy folded his arms over his chest. “How can you possibly be mad at me after the fun we just had?”

Lindsey flicked a handful of her thick, auburn locks to the side before heatedly flipping her magazine to the next page. “I asked you to do a very simple thing” she replied without ever looking in his direction. “Something that would mean a lot to me, and you didn't do it.”

“Lindsey, I'm not gonna put a bunch of sweaty leather back on after I just showered! I don't like wearing that thing to bed to begin with. I tried it once. I didn't like it. You know this.”

“What I **know**; what's becoming painfully clear, is that you don't take our new dynamic very seriously.”

“Oh, **that's bullshit!** What? I'm just supposed to do what you say all the time? That's how our relationship works now?!?”

“No. That's not what I said. However, as a submissive, you are expected to endure discomfort from time to time if it pleases me. There's more to a female-led relationship than just bursts of kinky sex! I want more than that. I need it, Sparky.”

“Uh huh. And once I get used to wearing a leather pup suit to bed, what's next? Me sleeping in a cage at the foot of the bed?!?”

Lindsey looked up from her magazine for the first time since they started quarreling. “Well, I wasn't going to rush you into anything like that, but...” A thin smile spread over her face. She couldn't hide her enthusiasm for what Percy had posited as a completely ludicrous suggestion.

“Sorry babe, but I gotta draw the line somewhere. And my line is well before that.”

“I see.” His normally vivacious *Boudica* looked disappointed and downcast. “If that's the case, I think it may be time for us to go our separate ways.”

Percy's eyes flew open to their widest. He untangled his arms from his chest and turned to her fully. “Wait... **What?!?** Are you serious?”

She looked to him sadly. “Yes, I'm very serious. I was worried it might come to this. I'd hoped our play would turn things around, but it's not working. Not to mention you keep bringing up that... **Charlotte.**”

“Whoa! Lindsey, c'mon! I have no interest in that woman whatsoever! I just want this stupid cage off my dick! If we don't find her-”

“**IT'S NOT STUPID!**” Lindsey yelled at the top of her lungs. “Even if we did find her and get it removed, I'd just want to put another one on you! But you think it's dumb.” The teary-eyed redhead looked genuinely hurt. “Thank you for making my point.”

Lindsey tossed the covers aside, set her magazine on the end table and slid out of bed.

“Baby! **Wait!** I didn't mean it like that! This is crazy!”

“Yes you did” she shot back with a snuffle. She opened the closet, collected her suitcase and opened it. She grabbed a few outfits and began packing them rapidly along with various items from their dresser. Lindsey removed her nightgown and tossed it aside before quickly dressing in some casual clothes.

Percy slipped out of bed and walked to the center of the bedroom. “What are you doin? You gonna leave right now?”

“Yes. I'm not staying here another minute” she insisted while continuing to pack.

“Lindsey, please! I love you! We can talk this out.”

“There's nothing else to talk about. Not right now.”

“Baby. Look at me! Look at what I'm wearing! Your collar!” He grabbed the thick piece of studded leather snug around his neck.

Lindsey closed her suitcase and snapped it shut with both its metal fasteners. She turned and looked at Percy as she lifted it.

“I'm your **Sparky!** You said I was the spark that lit your fire!”

Lindsey studied him with a forlorn expression. Moments passed before she spoke again. “You *were* my spark, but you just poured cold water all over the flames.”

She stalked off without another word. Percy could do nothing but stare ahead and listen to her short-heeled boots knock across the floor as he pondered how things had gone sideways so suddenly. He heard the front door to the apartment open in the distance, followed shortly by a hearty slam.

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The next two weeks were uncharacteristically quiet and lonely for Percy. He was so used to having his feisty girlfriend to chat with and keep him on track, he hardly knew what to do with himself. Most nights he ordered takeout and ate hearty before losing himself in videogames or re-watching his favorite old movies. Anything to paint his newfound freedom in a good light and prevent himself from dwelling on the breakup.

When Percy and Lindsey texted each other, they were curt messages discussing how they would settle their affairs and move on. After a short search, Percy found an apartment for rent not far from where he worked at *Cave Of Wonders*. He offered to move out and let Lindsey keep the old apartment for however much longer she wished to stay.

Not long after that, he was in his new bachelor pad, living amongst boxes for a while. One such box, prepared for him by Lindsey, he never unpacked. He looked in it only once before sticking it in the bottom of a utility closet. The box contained his collar, pup suit and several kinky accessories.

Percy had half a mind to toss it all in the nearest dumpster, but he wisely held back. The passage of time healed all wounds and reason prevailed over bitterness. The collar would always be a precious memento, a reminder of his plus-sized warrior Queen whose carnal appetites proved to be too much. The pup suit he hoped to never wear again, but that seemed unlikely. Not if he was to have any hope of tracking down Charlotte and finally freeing his imprisoned manhood.

He could try the direct approach with Club Ishtar, for all the good that would do. If that failed, his leather pup persona would be waiting in reserve, prepared to take one last dive into the BDSM underworld.

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Percy took a deep breath as he stepped into the cavernous lobby of Club Ishtar. He was back in the lioness' den, but at least this time he was walking in as a free man instead of being wheeled there in a dog cage. The sissy slave maids at the front entrance had eyed him suspiciously, but let him through nonetheless. It was probably his normie clothes, a black hooded sweatshirt, blue jeans and sneakers, that earned their scrutiny, but Percy didn't care. He certainly wasn't here for fun and games.

He waited for fifteen minutes as the line to the front desk slowly grew shorter. More patrons and club workers took notice, side-eyeing him with disapproving stares for his lack of kink-themed dress. Percy pulled his hood over the top of his head, trying to ward them off as he waited his turn. Finally, the last customers in front of him headed into the club and he stepped up to the desk.

Percy pulled his hood back down as he The attending woman in leather officer garb was pleasant at first, but *Mistress Styx's* smile quickly fell away when she saw who she was dealing with next.

“What do **you** want?” she asked with more than a hint of disdain.

“Hi there. My name's Percy and I was here at one of your pup play parties a couple weeks ago. At least, I *think* it was here. I know it was a Club Ishtar event.”

“Okay?!?” the tall blonde replied in a bored tone. “Are you a member?”

“No, I attended as a guest of one of your members. You see-”

“There's nothing I can do if you're not on today's guest list and you're not a member. Even if you were, you're not going in dressed like that.”

“That's fine. I don't wanna go in. What I-”

“If you're not here to enjoy our services, you're wasting my time and holding up the line. You should leave now before I call security over.”

“Wait, please!” Percy pleaded with his hands up. “What I'm trying to say is, one of your members put a cage on my dick and now I can't get it off!”

“That sounds like a **you** problem.”

“If you could just help me find the woman who did it, I'd really appreciate-”

“We don't give out member information without very good reason.”

“Having a cage on my junk that I didn't ask for isn't a good reason?”

“Frankly, I can't think of a worse reason. You seem like the type who belongs in a cage. You *and* your little weenie.”

It took a lot to provoke Percy's temper, but this woman was pushing all his buttons.

“**Hey!** For your information, it's not so little, lady!”

Mistress Styx snickered. She turned and raised her left hand. “**Security!**”

Two women who'd been standing by in the background marched forward. They were also clad in leather enforcer gear, but their outfits were less skimpy. They wore shiny black leather jackets and pants. Aviator sunglasses shielded their eyes below the rim of their duty hats. One carried a bull whip while the other wielded a long, mean-looking paddle.

“Pfff. What are they gonna do? *Spank me* till I leave?”

Mistress Styx grinned. “I assure you, young man, they're trained in far more than just discipline.”

The two guards grew closer and Percy spied the other implements adorning their utility belts. Among them were holstered hand guns and spray cans of some kind. Probably pepper spray or bear mace.

“Okay! Okay!” Percy called out, raising his hands in surrender for the second time. “I’m leaving.”

He turned and began walking back to the entrance at a brisk pace. From the clicks of their heels, he could tell the two guards were right on his tail, just in case he changed his mind.

“Don’t come back unless you’re a paid member and properly attired!” Mistress Styx called after him.

Percy refrained from any witty retorts. He burst through the doors and hurried down the stairs, eager to be away from the palace of S&M sin. It was the last place in the world he wanted to be, but it seemed like the world was determined to send him back into its halls of depravity.

Asking nicely had gotten him nowhere, as expected. Now he would have to spend hard-earned money to become a member of Club Ishtar and don his pup suit again to continue the search. Perhaps he would call a few more locksmiths before taking that last, desperate step, but it felt pointless. Discussing his predicament with strangers was its own form of torture and, so far, every professional he’d contacted had refused to work on a cock cage.

His options were running out. It was live with the cage forever or subject himself to more pup play in the vain hope of finding a woman named Charlotte who smelled of strawberries.

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Carter stood near the entrance to *The Winking Goddess Tavern*, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest. His hair was styled in fashionable short twists which narrowed down into a low skin fade and a neatly trimmed beard. He was dressed for work in his bright white dress shirt and dapper slacks, but it wasn’t time to clock in yet. Carter was meeting someone before his shift started.

He spent most of his nights in this place tending bar and chatting with patrons, but tonight he’d come in a half hour earlier than usual. A text message and phone call from Darius’ fiance had precipitated this. He’d heard they were getting married soon, but he hadn’t expected to see Heather again before the wedding.

Although they hadn’t talked in years, the big blonde was easy enough to pick out when she came bustling through the door in her heavy fur coat. They greeted each other with smiles and a polite hug before Carter led her to an empty table. They were all smiles as they sat down and got reacquainted.

“It’s good to see you again” Carter began.

“You too! It’s been so long!” she chirped back.

“Right? I think it was the house warming party, for you, Dare and Shireen. That was the last time we talked?”

“That’s right! Me and Darius are still living there, but Shireen is long gone. She got a great job out on

the west coast.”

“Oh, is that so? Good for her. It's too bad she had to move away. I really liked her.”

“Well, don't worry, she'll be back for the wedding. You'll probably get to see her soon.”

“That'd be great! So, Darius finally popped the question, huh?”

“Actually, I'm the one who asked.”

“Hah! That figures! Figures he didn't tell me that little detail either. By the way, do you want something to eat or drink? I can get anything you want from the kitchen or bar, comped. The apps are pretty good here!”

“Thanks, but I'm good. In fact, I can't stay long. I have other plans tonight. But I wanted to touch base with you about the wedding.”

“Ah! You're looking for a bar tender, is that it? Say no more! I'm at your service, free of charge.”

“No, no! Nothing like that. Darius and I absolutely want you at the wedding and to serve in one of the main roles, in fact.”

“Oh?!? I'm honored! What role are we talking about? Groomsman? Best man? Ring bearer?” he added the last one with a laugh.

“Well, here's the thing. Darius and I are planning a somewhat... *unconventional* wedding. And before we asked you to play one of these major roles, we wanted to be sure you were okay with that.”

Carter was completely perplexed. “Okay... Unconventional, how?”

Heather took a deep breath before letting the cat out of the bag. “It's going to involve a lot of kink themed attire and pageantry. Leather, lace, collars and leashes. The men will all be looking the prettiest they ever have... in feminine garb.”

Carter's eyes grew wider the longer she spoke. It took him a few seconds to process what she'd just said before he could respond.

“Oh.... Wow! I see.”

“If that's not something you're up for, I understand. But if you're willing to give it a shot, we'd love to have you. I know it would help Darius feel a lot more comfortable about the whole thing. He was terrified to ask you about it. Unlike some of our other friends, we'd never talked with you about anything kink related, so we weren't sure if you had any experience in that realm.”

Carter chuckled. “In truth, I have none. Whips, chains and masks aren't my thing. But if that's what you guys are doing, and all the other guys are gonna get dressed up in drag for the day, I'll play along.”

“For real?” Heather asked excitedly. “You really don't mind?”

“I'm not gonna miss you and Darius' wedding. And I can't be the one guy wearing a suit, right? I get it.”

“Thank you, Carter! This means a lot to us.”

“No problem.”

“I can't wait to see you in a dress!” Heather exclaimed with a beaming smile.

“Hah! I bet. Just be sure to take lots of pictures, because this'll be the **only** time you see me in a dress.”

“Oh, don't worry about that. We're gonna have at least three photographers and a videographer present. I want every moment of the proceedings captured for posterity.”

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Not long after being rejected at the front entrance to Club Ishtar, Percy felt whatever was left of his pride slip away as he navigated to their website and signed up to become a member. He'd already paid an extravagant price for the premium leather pup suit and now he'd be paying another considerable sum each month, at least until he found Charlotte. Would he ever be able to open his own hobby shop? It didn't feel like it, at this rate.

It was five hundred dollars a month for a man to join. Out of curiosity, he restarted the process and setup a bogus profile as a woman. Unsurprisingly, it showed the membership fee as only fifty bucks. How they got away with it was simple, yet clever. Someone identifying as a woman and a top was simply paying for membership. Anyone identifying as a man and a bottom, on the other hand, was purchasing *recreational services* and their membership was complimentary with the larger package. When Percy tried to identify as a female bottom or male top, the web form mysteriously crashed.

He couldn't deny that it was a good scam. More to the point, he had no real choice. Not if he ever wanted to experience a full, unencumbered erection again. Reluctantly, Percy entered his credit card info and paid for his first month at the fiendish place.

Ishtar had pup play meetups every Thursday starting in the early afternoon and going into the late evening. Percy thanked his lucky stars that it was only once a week. If they had them every day, his chances of bumping into Charlotte would've been slim and none. This way, he would only have to physically and mentally prepare himself to endure the torments of Ishtar once every seven days until he found her.

His first such meetup went by with relatively little fanfare and Percy was able to get the lay of the land. Unlike the special *Woofstock* event he'd attended previously, the regular weekly meetups were smaller and more focused on education and play. It was nothing like the giant convention atmosphere with tons of vendors hawking wares from booths and tents.

Unaccompanied pups like himself were taken by club staff to *The Pound* where they were housed in metal cages. They stayed there until a member or club Domme who wanted a pup to play with stopped by. Once they'd signed a pup out, they could go and enjoy any of the activity rooms in the pup play wing of the club, or take their pup for a walk to the other sections of Ishtar.

Percy was surprised to find that many of the women, even the ones who weren't hardcore pup play enthusiasts, relished the idea of taking one out for a stroll. Apparently, the thrill of having a muzzled, leather-bound man on a leash crawling around on his hands and knees was more than enough for some members. In fact, the first two women who signed him out did little else, walking him around the club and occasionally throwing things for him to fetch.

The third woman who signed him out was more demanding, stuffing his ass with a dog tail butt plug and smacking him with a crop as she led him around. The thin Asian woman in a red corset and silky black stockings took him to the indoor dog park. They spent two hours there where he was taught various tricks, mingled with other pups and was regularly corrected with the sting of her firm leather wand. Before Percy knew it, the night was over and he'd seen no one he recognized.

His second Thursday at Club Ishtar proved to be more eventful.

After waiting in the pound a short while, a hulking white woman in a black leather body harness signed him out for play time. She identified herself as *Mistress Iron*, which was fitting given how much time she obviously spent in the gym. Between thin strips of black leather, her abundant muscles, large breasts and round ass cheeks hung out proudly, on full display for all in the club to behold.

The dark haired amazon took him directly to an outfitting room where she wasted no time putting Percy in the most tight, uncomfortable stress position he'd ever been bound in. With a series of leather sleeves and straps, she cinched his forearms to his upper arms, followed by his calves to his thighs. Beyond the muzzle he was already wearing, Mistress Iron attached a bungee cord to his head harness, pulled it down the length of his back and sank the metal hook at its end into Percy's exposed pucker.

Now, in full *piddlefours* bondage, Percy could only hobble forward on his elbows and knees. Each painfully slow movement was harsh on his poor joints and constricted limbs. Every minor movement of his head tugged on the rubbery cord leading to his ass. The simple act of crawling forth caused the hook to sink deep into his soft tissues, stretching out his fleshy rim in brutal fashion.

Mistress Iron chuckled as she lead him out of the room, tugging insistently on the chain leash to his collar. When Percy didn't move fast enough, she brought the long leather paddle in her other hand to bear.

SMACK

“Move it, **bitch!** I haven't got all day! We're headed to the discipline room for a little impact play. You're going to learn the true meaning of **obedience** today, pup!”

Mistress Iron walked as far down the hall as his leash would allow before turning and waiting for him to catch up. As Percy slogged forward, muttering into his gag, the big woman studied him from above.

“Hmmm... Such a lovely pup suit! High quality leather. Not like the cheap ones I see a lot of guys wearing. That's why I picked you, today. That and the stylish collar. *Sparky*, huh? That's way too nice a piece for **you** to have picked out. I wonder who got it for you?”

“I did” a familiar voice spoke in the distance.

Percy lifted his head and was astonished to see Lindsey walking right toward them. She wore a glossy, jet black one piece dress and matching thigh-high boots. The shiny fetishwear hugged her pudgy curves gloriously. The latex shoulder straps barely held up her massive, pale milkers. They looked like they might snap any second as she strutted forward and her supple flesh shook.

Mistress Iron turned and scanned the approached woman. They were different types of BBW, but she felt a kinship with the bold redhead immediately.

“Hi there. I'm Lana. Also known as Mistress Iron. And you are?”

“Lindsey” she stated simply. The eager ex slowed to a stop a few feet from the imposing body builder. “I'm still working on my Domme name.”

“How nice. Does this one belong to you?” Lana asked, pointing her paddle down at Percy.

“Used to. We have a history.”

“I see. I had some training and discipline planned for him, but if you'd like to take over, I could easily find another play-thing.”

“No, I wouldn't dream of stopping you. Training and discipline is absolutely what he needs. Perhaps I could join you for a while?”

“By all means. Two Dommes are almost always better than one.”

“*Too many cooks* doesn't apply to domination?”

“Not in my experience. Most of the women I've met here are humble enough to stand back, watch and learn when they need to. The only egos getting people in trouble are the men's.”

Lindsey laughed. “That sounds about right. I love what you've done with Sparky's limbs, by the way!”

Lana yanked on the leash and Percy resumed hobbling forward. The trio moved down the corridor together as Mistress Iron spoke. “It's called piddlefours bondage, or sometimes *four-limb fog tie*. I can teach it to you, if you like. It's not difficult.”

“That would be awesome!” Lindsey shot back with a smile.

The newfound friends continued to chat as Percy made his painstaking journey behind them. Ten minutes later, they finally entered the pup play *Obedience Training* hall. Percy grunted and snarled into his muzzle the last few hundred feet. His bent limbs were brutally sore and his thick leather suit was already flooded with his own sweat. He was a gross, imprisoned mass of dark flesh, hidden behind glossy black leather that was pleasing to the eye.

He could do nothing but follow his ex-girlfriend and the freakishly strong she-hulk. Somehow, his desire to finally be free of all this had delivered him directly into the hands of the woman who'd started it all. Her, and a well-muscled harpy who looked like she enjoyed nothing more than inflicting pain on a man's bottom.

The large room echoed with the pained cries and muffled groans of pup slaves who were being spanked, flogged, paddled and whipped. Some were bound to crosses, bondage horses and spanking benches. Others were still on their hands and knees, but with their wounded asses in the air, their flesh shivering in between blows.

The walls were covered in racks of sex toy; mostly tools for impact play, but there were plenty of gags, plugs and dildos as well. There were tables in between each set of racks containing lubricants, cleaning supplies and other handy bondage devices. Percy had never imagined so much debauchery in one place, no so many pungent smells lingering together. The scents of lube, ass and leather hung thickly in the air.

“C'mon! On the mat! Face the wall!” Lana ordered as she pulled him into place.

Percy's knees and elbows came to rest, mercifully, on the soft padding of a gym mat. He was still uncomfortable, but the difference in surface pressure on his limbs from the hallway to the mat was the difference between hell and purgatory.

Mistress Iron handed Lindsey the leash. “I'm gonna grab some toys. Be right back.”

The big woman strode off and the haughty redhead looked back to her cowering ex-boyfriend. She grinned and circled around to his front. Now was the perfect time for a bit of gloating.

“Well, well, well. I knew you couldn't stay away. Enjoying yourself, Perce?”

“MMMGGPPHHMMM! NNRRGGHHHLLMMM!!!”

“Oh, I know. You're just here to find the mysterious key holder. Is that it? Well, guess what? **I don't care!** I'm here to enjoy myself and that's exactly what I'm gonna do!”

“Npphhhhwhhtttt!”

“You got a lot of nerve, still wearing my collar in public! What's the matter? Too cheap to buy a new one?!? A generic replacement collar wouldn't cost much.”

“**NPPPHHH! CPPHHHHMMMNNNNN!!!**” Percy stared at her intensely as he yelled into his gag and flexed his hampered limb-nubs.

Lindsey sighed. “Fine, but this better be good.”

She reached down, disconnected the anal hook and unbuckled the muzzle from Percy's face. The curious Domina pulled it away and the bit-gag slid from his mouth. A trail of thick, syrupy saliva drizzled to the ground as Percy gasped and cleared his throat.

“Charlotte only knows me as Sparky. Wearing the collar might be the only way to get her attention, if-”

“If you're gagged?” Lindsey finished his statement.

“Yeah. Lindsey, please! I just want-”

“I **know** what you want!” she interrupted. “You know what **I** want? For you to learn some manners!”

She brought the muzzle back to his mouth and pulled it harshly into his face. She kept up the pressure until Percy opened his lips to speak and the leathery bit slid back into his mouth.

“**WHHHHT! PLLLLZZZ!**”

“Not to mention your fucking **place**.”

She buckled it tightly around his head before reconnecting the top strap and sinking the metal hook back in Percy's aching starfish. When she was finished, she leaned down so he could see her one last time before the fun began.

“I'd say you're in the perfect position to do just that!”

A few moments later, the clack of heeled boots announced Lana's return. She carried a heavy, coiled bullwhip in her hands. She stepped onto the mat just long enough to pull Percy's back zipper down all the way. Now his taint, caged penis and bare ass were exposed in addition to his tightly-hooked anus.

Mistress Iron backed away and let out the slack on her thick, corded weapon.

“You have any experience with whips, Lindsey?” she asked with a impish smile.

“Just small ones. Nothing of that size or power.”

“You ready to learn?”

“Absolutely!”

“Then stand back and watch closely.”

Lana began whirling the fierce strand above her head as she studied her target. Percy's sat quivering on the plush mat, his bound limbs jittery as he awaited his first licks of true torment.

“There are some basic techniques you need to get down, but after that, it really is all in the **WRIST!**”

WHIPCRACK

The thick, brown leather laced into Percy's bottom fiercely. He yelled into the phlegmy leather tube between his teeth as his body shook in heavy bondage. A line of painful contact was painted clearly across his dark, trembling flesh, ever after just one lash.

“Mmmmm... Beautiful.” Mistress Iron stated with pride. “Let's make some modern art!”

WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK WHIPCRACK

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It took three more trips to Club Ishtar before Percy saw the thinnest ray of hope. On his fifth puppy play night, after being left in the pound for too long with no woman coming to claim him, one of the club Dommies leashed him and decided to put Percy to productive use.

She led his leather-locked form to a room where free manicures and pedicures were being offered to Ishtar's esteemed members. Each chair in the room was a Queening throne with a space below the seat for a slave to offer proper worship while she got her nails done.

Percy was locked below one such chair; blindfolded but blissfully muzzle free. His hands, already sealed in leather paw mitts, were chained to the sides of the throne. Resting on an upward-sloping support board with a small pillow for the back of his neck, Percy's face waited in the center of the chair, ringed by leather padding.

One by one, asses lowered into the seat and buried Percy's features in soft, supple flesh. Large, medium and small. Mountainous and petite. Massive latex-wrapped hams and busty silk-clad bubble butts. After the hiking up of dresses and the slide of satin panties to the side, some came completely bare.

For several hours, Percy licked, kissed and tongued into the oppressive, spongy depths of weighty cheeks. His nose glided up and down many a warm crack as his own hot breath mingled with their pungent scents. Of all the depraved acts the women of Ishtar had demanded he perform or endure, it was the one deed that never seemed like a chore or a punishment.

No matter how many times he almost passed out or how sweaty, disheveled and disconnected from reality he grew below the Queening throne, he relished in each avalanche of ass that settled on his face. Regardless of how tired his tongue and the muscles of his mouth grew, he founded the strength to force his tongue between the wonderfully luscious folds of yet another pair of pressing cheeks.

Percy thought he might fall unconscious. The effort required to service a nonstop train of bulging bottoms was surpassing what he could offer. But in that moment of fading awareness, his miracle arrived. The next ass that casually plopped down on his leather-encased face brought with it the strong scent of strawberries.

'CHARLOTTE!'

His bound body found a sixth, seventh or perhaps even eighth wind. Percy had lost count long ago. The muscles of his neck strained upward, pressing his every feature as deep into Charlotte's heavenly derriere as he could manage. His tongue snaked upward, and glided back and forth along her fleshy canal. His lips suckled at her every crevice. His nose slid up and down her divine divide, breathing her fumes fervently.

Percy worshiped her globular glutes for all he was worth. He pleased her like the future of his penis depended on it, but also because the wonderful smell of her body lotion made the act even more enjoyable. His hips and legs, inert during all the other sessions of oral servitude, thrummed and shook to life, expressing his enthusiasm for having finally found the holder of his key.

When her nails were done and more than a few ecstatic moans had escaped her lips, Charlotte rose, reluctantly, from the chair. She let out a singular gasp, still bathing in the pleasure of a tingling, well-praised rosebud. Percy was left in a daze, his lungs refilling with fresh air even as he lamented the lack

of strawberry scent still funneling into his senses.

“Wow! What an enthusiastic slave! A for effort!” he heard Charlotte exclaim from above.

“Charlotte!” he called out with what little energy remained. “It’s me, Sparky!”

“Sparky?!?” she replied before peering over the hole in the chair. “Ah, so it is! Long time no see! I was starting to wonder if I’d ever find you again.”

“Charlotte! We need to talk...”

“About what? What a selfish jerk you were to your girlfriend?”

“Wha... **What?!?**”

“Oh, yes. I’ve talked with Lindsey. They don’t give out information on members to men here, but they will for women, with good reason.”

“You don’t understand! She dumped me! She’s just mad. Whatever she told you... it’s probably bullshit.”

“She told me that all you care about is getting that cage off your cock. That you made her feel horrible about embracing kink when all she was trying to do is spice up your love life. No lies detected!”

“Please! I just want the key...”

“Alright, I won’t keep you in suspense anymore. Here’s the deal, bitch. My Sparky disappeared and Lindsey doesn’t want you anymore, so from now on, **you’re** gonna be my Sparky.”

“Wha?!? No-”

“And unless you want me to throw that key in the fucking river, you’re going to be a good doggy and do whatever I say from now! Got it, my eager little ass licker?”

In an instant, Percy’s ray of hope was swallowed by the darkness. The same darkness he’d embraced while yielding to the feminine mystique of intoxicating tush. In truth, his time wearing a dog collar labeled ‘Sparky’ was only beginning.