

Decent into Slavery, Part II

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A male dominant, lured by an interest in submission, is captured by a dominant woman.

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Part 2: Roxanne's Family

It was about a year later, after I moved back to DC that I started attending kink events, once again, as a Dom. I found a few interesting, submissive girls, and had several brief affairs until finally, one evening, while attending a party outside Baltimore with my new pretty submissive girlfriend in tow, Alese, we ran into an attractive dominant woman I had known well during a previous stint in the area named Roxanne. I had been her first Dom in the lifestyle when she was new, but it was obvious almost from the beginning that she was a natural dominant. We had parted friends with some difficulty, having gotten involved with another Dominant male that I didn't particularly like. Nevertheless, our time together was valuable for both.

She took an instant interest in the two of us and we spent the rest of the evening together along with a tall muscular submissive she had along with her named Enrique who said nothing, and was completely naked save his collar, the leash his Mistress held and a bright chrome chastity device. I marveled at what an amazing, confident Domme she had become, and I was proud of her.

It was the next time we met that my life took a dramatic turn. Roxy, Alese and I had agreed to meet at Roxy's apartment to have dinner the following week, but when I arrived a few minutes early to begin preparing the meal, both women were waiting for me in the living room; Roxanne dressed as a Domme, in tight corset, and Alese as a collared, naked slave on her knees - at her feet.

As I entered the living room, Alese's eyes were submissively down and would not meet my own. Roxanne, seated in the easy chair, held her leash and responded to my quizzical look as I stood there holding the grocery bags.

"Alese told me everything stubby", she said smiling, and then waited, allowing it to sink in.

All was instantly clear. I had told Alese everything in a moment of openness some time before; my longings to be controlled; to be cuckolded; to finally to suck a "superior cock", everything.

"You have a choice, little James; to accept your true nature as a little-dicked cuckold submissive...with all the satisfaction that will bring...and to be owned...by me; to accept this collar, and a life of controlled chastity from this point forward..."

She waved her hand toward the coffee table, which displayed a steel collar with padlock, a set of handcuffs, and a chrome chastity device.

"...or you can walk back out that door, and continue pretending. In either case, this pretty little thing belongs to me."

She softly ran her fingers through Alese's hair causing her to swoon and purr like the lap-cat she had obviously become.

I hesitated a long moment; looking down at Alese for some sort of sign, but she still wouldn't meet my gaze - and then back at Roxanne. She was so beautiful, her blue eyes bright and defiant and sensual all at the same time.

"You know you've dreamed of this boy. This is who you are. You were born to do this." Looking at her watch, she continued, "It's time to decide little James...stubby; turn and walk out or put your hands behind your back and get on your knees...NOW!"

At the sharp tone her voice, I put down the bags and got on my knees and put my hands behind my back. In an instant, Alese had darted behind me; and I felt the cold metal and the handcuffs click around my wrists. I tried to look behind me, and then turned back toward Roxanne.

"Eyes down boy", she commanded. "You've earned 20 strokes of the cane. You will NEVER look me in the eye again. Do you understand?"

She handed a pair of scissors to Alese, and in a moment every stitch of my clothing was cut away and lay as a pile of rags on the floor. Alese took her place again on her knees at Roxanne's feet.

"You will call me Miss Roxanne henceforth boy", she said as she slowly caressed my naked body with her crop; chest, arms, thighs, and cock and balls...and oh God, I was already rock-hard,

"By the look of it, you're enjoying your new station".

"Take him to the slave lavatory and remove that unsightly hair from his legs, chest and genitals...he's not a man anymore, but my little dicked cuck", Roxy said, laughing.

Alese wasted no time, dragging me to the dark, tiled bathroom at the very rear of the loft, and using a combination of creams and razor, completely removed all traces of my body hair, including underarms. She finished by giving me a close buzz cut – taking away the long hair I had worn for years. As much as I tried to communicate with her through whispers, she refused to acknowledge or respond. Towards the end, as I was being dried, Miss Roxy poked her head in the door and simply said,

"No talking without permission...that's another 20 strokes!"

In just a moment I was back in the living room and bent over a heavy, triangular upholstered bench; strapped down tightly at wrists and ankles, facing Miss Roxy.

"Begin the punishment", she said, in a bored tone, and before I could process what was happening I heard a whoosh and an unbelievable, fiery pain across my ass. Breathing hard, I tried to look behind me but could only see Alese's feet as she reset for the next blow. Again, there was the whoosh, and another fiery stroke. I begged, pleaded, struggled against the leather straps as hard as I could, crying out for mercy, but no matter what I did or said, every 30 seconds or so, I was struck again hard across ass or thighs.

At 15 I was desperate, at 20 nearly insane, struggling against the leather bonds that held me fast, and surprising even me, began to cry and sob, begging for it to stop through the tears. On and on, the whoosh, and hot, searing pain across my ass. I felt as though I was bleeding; and begged and begged through tears and screams. Suddenly a thick object was shoved in my mouth and buckled behind my head. My cries and screams continued, muffled by the thick round object in my mouth.

Finally; mercifully; the 40 strokes came to an end.

Miss Roxanne was at my side, and I could feel her cool fingers touching wet skin as my sobs caused my sweating body to heave and shudder for several minutes.

"So will you be a good little boy now? Obey your Miss?" she asked, her fingers toying my genitals, instantly hardening me again, while Alese removed the gag from my mouth – showing it to me - I could see then that it was in the shape of a penis.

"Yes! Yes Miss, I will, I promise". "I promise" I repeated, sobbing.

"Very good...I thought so, but we shall see if you are truly serious"

Miss Roxy casually stood, dialing her phone as she walked into the den, her heels clicking against the tile floor. I thought I heard her say, "he's ready"

I remained locked down to the bench, exhausted by the caning, and just melted into it, apparently dozing off, when I was awakened by the sound of the front door opening to my rear. Of course I couldn't see who was there.

"Slave Enrique! How good of you to drop by", I heard Miss Roxy say. They were murmuring in low tones and moved into the den. I saw Alese rush by with a tray of drinks a few minutes later and waited.

Finally, a pretty Alese in a sexy Teddy and pink heels sat on the settee to my front, and I could hear movement behind me.

"Play with yourself...make yourself ready slave", I heard Miss Roxy say; and Alese immediately began rubbing her sex, moaning softly.

I watched her, my formerly beautiful submissive, whom I had casually used so frequently; now just beyond my reach. In just a moment, though, my view was blocked by a large, hairy, dark male torso; and his bright chrome chastity device. A moment later, Ms Roxy came alongside with a key, and removed it, leaving a huge drooping cock which instantly began to harden within a nest of curly black hair just inches in front of my face. He said nothing but began to breathe hard.

Again I heard her voice, "This is the way it is and will be from now on little James".

She was behind me, teasing my genitals.

"You are a cuckold; a little dick cuckold, and will fluff this boy's cock and he will have your girlfriend, your love, in a way she's craved for so long". "Isn't that right slave girl".

Alese's voice betrayed her passion, as she rubbed her now wet sex and blurted out, "Yes Miss".

I don't allow him this sort of treat often, so he's highly motivated, shall we say – and has been trained to help me to teach submissive boys to accept their place; and to suck cock for their Mistress!

The big male reached down and held the head up to my lips.

"You once again have a choice, boy. You can do what you've dreamed of doing for so long and become a cock sucker for a Mistress - as well as her loved possession, or you can give me your safe

word right now and get out of my home forever."

The teasing of my genitals continued as she spoke softly to me, my cock as hard as a stone in her hand.

"Oh come now little james, you know you want to do it silly boy." Roxanne laughed softly. "Just get on with it and get it over with. Don't back out at the last minute like you did with Claire!"

"Holy crap! She knew about Claire" I thought, startled, and my mind was still a little foggy between the whipping and teasing, but before I could ponder that thought she shouted into my ear.

"Open your mouth boy, and accept your place", she said, suddenly squeezing my balls hard, causing me to gasp. At that, he thrust the big, bulbous head into my mouth and placing his hand on either side of my head, held me in place, lightly pumping.

The thick head of his cock completely filled my mouth, and I couldn't speak. I tried to say no...no, but it just came out nnnnnnnnnuuuu...nnnnnnnuuuu. I couldn't move my head back to get away. Roxanne was just a few inches to my right, smiling and watching - took my hand, locked at the side of the padded bench. She was waiting for me to squeeze it twice, the non-verbal signal she used as a safe word.

Roxanne was right; I had fantasized about this for so long, I might as well as go along with it.

So I obeyed, and started swirling my tongue around the head, sucking.

"Oh, good boy", Miss Roxy cooed, "See Alese, I knew be would take to it like a duck to water".

As I was forced to suck him, and breathe, struggling around the thick, hardening shaft, Alese looked up, finally meeting my gaze, with a confused expression, as though she didn't understand; then closed her eyes, concentrating while her fingers played across her lower lips.

After a few more moments of using my mouth, at Ms Roxy's prompt, the bull removed his cock from my mouth, turned around and joined Alese on the comfortable chaise. Over the course of the next 40 minutes, I watched from only a few feet away, as she got the fucking of her life. At first he was on top of her, pinning her down, legs splayed wide, his dark brown skin in such contrast to her white creamy complexion; ass pumping and balls slapping against her pink asshole while she moaned loudly, "Fuck me Sir!!" Then, removing all doubt that what she was doing was completely voluntarily, she rode him – moving her hips sensuously to impale herself upon his thick shaft again and again, hair flying as she bounced, and moaned loudly. He made her come violently several times.

Roxanne sat alongside me in a comfortable chair she had pulled up. "Enrique is a dear, good friend, stubby, and a prize submissive. He's actually a law student here in town, from the Dominican Republic, and is from a very good family." I watched, as she continued to ride his enormous, veiny cock, his balls hanging down and swaying as Alese rode him, rolling her hips upon it in rhythmic motion. "He doesn't live with me, but has become a very close, trusted friend of our family, and I'm sure will use her often. He is marvelous, and she is so enjoying it, isn't she?"

Just then Enrique roared and held her tightly as he obviously emptied his load into her. She writhed in his arms, moaning in orgasm once again, both of them shiny with sweat, kissing him intensely in the final throes of their shared pleasure.

When it was all over they lay together like lovers, whispering to each other and laughing. I felt a powerful pang of regret, pain and jealousy.

Finally, he returned, once again saying nothing, but slapped my face hard several times and gestured that I was to lick his cock and balls clean. You could tell he understood his role well, making me reach with my tongue to clean underneath his balls. Alese sat up smiling; still in the glow of her orgasms, watching intently with that same confused, look while I licked every bit of love juices from his genitals.

I could taste her, along with the salty, musky seed of the bull. I didn't dare resist; Miss stood by holding her cane in one hand, and my stiff little dick in her other hand cooing, "Good boy, clean his cock and balls with your slave tongue. You're my good little cocksucker now".

It was true. I had watched my girlfriend, whom I loved, being ravaged by another man, with her loving it, only a few feet in front of me; a real man with a big penis, all the while sporting a stiff little boner. I had sucked him to prepare him to use her, and in so doing I had become a service cuckold. It was just that simple, and I could never deny it again. I was from that moment on a cock sucker for a Mistress.