

PATRICK RICHARDS



ADULT  
EDUCATION

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Adult Education

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## Introduction

Every once in a while something dramatic happens that changes your life forever. A few lucky people win the lottery and have more money than they can possibly spend. For others the event is just as wonderful like the birth of a child or even falling in love. Sometimes a sudden death in the family or a terrible disease is the incident that alters their lives.

One evening Rudy Fisher had one of those moments. It was just out of the blue when he took up a woman's offer to stop at a local pub for a drink after a class at the local community college. It was innocent enough, but he had been attracted to her from the first time he laid eyes on her earlier in the evening. She was really good looking with auburn hair, a long, slender body and beautifully shaped breasts. They weren't those big double D's that some guys ogle over. To Rudy they were perfect, and he was definitely interested.

After just one drink, he took her offer of going back to her apartment for a wild sexual encounter. That was the moment. That seemingly innocent decision caused him to give up everything and surrender himself to her, becoming her sex slave and pain slut for the rest of his life.

Like any normal 24 year old male, his little brain did most of the thinking. Being so small and with no conscience, it never sees the negative part of anything. It wants what it wants and blots out all normal reasoning. You see, Rudy was out of his league, but he wanted what she had to offer. He was naïve about life as well as women. He was a closet masochist and lover of porn - femdom porn in particular. Rudy had a secret fantasy of kneeling at a woman's feet and letting her brutally whip his naked ass. He dreamed of being the slave to a beautiful, sadistic Mistress. That night he found her.

He would soon learn that she used and abused her lovers, leaving them no way out. It only took her a few

months to totally destroy him, taking away every semblance of his previous life. From bondage to severe punishments, he endured it all including sessions of whipping, ball busting, cross dressing, public humiliation and anal sex - all leading up to the Grand Finale.

## Chapter One

“How many of you have started writing your first novel?” the instructor asked.

Five others besides me raised our hands.

You see, I had enrolled in a creative writing class at the local junior college. It was an adult education evening course entitled “Writing Your First Novel” being offered to the community. Tonight was the first night of the class.

“That’s great. Well, I’m MaryAnn Schneider, and I’ll be your instructor for the next twelve weeks. During that time I hope to give you both guidance and encouragement in writing your first novel. Before we actually get started, let me give you a word of advice. Writing a book is not easy. It’s a long, arduous task with many, many failures.

“Now you might ask, ‘What do I know about writing a novel?’ To date, I have published sixteen novels and three books of short stories. At this point in my career I find it rather easy compared to the time when I wrote my first one. That book took me three long, agonizing, hair-pulling, nail-biting years. Sometimes I got so frustrated that I didn’t even open my computer for weeks at a time. I had what is commonly called writer’s block. Then there were the nights when I’d say, ‘I’ll finish this paragraph and then quit for the night.’ The next time I looked at the clock, it was three in the morning and five more pages were filled with type. And when it was finally done, it took me two more years to find a publisher that was willing to take a chance on a new, unknown author. But over the past few years I figured out a method that works for me, and I plan on sharing it with you.

“So, to get started I’d like each of you to introduce yourselves. Please tell us a bit about yourself and what type of book you are trying to write. We’ll begin with those of you who have already started writing. Who’d like to go first?”

A middle aged woman with chestnut brown hair pulled up high in tight bun stood up. She wore a dark colored,

unrevealing dress that covered most everything from her neck to just below her knees.

“Hi... ah.... I’m Harriett Williams. I’m the head librarian at the city library, and I am writing an historical novel about my great, great grandfather, Tom Horn, Jr. He was a bounty hunter in the wild west who became a Pinkerton Detective and eventually a killer-for hire and violent murderer.”

“Great.... So your non-fiction book basically contains factual material.”

“Yes, but not entirely. Some of the stories I include might be considered folklore. They are things that were told to me by some of my relatives over the years.”

“That’s fine, Harriett. Just make sure you separate fact from fiction. Adding some of the family legends may make for some very interesting reading.”

“Thank you... and you can call me Harri with an i.”

“Well, that sort of let’s her hair down just a little,” I thought, even if she doesn’t dress the part. But what do you expect from a librarian who only whispers anyway?

Next to stand was a stunning red headed woman with not large but perfectly shaped breasts that stuck right up and pointed at you. She was tall and rather slender with long shapely legs and appeared to be in her mid-twenties.

“Hi. My name’s Susanne Fredericks, and I own the Red Dragon Bookstore here in town. Dealing with books all day, I thought I might try to write a novel. I like fiction and thought I’d do something sexy and a little more off color than normal.”

“So you want to write porn,” Miss Schneider added with a smile.

“Yea, but I was a little hesitant to just say it on our first night here.”

“Oh never be embarrassed about what you write. Most people can’t form a good sentence let alone write a book. A lot of famous authors have started out by writing porn. It’s an easier way of getting published because porn sells. By

writing a few sex-filled novels and having them published, you'll find it much easier to find a mainstream publisher that is willing to look at your work. Be proud of what you write. Who knows? You might end up being famous in a different sort of a way."

I looked at Susanne a little more intently after that. She had dark green eyes that glistened like emeralds. Yup, she was definitely into sex. She obviously has potential. She had my interest for sure.

I stood up next. "Hi, I'm Rudy Fisher. I'm the assistant director of admissions at Northampton College. I'm presently working on a murder-mystery novel that takes place along a hiking trail in the mountains."

"That sounds interesting. The only problem I see is the limited number of characters that might be involved in the plot. Who's your main character?"

"A twenty year old college coed named Julie Abrams. Her boyfriend is the one who is murdered."

"It certainly has some potential. Do you hike or know enough about the woods to make it interesting but not boring?"

"Yes... I hike a lot and have spent a great deal of my life wandering the mountains and forests."

"When we get into discussing the development of your main character, we can discuss another potential problem you might encounter. Okay, who's next?"

At that point I quickly glanced over at Susanne. She noticed me looking at her breasts. Quickly I lowered my head and then looked back at the instructor.

There were eleven of us all together. Each one introduced themselves and told what they wanted to write. One woman wanted to write romance novels. An older fellow was working on a spy novel, while the guy next to him liked true crime. Then the instructor gave us next week's assignment.

"Many authors find that it's far easier to write a novel if you become your main character. That works very well for



me. You start your book and let it lead you along. If you try to outline the book, you are limiting yourself to a defined script, but if you totally immerse yourself into your main character, even becoming that person in your mind, the story will lead you where it wants to go. I find that most of the time the book develops a life of its own.

“Last year I had a student who told me she hadn’t started writing her book yet, because she couldn’t figure out how to end it. Trust me... you can’t end it if you’ve never started it.

“So, next week we’re going to start developing your main character. Instead of coming here on campus, we will meet at Dion’s Bistro on 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue at our usual time. Does everyone know where it is? My brother owns it, and it’s always closed on Mondays. He’ll make an exception for us. I want each of you to come dressed up and be that person who is your main character. Throughout the entire evening you will be that person. I want you to think and act like your main character, not who you are now.”

I snuck a glance at Susanne and noticed her looking at me with a sexy grin. Again I looked down at my notes.

“Now for those who haven’t started your book, you must have some idea what you want to write or you probably wouldn’t be here. Use any spare time you have this week to identify your main character and see what you come up with. Drinks and hors d’oeuvres will be provided, but if you want anything alcoholic, it will be available for a very reasonable charge.

“Rudy, it’s going to be interesting to see how you’ll handle this assignment.”

Everyone laughed a little, knowing the dilemma I was in.

Again I snuck a look at the redhead. Again she caught me, making me turn away.

“Are there any questions?” she asked.

No one raised their hands, even though I wanted to.

My eyes were quickly drawn back towards Susanne. For some reason I could sense that she was looking at me. She had a real intriguing grin on her face, as she made direct eye contact with me. She knew what I was feeling. She could feel my apprehension, as I quickly realized that I had to dress up and be a twenty year old woman next week. Wow! I may be a little kinky, but I'm not really into cross dressing, especially being on display for her and the entire class.

"Oh, for those who have started their book, bring along something you've written to share with the class. If you haven't started your book, write something about your main character. Okay, see everyone next week at the pub."

As the class started to leave, Susanne walked directly over to me.

"I can't wait to see you all dressed up in drag. Got anything hidden in your closet that you can wear?" she asked.

"Not really."

She laughed, figuring that I wasn't telling her my little secret.

"I'm going down to that little bar on the corner and have a drink. Meet me there in fifteen minutes so we can discuss it. I doubt you have anything else planned for the rest of your night?"

"No, I've got nothing to do. I'd like that."

"Oh I knew you would. Meet you there shortly. I can help you out with your costume for next week as well," she chuckled. "It'll be fun dressing you up in my bra and panties and maybe even adding a little make-up. You'll like that, won't you?"

I didn't say anything, as I looked down at her feet.

"Well, I didn't hear an answer."

"Yes," I whispered.

She chuckled to herself.

As we left the classroom, I wondered where this was going other than Lefty's Bar and Grill. Women like her don't normally pick up guys like me. Oh it's not that I'm not good looking, but I'm well.... I wasn't one of the popular guys in school. I wasn't a jock either. I was never in the click. Yet I always was attracted to girls like her - the prettiest in the class, the head cheerleader, the one with the best body. A lot of good it did me. I was always turned down and rejected. Then there was the humiliation of the whole ordeal. I was picked on by everyone for even thinking I even had a chance to score a date with one of them. So, why was she asking me out for a drink? She's definitely out of my league.

But, there is something about her that really seems to intrigue me. Sure she was definitely attractive, but there was something very different about her. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I guess time would tell.

Before long I was walking into the dimly lit bar. Susanne was already there and had ordered us each a drink.

"Thanks," I said, as I took a seat opposite her at the small wooden table. "What we drinking?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"Not really. I was just wondering," I replied, as I took a sip. "Tastes like Jack and coke."

"I guess you know your liquor."

We made some small talk for a bit to get to know each other. She was from Philly and got her Master's Degree in Psychology from Rutgers University.

"So tell me," I asked, "how does a person with a degree from such a prestigious university end up owning a bookstore?"

"You never know where life's road may lead you. It has a strange way of changing, controlling and challenging us each and every day. Besides, what difference does it make? Why don't we finish our drinks and head back to my place and see where this journey leads."

“Aren’t we rushing things just a little?”

“Tell me, haven’t you ever picked up a good-looking girl in a bar that you really wanted to fuck, even though you’ve never met her before – and before the night was out – you did?”

“Ah... ah... I guess so.”

She laughed at my response.

“Isn’t it just a little bit obvious that I want to take you home and fuck your brains out for the rest of the night?”

“Well... since you put it that way.”

She laughed again, as we finished our drinks and headed out the door.

I was a little shocked. Why me? What vibe did I send out that attracted her?

Susanne had a beautiful apartment over the bookstore. We parked in the rear and entered up a back stairway.

We walked into a beautiful modern kitchen, but she led me right into her main living area.

“There’s a bar over there on the left. Mix us each a drink while I get out of these clothes,” she instructed me.

“What would you like to drink?” I asked, as she headed for the stairs.

“Whatever you’re having will be fine. Come on upstairs when you have them ready. And don’t dillydally too long or I’ll have to start my little games by myself.”

“She certainly doesn’t waste any time, does she?” I whispered silently to myself, realizing she always gets what she wants.

Before long I was anxiously ascending the curved staircase to her bedroom. I could feel a tingling in my balls and my cock was starting to get a little harder. I thought I knew what lay ahead, boy was I surprised. On a king-sized bed with black satin sheets a goddess lay waiting. She was totally naked and in a position so her pussy was hidden by her leg and her arm covered much of her breasts.

I smiled with eager anticipation of where this night was going.

“Well, you going to give me my drink and get undressed or just stand there and stare?”

I handed her the drink and put mine on the nightstand when something shiny caught my eyes. Two rings of steel, connected by a short chain lay there waiting. For some reason I couldn't take my eyes off of them. Instantly I started to get hard, and without thinking I adjusted my jeans to ease the pressure.

“What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?”

“Ah... ah....”

She laughed. “Why don't you get those clothes off and get that tongue busy. I'm horny as hell and need you to satisfy me. We'll definitely get to those handcuffs a little later. Right now your needs will have to wait.”

I slid down my jeans as my now fully erect cock tented out my boxer briefs.

“What's got you so excited - the treasure between my legs or the restraints on the nightstand?”

“Both I guess.”

“I'm glad, 'cause I like my guys locked up tight so I can control them. Will you let me do that to you? Can I put you in chains and keep you forever?”

“Anything you want,” I responded.

“Anything? I guess we'll see about that in a little while. Now shed the shorts and get busy.”

Quickly I yanked down my underwear, letting all seven hard inches of my manhood bob up and down. She moved to the side of the bed and waited as I hustled in.

“On your back big boy. You'll learn that we always do things the way I like it, understand? Your wants and desires never matter and will always be the least of my concern.”

I think my hard dick twitched when she said that, and she definitely noticed.

As I started to speak, she pushed her wet, hungry nether lips down on my face, while facing down towards my cock.

“Bring me, and don’t stop until I tell you.”

Immediately my tongue lunged into her honey hole. I savored the heavenly scent and the wonderful taste of her lust charged pussy. I worked all the way up and down her delicate slit, licking and probing her love tunnel with all my might.

Suddenly her hand grasped my hard throbbing rod and briskly rubbed it up and down. On and on she went, tightly squeezing and roughly twisting its tender flesh. Moments later I felt her lips on me, as her tongue licked and flicked its tip around my cockhead. Slowly she slid her lips down my shaft until my cock hit the back of her throat, and then ever so slowly she rode it up and down, ever sucking and licking me, letting her teeth scratch and dig their way along the entire length of my pecker.

For some reason her almost violent attack on my manhood excited me. Every time she let up even just a little I wanted more, and she gave it to me. She knew what I needed.

While she continued to make my balls churn, my lip-covered teeth firmly grasped onto her hard clit and beat it with my tongue.

She pulled her mouth from my dick and moaned, “Not yet. I expect this to take a while. I’ll let you know when you can go there.”

Immediately I continued my tongue fucking and deep probing while she continued sucking my cock. At one point I moved back a little and ran my tongue around her other hole, pushing it in and out of her tight, little rosebud. A pleased moan escaped her lips. I continued to probe and lick that nether region as she ground her beautiful ass against my face. After another minute or so, she stopped once more.

“Don’t you dare blow,” she warned me. “I know you’re getting really close, but not yet. A real man always satisfies the woman first. This isn’t just some ‘wham, bam, thank you Ma’am’ fuck where you get your rocks off and I’m left wanting. I’ll let you blow your worthless balls when I’m damn good and ready and not before. Guys like you have to earn the right to cum, and you’re a long ways from that. You’re here for my pleasure not yours.”

I heard her but knew there was going to be no way of holding it back if she continued this much longer. Every time her lips slid down my pecker and back up I was driven closer to cumming. I tried to think of other things, but it was impossible. Then just one stroke short of ejaculation, she pulled away and gasped, “Bring me, you worthless bastard! Do it now!”

At the same time, she grabbed both my balls and roughly crushed them with her strong fists. I moaned in pain, but she continued the harsh treatment. She ground her pussy harder against my face as my tongue beat her swollen, little clit.

“M - o - r - e... harder, asshole... harder!” she screamed, ever twisting and squeezing my testicles. The pain took away my need to blow, while I struggled to satisfy her. Suddenly she squealed in ecstasy. Her moans of pleasure echoed off the walls of her boudoir. Her girl cum flowed freely onto my lips, and I drank every sizzling drop she offered.

When she finally came down from her sexual high, I begged, “Please let me cum.”

“Not yet, little guy. You’re far from done satisfying me. As I said a few moments ago, you’ll have to earn that pleasure and endure the pain I cause you before you can cum. I’ll consider your needs after you have brought me a few more times if I think you’re worthy. But let’s finish that drink before we continue.”

She got up while I retrieve our drinks. We sat there with our backs against the head board and sipped the whiskey from the glasses. I looked down at my cock as it softened slightly. It was red from all the rough action she had given it.

Slowly I put my hand over and gently tweaked her left nipple. It was firm and stuck up proudly on her pear shaped breast. I passionately nibbled on her neck and kissed her lips while I fondled her tits for a few more minutes before she pushed me away.

Finally our drinks were done. Susanne got up, took our glasses and headed into the bathroom.

“Be back in a sec,” she whispered.

When she returned, she had me change my position. I slid down on the bed and stretched my arms and legs out into the spread eagle stance that she demanded. She encircled each of my wrists and both my ankles with strong, thick, black leather manacles. My cock immediately got harder and came right to attention. She smiled as each cuff was snugly secured before being hooked to solid, steel cables that extended from the corners of her bed. Then using a remote from her bedside table, she pushed the button and stretched me tight. The cables slowly retracted into the massive posts of her bed, making any movement or escape totally impossible.

“Comfy?” she asked.

“I’m okay, but you sure like playing little games, don’t you?”

“Oh, my dear submissive fellow... you have no idea, but trust me, this is no game. I like to make love in a certain way. You’ll see.”

It felt strange. I was hers to do with as she pleased. I couldn’t stop her, and God knows, I didn’t want to. It was different than anything I’d ever experienced. For some reason it excited me, and I wanted more, much more.

“Now we will continue where we left off. You’ll slowly bring me to several more earth shaking orgasms, never



stopping unless you're told differently. During that time I will continue rubbing your little peter, to keep you right on the very edge, ready to cum. But you won't. It's not allowed, is it?"

I didn't say anything.

"Is it!"

"No."

"No, what?" she said emphatically, as she squeezed my nuts extra hard.

"No, Mistress," I struggled to say an octave higher than normal.

"That's right. I'm your Mistress, and you're my new slave. You like it that way, don't you?"

"Yes," I whispered while nodding my head.

She had a rather sadistic grin on her face. "That's good, because women are meant to dominate men. Lowly creatures like you are destined to serve and obey your superior Goddesses. You've been a submissive for most of your life, always wanting a woman to rule your life, but didn't know how to find one. I bet you like to read all those Femdom stories on the internet, wishing you were that guy that's tied up and beaten, don't you slave?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you want me to make you that person, making you experience everything you've read and even more?"

I started to answer when she stopped me.

"Wait, let me finish. Are you willing to give up everything to be my personal slave? You'll walk down a path with no possible return. I will change you so completely that when you look into a mirror, the person you are now won't be looking back."

My cock was throbbing and getting harder, ready to explode without even being touched as those thoughts resonated in my mind. "Yes, yes, yes," I wanted to scream, yet I remained quiet.

“Are you willing to surrender your life to me and let me do all those things to you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She laughed, knowing how naive I was about the life I was about to enter.

“Do you have a girl friend?”

“No, we broke up several weeks ago.”

“I’m not surprised, and that’s good, because you belong to me now. I own you. I am the only woman that is important to you from now on. You’re my slave, my personal property to do with as I please. You’ll like that though, won’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She laughed. “I knew you would. I could feel your need to be dominated and controlled from the very beginning. It was obvious by the way you looked at me so many times tonight in class. I sensed your need to want me and serve me.

“You want me to be your Mistress and control you, don’t you slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Oh, you poor, weak, little boy.... You have no idea what you got yourself into tonight, but you’ll soon find out, and that should scare the living hell right out of you. I will demand your complete submission and total obedience - nothing less.”

Before I could say anything, she planted her pussy lips on my face and bit down hard on the end of my dick. I’m sure her teeth left marks on my most tender flesh.

“Get busy, slave! Make me happy.”

Our love making seemed to never end. The little minx had an insatiable appetite for those tongue induced orgasms. Her howls of joy and pleasure deafened my screams of pain as she tortured my cock and balls. As her orgasms roared through her, she twisted, ground, and beat my poor nuts with all her might. She enjoyed hurting them. Between those episodes of sexual pleasure she rubbed my

poor pecker harder and harder, making my tender cock skin red and raw from the constant pressure of her hands while keeping me hard and ready but never letting me cum. She was a master at the edging. Over and over she was joyfully satisfied, and I was left teetering on the precipice of pleasure, never being allowed to go over the edge. I was denied an orgasm. I craved that pleasure. I needed to cum. I wanted to blow my rocks so badly. My balls were overly full, ready to spew forth my juice as she brought me to that desired threshold of ecstasy at least a dozen more times. Silently I begged for relief, but I was always left wanting.

She finally climbed off my face, but my tears of pain and constant denial were still evident.

“You’re really good with that tongue. I guess I’ll keep you around for a while. Don’t go anyplace. I’ll be back in a while.”

I lay there and wondered what I had got myself into. I guess I’d just have to wait and find out, and that wasn’t very long.

She took our drink glasses and disappeared downstairs to the bar. But upon her return I noticed she had just one drink in her hand. It was rather full. She sipped it, as she went to her closet and got several strange, yet interesting items.

“Now, I want you to open your mouth so I can gag you. You can’t stop me, so don’t even try.”

When I opened my mouth, she pushed a large red ball into it. It took a bit of force, but it finally lodged deep in my mouth, behind my teeth. A strap protruded from each corner of my lips and was tightly buckled around my head, making it impossible to speak, let alone spit it out. Heck, the ball wouldn’t have come out that easily any way.

Next she held up a shiny metal device that looked something like a small cage.

“You know what this is?”

I shook my head back and forth even though I knew exactly what it was. I'd looked at them many times on the internet and even thought of buying one.

"Oh, I bet you do. Guys like you who don't get it very often fantasize about getting locked into one of these while someone else holds the key. It's a chastity cage. I'm going to lock it on your cock and balls so that I have complete control of your little dicklet from now on. I will keep the key and only unlock it when it suits my needs, never yours. You'll quickly find that hard-ons are impossible and trying to have one will be rather painful. It will keep you from playing with yourself or jerking off. You do like to masturbate, don't you?"

She looked at me, as I slowly nodded my head up and down agreeing with her.

"I bet before tonight you spanked your little monkey at least three or four times a day - maybe even more, didn't you?"

Again I nodded.

"Not any more, wimp. That pleasure is a thing of the past. No more hard-ons, no jerking off, no blowing your useless little balls and no fucking - ever! The only sex you'll get anymore will be using your tongue on my pussy and satisfying my needs. You see... with this cage your cock and balls, hell... you're entire body belong to me. Only I can remove it. I will have complete control of all your thoughts and actions and those will be to please me. I am your Mistress, your Goddess, your owner. You are just my lowly slave. You'll go about your normal life but be completely controlled by me. Being locked up and denied any sexual release will make you very willing to serve. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

Eagerly I nodded my head in agreement.

"Good... but don't worry, I'll remove it regularly, so I can get you nice and hard and take you right to that very edge so many painful times, but never allowing you the wonderful

pleasure of an orgasm. You see, slave... you aren't worthy of that pleasure. Only real men get to do that. Maybe I'll let you cum in a month or so or maybe never. Who knows, and besides you, who cares? And during that time you will suffer with the constant agony of overly full, blue balls. Your worthless nuts will be so full and ache from the constant pressure that will build up inside them for days and weeks to come, as you lick my pussy and show me your obedience. You don't mind suffering for me that way, do you slave?"

I looked up at her with pleading eyes. I had often thought of wearing such a cage, but never got the nerve to buy one. Besides, who could I ever get to hold the key? I guess now I'll be wearing one, and my Mistress will hold the key. The thought of that scared me just a little.

"You'll do that for me, won't you, slave?"

I nodded in agreement.

"Now, let me give you your one and only warning. Listen very carefully and etch it in your mind. You will never, let me repeat that so you thoroughly understand it. You will never ask me to release you from this cage. You will never ask me to let you cum. You will only do it when I see fit. Your sexual needs are not my concern. From now on only my needs and desires matter and making you my ever-wanting, sex-deprived slave is one of them. If you break this rule, the consequences will be far worse than you can ever imagine. Understand?"

I nodded once more.

Then she laid a bag of ice on my genitals and waited for it to do its thing. She continued to discuss my situation and when her drink was finally gone, she removed the ice. My cock and balls had gone into hiding. She lifted up my shrunken junk and closed a wide metal ring around everything. It tightly circled my cock and balls. After clicking it shut, she held up a shiny metal tube and applied some lubricating gel to its outer surface. Then she took hold of my penis and slowly pushed the two inch long, hollow, curved

metal tube down inside my urethra. It was a little too big and filled my piss hole completely, hurting just a bit. Then my cock was pushed into a curved metal cage made of studded stainless steel rods that was far too small to fit comfortably. The piss tube snapped into an oval shaped opening in the end of the cage. Once everything was lined up and in place, a cylinder type lock was added, locking the whole evil thing in place. I realized that there was no possible escape without the key. I was her prisoner with my manhood locked away in solitary confinement. I was hers to do with as she pleased.

“You’ll get used to it after a while. You’ll probably find that the only way to pee is by sitting down, but the urethral tube will keep it from splashing or spraying all over when you go.”

“But the cage is not all the pain you’ll endure. Not only will I torment your nuts on a regular basis, I’ll whip your ass and torture you, causing you unfathomable pain. You see, I’m very sadistic when it comes to my slaves. You’ll satisfy that need. I’ll get off from the pain I’ll eagerly give you. After all you’re my pain slut as well. Do you like pain, slave?”

“Wait a minute... why don’t I remove your gag so you can speak.”

When it was pried from my jaws, she asked again, “Do you like pain?”

“A little,” I said sheepishly.

She laughed. “The word little isn’t in my vocabulary other than referring to your worthless dick. Causing you a lot of pain will turn me on and give me pleasure. But, you want to suffer for me, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I knew you would. Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it after a while,” she said with a sweet little grin, “but if not, who cares?”

Finally I was released from the bed. I didn’t say a word until she spoke.

“Do you want another drink before you go?”

“Please, Mistress. I think I need one.”

“Then go get us each one.”

When I got back upstairs, she had me kneel beside her bed as we drank.

“You’ll spend a lot of time on your knees. That is your place in life. I know this whole thing is completely new to you, but trust me, you’ll adjust. It will take a little time. The hours you’ll spend worshipping my pussy will make it all worthwhile. You’ll see.

“So, what is your daily schedule?”

“I work for eight until three-thirty, Monday through Friday.”

“That’s fine, but remember this. It is very important. You are never to call me or contact me or even stop into my store for any reason what so ever. Only I will contact you, so give me your cell phone number. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You are at my beckoning call - twenty-four / seven. If I need anything, you will come as quickly as possible. Anything you are doing is unimportant to me.

“Now on Wednesday afternoon you will come here right after work. On the back door there will be some instructions that you will need to follow. So, gather your stuff, get dressed and head home. We both need our sleep.”

“Can’t I stay here?”

“Are you a fucking idiot? Never does a guy stay over on a first date. A real man would know better than to even ask. Obviously you lack the experience of a real player. I get the feeling you haven’t been with a lot of women.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

As I started to dress she grabbed my underwear.

“Here slave, wear these instead. With no penis, you’re no longer a man.”

She handed me the dark purple panties she had worn all day. As I stepped into them and pulled them up, I could feel