

## Quickie #35

### Strapped In Silk

The kettle sent up its shrill whistle announcing the water was boiling and ready. Kaitlyn removed it from the burner, setting it aside and letting the water calm before she poured and prepared the tea. As she waited, she finished arranging the platter of snacks and pastries for herself and her next-door neighbor. She went about the mundane tasks nervously. Her anxiety was prompted by the taboo topic she would soon broach.

“Are you sure you don't want a hand?” Marcy asked from the table.

“Nope! It's no trouble” Kaitlyn spoke over her shoulder. “Milk and sugar?”

“Yes, please.”

The young blonde whipped her long hair aside before taking up the kettle and pouring the water. She allowed the chamomile tea bags to steep a while before removing them and adding a bit of creamy sweetness to each cup. When all was ready, she carried over the snack tray, followed by the tea.

“It's nice to see you again. For something other than tax season, I mean.”

Kaitlyn snickered and nodded. She set Marcy's cup and saucer down before the seated and smiling brunette. “Yeah, it's been a while. I'm glad you could stop by.”

“Oh, it's my pleasure” she replied. Marcy reached for a scone as Kaitlyn took her seat. “How's business?”

“This is the slowest part of the year for me” the blonde answered. “There's always some extensions and quarterlies to work on, but once May rolls around, I'm practically on vacation for a few months.”

Kaitlyn was a CPA only five years out of school. She was still establishing a strong base of clients, but her workload increased steadily every year. Among her first customers were her neighbors, Marcy and Collin. They lived on the other side of the two-story twin home. A single large wall separated their dwellings. They each had their own driveway and yard space, but their homes were still fundamentally part of the same building.

“Ah, so it's a little like being a teacher. You get to enjoy the long summer” Marcy remarked. “Collin's job is kinda like that too. He'll have crunch times that last for weeks or months. Once his latest contract is done, sometimes he'll get long stretches of down time between gigs.”

Collin was a independent computer programmer who worked from home. Marcy, on the other hand, was more grounded in the old world of physical goods. She owned a small antique shop in town. Though she preferred dealing with customers in person, much of her business was now done online as well. Due to the nature of their work, the couple's tax situation was more complicated than most. It was

a happy coincidence when a CPA bought the other half of the twin home they'd invested in.

“How nice for him. And you! How's Collin doing, by the way?”

“Oh, he's fine. Same as ever. A little tied up recently, but that's not unusual. What about your boyfriend?”

“Boyfriend?”

“That nice young man you brought to our Christmas party?”

“Dylan? He was a dud. Didn't last through January.”

“Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.”

“It's alright” she said between sips of tea. “It wasn't meant to be. There was a surface level attraction, but after I got to know him, we couldn't be less compatible. Just like every other guy I've dated since college.”

“I know it's frustrating, but time is on your side. You're not even thirty yet. I'm sure the right one will come along” Marcy reassured her before finishing her scone.

“I hope so. I envy what you and Collin have.”

Marcy was in her early forties, a woman who'd just reached middle age but didn't look it. The curvy brunette had taken good care of herself. Her husband was a good bit her junior. Still a young man in his thirties, somewhere between Marcy and herself. Kaitlyn liked the idea of dating a younger man, but at her age the vast majority of younger men were still too immature.

“I suppose we've done well. Collin is a great guy and I'm happy with our marriage. Still, I find every man needs some training. No matter how compatible, courteous or well-mannered they are on the surface. That was certainly the case with him.” Marcy flashed her a knowing smirk as they commiserated over the cruder sex.

Kaitlyn bit her lip. This was it. The perfect time for the segue. If she was going to go through with this, it was now or never.

“It's funny you say that, because it's kind of the reason I invited you over. Well, one reason, anyway!” She stammered. “I don't mean it was the only reason.”

Marcy sipped her tea and set the cup back in its saucer. She leaned back in her chair and her left eyebrow arched. “What is?”

The young blonde looked away briefly and ran a hand through her hair. “Oh god, this is so embarrassing... And I hope not too inappropriate--”

The older woman watched her hem and haw before their eyes met again. “Whatever it is, spit it out, dear.”

“I, ummm... I know, or rather, I have some idea, what you and Collin get up to.”

“Get up to?” Marcy crossed her arms over her suit jacket. “What do you mean?”

“I hear you two sometimes. Well, Collin especially. He can be quite loud when you...”

Marcy's eyes practically bugged out of her head. “Oh... Oh no!” She turned and looked at the far wall angrily. The exasperated brunette uncrossed her arms and pointed at it. “I was told that wall was soundproofed!”

“I think they lied” Kaitlyn said with a sheepish grin. “If they did insulate it, it wasn't enough.”

“I'm so sorry!” Marcy replied, holding her hands up in a plea. “If I had known--”

“No, it's ok! Really. I'm not filing a complaint or anything. In fact, I found it intriguing.”

“**Intriguing**?!?” Marcy looked out of sorts.

“And that's not the only thing. I couldn't help but notice your clothesline. How there's usually way more women's clothes on it than men's.”

Marcy looked away and cleared her throat. “Collin prefers the dryer for his things” she lied.

Kaitlyn pressed on. “And then, last Saturday, by chance, when I was out sunning in the back yard, I caught a glimpse of Collin walking by the sliding door in your kitchen.”

“Oh god...” Marcy lifted a hand to her face. Her eyes closed in dismay.

“He was, shall we say, not traditionally dressed” Kaitlyn added with a silly smile.

“I'm sorry you had to see that! I promise you, we're not exhibitionists! It was not intentional.”

“Don't be sorry. I'm not.”

Marcy could do nothing but stare back at her neighbor with mouth agape.

“I think it's great! You dominate him, right?” Kaitlyn was sure, based on the striking noises and yells of passion she'd heard many times, that no other explanation applied.

A sigh of resignation passed Marcy's lips. “Yes.”

Kaitlyn leaned forward, seemingly emboldened. “The truth is, I've wanted to explore that kind of play for a long time. I just never found the right person to do it with. In fact, every guy I've ever hinted an interest in topping has either run away or made me feel like shit for it.”

Marcy's mortified expression faded into a look of genuine sympathy. “Well, that's unfortunate. That won't do at all.”

“Again, I'm sorry if this is awkward or if I've crossed a line. But when I realized you and I had that in

common, I had to bring it up. It was eating me up every day that I didn't. Just being able to talk about it is so freeing!”

“I understand completely, dear.” Marcy raised her cup and took another sip of her chamomile brew. “What you need is a mentor.”

Kaitlyn gazed back at her, frozen in place as she waited for Marcy to elaborate. “...Do you know someone who does that sort of thing?”

“You're looking at her. I'd never turn my back on an aspiring Domme, especially one who's already a good friend. I'm at your service. So is my naughty sissy slut. We can arrange a session to go over some basics and have a little fun together. If that sounds like something you'd like?”

The overwhelmed blonde exhaled in delirious joy. “Really? Are you serious?!?”

“Absolutely. We already share so much. A wonderful house. Business dealings... Why not some fun and games, too?”

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Kaitlyn's education in the Femdom arts began slow, but accelerated quickly. In their first two sessions, after a quick primer on safety and limits, Marcy taught her the basics of impact play and bondage techniques. A ball-gagged Collin, dressed in various feminine attire, was the object of all these lessons. The accountant from next door proved to be an eager and voracious student. At that point, Marcy offered to increase their kinky meetups from once to twice a week. Kaitlyn gladly accepted.

She looked forward to each Tuesday and Friday night with growing passion. The more she learned and proved herself, the farther Marcy allowed her to go with her collared bitch boy. Over time, their activities shifted from simple training and discipline to increasingly more personal and sexual offerings.

Kaitlyn never felt pressured to engage. Marcy offered the use of her slave with no strings and promised they would never be offended if their neighbor declined to partake in a given activity. One look at the sissified Collin worshiping her bare feet or lying beneath her ass, licking away at Marcy's fleshy darkness, was more than enough to spur her on. Kaitlyn waited patiently for her turn, gladly following her mentor's lead.

Their sessions evolved into informal BDSM date nights where Collin cooked and served them dinner like a proper submissive maid. Kaitlyn and Marcy enjoyed luxurious meals and full cups of wine while Collin ate and drank little. On the night of their fifth gathering, Marcy explained why.

“Colleen never seems to have much of an appetite” she noted between bites of lamb, mustard glazed carrots and herb roasted potato bites. “Shouldn't he eat more?”

“Oh, I assure you, he's quite hungry” Marcy answered. She swirled wine around her glass while studying her sissified husband up and down. “But he needs to watch that girly figure of his. Besides, any submissive has to be careful about what they eat, depending on the activities they plan to engage

in. That's especially true tonight.”

Kaitlyn's heart rate ticked up at mention of the kinky fun to come. At long last, she would get to indulge in strapon play. Not merely trying on a harness and toy, like last time. That had been exciting enough. Marcy had texted Kaitlyn the night before and informed her that Collin would be ready to accept his first pounding from the blossoming Domina next door.

“I see. I suppose that's a small sacrifice for the joy of taking rubber cock up the ass.”

“Precisely. And he **does** so enjoy it. You could say it's his favorite thing in the world! Isn't that right, sissy boy?”

Collin bowed his head, his maid cup bristling as he looked down at the table. “Yes, Miss Marcy.”

The experienced Domme turned back to Kaitlyn. “How do you rate the meal?”

The satisfied blonde set her fork aside and took up her wine glass. “It's quite good! The lamb is nice and the sides are exquisite!”

“I think the meat was a little overcooked, personally, but it's not bad. Colleen's getting better all the time.” She turned back to her slave. “Did you hear that? What do you have to say, slut?!?”

“Thank you Miss and Madam!” Collin bowed to them both in turn.

The women chatted a while longer, teasing Collin as they cleared their plates and drained their cups. Soon the women were rising from their seats. The collared maid remained planted in his chair until his Mistress issued new orders.

“Kaitlyn and I are gonna relax in the living room while you clean up. Once the dishes are done, you're to strip, shower and make sure that cock-hungry bottom of yours is as clean as the silverware. Once you're freshened up, dress in your pink nightie with garters. Needless to say, the stockings and pink high heels go with it. When you're ready, come find us.”

“Yes, Miss Marcy!” he said with another bow and a deep shade of red entering his cheeks.

Kaitlyn watched the flustered maid rise from his chair. He gathered the dirty plates and utensils with no delay. She couldn't see it below his black and white short skirt, but she was confident there was a growing bulge in the slave's silky panties. She wondered if he was more turned on by being bossed around or from the anticipation that he would soon be taking strapon dick in one or both of his slutty holes.

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When Collin's preparations were done, he strode into the living room, a vision of satin and lace sissification. His pink heels clacked across the hardwood until he came to a stop before the seated Dommess and knelt before them. The sleek black stockings and stretchy pink fabric of his lingerie clung tightly to his body as he prostrated himself before his Mistress and her apprentice. The O-ring on the

front of his thick, pink collar jingled as he bowed his head again.

With a swing and tap of her black riding crop, Marcy ordered Collin to kiss her shoes and the bridges of her feet. Collin ducked down and planted his lips all over her short, black heels and caressed the supple flesh outlining the top of each foot with his tongue. She trailed the tip of her crop upward, guiding it over her shapely calves. Collin's mouth followed, applying a series of loving kisses to her creamy flesh until his Domina's legs disappeared into her leather skirt.

Normally, Marcy would take her time. She often initiated lighter fun and games, keeping Collin in growing, lustful suspense before moving to more intense play. Sometimes she demanded a turn of lengthy ass worship before advancing to more decadent desires. But one look over at Kaitlyn confirmed how eager the youthful Domme-in-training was to begin the main event. To Marcy, it was a look back in time at her younger self.

She grabbed Collin by his short, brown hair and pulled his hungry lips from her calves. She reached over to the end table and grabbed the chain leash, clipping it to the end of his collar in one smooth, practiced motion.

“Let's head downstairs” she announced with a playful smile.

Kaitlyn's devious grin and Collin's giddy expression were the picture of enthusiastic consent.

The trio made their way to the basement. Most of it had been converted into Marcy's home dungeon long ago. Aside from a washer, dryer and a few storage racks for supplies and other mundane belongings, the bottom floor was now a play space lined with countless naughty toys and a few custom pieces of bondage furniture.

Upon arrival, Marcy pointed to the large rubber mat in the center of the room. “Back on your hands and knees, slave!”

As Collin rushed to assume the position, Marcy looked to Kaitlyn and gestured to the pink strapon harness and matching eight inch dong sitting on the table not far away. The excited blonde turned and disrobed below the waist. Her skirt was gone in seconds, followed by her frilly, white panties.

She reached for the strapon harness, stepped into it and pulled it up her legs. As she tightened the web of leather around her hips, her anticipation multiplied. Next, she grabbed the heavy dildo, feeling its length and heft up and down. She loosened the harness just enough to insert the weighty toy before tightening the straps even more firmly around her waist. As the the cool, pliable base of the dildo pressed against her nethers, Kaitlyn let out a low murmur of arousal.

“Mmmmm...”

**\*SNAP\***

The elastic sound of rubber on flesh echoed through the dungeon as Marcy pulled a latex glove on her hand. She stalked to Collin's side and knelt down beside him.

“Kaitlyn, dear, I'm going to prep the slutty little tart at this end. Why don't you work on the other? His mouth is just as hungry for cock and there's no prep needed there!”

The now well-hung blonde turned to face Collin with a wicked grin. Her large, pink weapon protruded from her hips, its slick surface gleaming in the overhead light. "With pleasure" she replied before striding to the bitch boy's waiting face.

Kaitlyn wasted no time bring its fat tip to Collin's lips. She reached down and ran her fingers through his short, brown locks. After gliding her palms through his hair, she took a stern grip near the back of his head.

"Suck, slave!" she commanded as the thick, cool silicone plowed between his rapidly expanding lips. "I want this whole cock in your mouth by the time Miss Marcy is done!"

Collin was taken aback as much by the hard, fast intrusion as the harshness in her voice. Kaitlyn may have been a novice, but she sure didn't act like it. She lodged four inches in his face, half the full length of the thick invader, before halting her advance. It mashed his tongue to the floor of his mouth, pressed tight against the roof of his maw and stretched his cheeks around its considerable girth. Collin sucked it eagerly, muttering around its shaft as he grew accustomed to the new toy.

He'd tasted many dildos in his time. Each had its unique properties. For the most part they were similar, but a true connoisseur of rubber cock would learn the subtle differences in texture, flavor and pliability. Only then could he apply the proper suction and generate the delightful noises that both he and his Domme longed to hear.

As Kaitlyn pulled back, he wagged his tongue along the bottom and applied his first wet inhale of full suction to the fat, withdrawing schwanz. The enraptured blonde looked on, her eyes starstruck as a man sucked her strapon for the first time. She inhaled deeply before gliding the thick, saliva-smearred mass back into his waiting lips, not allowing the toy to fully exit before shoving it home.

The girthy cock plunged in deeper, burying another inch in his sucking cheeks. Its tip rammed right through his uvula and poised itself at the entrance to his throat. As he gagged for the first time, Collin felt the skilled fingers of his Mistress dive into his fleshy starfish.

Due to extensive anal training, he could take two fingers right out of the gate. His wife had conditioned him to that point and was always pushing for more. But even Collin still needed to be lubed and stretched out before he could be vigorously fucked with a full size strapon. His Domina was seeing to that, loosening up his pucker as she pistoned her index and middle finger in and out of his yielding rectum.

Soon, the sloppy sounds of enthusiastic penetration emanated from both his stuffed holes. The greasy anal lube thwacked and gicked as Marcy inserted a third finger and pumped her digits back and forth vigorously. A buildup of thick, foamy phlegm slid around the giant dildo in his mouth, slurping ever louder as Kaitlyn settled into a slow, steady, mouth fucking rhythm.

The fun had barely begun and Collin was already in heaven. He moaned around his next-door neighbor's hefty weapon, sucking her newly christened toy as it fucked his mouth for its maiden voyage. Kaitlyn's breath came faster and more ragged as her juices leaked all over the base of the dildo. Each time she thrust it home, it pressed wet rubber against her quivering quim. It brushed against her quickly rising clit repeatedly as she held his head in an ever tighter grip and shafted his mouth with growing lust.

“Mmmmm, very good! That's right, Colleen. Show Kaitlyn what a good **cock sucker** you are! You may be a naughty little **bitch boy maid**, but you **suck dick like a fucking pro!** All tarted up in your silk and lace...”

Marcy thrust into his ass aggressively. She jammed three fingers deep in his warm, hot cavern several more times before adding a fourth digit. Together, these many fingers reached the width of a good sized strapon. The sudden expansion of his tight hole prompted a pained expression from the impassioned submissive.

“**ARRGGHHMMMMPPHH!** MMRRRRPPHHHHHH!” As his Mistress coaxed Collin's back door to an increasingly wide and pleasurable opening, he groaned around Kaitlyn's thrusting phallus. The girthy, pink penis dripped with his congealed slobber each time it withdrew from his packed maw.

“**Quiet, slave!**” Marcy shouted as she pumped sticky fingers in and out of her submissive's well-lubed boy pussy. Only her latex thumb remained pointed outward as the enthusiastic Domme-wife finger fucked her overstimulated sub-hub. “Now that we have your full attention, Miss Kaitlyn and I have some news to share.”

“Yeah, listen carefully...” the enthralled blonde added as she continued to shaft his mouth.

“As you know, I've been wanting to hit the road to take part in more auction and trade shows. Now that Katy has joined our play, and proven to be such an enthusiastic and capable Mistress, I'll feel better about taking those trips. When I do, I'll be leaving you in her care.”

Collin's eyes bulged, as much from the realization of this new paradigm as the full, slamming weight of Marcy's four fingers into his brutally stretched hole. Tears began to leak from his eyes as Kaitlyn's midsection zoomed in and out of his field of vision. She was getting closer to burying that fat, pink dong all the way in his throat with every flex of her hips.

“I can't wait!” Kaitlyn exhaled between thrusts.

“Have you decided on your title yet?”

“I think I'm gonna go with Mistress Jada.”

“How nice! I'm sure that name will command the proper respect from this filthy slut. Isn't that right, Colleen?”

“**YPPHH MFFFRFFFF!!!**” he mumbled around the pumping schlong.

“Good. It's settled, then!” Marcy paused in her aggressive insertions. She gazed at Collin's lube slathered ass while considering her options. “Hmmm... he's damn close to taking my full fist. I was going to get my strapon harness, but maybe I should keep going with this instead.”

Kaitlyn's hips slowed to a stop. She gave Collin's throat a brief reprieve, just like his inflamed rim. “Whatever you're in the mood for, Miss Marcy. I'm happy where I am if you want to fist this sissy bitch!”

The devilish Domme thought about it for a moment, but ultimately shook her head. “No, I'd better not. My arm's getting tired. Besides, this filthy slave needs a good spitroasting. It's been too long.” Marcy took hold of Collin's silk covered torso and bare ass. She pushed herself up, causing him to grunt around the half of the pink dildo still lodged in his mouth.

Marcy took a look around the dungeon, scanning her racks of toys. “Shit! I left my *black Betty* upstairs along with my favorite harness! It's the biggest toy he's taken so far. I'm gonna go grab them. Be back in a few.”

Marcy's heels clicked into the distance. Collin looked up to find Kaitlyn sporting a mile-wide grin.

“Take your time!” she called out.

A few moments passed as Miss Marcy's footfalls faded up the stairs. Mistress Jada's expression grew more wild and intense the longer she stared down at Collin. Her face visibly ticked. She made a show of licking her lips before tightening her grip on his hair and shoving her fat toy to the hilt in Collin's mouth.

**“RRRRGGGHHHMMM!!!! HHHHRRRMMMM!!!!”**

The slick, pink invader plunged deep into his throat and stayed there. Kaitlyn held his face to the base of her harness, his mouth impaled on all eight inches of girthy rubber. His arms flailed, but eventually found her strong calves and thighs. He patted her warm, succulent flesh; an offense he suspected he'd be punished for later. No permission had been granted.

Kaitlyn held him there for long seconds as Collin gagged on the full length of her cock. After several loud hurking noises and sizable spasms from the sissified slut, she pulled her hips back and her fat member exited his brutally stretched mouth. A river of gooey, frothy spittle slid to the ground and slapped to the rubber mat. Collin breathed heavy and deep, gasping as Kaitlyn grabbed his leash and tugged his vision upward.

“When you serve me, you'll wear ballet shoes and a proper corset! **A tight one**. Not to mention a cage on that shameful little clitty of yours! And that's just to start. You think you know what discipline is? Looks to me like you've had it easy! You want to be a **filthy, sissified bitch**? By the time I'm done, you'll forget you were born male!”

Collin gazed up at her in awe. After a few weeks of exploration and training, her full sadism was now unleashed. Above him, a daunting, dominant demoness had been born.

“Y-Yes, Mistress Jada!”

With her strapon still dripping with Collin's spit, Kaitlyn strode around her humbled neighbor and took up position behind him. She knelt down, seizing his hips and lowering her slimy silicone schlong onto his waiting crack. The cruel woman rolled her hips back and forth, teasing him with a few strokes across the top of his trembling cheeks. She wound the leash in her hand and took a fierce grip of the shortened chain leading to his collar.

Collin's head was pulled back as the band of thick, pink leather constricted around his throat. Then he felt the tip of Kaitlyn's fat missile plunge into his well-prepped pucker.

“**AHHHHHHHHHHH!!! F-F-Fuck!**”

Its eight bulbous inches slid home with little resistance. The now-warm lube eased its passage, greasing his insides deeply as the cock bottomed out and Collin felt her leather-wrapped hips slap into his ass.

Miss Marcy descended the stairs, her even wider, longer *black Betty* bobbing before her like a harbinger of doom. When she reached the basement floor, she found Kaitlyn's fingers dug into Collin's sides, gripping him with passion. She pounded his ass savagely and taunted him without end, burying rubber dick in bent-over boy pussy like she'd been born to perform the task.

The haughty brunette smiled proudly. Collin would be in good hands whenever Marcy went away.

She sauntered to her drooling, yelping husband and brought the tip of her latex mega-dong to his open mouth. The already overwhelmed slut eyed the massive cock with trepidation as his body was jolted by Kaitlyn's forceful thrusts.

“Come now, Colleen. You know you want this! Let's show Mistress Jada what a cock-hungry slut you truly are...”

Her hips pressed forward and the even longer, thicker strapon penetrated his trembling lips. His wife didn't stop until his reddened cheeks bulged outward. Collin coughed and gagged as nine inches of her black beauty were inserted in his mouth with plenty more to go.

Collin shivered, grunted and moaned as the women at his front and back fucked him mercilessly. Fearsome lengths of rubber cock drilled in and out of his forced-open holes long into the evening. His eyes glazed over as the duo of decadent Dommies cried out in growing bliss.

Marcy's eagerness to share him with their wild and wanton neighbor was a pleasant surprise. Kaitlyn's newly revealed ferocity both scared him a little and filled him with giddy joy. Collin hovered in the valley of sub space, trapped between mountain peaks of delicious fear and deep longing for more intense domination.

In other words, it was the most thrilled he'd ever been.