

Humbled

“Very interesting” Jasmine muttered sarcastically as her pen sailed across the page. Normally she'd be taking notes, but that was no longer necessary with her current client. She had this young man figured out. In cases like his, she would often doodle while the subject was under hypnosis. Her questions would occasionally spark a new point of interest, but at this stage, they mostly confirmed her suspicions.

She knew exactly what treatment he needed. Now it was just a matter of talking him into it. Sometimes, it helped to visualize these things; to create a portrait of the future you would make manifest. Her pen came to a stop as she completed her drawing. It was a crude representation of the *alternative therapy* she would conduct with the cock-sure client resting comfortably on her couch, if all went according to plan.

“Alright, Trevor. I think we're done for now. I'm going to count to three and snap my fingers. When I snap my fingers, you will re-emerge feeling completely refreshed. Ready? One. Two. Three.”

snap

Trevor's light gray eyes opened. He stared at the ceiling as his mental fogginess cleared. It felt like he'd been sleeping for days. It wasn't sleep in the traditional sense, of course, but he felt well rested. He sat up and turned, his feet finding the floor. Trevor ran a hand through his short, blonde locks. When he looked up, the gorgeous therapist with the gleaming glasses and luscious black hair was smiling at him.

“How long was I out?”

“Quite a while. We're almost out of time.”

“Did you learn what you needed to?”

“Oh, yes. I'd say we're done with hypnotherapy for now.”

“Good, because I'm not paying a hundred bucks to take another nap.”

That wasn't fair. She'd done more than just the hypno stuff. Still, he was starting to question why he continued coming here. She wasn't even a licensed therapist. Her business card read: *Sex Therapist & Relationship Counselor*, but the only credential on her wall was a bachelor's in psychology.

A month ago, her advertisement had called out to him like a shining beacon in the night. It came along at just the right time in his life. A picture of her, one hand on her hip and the other lowering her rimmed glasses down her nose while she stared at the reader. *'Relationship trouble? Can't find a match? Be man enough to admit you need the help of a woman.'*

From the bullet points listed below that opener Trevor got the impression she specialized in treating long time loners, incels, guys who'd fallen into pick-up artist culture and other clueless dorks. He wasn't a member of any of those groups, but something about her had grabbed Trevor. Maybe it was

her eyes; dark orbs brimming with confidence that spoke wordlessly: *'Only I can help you.'*

And that wasn't her only impressive feature. Jasmine had the body of an Olympic athlete and a beauty mark to go with it. Her tight suit-coat and heavy skirt couldn't hide the muscle in her arms and thighs. Yet her skin was flawless and her features purely feminine. Her black hair flowed in sultry waves that extended well down past her shoulders.

No wonder Trevor was going to therapy for the first time in his life. If reeling guys in with sex appeal was her shtick, she probably had lots of clients. It seemed to have worked on him. That, combined with Trevor's long dry spell, is why he found himself on Ms. Jasmine Walker's couch for the third time.

“You've been patient up to this point, and I appreciate that” she replied, ignoring his petulance. “I assure you, we're going to do something more concrete next. Although, it's going to cost more than a hundred if you want my most effective treatment.”

“More?!?” he asked incredulously. “What kind of treatment are we talking about?”

The counselor chuckled as she flipped her notepad closed and set it aside. Jasmine brought the tip of her pen to her mouth and bit on it as she studied Trevor up and down.

His simple t-shirt and jeans betrayed a lack of fashion sense, but he was handsome enough. Trevor was fit and his figure filled out his clothes nicely. He would've done fine with the ladies if he wasn't such a typical dude-bro. Unfortunately, her trips into his psyche had revealed he was lacking in several areas other than fashion. Chief among them were empathy, communication and a modern understanding of the fairer sex.

Trevor had some outdated notions about relationships. This had resulted in disaster with his previous girlfriends. Without Jasmine's help, his kind were doomed in the new world. She would have to be strict with him. It would all be for the best in the end. Perhaps he'd even thank her, later, when he was a new man.

“Have you ever been to the Antilles?”

“The Antilles?”

“The archipelago in the Caribbean.”

Trevor still looked flummoxed.

“Do they not teach geography in school anymore?”

“Not much” he admitted.

“Jamaica. Cuba. The Dominican Republic. Haiti. The Cayman Islands... etc. They make up the Antilles.”

“Oh! No, can't say I have” he answered with a shake of his head.

“It's gorgeous. I go there frequently for work and play. In fact, an organization I'm affiliated with hold

retreats there regularly. We often bring clients who can benefit from more **hands on** experience.”

Trevor chuckled. “Hands on, huh? What does that mean?”

“Workshops. Role play. Deep hypnosis. Intense sensitivity training that requires a sort of... simulated relationship. It's much more **intimate** than what can be achieved in an office environment. I think you're an excellent candidate for this form of therapy.”

Jasmine's grin was as mischievous as Trevor's eyes were wide. The implications were clear. The only question was if they were genuine or if this was a smooth sales pitch to get him to some horribly dull, overpriced, new age, *personal growth* seminar.

“That does sound interesting. Tell me more.”

“If you were to come along, our sessions, outside of the workshops, would be mostly one on one. However, I should mention all of the other counselors in this group are women and we do help each other out. Sometimes its necessary to dial up the intensity. Things can get **very** interesting when multiple women are involved.”

Trevor's body temperature rose steadily. He felt like a thermometer that was about to pop and gush mercury all over the floor. He almost never sweat outside the gym, but his skin was close to breaking out in a wet sheen.

“Wow!Yeah, that does sound... intense.”

At first, Trevor thought he was going crazy when he noticed the busty counselor being more flirty with him. Jasmine had put her hands on him during this session, guiding him to the sofa and getting him in the position she wanted. She'd taken his pulse and given him a light massage, something she hadn't done in previous sessions. She was smiling and making eye contact more often. And now she was asking him to a tropical retreat.

No, he wasn't imagining things. She was into him. Jasmine likely reserved these offers for her favorite clients. Trevor had heard of sex therapists who did more than just therapy and, in truth, he'd hoped Jasmine was one of those women. Now, it seemed his patience was being rewarded. He may have hit the jackpot.

“You have no idea, but I hope to show you first hand. Our next retreat is in three weeks. These events typically run four days. I'd love to take you, assuming you're prepared.”

“Prepared?”

“Well, assuming you have a passport, you can get the time off and you can pay the entry fee.”

Trevor leaned back into the couch. “The passport is no problem. I had to get one so I could go on my senior trip to Europe. I have vacation time saved up and I should be able to get the time off if I put in for it soon. That just leaves the fee. How much are we talking?”

“Two thousand dollars.”

Trevor's eyes practically bugged from his skull. “**TWO THOUSAND?!?** For four days?”

“And three nights” she said matter-of-factly.

“Where are we staying, the **Ritz Carlton???**”

Jasmine laughed. “Nothing that fancy. Though, our group does require some *special accommodations* to put on our training. That's why it's a little pricey. And we therapists need to be paid for our time, too, of course.”

Trevor encountered his first hint of trepidation. For that kind of money, he could go to Vegas and have one hell of a weekend. He could gamble, see a number of fantastic shows and pay for the company of several women. Of course, he would feel like a loser by the end of it. That was the easy path and it wasn't going to help him with the ladies in the future.

His beautiful counselor, on the other hand, was offering a trip to the Caribbean, some kind of next-level sex and relationship therapy and she was hinting at naughty fun. It had just the right aura of mystery and class to make it more appealing than splurging on booze and hookers.

“Come now, Trevor” she spoke, interrupting his musings. “Does spending three nights with me really sound so bad?”

“No, of course not. It's just the-”

“It will be the wisest investment and the most exciting four days of your life. That's my guarantee.”

Trevor studied the sultry woman as she crossed her legs gracefully. Her breasts seemed like they were about to burst from her suit jacket. Her strong legs flexed, leading down to commanding heels. She lowered her glasses and looked at him directly, their eyes meeting like lonely strangers in the night. She'd already won.

“When you put it that way, I suppose I can't say no.”

“That's the perfect attitude” she replied, pointing at him and flashing a smile. “You'll need to cover your own air fare as well, but everything else is included. You won't have to worry about meals and such.”

“Alright. Are we having another session before the trip?”

“No, that won't be necessary. I'll be heading down early to help setup the training, so I won't see you again until then. I'll text you the details tomorrow so you can book your flight.”

“Great. Anything else I should know?”

“Yes, one thing. I'd ask that you not masturbate between now and the trip. That's very important.”

Trevor looked like he'd just been smacked in the face. “What?!?”

Three weeks without jerking it? For a guy in his late twenties? He felt like he'd just been assigned to

some hellish purgatory.

Jasmine's impish chuckle reinforced the prospect of naughty fun to come. "It's important that you enter this with the right mindset. Follow my instructions and you'll be attracting the right kind of women in no time. Trust me."

* * * * *

Trevor sat in the airport lobby, shifting uncomfortably in the rigid seat as he waited for his flight to begin boarding. It had been several long weeks of blue-balled anticipation, but the day had come and he would soon be taking his first trip to the Caribbean.

He lamented that he couldn't put in his ear buds and ignore the noise around him, but he didn't want to miss an important announcement and get caught with his pants down. Trevor scrolled through his socials leisurely, barely paying attention to the usual stream of bullshit news and mediocre memes. It was mostly to give his hands something to do. His mind was fixated on the next four days.

Would this trip be a massive disappointment and a total waste of time and money? The best long weekend of his life? Something in between?

A series of futuristic beeps blared through his phone's speakers, letting Trevor know he had an incoming call. The pop-up notification read: Jasmine Walker. He smiled and hit the accept button.

"Hello, Miss Walker."

"Heya! I caught you before the flight, huh?"

"Yeah, I'm waiting for it right now. Should be boarding soon."

"Awesome! I've been here for a couple days. The weather is perfect and the hotel is prepped. This is going to be a great event!"

"Sweet. I'm looking forward to it."

"I bet you are. I'm glad you picked up on my hints and agreed to come."

"You were laying it on pretty thick. Only a total idiot wouldn't have caught on."

"Yes, well, I don't like to be too obvious, but some guys can be pretty oblivious. Not you, though. You're clearly ready for some advanced training. By the time I'm done, you'll have to fight the ladies off with a stick."

"I have no interest in fighting them off. There's plenty of me to go around."

"Oh-ho! Bold words. We'll see if you can live up to them. Have a good flight, lover boy. And check your email. I just sent a pic."

'Whoa! 'Lover boy.' It's on for sure! Don't overreact... Play it cool.'

“Will do. See you soon, pretty lady.”

He heard Jasmine giggle before hanging up. Trevor quickly banished his phone app and switched to his email. Sure enough, there was a message awaiting him from the sultry counselor.

The picture loaded and he barely recognized the woman who'd been his therapist for two months. Her dark hair was done up in a high ponytail. Her makeup was much more pronounced with dark shadow, prominent eyeliner and ample blush adding color to her cheeks. Her blue eyes sparkled as she gazed into the camera.

She'd posed for the selfie with one hand on her wide hips, just like in the ad. Jasmine wore a sleeveless leather top that molded to her curves wonderfully. In stark contrast to her conservative persona at the office, she looked wild and ready to head to a nightclub.

Jasmine smiled and held up two fingers in the classic *peace* sign. That was the most common association, though Trevor knew in many parts of the world it instead meant '*V for victory*.' It had formerly been a post World War II gesture of celebration, but now was used more as a statement of cute playfulness.

'Goddamn, she looks amazing! And she obviously wants in my pants. I definitely made the right call.'

He gawked at the photo until a woman announced his flight over the intercom. The plane was boarding. It was time to takeoff for paradise.

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After disembarking and a long cab ride, Trevor found himself in the hallway of a swanky hotel. It wasn't a five-star establishment by any means, but it seemed pretty upscale for the relatively small island nation he found himself in. The natives spoke an odd version of broken English in which you'd be lucky to catch every other word. Their language and culture was a hodge-podge influenced by a dozen different nations from colonial times.

Jasmine met him in the lobby and he followed her, watching her body flex in the same leather top she'd sported in the photo. She wore a long, matching midi skirt below, it's glossy black rippling as her legs pumped. The pattern held as Trevor followed her legs down into black leather boots with stiletto heels. Her dark hair bobbed in the tall pony tail; the luxurious locks trailing down past her shoulders even from its up-tied source.

Trevor wondered if she was really a fan of leather or if she'd worn something more provocative to get him psyched up for the first day of 'therapy.' He wouldn't think anyone would choose to wear leather this close to the equator, but the hotel air conditioning was on full blast, which probably made it tolerable.

In fact, unless you were very warm blooded, you would want to wear something heavier to avoid getting cold. Luckily for him, that had never been an issue. He felt fine in his button down shirt and

chinos. The cool air felt nice on his skin.

“Why aren't the bell hops following with my luggage?” he inquired.

“They'll bring it up shortly. They're pretty busy right now. Lots of guests checking in.”

Trevor nodded. The lobby had been pretty packed. At least he didn't have to lug the heavy bags around by himself any more.

“Do we have an orientation tonight?”

“Nope” she answered over her shoulder. “Not until tomorrow. Tonight you can rest up from your flight and we can get to know each other a little better.”

“Awesome” Trevor replied with an encouraged grin. He was pleasantly surprised. The last thing he wanted after passing through two airports was to listen to some woman yammer on for an hour or two. Also, he knew what *getting to know each other* was code for. It seemed this mini vacation was about to kick off in grand fashion.

They continued on until Jasmine slowed to a stop in front of room 237. She turned and smiled at Trevor before pulling a key card from her pocket and swiping it over the door's magnetic panel. The portal opened with a metallic clunk and Jasmine waved him in. Trevor stepped through first and was immediately blown away. The room was massive, immaculately furnished and well stocked with booze, snacks, toiletries and other complimentary gifts.

“This is my room?!?”

“No, this is **our** room.”

Trevor turned back to her as the door swung shut behind them. “Wait, you mean we're staying in the same room? All weekend?”

“Mmmhmmm” she answered with raised eyebrows. “I wasn't kidding when I said *simulated relationship*.”

He couldn't believe it. This was getting better by the minute.

Jasmine clasped her hands behind her back, which caused her ample bosom to stick out even more in the shiny leather bodice. She strolled forward slowly, growing closer by the second as the anticipation built.

“Maybe, if things go well, it won't be a simulation for long” she spoke evocatively. Her smokey eyes and full, red lips betrayed lustful intent.

Her breasts pushed into the top of his chest and he realized just how much taller she was in her high heeled boots. She was already tall for a woman, but now she had at least an inch on him. Jasmine stared at him for a few moments, breathing softly as her scent wafted over him. The tip of her tongue poked out, gliding across her top lip suggestively.

In a surge of primal desire, she dove on him. Jasmine's hands groped him all over as they started to kiss. Her tongue invaded his mouth aggressively. Trevor took hold of her curvy frame, tracing it up and down several times before giving her fulsome ass a hungry squeeze.

“I think-- You're fucking hot” Jasmine spoke breathlessly around sucking kisses. “And I want you right now.”

“I'm all yours-- Miss Walker” he answered between wet smacks and pleasurable murmurs.

They made out at length until their passion was interrupted by a knock at the door. Jasmine broke the kiss. She pointed down the hallway past the kitchen.

“Bedroom is that way. Get out of those clothes. I'll collect your things and be right there.”

“Yes, Ma'am” Trevor answered, his cheeks filled with rosy red. He turned and strode off to find the bedroom. In the background he could hear Jasmine open the door and speak to the staff in their weird dialect as he went deeper into the luxury suite.

The bedroom had a nice view, a giant bed and a TV almost as big as the one in the living room. Trevor couldn't stop smiling as he disrobed. For once in his life, he'd taken a chance and it had paid off. Thank fuck he hadn't gone to shitty-ass, disgusting Vegas.

He'd stripped down to his boxer briefs by the time the dark-haired beauty returned. He didn't lift heavy weights, like he was pretty sure Jasmine did, but his body was well toned. He liked to spend his nights at the gym running laps and shooting hoops in between a round or two on the weight machines.

“I know how it is after a flight” Jasmine noted. She lifted her arms and untied the band holding her hair up. Her lovely locks glided down in waves of silky jet black. “You look like you could use a massage. Get on the bed, face down.”

Trevor wasn't going to argue with that. “Wow! You know, you could've sold this to me as 'the perfect girlfriend experience' and it would've been a much easier sell” he quipped as he stretched out flat on the bed and settled into the soft covers.

“Oh, it won't all be peaches and cream” Jasmine admitted as she grabbed a bottle of lotion from the dresser and squirted it into her hands. “But by the end, I think you're going to have a whole new perspective on life.”

The mattress shifted as the weighty amazon slid onto the bed and crawled over Trevor's body. She planted her strong legs on either side of him, her knees digging down around his waist. Trevor felt something firm press down on the small of his back, but he figured it was just her leather skirt, bunched up below her. He moaned as Jasmine sank her strong hands into his shoulders and began kneading away.

She traced his arms and back up and down, groping him with an impressive grip. Where her hands flowed, tension and stress exited his body. He spoke muffled gibberish into the duvet as she put him at the greatest ease he could remember in his life. Trevor didn't even notice the light metal clinking when Jasmine reached over and grabbed something from under the pillows.

“Give me your arm” she commanded. Trevor let her pull it behind him.

CRRRRICK-CRICK

He felt a metal cuff tighten around his left wrist.

“Wait- What?!?”

“Shhhhhhhhh” Jasmine leaned down and hissed into his ear. “Just go with it” she implored as she seized his right wrist and pulled his other arm behind his back. “Let me take you places you've never been before” she added in her most sultry tone.

“Haha... Alright...” Trevor replied meekly. He yielded to her as she secured the other cuff around his right wrist. Given how strong she was, it's not like he could stop her in his current position.

CRRRRICK-CRICK

“There we go. Almost ready to party!”

“Why, what else do we have to-”

Before he could finish the question, it was answered for him. Jasmine's hands reached over his head and lowered a bright, red, rubber ball gag into view. She pulled it to his lips, mashing it against his face as Trevor closed his mouth just in time.

“Mmmmm!”

“Open.”

“Mmmphhhmmrrrrmm!”

“I said **open**, Trevor! From here on out, you're going to do what you're told, or there will be **consequences**.”

“Wait, I--”

His words made it just wide enough for Jasmine to pull the smooth, thick ball past his lips. She tugged it with all her strength and Trevor opened his mouth wider, if only to spare his teeth. His eyes bulged as his entire mouth was filled with unforgiving, spherical rubber and his jaw was forced open permanently. Jasmine secured the device behind his head with a web of leather straps that dug into his hair and flesh tightly.

'Oh fuck! What the fuck did I walk into?!?'

Jasmine's hands left him momentarily, but were back on his body in seconds. She wrapped another thick piece of leather around his throat and he quickly realized it was some kind of collar. It clinked and jangled as she moved it into place. She worked intently, tightening it snugly around his neck as she secured its many metal buckles and fasteners.

“It should come as no surprise that you'll be calling me **Mistress Jasmine** from now on. That is, when I give you back the ability to speak. That won't be for a while. On the first night, good little slave boys should be seen and not heard as they learn proper decorum.”

“Mmmppphhgglllmmm! **MMPPHHHRRRRRMMM!!!**”

“**Shutup!**” she shouted, grabbing his head harness sternly. She dug one knee into his back, pushing him deep into the bed to cement the point that she was in full control. “Unless you have something damn important to say, you speak only when spoken to! Two oinks for yes, one oink for no! Understand, **piggy?**”

Trevor was overwhelmed by shame, but he didn't want to piss her off. The full gravity of his situation was descending on him like an array of ominous storm clouds.

“Ommph! Ommph!”

It was the best approximation of an 'oink' he could do with a mouth full of wet rubber.

“Better” she said with a playful smack to the side of his face.

She slid off the bed again, but was back in no time. Trevor felt her hands all over his lower body. She held something cool against the skin of his thigh.

snip snip snip snip

“We won't be needing these anymore.”

His boxers were shredded and their remnants pulled off with a combination of metallic slices and stretched ripping sounds. Soon, his buttocks were exposed to the frosty hotel air.

“Mmmmm, not bad Trevor!” Jasmine cooed as she groped his bare ass cheeks. “Your ass might be your best feature! I'll be making frequent use of it.”

“**NNNRRGGGHHH! NNNNPPHHHH!!!**” His body shook in her grasp as her intentions grew more clear.

“Oh, forgetting the rules already? That's going to cost you.”

Jasmine rose and walked to the dresser filled with toys, fetish clothing and restraints. She retrieved a long, sturdy paddle before making her way back to the bed.

“Ten strokes to help you remember, **bitch boy.**”

WACK WACK WACK WACK WACK

She brought the flat end of the paddle down fiercely across the center of both cheeks. Each one grew more painful than the last as she put every bit of her considerable strength into each massive swat. His ass jiggled and grew more red with each crack. The final five broke his silence as Trevor groaned painfully into the increasingly sloppy gag.

WACK WACK WACK WACK WACK

“Up on your knees, unless you want ten more” Jasmine ordered as she tossed the paddle aside casually.

Trevor hurried to obey, shimmying his legs up the bed. Jasmine helped him into position, guiding him until his backside was in the air and his knees pressed down into the duvet. His limp cock and scrotum hung below, free for the twisted Domme to do whatever she pleased with them. Trevor quivered with his face pressed into the bed as he dreaded what she'd do next.

Jasmine examined his bottom, running one hand all over his balls before seizing his half limp cock and stroking it up and down. She masturbated him until it grew to a full erection. He was responding to her sexual aggression in spite of the bondage and his own fears. Trevor's body was betraying him.

“Damn! A nice ass **and** an impressive cock! Seven inches, I think? You'd have no trouble finding a girlfriend if you weren't such a fucking asshole.”

She released his cock and reached for something else below the pillows. It was the final piece she needed before the festivities could really get into full swing.

“That's what this weekend is all about, Trevor. You learning what life has been like for women for most of human history. You were close, about this being the ultimate girlfriend experience. It's actually the ultimate **boyfriend** experience, and you're mine for the next four days! I'm going to train you into a proper submissive boy toy.”

As she spoke, Trevor felt Jasmine guide something past the tip of his penis and ease it up the full length of his shaft. Once at the base of his cock, she pulled the straps tight, sealing it to his pelvis. He felt something small, but weighty, pulled up into the back of his scrotum. Two short, cool metal prongs pressed into his balls.

“There! Now we can have some real fun!”

She disappeared just long enough to collect some more toys. When Jasmine returned, she grabbed hold of his body and rolled him over. Trevor lay with his bound arms behind him, staring up at the grinning temptress. She wasted no time fastening gleaming, spiked metal clamps to Trevor's nipples. As the cool metal bit into his sensitive bits, Trevor yelled into his gag. He yelped again when Jasmine tugged on the thin metal chain connecting the two clamps.

“MMMRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Oh, stop it! You think they hurt now? Wait till we take them off. That's when the real pain kicks in.”

As Jasmine stepped back and admired her work, Trevor noticed something that multiplied his growing anxiety. The thick leather skirt could no longer hide Jasmine's weighty appendage. Not at the long, fat size it had grown to, feeding on Trevor's fear and pain. With horrific clarity, he realized she wasn't just a con artist and sadist. She was a Futanari to boot.

“Oh, whoops!” she exclaimed, following his startled gaze downward. “Guess that spoils the surprise!”

She undid her skirt, stepping out of the glossy leather and tossing it aside. Revealed in its totality was her humongous club of flesh jutting through her silky nylons. She pulled them down, freeing her cock, so Trevor could get an eyeful of her massive weapon at full mast. He stared at it in shock. Her erection was more than a foot long and at least twice his own girth. A giant pair of fleshy cantaloupes hung below it, carrying the promise of more seed than any male could ever hope to conjure.

As he gawked at the powerful Futa in horror, Jasmine unburdened herself further. Her leather top was unzipped, unlaced and cast aside, freeing her sizable breasts. They were equally impressive as her cock, jutting out enticingly and glistening with a thin sheen of sweat. The mighty woman oozed pure dominance and unrestrained eroticism. This was only magnified when she reached to the dresser and lifted a black and gold Venetian mask to her face. Jasmine tied it behind her head, completing her image as a Dominatrix in full bloom.

“Yeah, you got a nice cock, **slave**, but it's nothing compared to mine” she taunted while fisting the obscene length up and down. “And you're going to be **intimately** familiar with it real soon.”

Trevor shook his head adamantly as she grabbed his body and rolled him over a second time. He thought about kicking at her as she circled back to his lower half, but he knew that would just piss her off. He had no hope of escape as long as his arms were still bound. He didn't resist when Jasmine guided his legs back into place, propping him up on his knees again.

With a snap of latex and a loud squirt of creamy lubricant, Jasmine had her right hand ready for insertion. She approached the quivering man-slut from behind, adoring his frightened groans and phlegm drenched, muffled pleas.

“Oh, **relax** slut! I'm not going to fuck you... yet. I wouldn't want to break my new toy in half on the first go!”

Jasmine speared two lube-drenched fingers into his tight sphincter and began working them in and out smoothly. The young man's asshole gripped her latex fingers like a tourniquet.

“Whew! Goddamn Trevor! Tight as a **drum**! It's nice to know your anal virginity is all mine. Virgin boy pussy is the best, by far. I almost feel honored!”

After a dozen slick insertions and withdrawals, she added another finger. Jasmine crammed three rubbery digits into his silky pucker, her fingers sinking in slowly as his starfish expanded with her demands.

“**MMMMPPPGGHHHHH!!! NNNRRRGGHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

“Uh huh. You say that now, but I bet it's gonna start to feel good real soon.”

The feisty Femdom stroked her fingers downward with each sloppy removal. The abundant lube smeared all over her latex fingers and his silky walls. Trevor's increasingly pliable back passage created sticky thwacking sounds as she plowed her hand deeper in his ass with each thrust.

“You know, there's one thing I wasn't lying about. I **do** think you're hot, Trevor. You have so much potential! You'll be even hotter as my gimp cock sucker and back-door bottom bitch! I and the other counselors are going to make full use of you this weekend. We're going to have **so much** fun!”

As she increased the pace of her finger fucking, her slick digits strummed over Trevor's prostate. The brutal stretching pain began to give way to something warm and oddly pleasant. His form went slack against the bed as he felt all control flee his body and his eyes rolled upward.

“Now, let's see if you were a good boy and followed Mistress Jasmine's instructions.”

Trevor's cock grew hard; betraying him a second time under the malevolent woman's ministrations. His pre-cum leaked on the bed as he felt all five of the woman's fingers sink into his stretched asshole. He moaned nonstop as she pumped her arm into his portal of soft, gripping flesh and gummy lubricant. Trevor was on the brink of losing his mind as she filled him to bursting. Jasmine fisted him nonstop, his protests turning to moans in spite of himself.

“Yeah! Take it, bitch! **TAKE MY FIST UP YOUR SLUTTY ASS!**”

SMACK

The open palm of Jasmine's free hand cracked off his left ass cheek. In the moment of impact, Trevor's cock shuddered and spit a thick wad of creamy white jizzum all over the bedding. His balls clenched and rope after rope of stringy nut ejected onto the duvet. His balls emptied, three weeks worth of celibacy blasting all over the silky covers as Jasmine fisted him to a finish.

“Wooooo! Look at that!”

She withdrew her hand from his slimy insides with a wet slurch. Trevor's ravaged hole shriveled back to something like its normal size as silky ooze slid from the opening. Jasmine brought her lube-slick palm down heavily and gave his right ass cheek the same harsh treatment.

SMACK

“Not only did you just come like a fire hose from getting fisted, but it looks like you followed my orders. I'd say we're off to a fine start!”

The thick latex snapped as Jasmine pulled off her fisting glove and tossed it aside. She sauntered to the other side of the bed, her cock bobbing in front of her and putting her excitement on full display. Jasmine grabbed a fistful of Trevor's hair, pulling his face up from the bed and demanding his attention.

“I should make you lick up that mess, but I don't want to take off that gag. Not just yet.”

Trevor grunted pitifully around the sloppy rubber ball. His eyes pleaded with her for mercy.

“What's the matter, **slut**? Not having fun? You don't look like you're enjoying the training.”

Trevor shook his head weakly.

Jasmine's gaze grew cold and annoyed. “Pfffft! I was hoping for more enthusiasm than this. Do you want to leave?”

He was almost afraid to be truthful, but Trevor nodded yes and murmured an affirmative into his gag.

The slighted woman rolled her eyes. “Fine, if you're going to be a wuss about it...” She retrieved the key to his handcuffs from the dresser with angry, hurried steps. Jasmine reached down and unlocked the metal restraints. Trevor grimaced in relief as his hands stretched free of their stress position.

The big woman stepped back and pointed to the door. “Go, if that's what you want.”

The young man backed off the bed as quickly as he could. He kept his front facing Jasmine, worried that this was some kind of trick. Trevor reached behind his head and traced the web of buckles and straps that kept the gag fixed in his mouth.

“You won't be able to take that off without help, and I'm certainly not going to give it to you” Jasmine spat while placing one hand on her hip. “Get moving before I change my mind.”

Trevor took off at a run before even fully turning around. He almost crashed into the corner of the door frame before righting himself and scampering into the hall.

He'd only made it halfway down the corridor when Jasmine lifted the small remote and pressed its main button, marked with a lightning bolt.

“MMMMMRRRRRRGGGGLLLLLLMMMMM!!!!”

Electricity surged through Trevor's nutsack, delivering a jolt of incredible, debilitating pain he hadn't known was possible in the human body. He stumbled and hit the ground like a sack of potatoes, wailing into his gag as the device continued to deliver his punishment. He shuddered on the floor until the cutoff of ten seconds expired.

Jasmine strode into the hall, her heels clicking against the hardwood. The cackling Futa Goddess was naked aside from her mask and thigh-high boots. She pocketed the remote, swinging a leash and a new pair of restraints in her right hand as she approached her fallen pet.

Trevor was dazed and still groaning in pain. Fatigue weighed down his body, the effects lingering long after the considerable shock stopped channeling through his balls. He floundered on the floor, muttering in disbelief around his phlegm drenched ball gag.

“I'm disappointed in you, Trevor” the haughty Futa reprimanded him. Jasmine reached down and grabbed his left hand. She wrapped the first leather cuff around his wrist and buckled it securely as she continued speaking. “Really, after the wonderful orgasm I just gave you! I put your pleasure before mine and you run at the first opportunity! Unbelievable. Just **leave me at the altar** why don't you?”

She snapped up his other wrist and buckled the second leather cuff around it. This cuff had a built in metal fastener while the other had a strong metal D-ring attached. She guided them together and snapped the restraints in place, locking his hands close together in front of him. Not satisfied, she reached down and gave the chain connecting his nipple clamps a firm tug. As he yelped in fresh pain, she swatted him across the face.

SLAP

“I guess I need to spell out how this relationship works.”

Jasmine grabbed the short metal link between his two cuffs and headed for the living room. She pulled him by his arms, dragging the gagged, sputtering slave across the floor behind her. Trevor grunted as his body squeaked along the ground, his naked flesh scuffing against the lacquered wood.

The living room was furnished with several long, plush leather sofas. When they'd reach the end of the closest one, Jasmine came to a stop. She reached under Trevor's right arm and tugged upward, grabbing his side with her other hand. Her curves were as soft as they were strong, pressing on him as she demanded his compliance.

“C'mon! **Get up!** It's been long enough. You should be able to stand, by now.”

Trevor grunted and coughed into the hot, syrupy ball; flailing until he was standing upright again. His restraints clinked, denying him as he tried to pull his hands more than a few inches apart. As soon as he was steady, Jasmine grabbed his hair with one hand and took his chin in the other. Her death stare made it clear that he was to listen carefully or he would suffer more punishments.

“For the next three days and nights, I will do **whatever the fuck I please with you**. If you want this to be a good learning experience and not an endlessly miserable one, you will put forth your best effort to please **ME**. Is that clear?”

Trevor nodded vigorously. He'd learned his lesson, alright. He didn't ever want to feel that awful jolt through his nethers again. Nor did he wish to learn what else this fiercely strong and eminently devious woman was capable of. As if reading his mind, Jasmine chose to lend him some idea.

“Good, because if you're an obedient slave and I see that you've learned the lessons of the weekend, I'm going to let you go home and give your love life another shot. If not, you'll be staying here a while. **Extra training** until our group gets tired of you. If you still haven't learned your place by then, you'll be handed over to the local mafia. They'll have fun with you for a while. Probably start you on hormones. Then, when you're pretty enough, they'll smuggle you to some nightclub in Mexico, or maybe a brothel in Brazil. You can imagine where it goes from there.”

Trevor's wide eyes and total silence told her all she needed to know. She had his full attention, now.

Jasmine clipped the leash to one of the many O-rings on Trevor's collar. She grabbed him and pushed him over the side of the sofa. His upper half smacked down into the thick leather cushions. Trevor's bound hands sprawled out ahead of him as his face mashed into the glossy brown.

“So be a good **fuck-boy** and do what you're told!”

Jasmine waited for him to mutter a response, but nothing came. She realized she hadn't technically asked him a question. The fired-up Domina didn't just want his attention. Jasmine wanted his full, unfettered acquiescence, compliance and submission.

“**DO YOU UNDERSTAND, SLAVE?!?**”

“**YEFF MIFFREFF!!!**”

SMACK

She scalded his buttocks with another firm spank.

“That's more like it.”

Now that they'd reached an understanding, she could take a more relaxed approach. Jasmine lowered down on her haunches, her hands groping and kneading his firm, round ass. She spread his cheeks and inspected him as her face grew closer. Trevor's pucker had shrunk back to its normal size and only a little residual lube was still leaking out.

She wiped it away with her fingers before zeroing in with her mouth and lapping at his most sensitive spot. She loved the feeling of her tongue on a bound slave's brown-eye. Not only did it feel wonderful, it was just one more way to control them.

Jasmine was a big believer in positive reinforcement. It was a powerful tool for sexually reprogramming guys like Trevor. Show them who's boss and then kill them with kindness. Give them something to feel conflicted about before stripping their soul bare and bending them to your will.

“Mmmmm...” Jasmine moaned as she tongued and lapped away at his ass. “Virgin no longer, but still so tasty.”

Her mighty thighs and calves flexed. She tossed her hair around her head and murmured pleurably in between long licks. Jasmine had no trouble holding the crouched position for as long as she wanted. She feasted away on his boy pussy at leisure. Her strong hands kneaded his ass cheeks as she kept his bottom split open with ease.

Despite the horrible circumstances Trevor found himself in, he began mumbling in incoherent bliss. Spittle ran from his sopping, rubber-stuffed mouth as his new owner and Mistress put him at ease. To feel such horrible pain and then such wonderful pleasure in so short a space of time was the ultimate contrast. He couldn't help but wonder if Jasmine was a member of the Cenobites from *Hellraiser*.

The amazon's excitement surged as she listened to her incoherent captive. Jasmine's cock grew even more rigid, her thick length hardening to fleshy steel. Her tip ran with abundant pre-cum, pooling on the floor in a mass which resembled a typical man's entire ejaculation.

When she could suffer the anticipation no longer, Jasmine rose. She drew closer to her bent-over slut boy and laid her hefty cum-pipe right down his waiting crack. She worked it up and down his ass, smearing sticky pre all over his well-spanked ass as her desire built to a crescendo.

Trevor's blissful respite faded and he quickly realized what Jasmine was about to do. He'd tacitly agreed to obey and submit, but her forthcoming violation put his body in panic mode. His feet pressed against the floor, trying desperately to push himself further down the couch as his hips wiggled side to side. He didn't want her massive cock in his ass, especially so soon after being brutally fisted. Trevor could still feel the burning kiss of her knuckles around his blown-out rim, even after her soothing licks.

Jasmine took a firm grasp of his hips. She dug her fingers in deep, grinning as she watched him squirm.

“Mmmmm, yes! Now we're talking! Normally I don't let disobedience go unpunished, but you're about to be punished with my big cock regardless. Go ahead, Trevor. **STRUGGLE!** I love it! Makes

me hard as a diamond drill!”

She placed her powerful thighs on the inside of his splayed legs and pushed outward. Trevor's lower body was split open even wider, his ass presented to her like a blooming flower. The lustful Domina positioned her thick glans at his spongy backdoor. She circled her tip around it a few times, spreading her glue-like fluids all over his waiting target.

What she was about to do could injure a man permanently if he hadn't been properly prepared. That was the point of her initial fisting, on top of it being a lot of fun. The only thing she enjoyed more than plunging her hand into a bound male's ass was spearing him with her massive cock. Jasmine savored the moment of conquest as Trevor slobbered, groaned and tried in futility to pull his hips from her vice-like grip.

“PPPPHHHHMMMMRRRRLLLLGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!”

Trevor's eyes watered as she glided into his soft folds. Her impossibly thick shaft split his boy pussy wide as she sank it half way in record time. Upon reaching that point, her advance came slower; a seemingly nonstop train of fat cock inching into his velvety depths. The woman assaulting him moaned in unspeakable joy.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Hilting in the first fuck would be risky, even for someone she'd stretched out. Jasmine would have to work up to it. Reluctantly, she backed out a ways before sinking her cock in his gripping man-cunt for a second, long advance.

“Mmmmmmmmm!!! FUCK YES!!!!”

Trevor's eyes watered. Fluids leaked from his face in three places; his tears and syrupy phlegm making a mess on the leather seat. His hands opened and closed in their bindings, gripping at nothing as he yelled into his gag and endured her fearsome insertion.

“Holy fuck! How are you still this tight?!?” she asked in genuine surprise. She slowly increased the pace of her thrusts, sinking three quarters of her thick cum cannon into his snug, elastic flesh. “You got an ass from heaven, baby! I might just keep you forever.”

Her fucking quickly grew wet and sloppy. Her abundant pre-cum and the leftover lube coating his insides greased the way for smooth sailing. With a delighted smile and eyes clouded by pure rapture, she reached down and picked up the leash leading to Trevor's collar. She wound it around her right hand, pulled it taught and yanked on his neck before digging her fingers back into Trevor's hip. Now each time she bucked into him, the thick leather strap pulled at his collar, choking him lightly with each increasingly powerful thrust.

“Oh yeah... Got myself a premium piece of boy pussy, here! Gonna have to be careful who I share you with...”

As her pleasure grew, Jasmine's thrusts became more needy and aggressive. The well-endowed Domina demanded not only submission, but incredibly rough sex. Her fucking grew increasingly fierce until the couch itself rattled with her thrusts. Her massive penis swelled to bursting within Trevor's gripping

the meaning of true perversion. The slaves her group trained had sexual servitude inscribed in their psyche and tattooed on their very soul. It would remain their erotic ethos for the rest of their bottom bitch lives.

She stepped forward and brought her palm down on both reddened, cum-strewn ass cheeks with two wet swats.

SMACK SMACK

Jasmine glided her hand up his sticky, nut glazed crack, gathering as much cum as possible on her left palm. She walked around the side of the jolted sofa and crouched down beside Trevor. She pressed her hand to his gagged face and wiped pungent cream over his every feature. He would get to taste her soon, but for now, he could bathe in the feel and smell of her essence. She finished by wiping her hand in his sweaty blonde locks. Jasmine made sure every bead of sticky glaze was mopped up by his golden hair.

“Now, you truly belong to me.”

She stood and walked off to get a drink. After such exertion, even a woman like Jasmine needed a break. Trevor could lay in his filthy state until full acceptance of his new station in life took hold.

* * * * *

“C'mon! **Deeper!** You can take more than that!” Jasmine admonished as she pushed his head down her bulbous tower of cock.

Trevor slobbered and gagged as she forced his face down another inch of her shaft. His eyes grew watery and cracked as she used his head like a flashlight. He couldn't even take half of her menacing length in his mouth and throat yet, though he suspected that would change very soon.

It was day two of sexual slavery and things weren't getting any easier. It had been a long night of naughty escapades, including an introductory course to hardcore BDSM. Jasmine had fitted him with a full, thick, latex gimp suit that covered every part of his body in restrictive, glossy black. It was adorned with anchor points to secure him wherever she wanted and zippers to access the parts of his body she made frequent use of.

Upon waking, Jasmine had demanded a morning blowjob. After failing to properly make breakfast for her and burning the french toast, he'd received a combination spanking and whipping in her stockade. Following that, she gave his face a second lengthy face fucking. She claimed that was her way of thanking the chef for his efforts, even if they were inadequate. Then, she sat on his face for a half hour before they left for their first event.

A theme was emerging. As disgusting as he felt about himself and his new duties, Trevor was silently glad she seemed to enjoy having her dick sucked more than claiming his ravaged bottom. His mouth could handle the repeated abuse more than his still-aching pucker.

After his morning tribulations, they'd gone to orientation. There, Trevor discovered he wasn't the only

man being wrapped in latex, locked in restraints and led around by a leash. The opening seminar was a one hour affair explaining the various workshops the group of crazed Futa Dommies were putting on for the next three days.

Jasmine lounged, naked, on the leather sofa and guided his mouth up and down her cock. She examined the flyer they'd handed out, studying their options for the day in between corrections to her servile gimp bitch.

“So many wonderful trainings and events. I can hardly decide!”

Trevor slurped up and down her club of wet flesh hurriedly, trying to bring Jasmine to orgasm and give himself some short reprieve. She gazed down at him, her eyes narrowing as she grew annoyed. The domineering Futa gripped his hair tightly, bringing an end to his haste.

“Slow down, slut! It's not a race. My cock is a gourmet meal and you need to savor it! Go slower and with more tongue!”

She resumed pushing his face up and down her shaft. Jasmine guided his head leisurely as she sought to push her glans deeper past the entrance to his throat.

“I suppose we could just stay here and I could give you more personal training. You **obviously** need it. I'm having some of the girls over tonight. You need to suck cock better than this if you're going to serve them properly.”

Trevor's eyes grew mournful as his head was pumped up and down her increasingly sloppy pole. Her pre-cum was running freely now, oozing down his throat as she prepared to pop off her godlike load yet again.

“How does that sound, Trevor? A whole **buffet** of cock for you tonight!”

“**CWWIIIKKYYUULLK KAWAAACKKK!**” he sputtered in wet bursts around her twitching length.

Jasmine giggled. “Good answer, bitch.”

Trevor was committed, now. He had no better options. He would serve Jasmine and her perverted Futa friends. The depraved group of freaky sadists posing as relationship counselors had entrapped him completely. He would perform whatever disgusting acts they demanded of him.

The reluctant submissive would serve them dutifully and hope Jasmine would let him go home when the conference was over. He didn't know if she could be trusted to keep her word, but he had to hold on to that hope. It was the only hope he had left.