

Long Is The Way

Chapter 5 – All The Devils Are Here

Owen didn't get much of a look at Elizabeth's home on the way to her bedroom. They were focused on each other; hands groping and tongues entwined as they shed their clothes piece by piece. She guided him, steadily, in the right direction as they felt each other up and took deep breaths between long, hungry kisses. Their warm bodies pressed close as she pushed him slowly toward her bedchamber. His admission of true love and her eager reply had cemented their bond. Now, the sparks flew hotter and brighter than ever; even more radiant than in Mistress Long's glorious dungeon.

With her nightgown dropped away, Owen was free to grip loving handfuls of Elizabeth's ample ass and bountiful breasts. He squeezed, gently, through the white lace and satin of her lingerie, fueling their lust further. If her gropes of his ass, trailing of her hands up and down his torso and the running of her palms over his face and through his hair were any indication, Elizabeth's desire had eclipsed even his.

“Mmmmm... Yes, touch me while you can” she spoke around a breathless kiss. “Your free reign won't last long.”

“We'll... See about that!” he answered around her pressing lips and aggressive tongue. It was a bluff, of course. Owen would gladly yield to whatever his darling Domina wished. But he knew a little sassy back-talk was the perfect kindling to stoke the flames of their passion even higher.

By the time he backed into the bedroom, Owen was sporting the biggest tent of his life. Even through his pants, he could sense the heat of Elizabeth's sex as she pressed on him relentlessly. Soon, he felt the edge of a bed against the back of his legs. She broke their kiss, smiled at him and placed her hands on his chest. With a firm shove, she pushed him over and Owen fell flat into her soft duvet.

“I'll be right back. When I return, you'd better have the rest of those clothes off.”

“Yes, Ma'am” he said with a grin. Owen reached for his shoes and began disrobing below the waist as he watched her saunter off. His jacket and shirt were long gone, so the task was easy enough to finish quickly.

When she stepped back into the room, Owen was lying in the nude down the length of her Queen sized bed. His erection still pointed outward, though it was starting to flag with the absence of her close contact. Elizabeth looked the same, aside from her now clean face. She wore only her silky, white undergarments and carried a towel in her hand.

She reached down and wiped at Owen's face, cleaning him of the gunk her nighttime facial mask had smeared on his features. When she was satisfied, she tossed the towel aside and gestured to him.

“Spread out. Limbs to the corners” she said in her familiar, commanding tone. Familiar, but not identical. Her words were warmer and softer than usual. Not the harsh, cold orders Owen was used to during their play time.

Owen did as he was bade while Elizabeth strode to the dresser. She returned with two long, silk purple ties and two pairs of pink fuzzy cuffs. In a few short minutes, he was bound to her bed. It was a far cry from the intense BDSM accommodations of her well-stocked play space, but it wasn't surprising that she kept some accessories at home as well. This only confirmed that for Elizabeth, domination wasn't just a job, it was a way of life. A deep need burning inside her. Owen had never doubted that about her, but seeing it in action in the privacy of her home only deepened his love for the divine beauty looming over him.

Elizabeth bent down and pulled a storage container the size of a fishing tackle from underneath her bed. She set it next to Owen's outstretched form before making her way to the other side of the room. She slid onto the bed and climbed atop his body, her warm curves meshing with him wonderfully once again. They entered a fresh kiss as she ground herself on him. She placed her hands on his already-restrained arms and pushed down, using her full body to mash him into the bed as their tongues darted back and forth in each other's mouths. As they swapped saliva and hot breath, Owen's limp penis lifted back to warm, hard life.

With a look of flushed excitement, Elizabeth reached over to her toy box and opened it. She pulled out a thick, black blindfold and brought it to bear. She slipped it over Owen's head and pulled it over his eyes snugly, casting him into total darkness. They resumed kissing for several minutes before the next surprise was sprung. Elizabeth was careful to conceal her actions

“**AHHHHHH!**” Owen shouted as cold steel bit into his right nipple. Elizabeth's clamp sunk deep, providing a harsh sting as blood surged to his pecs. He was less surprised by the followup, though it still made him jump. “**ARGGGHHH!!!**” The second clamp dipped deep, piercing the most sensitive flesh on his chest and causing a second rush of pain.

As he settled into sub-space and the endorphins began to trickle through his body, Elizabeth traced his frame up and down. Her weight was centered just above his jutting cock. She looked down at his bound, helpless form and blindfolded face. She cooed in giddy pleasure as she felt his tortured nipples, strong shoulders and slack face all over.

“You're mine now. **You belong to me.** Always and forever. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress!” came his anxious reply. “Forever.”

“Good. Don't ever forget that.”

She swatted at the clamp on Owen's left nipple, making him squirm and shake below her. Before he'd finished groaning, Elizabeth slipped off his body and disappeared briefly. Owen lay quivering on her bed until he heard the snap of latex in the background. When she returned, her weight shifted the lower half of the bed.

He felt her warm, bare hand seize his cock while the cool, smooth grip of rubber encircled his balls. Elizabeth stroked him steadily while her latex fingers applied gentle massage and squeezes to his sizable scrotum. Pre-cum leaked from Owen's glans as her sensual stroke-job grew wonderfully warm and pleasant. Just when his joy was hitting its zenith, Elizabeth released his balls, reached between his legs and dove two fingers into his unsuspecting pucker.

“Mmmpphhhhh!” he grunted through closed lips as the master musician played his body like a grand piano. No tuning was needed. She knew this instrument well and the notes had long ago been memorized.

Her stroking of Owen's cock was constant as she drilled two fingers deep in his ass and pulled them back in steady rhythm. Elizabeth's wrist massaged his balls nicely as she plowed her latex digits into his warm depths and caressed his prostate with every smooth exit. A third finger was added without warning and that only made Owen moan in deeper pleasure.

“Yeah... You like that don't you? Come as soon as you're ready, Owen. You don't need permission tonight. It will be the first of many. I'm going to **drain you dry** and ask for more.”

“**Oh God!**” His eyes were practically crossed below the blindfold. Owen groaned in growing pleasure as his wrists pulled on the fuzzy cuffs for the first time. They clinked against the metal bedframe, a clear signal of his mounting bliss.

“This is **my** cock, now. I'll use it as I please” she called out in a husky tone. The speed of her strokes increased steadily. Owen's pre-cum trickled down through her fingers, greasing their passage as they sailed up and down his hot, throbbing erection.

He tried to hold off, but his endurance was weak in the wake of Elizabeth's nonstop strokes. His penis and prostate alike hummed with the glow of impending release. Owen's body tensed, straining against Elizabeth's bindings.

“Ahhhhh! **I'M COMING!!!**”

Fat ropes of semen hosed from Owen's straining member. Elizabeth made sure they ejected in the right direction. Lines of nougat filth shot up and rained down on Owen's chest and midsection. The brunette Goddess never let up for a second, stroking his cock and assaulting his pucker endlessly as ribbons of sticky gunk discharged all over his body.

Only when his fleshy rod stopped quaking and every line of sticky nut had been milked out did Elizabeth cease her tireless ministrations. She pulled her fingers from his ass and released his spent rod. A second snap of latex announced her glove had been pulled free and discarded.

Owen lay beside her, panting and staring into the darkness of the blindfold until he felt her hand slide across his messy torso. She scooped up a generous load of his jizzum and shoved her fingers into his waiting mouth. Her cum-slathered digits fed him his own filth, pushing ever more sludge-like semen across his tongue as her fingers dipped in and out of his lips.

“Eat it, **lover boy!** Swallow!”

Elizabeth's curves pressed into his side as she force-fed him warm gunk. The same fingers that had just been deep in his ass made multiple deliveries to his yielding mouth. She continued until most of his glue-like mess had been displaced and ingested. A smile of deep satisfaction spread across her face as she massaged his sticky torso and murmured pleasurably. Owen mumbled in soft half-groans, enjoying her doting immensely as he relaxed. His body and mind drifted in euphoria as he descended from the one of the most powerful climaxes of his life.

Minutes passed and Owen began to drift off to sleep in her arms. Just as he was about to nod off, Elizabeth grabbed the clamp on his left nipple and gave it a firm twist.

“**AGGGHHH!!**” he yelled through gritted teeth.

“Oh, no. We're not done, yet. Not even close.”

Her body pushed away, leaving Owen's bound, spread eagle form. He breathed deep and stared into the black void as fresh pain mingled with lingering bliss.

“Yes, Mistress. Please, let me give you pleasure as well!”

Elizabeth snickered. “You should know by now. Everything I do to you brings me pleasure, Owen.”

She rummaged in the background a bit. Moments later, Owen heard the unmistakable sound of a strapon harness being guided up her legs and buckled around her waist. Then, the moist sounds of lubricant being squeezed from a tube and spread along a rubbery length of cock.

Owen's over-stimulated prostate still buzzed mildly from Elizabeth's frenzied assault. He knew from experience that this is the most exhausted a man could feel without a long session of physical conditioning or pain play. A second round of prostate stimulation, this soon, would drive him completely insane. She knew exactly what she was doing.

Elizabeth untied his right ankle and nudged his leg across the bed. “Turn your lower half. Get on your side” she instructed. “That's it. Stick that booty out for Mistress!”

Owen strained against his right wrist cuff, twisting his lower body as his lustful Goddess helped move him into position. With his ass fully exposed, Elizabeth rejoined him on the bed, sliding into position behind him. Her breasts pressed into his back as the long, girthy dildo lined itself up with his crack. Mistress Long emitted an amused, throaty chuckle as she poised the weighty weapon at his vulnerable pucker.

“**AHHHHH!!!**”

Elizabeth gave his right nipple clamp a harsh yank as her hips thrust inward and sent the thick, rubbery dong deep in his well-stretched starfish. The wonderful endorphin rush that followed sudden, unexpected pain accompanied her smooth thrust. He writhed in her grasp as his ass was filled with thick, silicone cock and the pleasant squish of abundant anal lube.

“Awww, look at that. Your little soldier isn't ready” she teased at his ear. Elizabeth reached below, groping his flaccid dick and still-recovering scrotum. “You're not standing at attention! Unprepared for the next round of **drills**.”

“Sorry, Mistress...”

“Don't be. It's only natural. **I'm** the commanding officer here. **My** cock never goes soft and **my** drills never stop. You'll always be the subordinate. And you love it, don't you?”

“Yes, my Queen!”

Elizabeth withdrew a few inches and then plowed her strapon back into his sucking starfish. She entered a slow, steady rhythm, bucking him from the side as she teased his tortured nipples and aching pecs.

“This is the kind of training you need. **Lots of it.**”

Owen's mouth opened in brain-numbing ecstasy as her stroke found his his G-spot. His mind blanked as she went to work, strumming the rubbery length over his love button with every slow insertion and withdrawal.

“Mmmmmmm... **Ahhhhhhh!!!**”

She let him mumble and moan for a spell while focusing on her eager ass-fucking. Eventually, she returned her attention to his open mouth and slack face. Elizabeth took hold of his chin and guided his face to the right. She leaned over his bound, outstretched arm and sought out Owen's lips. Mistress Long kissed her blindfolded boy toy and sublime submissive deeply as her hips continued the light, steady slapping at his ass.

Craving the sight of his sparkling, baby blues, she tore the fabric from Owen's eyes. He was blinded by the sudden switch from pitch black to the subdued lamp light of her bedroom. In time, Elizabeth's face came into focus, hovering just over him.

“Look at me when I'm fucking you” she demanded in a breathy half-whisper.

They stared into each other's eyes as she plowed his depths relentlessly. Only when their tongues met in long, loving caresses and shared the taste of his semen did their eyelids lower. Every time Mistress Long broke their kiss, they stared at each for another long stretch. Owen's blue irises hovered in hazy nirvana as Elizabeth's dark brown pools gazed down at him warmly. At random intervals, she reached over and sent new jolts of pain arcing through his vice-gripped nipples. At no point did her thick latex shaft cease its constant penetration.

The night stretched on. After a lengthy session of fucking and teasing, Owen's cock rose back to the occasion. Owen was sure he'd never been this hard in his life, yet the Staff Sergeant was powerless to feel his proud, straining erection. Seeing his fresh enthusiasm, Elizabeth grinned and abandoned her teasing. She seized him below and began stroking his joystick up and down with impassioned glee.

“Come for me, Owen! Come with my big cock up your slutty ass! **Shoot your filth so I can feed you again!!!**”

“Yes, Mistress! OH GOD!!! **YESSS!!! FUCK ME!!!**”

His moans came loud and often as Elizabeth played his muscled frame like a stand-up bass. Her right hand glided along his slick shaft with smooth precision. Residual semen eased her journey as her digits flew up and down his sensitive phallus ever faster. Owen squirming in her grasp and begging her not to stop only prompted her to go faster. Her hips flew into a frenzy of deep-dicking as her grip on his cock grew pussy-tight.

“**OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Owen's first rope of semen slingshotted over the bed and landed on the floor. His second volley of sperm blasted all over the duvet, hosing out of his cock onto the bedding beside him. His face strained, his wrists and ankle pulled on their bindings and his pucker clenched around the massive invader hilted inside him. By his third discharge, Elizabeth asserted more control, sliding her hand up to gather his copious cream on her fingers. His silky essence splattered into her palm. Before he was even done cumming, she lifted her hand to his mouth and smothered Owen's face in his own thick jizzum. She continued stroking him and spread the growing mess all over his features until she'd emptied his balls for the second time.

After his second thorough milking, Elizabeth pulled out, unbuckled her harness and let the slick, hefty toy fall to the floor with a thud. She undid the rest of Owen's bindings and cozied up with him below the covers. Their chests rose and fell as they breathed deep, giggled and sighed in shared joy. They fell asleep in each other's arms, their passion for Femdom and love for each in perfect harmony at last.

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Owen awoke to the dim glow of sunlight peeking around the edges of the room's curtains. The next thing he noticed was the hand on his cock, massaging him up and down gently. He was sporting morning wood and Elizabeth's efforts were encouraging his already swollen member to chub up even more. She chuckled beside him. Owen turned to find her propped up on one elbow, watching him as she teased his wand below.

“Good morning, handsome. Did you know you talk in your sleep?”

“Good God, woman! Are you trying to kill me?!?” he joked.

“No. I'm trying to ensure the best night of your life is followed by the best morning of your life.”

Owen paused. He drank in the sight of Elizabeth as the lingering effects of sleep cleared away. She was just as lovely with messy hair and no make up as she'd been on any of their dates.

“It's already the best morning of my life, because I woke up next to you.”

Elizabeth smiled. She looked down briefly, blushing, before her gaze returned to him.

“That's very sweet, Owen. So sweet, that I won't punish you for your initial rudeness.”

“Good morning, beautiful” he corrected himself. “In my defense, I've never woken up to someone else stroking my dick before.”

“I told you, it belongs to me now. Along with the rest of you.”

“Of course. What can I do for my Queen, this morning?”

“It's funny you ask. I was thinking of waking you up by sitting on your face. But you were so damn cute, laying there. So peaceful.”

“Saved by my good looks.”

“And your silver tongue.”

Owen laughed. “So, Madam Drill Sergeant. Do you have more *drills* planned for this morning?”

“This morning. Tonight. This weekend...”

“Today sounds great, but no-can-do for the weekend.”

“Oh? Got plans?”

“Reserve training. Gotta put in my weekend.”

“Ah, of course. Thankfully, I have no appointments tonight. I can give you the **other** training you need before you leave.”

“Yes, please!” he replied with a grin.

Elizabeth lifted the blanket and slid onto his body. As they kissed and her frame shimmied downward, Owen realized with sudden excitement that her panties were gone. He felt the heat and warmth of her sex as it hovered just above his raging erection.

“The Dominatrix in me wanted to milk you again and sit on your face. But you've been a good boy. I think you've earned a reprieve.”

Her body lowered further and her silken lips parted as Owen slid deep in her tight, warm cunt. Elizabeth bit her lip and muttered a soft groan as his girth filled her. Owen gasped and let out a long moan as her pussy devoured his manhood. His head dipped back into the pillows as his eyelids sank.

“You can have a little of this...” she continued. “As a treat. But remember...”

SMACK

Her hand streaked out, swatting his cheek and causing his eyes to flit back open.

“Look at me while I'm fucking you.”

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It was a drab, overcast day on the shooting range. Owen watched his fellow soldiers file out to the firing line where they'd be doing their *quals*. Qualifying in target shooting and having your marksmanship ranked was a normal part of reserve training. As a Staff Sergeant, it was his job to make sure things ran smoothly, but also to keep everyone on their toes.

He scanned each member of the unit as they took their positions and waited for instruction. Normally,

his mind was clear on days like this. In the past, he'd looked forward to each training weekend. Army life was familiar and, despite its regimentation, oddly comforting to him. He was needed and respected on base. Training was a regular opportunity to be back where people knew him and things made sense.

But now, Elizabeth was the center of his universe. She was the brilliant star whose unrelenting gravity pulled on his very mind. For the first time ever, Owen resented being there. Perhaps not fully, but to some extent. This was a weekend he could've spent with his dream girl. His perfect paramour. Right now, they could be making memories that would last till his final moment on this mortal coil. Instead, he was on a cold, gray stretch of dirt, babysitting a bunch of enlisted. He knew it was important work and he was bound by contract to do it, but that didn't make him any less bitter.

Just as his imagination threatened to consume him, Owen's keen senses alerted him to danger on the horizon. One of the men on the firing line had his weapon raised even though he'd given no instructions to begin. He looked on for only a half-second, his eyes going wide in mounting anger, before snapping into action.

“Hey! **HEEYYYYYYYY!!!**”

Owen doubled-timed it toward the trouble maker, his boots clomping through the damp earth.

“What **THE FUCK** do you think you're doing?!?”

The offender jumped and turned to face the furious NCO. He was a short, trim soldier with dark hair. He lowered his weapon reflexively. From the dismay etched on his face, it was clear he knew his mistake.

“I'm sorry, sir. I was just-”

“Sir?!? I WORK FOR A LIVING, **SHITSTAIN!** WHAT IS IT YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING?!?”

“Just checking my-”

“I don't give a **fuck** what you were checking! Did you not hear me say, just five minutes ago, that this is a **COLD RANGE** until I say otherwise?!?”

“Yes, sir” he answered bashfully.

“Did you hear me announce that we're ready?!?”

“No, sir.”

“Then why in the **FUCK** are you shouldering your rifle, **Private Gomez?!?**”

“I'm sorry, Sergeant! It won't happen again.”

“Damn fucking right it won't! If it does, I will **PT** you to death! **I WILL FUCK YOUR WEEKEND UP, PRIVATE!!!**”

Owen turned and scanned the rest of the group. They were all staring at him in various states of shock

and half-hidden amusement. Red-faced rage coursed through Owen's features.

“This is not fucking **Burger King!** You cannot have it **YOUR WAY.** It's the **Army way** or my boot in your ass! You do not fucking **SNEEZE** on this course until I give permission!”

A stiff breeze howled in the distance as silence fell over the range.

“As you were” he said curtly. “We should have the *all clear* soon.”

Owen marched back to where he'd previously been standing. He turned and crossed his arms over his chest, continuing to watch his charges like a hawk.

Some NCOs got off on outbursts like that one. They enjoyed the power trip. Not Owen. He abhorred scolding his fellow soldiers. Hated it even more on the rare occasion he had to do more than yell. All it did was dredge up the worst moments of his past. Some were learning experiences he'd had in the military, but even worse were the horrors of his childhood, resurfacing to scar him anew.

The yelling and verbal abuse. The beatings. The contemptuous stares and mocking by his fellow orphans. The betrayal and psychological damage inflicted by those who were meant to be his guardians. It all came flooding back every time some private or specialist fucked up and Owen had to play bad cop. Weekend ruined.

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Flash grumbled and rolled his shoulders as they walked back to the locker room. He and Owen both had white towels secure around their waists. There was nothing like a hot shower to soothe the body after a full circuit of weight training, but it didn't make them any less tired.

“Ugh... Why the hell are we at the gym two days after our training weekend?”

“Because we're not slackers.”

“Speak for yourself. I plan to become a full time slacker once my time is up.”

“I'd expect nothing less from a member of the E4 mafia.”

Flash smirked. “There's no such thing as the E4 mafia.”

“Sounds like something the E4 mafia would say! Seriously though, you'd better not go full slacker.”

“Why not?”

“Because you can't afford to let that body go to shit. You really think Veronica's gonna stick around if that happens?”

“You saying my hot bod is all I got going for me?”

“I'm saying she **puts up** with the rest of you.”

Flash laughed as they arrived back at their lockers. “Thanks for the vote of confidence, Sergeant!”

“Any time” Owen replied with a chuckle.

As they discarded their towels and began dressing, a trio of young men entered the room. The boys chatted amicably with each other until they reached their lockers further down the row. Suddenly, all the newcomers went silent and Owen glanced their way. They looked to be in their late teens or early twenties. All three of them were staring at Owen in differing states of surprise and horror.

Owen grimaced and turned back to his locker. This hadn't happened in a while, but he was used to it by now. It was best to just ignore them and go about his day.

“*Holy shit, do you see those?*” One of boys said under his breath.

“*Those scars are fuckin gnarly*” another said just above a whisper.

“**Hey!**” Flash's voice boomed through the chamber of steel, wood and tile. “Why don't you guys mind your own business?”

“Why don't you **kiss my fucking ass?**” the biggest of them shot back with maximum snark.

“What **the fuck** did you just say to me?!?”

“That's enough, Flash” Owen called out. He continued dressing, refusing to look back at the growing commotion. What was going on his head was too much, already. Once again, he was forced to contend with bad memories. This time, how he almost perished in a flaming Humvee.

“My uncle owns this gym” the second boy spoke up. “So you can piss right off!”

“It's called **common fucking courtesy, you little shit!**” Flash yelled, pointing at them in contempt. “Maybe I'll go have a word with your uncle! I bet he'd love to know that his nephew is harassing a combat veteran.”

Owen buckled his pants up. It was taking every fiber of mental fortitude he had not to lapse into even deeper depression. He grew increasingly frustrated the more he heard. Owen decided it was time to pull rank. “**Stand down, Specialist!** Let it go.”

Flash was furious. He glared at the punks for a few more seconds before turning back to his locker reluctantly. The young agitators blew them off and resumed their conversation, chatting and laughing in the background as they put on their gym clothes. They exited hastily, leaving Owen and Flash to finish dressing in silence.

When Owen was done, he hefted his gym bag and proceeded past the benches to the next row of lockers. He stood behind his friend, watching Flash pull his shirt over his head, angrily.

“I appreciate the backup, but it's not worth the trouble.”

“Those little **fucks** have no idea! No respect, either.”

“You're right. They're clueless. Much like we were fifteen years ago. We do the fighting and they get to stay oblivious. That's the deal.”

“Shitty deal” Flash replied.

“We knew what it was, going in. That's what we signed up for.”

“Speak for yourself” the Specialist repeated. “The recruiter didn't tell me about this part. If he did, I might've balled up the contract and threw it back in his face!”

Owen put his hand on Flash's shoulder. “I'm glad you didn't. My time would've been boring as fuck without you.”

Flash sighed. The collective tension drained away.

“C'mon. Let's go get some grub” Owen continued. “I'm buying.”

“Drinks, too?”

“Hell yes.”

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“**Full. Metal. Jacket!**” the professor spoke from the head of the class. He pointed to the framed movie poster on the wall. “Let's discuss! I'm sure some of you had already seen it, and perhaps other Kubrick films. If not, and this was your introduction to the master, welcome to the club!”

Owen's Film Studies teacher, Mr. Corbyn, wasn't who you'd expect. A tall, fit, bald man in his late forties with a deep voice, a passion for movies and a dizzying intellect. He could be cocky and a bit too sure of himself at times, but his analytical skills were beyond impressive. Owen liked him and enjoyed the class immensely. It was a nice break from his core courses, where they got to dissect some of the finest films ever made.

“I'm looking forward to reading the papers you've handed in and seeing what you took away from the film, but in the meantime, let's see if we can put our heads together and dig a bit deeper. One thing we know about Kubrick is that his films have **layers**. There's the surface layer that most people enjoy; the most obvious elements of the film, and then there's the symbols, messages and metaphors he embeds deep in the dialogue, the music and the visuals. These aspects often take multiple viewings and a measure of critical thinking to notice and decode. That is, if you don't have a Kubrick fanboy teaching a film studies class to guide you.”

A soft rumble of laughter permeated the class.

Owen nodded as the professor spoke. The Sergeant was a fan of Kubrick's work and had seen several of his films, but he wasn't very good at probing the depths of the man's maniacal genius or reading

between the lines and grasping cryptic themes. To Owen, *2001 – A Space Odyssey* was just a cool, trippy sci-fi flick with a crazy light show at the end. *The Shining* was simply an unsettling film about a guy going crazy in a haunted hotel. He was eager to hear what Mr. Corbyn had to share about a true classic among war films and watch as the professor peeled back its layers.

“Now, the popular sentiment about *Full Metal Jacket*, or, what I like to call *the dumb-dumb consensus*, is that its first half is a funny, enjoyable romp through boot camp and its second half is just kind of 'eh.' Generally, people don't like how the movie becomes a **bummer** once we're in Vietnam and we're seeing American soldiers being casually racist, treating the Vietnamese people horribly and generally getting their asses kicked. Basically, what this proves, is those people don't want to engage with the subject Kubrick is putting in front of them. They're willing to enjoy a man being abused in boot camp until he snaps and commits murder-suicide, but once the shift in tone forces them to confront serious political and moral implications, they get cold feet.”

'Uh oh.' The first alarm bells went off in Owen's head. *'I mean, he's not wrong, but am I going to hate this?'*

“Can anyone name what they think the primary theme of *Full Metal Jacket* is?”

A few hands went up. Professor Corbyn pointed to a student. “Michael.”

“War is hell?” the young man asked in a less-than-confident tone.

The professor shrugged. “The film certainly demonstrates that, but I think **most** war movies have that as an element, to one extent or another. You're on to something, but that's a little too vague. Anyone else?”

More hands went up. The professor pointed to another classmate. “Sandra.”

“War destroys both sides, spiritually, regardless of who wins? There are no real victors?”

“Interesting” Mr. Corbyn responded. “Not the way I would phrase it, but you're also on to something. In fact, you're very close, but there's a single word that summarizes it best. I'm just going to come out and say it! The primary theme of *Full Metal Jacket* is **dehumanization**. It's the constant thread you can follow through the entire narrative. It starts in marine boot camp where all the recruits are dehumanized in the process of turning them into trained killers for the state. Gomer Pyle gets the worst of it, but they all suffer. This is done, ostensibly, to prepare them for war, but what we see, once they're in Vietnam, is there is no preparation for that kind of horror. For many, it won't keep them alive or mentally stable. Not only are the soldiers traumatized multiple times, but all that trauma and dehumanization is then weaponized on the Vietnamese.”

Owen swallowed. He wanted to mount a defense, but he had no good counter argument. Marine training was different than army training, especially back during the 60's and 70's, but this was a movie about that era, not today. Also, the crimes of the Vietnam War were well known. There was no denying them. The US's mission there had never been well defined. The entire thing was FUBAR from the start.

“Are there any other interesting themes or patterns you noticed? Perhaps relating to a certain big-eared mouse?” Professor Corbyn asked with a grin. Only one hand went up. “Lars! Go ahead.”

“I was going to bring up the references to *Mickey Mouse*, though I wasn't sure what to make of them, myself.”

The professor rubbed his hands together before launching into his next bit. “Kubrick does nothing by accident. There's a reason Mickey Mouse is referenced three times in the film. First, by the drill sergeant, who yells '**What is this Mickey Mouse shit?!?**' right before being shot in the chest. Second, the Mickey and Minnie figures sitting behind the soldiers in the *Stars and Stripes* office. And the third and most prominent example, when the surviving soldiers sing the Mickey Mouse theme song at the very end of the movie. What do we make of this?!?”

Owen squinted. He was curious to hear what others read into that. To him, it had always felt like an odd note to end the film on. From the lack of hands in the air, it seemed his fellow students didn't have a better read than he did.

“This is where it all comes together” the professor said with a smile. “Kubrick is *likening soldiers to children*. Not just because they follow the orders of their authority figures. In this case the authority figure is the state, rather than a child's parents. But because trauma often causes mental regression in the people who suffer it.”

Owen's eyes opened wide. His vision went red around the edges. His hands dug into the shitty little desktop panel jutting out in front of his seat. With a little more pressure, his powerful arms could probably rip the thing off its joints.

“Just like Gomer Pyle, who reverted to a child-like state in the midst of his dehumanization, by the end of the film, all of the major characters of *Full Metal Jacket* have regressed to deal with the trauma that's been imposed on them by war. Despite what they'd like to believe, none of them are '*hacking it*.' In the end, they are marching forward and singing the Micky Mouse theme in a scene that looks very much like hell. Joker recites a hollow monologue about how his unit is making history and he's glad to be alive, right after watching his friends die and putting a young Vietnamese girl, a soldier defending her country, incidentally, out of her misery. Whether Joker's monologue is sarcasm or you believe he's lying to himself, it's pretty clear that the horror of the situation has consumed him.”

Owen un-gritted his teeth and took a deep breath. The desk creaked in his grasp as he released it. He raised his right hand.

“Owen! Good. I was hoping to get your take on this. I'm sure you have a unique perspective to offer.”

“With all due respect, professor, I don't think it's fair to compare soldiers to children.”

“You mean, despite the fact that children literally are soldiers sometimes? Like the girl in the scene? If it was a general comparison, I could see your point, but Kubrick is doing it in a very specific and pointed manner. In what way do you think his analogy is unfair?”

Owen flinched. He was reacting emotionally. The Staff Sergeant wasn't sure how to defend the knee-jerk statement he'd just made. Especially since the comparison was limited to stress and mental anguish, both things he'd suffered as a child and as a soldier. “I... just think he's overstating the case. Assuming that's his intention and not just your interpretation.”

“You can cast doubt on the thesis if you like, but it's not just mine. Many have made this observation.

The evidence is all there, on the actors faces and in the character's interactions. I think most will agree it makes a lot of sense, once they've revisited the film and given it some thought.”

Owen swallowed. He swept aside his tumultuous feelings and marshaled the best argument he could. “Maybe, but movies aren't real life. In the real world, soldiers aren't just trauma victims who do what they're told. Soldiers fight for many different reasons. In the military, we're taught to question if orders are legal. War is agonizingly complex. Our actions can't always be boiled down to simple right and wrong in an instant. But that's what we're asked to do when we make split second decisions. We're asked to do the impossible, all the time.”

The professor nodded and crossed his arms.

“A fine speech, Owen. I don't necessarily disagree with any of it. I don't think Kubrick does either. He's not trying to demonize soldiers. He's putting the machine that creates them under the microscope and showing that it can have terrible downstream consequences. Do you deny that?”

“I suppose not. Especially if recruits are mistreated during training. That's something the US military has addressed, though.”

The professor leaned forward. “And even now that there have been modest improvements. When drill sergeants aren't allowed to be as harsh as they once were. When our armed forces have become all volunteer. Has that fixed the true, fundamental problems with our military culture? Stopped the launching of unjust wars? Ended war crimes and shameful incidents like Abu Ghraib? Solved the rampant sexual abuse, PTSD and veteran suicide epidemics?”

“Of course not. You're never going to fix every-”

“Then it's a good thing we had directors like Kubrick and Coppola who were willing to criticize the militarism of their time” Professor Corbyn interrupted. “It's too bad they're in short supply these days.”

Dead silence fell over the room. Owen felt the judging stares of two dozen classmates.

“Fair enough” he replied before looking down.

“Does anyone else have something to add on the topic of the film's themes?” the scholar asked with raised hands. The attention of the class mercifully shifted back to him.

Owen sat, staring ahead blankly and barely listening to the rest of the session. His mind was a vortex of internal conflict, recycling his fears, doubts and the most troubling moments of his years in the army. For the third time that week, he entered a familiar downward spiral; sucked into the black pit of anxiety and apprehension that had no discernible bottom.

* * * * *

WHIPLASH

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8:34 PM

IsabellaDivine: Hello, my hunky bottom bitch! How was your day?

StrikeMeDown: Not great. In fact, it's been a pretty craptastic week so far.

IsabellaDivine: What happened?

StrikeMeDown: I don't want to get into details, but I can sum it up with a quote, if you like.

IsabellaDivine: Go for it.

StrikeMeDown: "Hell is empty and all the devils are here."

IsabellaDivine: Nice. Shakespeare is always a good pull. Sorry the world's got you quoting his most pessimistic prose.

StrikeMeDown: It's alright.

IsabellaDivine: You sure you don't want to talk about it? I'll call right now. Bet hearing my voice would make you feel better!

StrikeMeDown: Not right now, thanks. I've relived enough in the last few days. Don't want to infect you with my bad mood, either.

IsabellaDivine: Okay, but I want to hear about it later. It's important we share these things. Sharing your burdens is an important part of being in a relationship. I'm not just your Domme, anymore.

StrikeMeDown: Yes, Mistress.

IsabellaDivine: Good boy.

StrikeMeDown: How was your day, my Queen?

IsabellaDivine: Excellent. I saw two new clients and both intro sessions went well.

StrikeMeDown: In the office? Or the dungeon?

IsabellaDivine: The office, silly.

StrikeMeDown: I'm never quite sure unless I ask.

IsabellaDivine: Don't you remember my schedule by now?

StrikeMeDown: Nope. Barely remember my own without my phone alarms.

IsabellaDivine: You're such a goofball. A lovable one, admittedly. Are we still on for tomorrow?

StrikeMeDown: Yeah. I was hoping we could change plans, though. If it wouldn't be too much trouble.

IsabellaDivine: What did you have in mind?

StrikeMeDown: I know we planned for dinner and a movie, but I've been under a lot of stress lately. It's starting to get to me. I could really use some relief. And since I promised not to see any other Dommies...

IsabellaDivine: Of course. I know exactly what you need. Be at my play pad tomorrow night at seven. We'll do *Netflix and chill* another night.

StrikeMeDown: Thank you so much, my Queen! I feel a little better, already.

IsabellaDivine: You're welcome, slave. See you tomorrow night. Love you! <3 <3 <3

StrikeMeDown: Love you too. Until then, my Goddess.

* * * * *

SNAP SNAP SNAP

The leather tails of Elizabeth's thirty inch flogger sang through the air and lambasted Owen's quickly reddening ass. For many, fifty to sixty blows would've been their limit. For Owen, *Mistress Isabella* was just getting started. Only now was the pain in his rear starting to grow delicious and the intense bondage was filling his every limb with satisfying soreness.

Owen was face-down on the bondage horse with his arms bound tightly behind him. The black latex straight jacket was the first layer rendering him immobile. The second was formed from firm, white Shibari ropes forcing his arms into a tight box-tie over his back. The ever-cautious Elizabeth even had short lengths of chain attached from the furniture to anchor points on the straight jacket, ensuring Owen's torso couldn't slip off the apparatus on either side.

That wasn't much of a concern to begin with, given that his legs were sealed in thick leather chaps and buckled to the inverted V-shape of the horse's base. Wide leather straps lined his legs all the way down, providing extra pressure around the already tight leather. All four of Owen's limbs were locked down firmly. He couldn't budge an inch against the prison of wood, rope, leather and rubber. His considerable strength had been rendered completely useless.

A thick rubber hood completed his fetish attire. It left his increasingly red bottom as the only bit of Owen's flesh exposed to the cool dungeon air. A steel nose hook was embedded in his nostrils, pulling upward on the cartilage of his nose with considerable strain. It was connected to an adjustable leather strap that ran over his head and was attached to the back of his collar. Elizabeth had tightened it twice already, adding greater pressure to his suffering nose.

The final piece was the girthy cock gag strapped around his face and locked into Owen's mouth. It was a black, veiny, double ended toy. Three inches of fat, silicone meat was packed in his forced-open lips.

The other six inches stuck out from Owen's face, taunting him and offering Elizabeth a different kind of fun. She could always go for a ride and use Owen's muzzled face for her pleasure if she grew tired of leveling discipline on her slave. So far, she'd shown no such inclination.

WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP

Her blows came even more forceful, blasting into Owen's flesh with skill and verve.

“Mmmmmppphhhhhh!!!” he murmured pleurably around the increasingly sloppy gag.

The end of the dildo wobbled as it jutted from his face. With burgeoning excitement, his ass wiggled the tiny bit his hips could manage while strapped to the horse. It was the only movement his body could achieve; the only outlet for all the sexual energy building in his bound form.

“Yeah, that feels good, doesn't it?”

WAP WAP WAP WAP

“That's it! Soak in the pain, Owen. Let everything else out! Your doubts. Your fears. Your tears. Your stress...”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“Mistress will draw it all out! It's my pleasure to do so.”

Elizabeth circled her slave, surveying him from every angle and giving his bottom a quick break. Her five-inch heels clicked off the dungeon floor as she made her way around slowly. When she entered his field of vision, Owen drank in the sight of his gorgeous angel of pain.

Her curvy body shined with the luster of full-body latex. From her neck down to her feet, her frame was wrapped in glossy red rubber. Lines of black accented the length of her legs, calling even more attention to her slim calves and well-toned thighs. A matching black and red striped corset was the centerpiece of her ensemble.

The adornment that stood out the most was the black leather harness with small metal spikes wrapped around her breasts. It snapped into place at the base of her chest, creating the look of BDSM collars tight around her heavenly mounds. The leather straps dug into her bodysuit, a style that said *'don't touch'* while provoking the burning desire to do just that.

Elizabeth's blue eye shadow led up to neatly trimmed brunette bangs. The rest of her dark hair was pulled up and back into a high pony tail, only adding to her commanding appearance. She twirled her black leather flogger as she moved, playing with it in her gloved hands. Her dark eyes sparkled with mischief and excitement.

Watching her stalk past him was enough to drive Owen mad. He wanted nothing more than to crawl to her feet and begin licking and kissing upward until he'd worshiped every square inch of her perfect Dominatrix form. Instead, more saliva simply backed up in his mouth, creating an even bigger, stickier mess around the dildo lodged in his cheeks. His eyes teemed with lust for his mesmerizing matriarch.

Elizabeth halted her circular appraisal as her lips curled into a wide smile. She sauntered forth and took hold of Owen's chin. The feisty femdom lifted his head, giving his nose a brief rest from the painful stretching of the hook.

“The way you keep moaning around that dick... I'm starting to think you got a taste for it. I'd ask what hole you want to be fucked in next, but that doesn't really matter, does it? It's about what **I want**, in between rounds of **beating your ass** to a fucking pulp.”

Owen muffled moans were a meek reply. His bindings rattled and creaked. His cock twitched, growing even harder as it strained against the tight leather chaps his legs were cinched in. Elizabeth released his chin and his head dropped back into the brutal tug of the steely nose prong. She reached out and tapped the jutting dildo with her index finger, chuckling as it flexed.

“Maybe I should turn the gag around and put this end in your mouth?”

“**NNPPPHHHH!!!**”

“What? You don't like nonstop gagging while you're being whipped? Where's your sense of adventure, **slut**? Besides, it's the best way to destroy that gag reflex. Then you can really start throating my toys!”

“**PFFFHHHH NHHPPHH!**”

“Oh, fine. We'll work on that another time. Back to making you scream!”

She gave Owen's face a firm shove before striding off. Elizabeth circled back to his ass and took up the optimal ass-beating stance once again.

“I hope you're ready, **bitch**, because I'm going in for real this time! Here comes that **relief** you need so badly!”

WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP

“One.”

WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP

“Two.”

She continued lashing his ass and counting them out in groups of ten. With each set, the torment multiplied and Owen's nervous system flew into a frenzy of flaming hot irons. The stinging sensation bounced off his every pore and his mind began to blank. The nirvana of all encompassing pain coursed through his body, growing with every loud crack against his increasingly bruised cheeks. With each flaying, the cords of the flogger grew more pronounced in their bite. Every scathing lash was like a hundred bees stabbing at his nerves and then swooping around for another pass a split second later.

WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP

“Nine.”

Tears of joy streamed down Owen's face as he mumbled and coughed around the dildo gag. His body jerked and spasmed uselessly, seething against his bonds as Elizabeth casually walked off and tossed her flogger on a nearby table.

Moments later, she returned, standing just behind Owen. Nothing happened at first. He muttered saliva-soaked nothings around the cock gag as the anticipation built. He could only guess what was coming next. The bound submissive had nothing but a basement wall to stare at as Elizabeth left him hanging in suspense for seconds that felt like minutes..

“Surprise!”

TSSSSSTTT

Elizabeth turned the candle sideways, pouring its flaming hot wax all over the top of Owen's ass cheeks. It singed him fiercely, dribbling down the length of his ass until it reached the red, swollen areas she'd just finished beating. As the liquid lava seeped over his scarred flesh, Owen's mind exploded in fireworks of pure agony.

Fresh on the heels of this onslaught of pain were the endorphins required to combat it. They flooded his brain, delivering to him the cool, numbing balm of oblivion. It swept away everything. Thoughts. Memories. Stress. School. Owen's life was reduced to something manageable; being the bound, quivering pain sponge and fuck toy of a true Goddess.

As Owen lay in a groaning, shuddering daze, Elizabeth returned her candle to the table and hefted her strapon harness. She lifted it around her legs and buckled it in place, guiding the monster dong to its proper position, just over her sex. As she walked back to Owen's splayed and well-beaten form, she activated the massage unit in the harness that would thrum away at her vulva, passing wonderful vibrations through the red latex of her catsuit as she fucked Owen into the night.

“I'm not gonna tell you how big this cock is.” She reached down, grabbed the waiting bottle of lube by the fuck-horse and sprayed a generous amount over her long, rubber length. “I'm just going to say, you've never taken one this size and it makes the dildo sticking out of your mouth look like a pinky finger.”

Through his haze of pain and the ether of giddy, drifting euphoria, Owen heard the snap of a lube bottle being closed. The cool head of some colossal phallus was brought to his too-small pucker. It plunged inward, its sticky heft causing a fresh burning sensation as it pushed through his wounded cheeks.

“Don't worry, slave. We're just getting started! I'm gonna make you forget your own name, tonight.”

Elizabeth seized his hips in a hungry grasp. She thrust hard and deep, plunging through Owen's tight, unlubed starfish with the girthiest cock he'd ever taken.

“MMMMPPPPGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!”

She bucked into him powerfully, driving her enormous strapon deeper with every fearsome thrust. The initial invasion was brutally painful, adding to the nightmare of burnt and beaten flesh still raging through his ass.

Elizabeth plowed him repeatedly, leaping into a steady, harsh ass-fucking rhythm. Her rubber bitch-breaker launched deep in his guts, quickly stretching out his sphincter with its thick, lubricated shaft. Within a dozen strokes, she went balls deep and Owen felt fresh misery as her hips and the balls of the massive toy smashed into his suffering flesh.

“NNNGGGHHHPPPLMM!!! HHHRRRRMMMMMM!!!”

“That's it! **Take it all, bitch!** I know you like it hard!!!”

Elizabeth's hips bucked into his bottom powerfully as she filled him with silicone cock over and over. Owen struggled, pulled, raged and cried to no effect. He was powerless as his divine Domina dug her fingers into his latex and leather clad body and sodomized him without mercy. She fucked him with a fury and determination he'd never felt before in their many steamy sessions. Owen's fingers grasped at nothing in the long rubbery sleeves of his straight jacket. His toes curled in the tight leather boots of his fetish slave attire.

“**Yes!** My perfect pain slut! **I love you, Owen!** Ahhhhhhhh! **AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

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