

Long Is The Way

Chapter 4 – An Abyss Of Love

TWENTY SEVEN YEARS AGO

THUD

“**Ahhhh!**” Owen yelped in pain as he felt the rock ricochet off his shoulder blade. He turned to see Edgar, his least favorite peer at the orphanage, closing in with two flunkies at his sides.

Owen was sitting below a tree not far from the playground. He'd hoped to be left alone to read his favorite comic book, one of the few personal possessions he had room for in the suitcase that defined his young life. But there was no such luck to be found, today. Not even on Owen's birthday.

“Hey, dork! Whatcha reading?”

“Iron Man” he answered as the three boys strode to a stop not far away.

“What's it about?” the burly Edgar asked with a cruel smile. The blonde haired brute was two years older and several inches taller than his favorite target.

“It's about this scientist guy who makes a cool set of armor that--”

“I'm kidding, **you moron!** Nobody cares about your stupid comic.”

Owen's eyes narrowed as he stood. He should've known the question wasn't sincere. Now he felt stupid.

“What do you guys want?”

“Saw you talking to Emily yesterday. What was that about?”

“None of your business.”

“Ooooh, defensive! Were you guys playing **kissy** out here?!?”

“No.”

“You think she likes you?”

“I dunno... maybe.”

The boy to Edgar's left erupted into a fit of laughter. The guy to his right spoke up. “**Owen the idiot!** Fooled again!”

Edgar folded his arms over his chest. “We told Emily to come over and flirt with you. She was just playing. She thinks you're a dork like everyone else.”

Owen's anger hit a boiling point and he dropped his comic on the ground. His eyes opened wide and his hands clamped into balled fists.

Edgar opened his stance. “Oh, you gonna do something about it?” He gestured for Owen to come forward. “C'mon pansy, let's go!”

Owen yelled and charged at him. The bigger and considerably stronger boy easily dodged his punch, grabbed his arms and threw him aside. The other two boys stepped back, almost bowled over by Owen's toppling form.

He scraped to a stop through the dirt and grass and Owen gritted his teeth. Undeterred, he pushed himself up and charged again. This time, he wasn't going for a punch. He ran and lunged at Edgar football style, entering a full-on tackle with all his weight. Edgar swung and this time, it was he who missed. Owen got his head down just in time to bash his skull into the bigger boy's midsection.

They went to the ground and in the midst of their grappling, Owen's knee went directly into the bigger guy's nads. Edgar yelped in pain and his grip loosened. Owen didn't waste a moment taking advantage of the situation. He climbed up the howling boy's torso and quickly threw two punches into the stunned bully's face. Blood shot from his nose as Edgar raised his arms in a weak attempt at self defense.

Owen got one more swing in before Edgar's buddies were on top of him, grabbing at his arms and trying to pull him off. By now, there was yelling in the background and all the other kids were running over to see what was going on. Owen strained against the strength of Edgar's henchmen, but his fury couldn't free him to deliver more damage. The bloodied bully could've stood and got some revenge, if he wasn't so disoriented with blood and tears.

“**HEY! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?!?**” an adult voice shouted from the distance. Moments later, one of the care workers arrived and pierced the throng of children. He made a quick appraisal of the scene before a scowl spread across his face. “**OWEN!** What did you do?!?”

“He attacked Edgar!” one of the boys holding him back answered.

“He threw a rock at me!” Owen countered.

“Let go of him” Mr. Mason instructed the two boys before taking a grip of Owen's arm himself. “Help Edgar up and take him to see Mrs. Hoover.”

As his friends led Edgar off to the nurse's station in the administration building, Mr. Mason dragged Owen away from the mob of gathered kids. He marched through the field, past the playground and towards the main housing complex.

“**Really, Owen? On your birthday???**”

“He started it.”

“Words never justify violence.”

“I told you, he hit me with a rock.”

“We got cupcakes to celebrate your birthday, tonight. Now you're going to miss your own party.”

“I don't care. I don't want a party if those **buttholes** are invited.”

“You can't keep doing this, Owen. No one's gonna adopt a kid covered in bruises who can't stop getting in trouble.”

“Bite me.”

* * * * *

WHIPLASH

The Premier App for Kinky Chat and BDSM Dating

10:15 AM

IsabellaDivine: Heya! Ready for birthday fun tomorrow?

StrikeMeDown: As ready as I can be.

IsabellaDivine: Did you check out the restaurant I picked? I texted the link earlier.

StrikeMeDown: I did.

IsabellaDivine: You saw they have a dress code, right? I presume you own a suit that will pass muster?

StrikeMeDown: I have one that I've been wearing to weddings and funerals for ages, but it's seen better days. I went out yesterday and got a new one for the occasion.

IsabellaDivine: Nice! I look forward to seeing you in it.

StrikeMeDown: I'd wait until you see it before celebrating. I'm not exactly a fashionista.

IsabellaDivine: I'll hand out what compliments I wish and you'll receive them gracefully. I'm impressed by your thoroughness and foresight. Those are excellent qualities in a submissive, and a man in general.

StrikeMeDown: Thank you, Madam Long. Do you want to meet there? Or I could pick you up, if you prefer?

IsabellaDivine: No. I'm not going to have you chauffeur me on your birthday. I'll pick **you** up. Your address is the same as your billing, yes?

StrikeMeDown: That's right.

IsabellaDivine: I'll be there tomorrow at 4:30 PM. Be ready.

StrikeMeDown: Yes, Mistress.

* * * * *

Owen spent most of the ride in Elizabeth's silver Lexus peering sideways to ogle her curves. They chatted of work, school and other small talk as she drove them to the restaurant, but it was a struggle to stay focused on her words. Half her body was hugged in the luscious cling of an elegant red dress while one shoulder and arm were left bare for the world to behold her flawless skin. Owen had never found himself so envious of a article of clothing in his life.

The scent of her Velvet Orchid perfume filled the interior of the car, overpowering the leather of the seats. Warm notes of honey and vanilla assailed Owen's nose. Each time Elizabeth glanced over and smiled at him, his heart swelled to bursting. He'd never enjoyed celebrating his own birthday, but there was nowhere Owen would rather be right now. She could drive them off a cliff and he would die happy.

“You look lovely in blue” she remarked. She turned and made a brief study of his suit jacket and slacks before returning her eyes to the road. “Not as good as you do in shiny black, but it's a nice look for you.”

“Thanks” Owen said as he ran a hand down the classic blue blazer and over the black tie that lined his white dress shirt. “I just went with what the tailor recommended. I'm glad you like it.”

“I remember seeing Ryan Gosling in a suit like that once, at the Oscars. A handsome man like you would fit right in on the red carpet, wearing that.”

Owen blushed and snickered in disbelief. “Oh please... me on the--”

“**Ah!**” Elizabeth raised her right hand with a pointed finger. “Have you forgotten what I said yesterday? No more rejecting compliments! When I give you one, you take it. End of story.”

Owen ran his palms over his knees nervously. Her commands, delivered in the British accent that hadn't diminished since crossing the pond, left him giddy and flailing. His cheeks went an even deeper shade of red as he replied. “Yes, Mistress. Thank you.” Owen wished to return her praise in full, but he'd already remarked on her beauty twice since getting in the car. It wouldn't do to turn into a drooling nerd that couldn't stop lavishing her with accolades.

“No more titles once we get there” Elizabeth added. “For the next couple hours, we're not Mistress and slave. Just a couple celebrating a birthday.”

Owen's eyes jumped open wider upon registering the remark.

'A couple...'

She'd said it so casually. Was that implying more? Or did she just mean a couple of friends? Even if she'd used the word *friends*, that wouldn't have deterred Owen. They were going out, just the two of them, for his birthday. By any reasonable definition that was *a date*.

Their chemistry was undeniable; especially in the dungeon, but it was building slowly outside of her kinky playspace too. This evening could be the beginning of something more, if he could just keep his cool, not sabotage himself and not overdo it. It should be a simple thing, but Owen would rather march onto any battlefield than try to navigate the social minefields of civilian life.

“Yes, Madam Long. I mean, Elizabeth!” he corrected himself hurriedly. “Liz?” he added sheepishly, with a stupid grin.

Elizabeth laughed and turned her head, transfixing Owen with her dark brown eyes, ruby red lips and brilliant smile. “Liz, huh? You're adorable when you're nervous.”

* * * * *

The main dining hall of the restaurant had a wonderful view. The entire back wall of the establishment was lined with large glass panes and dotted with indoor plants. It provided a lovely view of the lake, below. The walkway down to the pier was dotted with lampposts, not yet turned on as the sun began to sink into the horizon. Shades of red and orange lit up the sky, while the lighting within the dining room set the mood perfectly. There was a line of chandeliers high above, rows of soft, glowing lanterns along the walls and each occupied table flickered with candlelight.

Chatter filled the background as the waiter filled their glasses with red wine. Owen took a last look through the menu while Elizabeth relayed her order. Owen had been relieved to find the menu wasn't in French. For such an upscale establishment, they had a fair number of typical American offerings. Owen would get to enjoy a steak, though he had a feeling the portion would be smaller than he was used to and the side dishes would be more decorative than filling. None of that mattered, though, because he was in a perfect romantic setting with the most beautiful, intelligent and skilled Domina he'd ever met. It was a dream come true and he was determined to savor every moment.

The waiter took Owen's order and strode off, leaving them alone at last. Their gazes met across the table, eyes sparkling from the myriad sensual sources of light. Elizabeth had a smile a mile wide, still admiring Owen in his formal wear. He could only return the gesture, happy to have his Goddess in full view.

Her dark hair tumbled down around her shoulders and was accentuated by golden earrings gleaming on both sides of her fair face. An elegant sash draped from her hip, containing all the fabric that was left unused by her bare left shoulder and arm. Red nail polish and stunning gold bangles adorned her fingers and wrists, completing her transformation from leather-clad disciplinarian into a regal Baroness. She would've looked fitting in the throne room of any royal court.

They both sipped their red, indulging in extravagant drink and soaking in the lush atmosphere. A Cheshire grin of curiosity formed on Elizabeth's mouth as she set her glass back down.

“So, what were birthdays like for young Owen? I'm curious.”

“It varied from year to year. Especially when I was in the orphanage. Some were ok. Others sucked hard.”

“None were great, I'm guessing?”

“Definitely not. If you were lucky you got a little pizza party or something, but everyone at the home was invited by default. Hard to enjoy a birthday bash when you don't like half the people there. Sometimes more than half.”

“It's funny you say that, because I experienced something similar.”

“Really?”

“Yup. It was weird, especially when I was young. My parents were great and they always made a big production of my birthday. Party games, hired performers like a clown or magician, the whole nine yards. But they also invited tons of kids from my school and neighborhood. Some I barely knew or didn't get along with. They considered it rude if they didn't invite damn near everyone my age. It was awkward. I liked it better once I got a little older and it was just me and my besties having sleepover parties. Can't knock all the presents I got during those early years, though.”

Owen chuckled. “Yeah, there was an upside, at least.”

“How about your foster parents? Did they give you any memorable birthdays?”

“Eh, not really. They weren't big on parties. Usually they just took me out to dinner, if I hadn't done anything to piss them off in the weeks leading up to my birthday.”

“So, your best birthdays were spent in the military, then?”

“That's fair to say. I mean, some of them happened in the field, so there wasn't much celebrating during those. But other years, when I was at the barracks or on leave, there were some wild birthday parties. Mine and my buddies. They usually started with a full keg and devolved into fucking, brawling and other shenanigans. Sometimes the medics would hook us up to IVs just so we could stay hydrated and drink more.”

Elizabeth's grew wide as saucers. “Wow, I'm surprised things got that rowdy on base. My dad never mentioned anything like that, but I'm guessing there were lots of youthful indiscretions he never shared with me. Did the keggers get you in trouble?”

“Sometimes, but it never deterred the next party.”

“How about *truth or dare*? That's always a fun one at a drunken bash.”

“It wasn't a staple, but it happened a couple times that I recall.”

“Ooooh, did anyone ever **truth** out your sexual proclivities?”

“No. I usually took the dares, specifically to avoid questions about my past and kinks. I've never shared much about my childhood except with my closest friends. And even my best bud, Flash, doesn't know that I'm a kinkster, to this day.”

“Maybe he suspects you're into some freaky stuff, since you've been so tight-lipped.”

“Trust me. He's oblivious. To him, a kink is just a knot in a hose.”

“Hmmm, I wonder...” she mused. “Tell me, Owen. When did you first realize you were into Femdom?”

“Whoa! Talk about a shift!”

“You provided the opening. Now suffer the consequences” she replied with a sinister smile before lifting her glass and taking another sip.

“Fair enough” he said before crossing his arms. “Let's see... I want to say it wasn't long after high school. I was eighteen or nineteen. In a mood to explore, one night, so I was checking out all kinds of weird porn on some random website. Most of the bizarre stuff I sampled was a turn off. Then I happened on a woman in black leather whipping the shit out of some guy bound to a rack. My brain said *'this is fucking weird'* but my lower anatomy said otherwise.”

“Oh no!” Elizabeth laughed. “Innocence shattered!”

“Yeah... and that led me to some pegging videos and I got even harder. There was no denying it at that point.”

“You were rising to the occasion, in spite of yourself!”

“Very much so. I was embarrassed, at first. I seriously thought there was something wrong with me. But over time, I saw how prevalent that kind of content was and how many communities there were centered around BDSM. Before long, I tossed the shame and stigma overboard.”

“That's good. I know a lot of men never get over it, poor souls. They'll never be the best, most authentic versions of themselves. I've even had a few clients like that.”

“If you can't beat the shame out of them, they're truly lost.”

“Right?” the dark haired beauty responded before lifting her glass and draining it.

“Your turn, Ms. Long.”

“HMMMM?”

“When did you realize it was your destiny to put men under your thumb?”

“HMMMM... We're not in my dungeon, so turnabout is fair play, I suppose. It was more gradual for me. Like, I always looked up to characters like *Wonder Woman* and *Cat Woman*. Strong women who didn't take any guy's crap and could wield their sexuality like a weapon. I identified with the seductress and femme fatale personas in various books and movies. Also, I didn't respond to assertive guys the same

way so many of my friends did. The further I got into my twenties, it just clicked at one point. *'Oh, I think I'm one of those women who might enjoy stepping on guys and flogging their backs and asses.'*"

Owen chortled. "And the rest, as they say, is history."

"Indeed. It was fun and a good way to generate a second income. Social work doesn't pay great, despite how important it is. Our society doesn't value it. But kinky guys value getting their ass beaten. And I could take out my aggression for the former on the latter. It all just kinda snapped into place."

"I'm glad it did. You're amazing at what you do."

"Thank you. I like to think my authenticity gives me an edge over the local competition. There's plenty of beautiful women topping out there, but how many of them actually enjoy it? How many just do it for the paycheck?"

"I don't think there's anything wrong with service topping, although I can definitely tell when a woman is enthusiastic about it or not. I've always preferred the ones that are."

"That's why I like you, Owen. You're thoughtful and much more discerning than most of my clients."

Owen broke into a fresh blush. "Thank you, Mis--" He cut himself off mid-sentence. He'd almost let it slip. "...Elizabeth."

The amused Domina snickered. "There you go... being nervous and cute again."

"I'm kinda surprised we're talking about kink so much, since you told me not to use your title."

"Just because we're not in a scene doesn't mean we can't discuss our play. It's refreshing to talk about kink in a more casual setting. I so rarely get to. Don't you agree?"

Owen smiled. "Yeah, now that you mention it. It's... liberating. Being able to talk about something I usually hide from everyone. In a public place, for that matter."

Elizabeth folded her hands together and lowered her face into the bridge of her fingers. "Good boy."

Moments later, the waiter re-appeared with their salads and appetizers. He re-filled their glasses before leaving them to begin the feast. They chatted about less sordid topics as they ate, completing two courses of what would eventually be a three course meal. Little did Owen know that Elizabeth had already arranged for dessert. Once the dinner plates were cleared away, she kept looking past Owen, as if she were waiting for something. Minutes later, she saw what she was waiting for and raised a pointed question.

"Owen, do you like surprises?"

"Not at all. Hate em. Especially on my birthday."

Elizabeth shrugged. "Oh... Well, that's a shame." She lifted her soup spoon and rapped it against her wine glass gently five times.

clink clink clink clink clink

“HAAAPPPYYYY BIIIRRTHHHDDAAAAYYY TOOOO YOOOOOUUUUU!!!!”

The chorus of over a dozen voices lifted behind Owen and he jumped in his chair. His torso twisted around, looking behind him and finding a row of waiters, waitresses and kitchen staff lined behind him and singing together.

**“HAAAPPPYYYY BIIIRRTHHHDDAAAAYYY TOOOO YOOOOOUUUUU!!!!
HAAAPPPYYYY BIIIRRTHHHDDAAAAYYY DEEEAAARRR OWWWEEEEENN!!!
HAAAPPPYYYY BIIIRRTTHHHDDAAAYY TOOOOO YOOOOOUUUUU!!!!”**

A round of applause went up from the patrons all around the dining hall as a flaming birthday cake was wheeled over to just beside Owen. His face turned the deepest shade of red yet as he looked all around, then back to the grinning Elizabeth.

“Blow them out, Owen. Before they burn the place down.”

A few of the wait staff laughed as the flustered man turned back to the well-lit pastry. He sucked in a huge breath and exhaled with all his might, successfully extinguishing the circle of flaming wax inserts. There was another round of clapping as the lights disappeared in trails of wispy smoke.

“**ANNDD MAANNNNY MOORRREEEEEE!!!!**” The chorus sang in unison, finishing up their little production. Owen thanked, nodded and waved to the group of well-dressed waitstaff as they began to disperse.

He turned back to Elizabeth, his anxiety fading away as his normal color slowly returned. “That wasn't necessary.”

“Yes it was.”

Owen looked over at the large cake; the biggest one anyone had presented him with in his thirty five years on Earth. He was lost for words.

“Thoughtful and discerning, but still a slow learner at times” she added.

He met her gaze and was swallowed by Elizabeth's warm, brown eyes. They glistened with mischief, affection and expectation in equal measure.

'What she gives, I take. End of story.'

He swallowed and nodded to her as his eyes began to mist up. “Thank you, Elizabeth.”

“You're welcome, Owen.”

* * * * *

As they left the restaurant, Owen was pleased to learn that his birthday extravaganza was far from over. Elizabeth's biggest gift was yet to come and it was the only thing he truly wanted. They drove directly to her second home, the Domme's fiendish flat of BDSM delights. By the time they surged through the front door, they were both giddy from the lingering buzz of wine and their mutual desire to slip back into their proper roles.

Their laughing and horny banter came to a quick close as the door slammed shut and they embraced. They kissed long and deep, feeling each other up and down as coats were tossed aside. The room grew silent aside from the moist sounds of pressed lips, sliding tongues and what little hot breath escaped the seal of their mouths.

After many long minutes of increasingly aggressive tonguing and groping, Elizabeth could wait no longer. She broke the kiss, stepped back and pointed at the floor between them.

“Strip down. I want you nude and kneeling when I return.”

“Yes, Mistress Long.”

Elizabeth stalked down the hallway, her short heels clicking across the hardwood until she disappeared into one of the first floor bedrooms. Owen removed his new suit one piece at a time, folding the articles gently and draping them over the back of a living room armchair. He stuffed his socks into his dress shoes and set them aside as well. He knelt down, nude as the day he was born, and waited a torturously long stretch of time that was probably only five minutes but felt like a half hour. Owen's penis slowly deflated, its rigidity fading without his demanding Domina present to keep it throbbing at attention.

When his glorious Goddess returned, she'd traded in her fashionable red party dress for a new kind of elegance. Her curvy frame was outlined in glossy black from neck to toe. Elizabeth's short heels were gone, now replaced with thigh high boots with four inch stilettos. Even if Owen was standing, she still would've towered over him. Her hair was now tied back. As Mistress strode into the living room, she tapped her riding crop into her latex covered palm.

As she'd done a dozen times before, Elizabeth crossed to the storage cabinet that contained her drawer of collars. Skillful planner that she was and people pleaser when she wanted to be, Elizabeth had a special collar picked out for tonight. She selected it, chose a fitting leash, walked back to her waiting slave and held out the symbol of his submission for the evening. The sturdy strip of black leather featured four steel O-rings dangling from its front, back and sides. On either side of the front ring the words '**PAIN**' and '**SLUT**' were etched in brilliant chrome.

Owen's cock twitched back to life as soon as he saw those shiny words. He gazed up at the woman of his dreams, in awe of every aspect of her being. She looked down at him with a haughty smile, admiring his well-muscled, subservient form. In that moment, they both knew how lucky they were to have each other. To have found play partners who matched so well aesthetically and in terms of kink. Play partners, friends and perhaps more...

No words were needed. She stalked around his side, wrapped the collar around his throat and buckled it with growing urgency. When it was secure around his neck, she leashed the front O-ring and gave it a test tug. They were ready.

“Time for your birthday beatings” she announced casually, then set off.

Owen trundled after her, his palms and knees mashing into the ground as he followed her obediently. When they got to the basement door, he stood and followed her down. As soon as they reached the cold basement floor, Owen lowered himself once again. He didn't need to be told anymore. It was natural for him to crawl behind her.

Within moments they arrived at Elizabeth's padded spanking bench. She ordered him onto it, face down, and immediately went to work binding him. Wrist and ankle cuffs with extremely short chains were applied. Their D-rings were chained, separately, to both sides of the bench's inverted V-shaped support structure. A thick leather bondage strap was slung over his body at the waist and locked down harshly, ensuring his torso couldn't slide off the center.

At that point, he was already well secured, but Elizabeth was far from done. Next was something completely new to Owen. In all his visits to various professional Dommies, he'd never seen devices quite like the pieces of shiny steel Elizabeth brought forth. He quickly learned they were thumb and toe cuffs.

The rigid rectangles of metal were like miniature stockades, only instead of having spaces to insert the head and arms, they featured holes just big enough to restrain the slave's thumbs or big toes. Once locked into the cruel devices, they forced Owen's feet and hands close together even as the wrist and ankle cuffs yanked his limbs outward toward the bench's thick metal frame. It created two immediately uncomfortable stress positions at his front and back. Any attempt to fidget in the slightest was met with metal clinking and the steel biting into his flesh.

Owen expected a gag next, but he had another surprise coming. The enterprising disciplinarian had different ideas about how he should mumble, snort and squeal on this occasion. Elizabeth first chained his front O-ring to the base of the bench. Owen could no longer lift his head more than an inch from the front of the platform. He was left in anticipation as Elizabeth fidgeted with the O-ring at the back of his collar, but not for long. Soon another leather strap was pulled tight over the top of his head and the cold metal nose hooks sank into his nostrils, pulling his nose upward harshly. She tightened it further, making the stretching sensation, which began at the back of his own collar, permanent.

He could barely talk as it was. If Owen tried, he knew it would be a pathetic, nasally imitation of his normal voice, but that wasn't good enough for his angel of pain. She was a true lover of applying bondage. The more the better. And since she wasn't wrapping him in leather or latex tonight, Owen knew she would go all-out in every other conceivable way.

As if reading his mind, Elizabeth inserted the fish hooks into his mouth, fed their leather straps through the O-rings on his collar's sides and tightened them one by one. Owen's mouth was pulled apart wide, effectively gagging him without placing anything along his tongue. The ends of the steely hooks were blunt, so they wouldn't cut, but they pulled on his skin wickedly, stretching his face between the anchor points of his own collar.

Owen's entire face was now gripped in tight leather and stretching metal clamps. He muttered gibberish and bobbed his head upward. His pitiful attempt at movement was immediately cut short by the bottom chain, snapping his head back down and making him regret that he tried to move at all. He looked up at Elizabeth from his immobilized position. She gazed back down at him with a wicked grin.

“Perfection” she said before strutting off.

Owen heard the sounds of unboxing, including the crinkling noise that comes with removing plastic. When Elizabeth returned, she held a long, thick red candle in his field of vision.

“Do you know what this is?” she asked. “This is your *candle of agony*. Every ounce of this wax will adorn your body, in time. Not all of it tonight, but eventually. This is my birthday gift to you, **pain slut**. Enjoy...”

The candle was yanked away. Seconds later, Owen heard a match being struck.

“While we're waiting for that to heat up, I'll get started on *other things*.”

Owen felt her latex fingers slide around his cock and balls. Elizabeth was gentle at first, stroking his manhood and fondling his sizable sack. He was already rock hard from Mistress' thorough bondage and demanding words. Her slick rubber digits running up and down his engorged seven inches felt amazing, but he knew it wouldn't last. Stroking him to orgasm wasn't what either of them wanted.

Elizabeth dropped his jutting phallus, letting it hang out in the cool dungeon air as she retrieved some items. She was back within seconds and Owen felt the sleek, nylon bondage rope press against his most sensitive region. With practiced ease, she wound the Shibari cord around his balls, spreading them down the center and stretching them out to the left and right.

She looped the rope above his tied nuts, its 6mm thickness circling the base of his scrotum and Owen's dangling erection. Pre-cum slid from the tip of his cock as Elizabeth finished her ties with an elegant bow that she could easily tug free at any time to begin the unraveling.

Owen felt her hands close around his bound balls a few more times, massaging them gently around the ropes. It felt delightful, but Mistress' teasing couldn't fool him. He knew what was coming next.

WHAP WHAP WHAP

The broad side of one of her smaller paddles belted into his rope-wrapped scrotum, sending an incredible surge of pain flooding through his lower body.

“ARRGHHHHHHMMMMPPPPHHHHH!!!”

WHAP WHAP WHAP

Six strikes in total blistered his balls before she paused to let him breathe. Owen's face grew red and strained as he contended with his web of tight restraints. His limbs flexed in pain, the bondage negating his considerable strength and adding to his delightful torture as the leather and metal bit into his skin.

Seeing that he was coping with the initial blows well, Elizabeth switched weapons. Within seconds, she lashed out again.

WHHHHPPSSSHHH

WHHHHPPSSSHHH WHHHHPPSSSHHH WHHHHPPSSSHHH

Her thick leather short whip laced into Owen's ass with skillful flourishes and untold force. The lines painted across his bottom were immediately visible. His well-toned cheeks shuddered as the pain registered deep in his flesh and joined the already humming chorus of growing torment in his body.

She repeated her strikes two dozen more times, alternating between his cheeks. Each time the whip twirled over head and came down with brutal force and deadly accuracy across his quivering glutes. The color of his posterior darkened with rushing blood, fading into lacerations she'd already painted.

“How do you like that, slave?”

“**THANNN YOU MIHTREH!**” he managed to vocalize through his stretched facial features. “**MOH PLEZZZ!!!**”

“Oh, you want **more?**” she asked with a sinister tone. Elizabeth stepped aside and seized the glowing candle. It now had a small pool of hot, oily liquid waiting below the wick. “I'm happy to oblige...”

She crossed to his bound form and held the flame-kissed scepter aloft.

“Here you go. Enjoy, my little **pain piggy!**”

TSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

“**AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

As the hot wax dripped down on Owen's back, it became clear that Elizabeth's *giving* had only just begun. The burns were exquisite torture. Not nearly as bad as the ones that caused the permanent scarring on his back and arms, but more than enough to send his nervous system screaming. Owen thrashed in his bonds as the hot wax pelted his skin.

His bindings bit deeper into his limbs and the finger and toe cuffs created a whole new sensation of pain that he'd never experienced. With each jolt of his body, a throbbing sensation reverberated through his skeleton, starting at his locked thumbs and constrained big toes. The stress positions at his front and back were making everything wonderfully worse.

Elizabeth smiled as she watched Owen sizzle and gasp. She continued dripping the boiling wax onto his flesh and watched his convulsions with sadistic glee. The younger, less experienced her would've been worried about creating new burns on old, scarred skin, but she was a better judge of them after many sessions of wax torture. She knew Owen's old wounds had hardened into near invincible scar tissue. Despite their appearance, there was nothing to worry about. She wouldn't re-open or worsen them. The leftover scarring was just his skin now.

Some day, in the distant future, it might fade to the point where his flesh looked almost normal. Hopefully, before that time, he'd tell her what actually caused it. Elizabeth knew it was a war wound. He'd told her that much and she'd guessed correctly long before that, but she still didn't know the real story. Elizabeth suspected if she wanted to get all the way inside, she needed to beat, burn and flay her way into his heart.

It's what he wanted. It's what they both wanted.

TSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

“NNNNGGGHHHHHH!!!! **FUHHHHH!!!!**”

Owen's body spasmed in agony and his skin ran slick with sweat. He had a high pain threshold, but the stress would begin to take its toll. Elizabeth decided to switch it up. She stepped aside and set the candle back down on her prep table. She'd let another pool of waxy lava develop while giving him a taste of something else new.

She went to her rack of disciplinary toys and seized a sturdy cane. She flexed the nimble piece of rattan in her hands, looking it over and making sure it had no serious blemishes or broken bits. This kind of cane was perfect for *stingy* play. You didn't want to use anything too heavy when assaulting delicate parts of the body.

WHACK WHACK WHACK

The thin piece of resilient wood lambasted the bottom of Owen's feet and his eyes went wide in shock. His legs thrashed in their bonds as the nerves in his soles flared to life in a way they never had. His feet tried to pull away, involuntarily, which only caused a metallic rattle through the sturdy toe cuffs and fresh stretching pain through his feet. The ache radiated up his legs and through the rest of body as he tried to compose himself in the midst of a new experience.

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

There are thirty three joints and twenty six bones in the human foot and Owen felt each one of them protest as she lashed his toughened skin. If it was anyone other than Elizabeth, he probably would've safe-worded out by now, but Owen trusted her. She wouldn't damage his feet to the point of injury. The cruel Domina would do it just enough so that he felt the sting in his soles for days.

She bludgeoned his quickly reddening feet for another half dozen strikes, then switched it up again. Owen felt the mini paddle blast his balls for another round of ruthless CBT. After that, Elizabeth took up her whip and lashed thirty more leathery strokes into his well-bruised buttocks. Her bound submissive was a drooling, mewling, sweaty wreck by the time she lifted the candle for a second round of scalding fury.

Elizabeth walked to the head of the spanking bench and placed herself right in front of her pain-wracked prisoner. Her left hand bore the candle. Her right slid up her body and groped her ample breasts through the thick, shiny second skin of black latex. She let a low moan, watching Owen squirm as she fondled herself. Soon, her hand snaked down and glided open the zipper at the bottom of her cat suit.

“This was your gift, yes. The thing you wanted most... but I want it too. This is not just for your pleasure, Owen. It's for mine.”

The latex parted to reveal her steaming vulva. Her fleshy curtains shined with syrupy moisture. Elizabeth's pussy dripped with desire. The heat of her rubber-locked body channeled to the suit's only opening. Her arousal was evident not only by the abundant natural lube, but the nub of her erect clitoris revealed at the top of her sex.

She dipped her glossy, black latex fingers into her warm flesh and strummed herself below. A deep moan went up as three fingers slicked up and down her fleshy canal, the rubber creaking gently as her moist, shiny digits slid back and forth.

After pleasuring herself with innumerable slow strokes, she gathered prodigious amounts of her sticky fluids on her latex fingers and palm. Elizabeth raised her hand and plowed her filth smeared digits into Owen's pried-open mouth. She dove her fingers down his tongue, grinning like a mad woman as he gurgled, choked and tasted deeply of her nectar.

“Lick it up, piggy! Every drop!”

She finger-fucked his mouth aggressively, her warm, rubbery hand sliding in and out with ease. The sloppy sounds of mouth-fucking built up quickly as she finger-blasted his face. Owen's eyes cracked and watered, the pressure building as he tried to inhale air around her thrusting, three-finger phallus.

Finally, she pulled them from his mouth, only to seize the strap lining the top of his head and pull his face upward. The hook bit into his nasal cavities viciously as she raised his head up to meet her gaze.

“You belong to me! Your suffering is MY gift! And I want more of it! Now!”

She released him and Owen's face hit the bench with a light thud. Elizabeth poised the candle over his sticky, inflamed back. She hovered it there for a few moments, enjoying the anticipation before fulfilling their mutual desire.

Then, in a randomly chosen moment, she tilted the candle over and delivered the biggest dose yet. She let the entire melted pool of searing wax pour forth, moving the candle around and drizzling the searing goo all over his quivering back.

“AHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“SCREAM FOR ME SLAVE!”

“ARGGHHH! MMMPPPPGGGHH! AHHHHHHHHGGGGHHHHH!!!”

“SUFFER FOR ME, PAIN SLUT!!!”

As Owen thrashed and squirmed the scant centimeters he could on the bondage bench, he stared ahead at Elizabeth's glistening pussy, mere inches from his restrained face. Her right hand dipped back down and slid into her warm, inviting flesh. Her moans grew louder and more guttural as Owen grunted and watched her wanton masturbation through waves of pain and tear-streaked eyes.

* * * * *

Owen lay in the after-care bed, face down, as Elizabeth tended to his savaged body. She was a professional, but even pros erred at times. She applied bacitracin, gauze and bandages where needed. To all other areas of his wounded back, ass and feet, a soothing aloe vera gel was applied. Her melodic hums danced through the air as she went about her work.

The sting of her blows danced all around him now that the pain killing endorphin rush had worn off, but the contrast between that and her expert care felt wonderful. Owen melted into the bed, doing his best to stay awake as his body buzzed in the afterglow of intense BDSM. It was the perfect end to a perfect day. The best birthday he'd ever had, by far. Owen wished he had the words to properly express this thanks.

Once Elizabeth was done, she set her supplies aside and flicked on the room's stereo. Atmospheric relaxation music ebbed from the speakers surrounding the room. The bed shifted as Elizabeth climbed aboard. She stretched herself out at Owen's side and propped her head up with one hand. Her almost naked body lay beside him, radiating warmth. She'd abandoned her shiny catsuit for a lacy, purple bra and matching satin panties. She studied him up and down with a half-smile.

"How are you feeling?"

"Incredible..." Owen mumbled with his face mashed into the pillow.

"I hope you don't mind, but I wasn't planning for us to stay tonight. I got an early start tomorrow."

"No worries. Just give me a half hour and I'll be ready to go."

"Take your time" she replied, brushing his short, dark brown hair behind his ear.

They said nothing for a few minutes, their souls drifting back to Earth after ascending to the highest peaks a dominant and submissive could reach. Much like euphoric drugs and war zone action, there was often a brutal low that came after the exhilarating highs of kinky play. It was crucial to be there for one's BDSM partner until an emotional equilibrium was reached. This was as important for Dommies as it was for subs, though Elizabeth was used to clients that didn't understand that. Thankfully, Owen seemed to.

"How about you, my Queen?"

"I'm... very good" she answered with a giddy smile. "But thanks for asking."

"My pleasure. So, I find myself wondering, when do I get to see your *other* home?"

"Oh, the one without a well equipped dungeon?"

"Yeah."

"It's funny you should ask. I was planning to invite you over for dinner soon. Not next week. My schedule is a little too packed. But maybe the week after, if you're free."

"Love to" Owen said, still half-murmuring.

"My cooking can't compare with what we had tonight, but--"

"We'll see about that" he interrupted with a grin.

"I should ask you the same thing" she asserted while running her free hand through her silky, brunette locks. "When do I get to see your place?"

"Trust me, you don't want to."

"**Yes, I do.** Don't tell me what I want, Mr. MacLeod. I don't care if it's just a recliner, a TV on two milk crates and a fridge full of condiments. I'd like to see your bachelor pad."

Owen snickered. He'd deliberately leapt out the door earlier that day to avoid showing her the inside. "That's dangerously close to the truth. Guess I better do some cleaning and shopping."

"It couldn't hurt" she replied with a wink.

A few more minutes passed as they listened to the sounds of gentle rain and and smelled the sweet incense floating through the air. Owen struggled to find the right words to thank her for such an incredible night. He never wanted the evening to end, but he knew the final sands were slipping through the hourglass. It was time to be bold. Courageous. To put himself out there.

"Hey" he opened, propping his face up on one arm to meet her gaze. "This has been amazing. Dinner, the session, everything. The best night of my life, if I'm honest. I know I can be stubborn--"

"Infuriatingly so, for a submissive" she interjected.

"Yeah..."

"But you come by it honestly and it's very endearing."

"Thanks."

"Sorry. Please continue."

"What I'm trying to say is... this meant a lot. I didn't realize how much until now. You made me feel special tonight. Not even just tonight. You make feel special all the time. It's like nothing I've ever experienced and nothing that I felt I was worthy of until now. So, I wanted to tell you..."

"Yes?" she looked back expectantly with wide, glistening eyes.

Owen hesitated. His will faltered. He was suddenly unsure if he should push it any further. He questioned if he was reading too much into it all. He didn't want to overstep his bounds or jeopardize what they had. The words he wished to speak turned to ashes in his mouth.

"...You're the best, Mistress Long."

* * * * *

FUCK!

Owen took another long swallow of his beer and slammed the bottle on the sleek wooden surface of the bar. He'd spent the last twenty four hours agonizing that he hadn't come up with something more elegant in that crucial moment.

'You're the best?!? That's something you say to the buddy who just bought you a brew or helped fix your car, dipshit! Not to the woman who's lifted your stinking life out of the gutter and made you feel like a new man! GODAMMIT!!!'

If only he had the wit of Oscar Wilde or the eloquence of Herman Melville. They would've known what to say. It would've been something poetic and beautiful. Prose that stirred the soul. Not some worn out, mundane utterance that yielded a dispirited *'You're very welcome, Owen.'*

He'd been reading Dickens again lately. David Copperfield in particular. One passage kept cycling through his mind. It was an only too fitting description of his current predicament.

'I was a captive and a slave. She was more than human to me. She was a Fairy, a Sylph. I don't know what she was - anything that no one ever saw, and everything that everybody ever wanted. I was swallowed up in an abyss of love in an instant. There was no pausing on the brink; no looking down, or looking back; I was gone, headlong, before I had sense to say a word to her.'

Owen drained the rest of his drink before setting the bottle aside and leaning his head down to the counter. He cursed under his breath and smacked his head into the countertop repeatedly.

"Whoa! Easy there, soldier!" The voice of Chuck intruded on his fit of self-pity. The friendly barkeep walked to where Owen was sitting and took up position opposite him. "Even grunts like you need what's inside that thick skull! Don't want you breaking my bar, neither."

Owen lifted his head and looked at him hazily. "Sorry, Chuck."

The owner of the *Tin Gimlet Lounge* laughed. "Relax. I'm just joshin ya. But seriously, tell me what's going on, before you hurt yourself." He ran his cloth over the countertop as he waited for the young man to explain.

"What's going on? I met the woman of my dreams."

"Ah, yes. I believe you've mentioned her once or twice before. What's the problem?"

"We've been getting on real well, but now our relationships feels... stuck."

"Stuck? What do you mean stuck?"

"Like, I don't know how to move forward. I think we're ready to, but I'm not positive, and I don't wanna screw up a good thing."

"Tell me a little about this *good thing*. How long you been seeing her?"

"Four months. Going on five."

"And she hasn't thrown you back yet? That's a good sign."

“Right?”

“Things are good in the bedroom?”

“Oh... believe me, we couldn't be more compatible.”

“You're crazy about her. Is she crazy about you?”

“I think so... But our relationship is a bit unconventional and I'm not good at judging these things.”

“Unconventional? She's not married, is she?”

“No, no! Nothing like that.”

“And she's not one of these people who's not... What do they call it? Not interested in romance?”

“A-romantic.”

“Yeah. She's not that, right?”

“As far as I know.”

“Well, at some point, you gotta shit or get off the pot! Have you told her how you feel, straight up?”

“I tried to...”

“As the wise *Master Yoda* once said, '*there is no try.*' So, you haven't said the word yet.”

“The word?”

“**THE** word. The big one. The L word!”

“No... I mean, she hasn't either.”

Chuck leaned forward. His face contorted into a knowing smirk. “She's waiting for you to say it first. Go tell her you love her, **ya dope!**”

Owen looked bewildered. “How do you know?!? You haven't even met her!”

“Because I've seen it a hundred times. Look, some men say it way too soon, before a real relationship has even developed, and they get rejected for jumping the gun. You're the opposite case. Tell her how you feel before she moves on. Lay it all on the table! No fear.”

Chuck's wisdom blew the fog of frustration from Owen's mind like a warm breeze. A lightning bolt of clarity surged through his slumped-over form. He placed his hands on the front of the bar and pushed himself back up to respectable posture. Owen nodded to the bald guru.

“You're right.”

“I know I am.”

“What do I owe you?”

“Don't worry about it. It's on your tab. Get out of here!”

“Thanks, Chuck. I'll see you later.”

The bartender smiled as he watched Owen turn, sling his coat over his shoulders and head for the exit.
“Good luck, son!”

* * * * *

knock knock knock knock knock

Owen rubbed his hands together impatiently as he waited outside her front door. It was late, but he still saw lights on inside Elizabeth's condo. He felt out of his element, approaching her normal residence before the dinner date they'd arranged, but his mind was made up.

knock knock knock knock knock

He heard an annoyed response from the other side of the door as she approached. A series of locks were undone and the door opened part way. He saw Elizabeth's face with a towel wrapped around her head and some kind of cream applied around her eyes and all over her lower face.

“**Owen!** Oh god...”

“Look, I'm sorry if this is a bad time, but I had to see you.”

She opened the door further to reveal that she was in a silky purple nightgown and slippers.

“This isn't the best time for a social call, that's for sure. Have you been drinking? I smell the--”

“**I LOVE YOU!**” he shouted with his arms out wide.

The words cut Elizabeth off in her verbal tracks. Her eyes went wide. This was the second time she'd stood in a doorway, staring out at the vulnerable young man as he bared his soul. It was a repeat of their first fated meeting, but instead of the stern makeup and glossy black attire of a Dominatrix, this time she stood as plain and unprepared as a woman of her beauty could be.

“I'm not drunk” Owen clarified. “I only had a couple beers. I just couldn't wait to say it. Not another second.”

“Owen...”

“I should've said it the other night. I think about you all the time. You're more than a friend and a

Domme to me. I can't imagine a life without you. Not anymore. **I love you, Elizabeth.**”

The stunned woman stood, frozen with her mouth wide open. She was every bit as anxious as Owen had been the night before. She looked him up and down, contemplating a response as she swallowed.

“I'll go, now, if you want” he added desperately. “I just needed to say that. Didn't want to do it over the phone. I didn't mean to--”

“Owen!” she interrupted him. Her head nodded to the side. “Get in here.”

Hope flared to life in Owen's eyes. Joy flooded his earthly vessel as he stepped forth and crossed the threshold, welcomed into the perfectly ordinary home of the Goddess who pretended to be a perfectly ordinary woman. She stepped aside as he passed and closed the door behind him.

By the time he turned around, Elizabeth was on him. She pressed her silk-wrapped body into his chest and backed him into the wall. Her weighty breasts and strong thighs pushed into his flattened form. For the first time since meeting, Elizabeth wasn't wearing heels. She wasn't looking down at him and she had no desire to in that moment.

“I love you too” she said quietly, almost under her breath.

Their lips flew to each other and Elizabeth's night cream smeared all over Owen's face as they entered a long, deep kiss that dwarfed the ones they'd shared before. Their hands ran up and down, exploring and groping with intense longing. As they moved through the house, slowly, clothes were shed, all inhibitions burned in the fires of passion and two wounded, kinky souls melded together, existing at last in total harmony.

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