



My Friend, The Dominatrix:

Parts 1 – 6

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: When Sam and her boyfriend Jeff stop by her friend Ella's new house, they have no idea how much it's about to change their lives....Because even Sam didn't know that Ella is a professional dominatrix. But when she answers the door in a skintight latex catsuit, there's no hiding the truth.And it's not a truth Ella particularly wants to hide. Soon, Sam and Jeff find themselves drawn into Ella's dark world of dominance and submission. And much to their surprise, they find it far too exciting to want to break free...

Total Pages (Source): 5

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

My Friend, The Dominatrix: Parts 1-6

“Actually, can we make a stop?”

Sitting in the passenger seat of my boyfriend’s car, a sudden thought had occurred to me.

“Sure,” Jeff shrugged. “Where?”

“At Ella’s place,” I said. We were in the neighborhood, and being in that part of the city had jogged my memory. “I left my phone charger there.”

Jeff took a turn, heading away from the restaurant we had just left. It was one of those bright Saturdays when the two of us had nothing to do, and going out for brunch had been my idea. The rest of the day was wide open. Probably watch some TV, cook some food. You know, normal, regular stuff

neither of us had any idea how strange things were about to get.

Jeff knows the way to Ella’s house, steering the car through the streets without needing help from his GPS. He’s been there plenty of times before, but not nearly as many as me. Ella’s my best friend. She has been for years, ever since we worked together in the same bar. That was a long time ago, and we’ve both moved on to bigger and better things. But our friendship has stayed strong. She’s fun. Sometimes – and I’ve said this to her on multiple occasions – it’s like she’s the other side of me. Not that I would say I’m boring or anything. But I’m definitely more reserved than she is. A little more conservative, I suppose. But only a little. Sometimes, the things

she does seem reckless to me. But I don't know; it seems to work out for her in the end. It would be a dull world if we all behaved the same, that's for sure.

But until that day, I guess even I didn't realize just how out there my friend was.

Jeff pulled the car up outside Ella's house. It was a new build, one of an entire neighborhood just like it, each with their little section of grass still new enough to see the lines where they had laid the turf. We had helped her move in a couple of months before. I still didn't really understand why she, as a single woman, needed this family home, complete with its lawn, its garage, its multiple bedrooms and bathrooms. I mean, I understood why she thought it was a good investment. Property prices being what they are, I could see how she hoped to one day turn around and sell it for a lot of money. But in the meantime, it seemed to me an apartment downtown would've been a better choice for a girl with her lifestyle. Ella told me she liked the space, the peace and quiet, that she wanted a place she could grow into, and I guess that made sense. Still, it wasn't the choice I would've made.

"I hope she's home," I said as Jeff killed the engine. "I tried to text her, but she hasn't read it yet."

"Well, it's not that far out of our way," Jeff said. "We've got chargers at home. If she's not here, you can just get it some other time."

"Yeah, I guess so. Are you coming in?"

"Sure, why not?"

Opening the door, Jeff swung himself out of the car, and I did the same. Together, we walked up the brand-new immaculate driveway toward Ella's front door. I never do this. No one of my generation just pops by unannounced to a friend's house. But if she wasn't answering her phone, there wasn't much I could do. Like Jeff said, we had

only gone maybe five minutes out of our way, so we didn't really lose anything by doing this.

I rang the doorbell, hearing it echo through the oversize house. The garage door was down, so I couldn't see if Ella's car was here. But I heard the sound of footsteps inside, growing louder as they approached the front door.

And when she swung open the door, I couldn't help it. At the sight of her, I gasped. And standing beside me, Jeff gasped too.

Ella stood in front of us, her shoulder-length hair dyed her trademark jet black and framing her pretty face. Her blue eyes sparkled as she looked at us, their glow enhanced by seriously skillful makeup. She looked surprised to see us, our presence on her doorstep taking her aback for a moment, but only a moment. Then, I saw the corners of her lips left in a sly smile. If Ella was ever uncomfortable in a new situation, it never lasted for long. She was a woman who was almost infinitely adaptable.

I didn't feel the same way. As my eyes traveled involuntarily over her body, I took in the outfit she was wearing, and I felt my own cheeks starting to glow with secondhand embarrassment, as if it was me standing there in an outrageous outfit instead of my friend.

Ella was dressed from head to toe in skintight black latex. She was wearing her catsuit zipped up tight into a high collar around her neck, its dark sheen perfectly matching her glossy black hair. The catsuit clung to every inch of her body, following the swell of her breasts before disappearing temporarily under an equally shiny black corset that pulled in her waist to unbelievably narrow dimensions. Below that, her hips swelled out under the black latex that strained to contain them, shining on her thighs before disappearing into a pair of wicked glossy patent leather thigh-high boots with savage high heels that made her much taller than me. The suit had long sleeves

that went all the way down to her wrists, every inch of her body completely covered except for her head and her hands. And yet somehow, thanks to the tightness of the suit, seeing her dressed like that felt almost like seeing her naked. Or somehow more than naked. Yes, she was technically covered up, but the clinging and shiny fabric of her outfit left absolute nothing to the imagination.

Ella was a gorgeous girl, and I had seen her wear some pretty provocative outfits in the past. We both did, back in our barfly days, back when we were both single. But in the time since I had been dating Jeff, that part of my life had started to fade. I mean, we still went out sometimes. I still got dressed up when I was in the mood. But it's different when you're with someone, especially in the long-term relationship my romance with Jeff had become. I didn't have the same need to dress up sexy.

And even at my most provocative, I had never worn an outfit like this.

"Oh, hi," Ella said, her glowing blue eyes moving from me to Jeff and back again. "I didn't expect you guys."

"Clearly," I said, and Ella's laughter went some way toward breaking the tension I hadn't really realized existed until that moment. As if that laugh broke the spell of attention that kept my eyes on my friend, I turned toward Jeff. I wasn't exactly surprised to see he wasn't even looking at me. Instead, all his attention was on my friend, his eyes wide as if he wanted to drink in every last detail of her incredible body in that revealing suit.

And Ella seemed totally fine with that. In that moment, standing there on the doorstep in full view of my friend's new suburban neighborhood, I didn't really have the time to mentally process it, to determine how I felt about her. Instead, I kind of filed it away for later consideration.

"Come in," Ella said, and turned away from the door. Finally, Jeff looked at me with

his eyebrows raised, and I shrugged wordlessly before stepping over the threshold. Neither of us had expected this, but I had a feeling that Ella would soon let me know what she was up to. So I stepped into the house, and Jeff followed, swinging the front door shut behind him and shutting out the view of the neighbors that my friend didn't seem to care about in the slightest.

Ella's high heels clicked on the hard floors of her house with every step she took, and I had to envy the way she moved in them. She walked with total grace, total confidence, her long boots making her legs seem even longer, her high heels adding a sexy little sway to her hips and ass. And that shining black latex stretched tight over both of her buttocks, sinking into the gap between them, showing off the perfect roundness of her backside. I'm 100% straight, but there was no denying that she looked unbelievably sexy in that strange outfit. Without even looking at Jeff, I could imagine exactly what he was feeling. And – I don't know. Maybe that should make me jealous. Maybe, in a way, it did. But there was something exciting about it, too. Even then, right in that very moment, I was excited to see where this was all going. Even if I couldn't possibly have had any idea where we would end up.

“You want something to drink?” Ella said, without looking over her shoulder. There was something hypnotic in her movements, something endlessly alluring about her swaying body tightly wrapped in the rubber material of her catsuit. And the fact she was being so normal, just acting as if this was any other visit, made her somehow even more impressive.

“Yeah, sure, a Coke if you've got it,” I said, glancing uncertainly at Jeff again.

Reaching the door that led to the kitchen, a huge double doorway surrounded by ostentatious molding, Ella paused, and turned with consummate grace on her tall heels. I heard a faint creak from her latex catsuit as she leaned one arm against the wall and turned toward us. She knew exactly what she was doing. She was posing, flaunting that body in front of my boyfriend, and I guess in front of me, too. I mean,

if I looked like her, I don't think I would have been able to resist the temptation to do the same. Still, it was jarring, sending a little jolt of confusion through me and adding to the confusing mix of feelings fluttering away in my stomach. Ella had no interest in Jeff. She wasn't that kind of girl. From the moment she met him, she had treated him like a friend, but nothing more, totally appropriate for the boyfriend of her best friend. It was only now, dressed like this, that she seemed different. Like she was on some other wavelength, some totally different vibe from our regular life. She looked different, of course, but she was acting different, too. And in my own way, I know how that goes. I know that the way you look changes the way you feel, and dressing a certain way can make you feel a certain way. But nothing in my experience had taught me what it felt like to stand there dressed in head-to-toe skintight latex and fuck-me boots in front of your best friend and her astonished boyfriend.

"Jeff?" Ella said softly. I stared at my boyfriend as he stared at her, his mouth open, no sound coming out.

"Jeff, she's asking if you would like a drink," I said, and Ella smiled as my voice seemed to temporarily break the spell her beauty had woven all around him. Jeff seemed to come to with a kind of mental effort, wrenching himself free of the hold Ella had on him.

"Yeah. Uh, yeah, Coke, please," he mumbled. Ella nodded once, her black hair swaying and whispering over the latex that covered her shoulders. Then she turned, stepped through the open doorway, and disappeared. I listened to her high heels moving through the kitchen, and I glared at my boyfriend.

"Stop drooling over her," I said, sounding more angry than I really felt.

"I'm not drooling," Jeff whispered back. "But...what the fuck is she wearing?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I know it's distracting, but try not to stare at her ass right

in front of me, okay?”

“I wasn’t,” Jeff mumbled.

“I was.”

He looked at me sharply, and I allowed a little smile to show on my face. At that moment, Ella reappeared through the doorway, walking towards us with that same unmatched confidence, that same swinging sway in her body as she carried three empty glasses and three cans, her old server skills coming in handy. Walking past us, she set the drinks down on the coffee table in her huge living room and sat down on the sofa. Standing beside Jeff, I could practically feel the strain in his body as he tried not to look at her body, or at least tried not to make it too obvious.

I felt no such obligation. I openly stared at Ella, knowing she wouldn’t mind. No woman puts on an outfit like that to not be looked at. Ella crossed her legs where she sat, and I watched the light shine on the rounded curve of her thigh under the latex of the catsuit, off her creaking boots that shined to match it, one heel now hovering above the floor. She looked amazing, and the confidence that seemed to radiate from her taught me that she knew it. And I was still waiting to find out why she was sitting around her house alone, looking like the mistress of a dungeon.

“Sit down,” she said, patting the sofa beside her. Glancing over again at poor Jeff, I smiled and stepped forward, smoothing my skirt behind me as I sat down next to my friend. Jeff followed, sitting in the armchair next to the end of the sofa where Ella sat so that she was between us. She leaned forward, popping the top off a can of Coke and pouring it into a glass, and I did the same. When Ella offered the glass she had just poured to Jeff, it seemed for a second as if he didn’t know what she was doing, and then almost fumbled the glass as he took it from her hand. He had it bad. He was so uncomfortable, so distracted by the way my friend looked. I couldn’t blame him. But that didn’t mean I had to let him off easy, either.

“I left my phone charger here last time I was here,” I explained, answering a question no one had asked. “We were in the neighborhood, so I thought I’d stop by. I texted you, but you didn’t answer.”

“Yeah,” Ella said, turning to me with a smile and flicking her dark hair back from her face. “I was busy.”

“Busy? I have to ask, Ella, what is all this about?”

I didn’t need to, but I wagged a finger up and down, indicating Ella’s outfit. What else could I be asking about? And my friend laughed, a musical sound that rang out in her living room, bubbling out from between her painted red lips.

“Oh, I was just doing a session,” she said, as if that explained it all. I glanced over at Jeff, none the wiser for her answer. He looked just as confused as I was.

“What kind of session do you dress like that for?”

“What do you think?” Ella said, her dazzling white teeth showing between her red lips as she smiled at me. “A domination session.”

I looked at Jeff. He looked at me. For a moment, I was genuinely speechless. Look, I know what Ella’s like. I know she’s pretty liberated when it comes to matters of sex. After all, girls talk about everything. I had heard all the wildest stories from her complicated love life. She’s done things with guys that I would never dare to attempt, and had things done to her that – well, I’d be lying if I said they didn’t intrigue me occasionally. But there’s a big difference between fantasy and reality. For me there is, anyway. For Ella, I’m not so sure. And as I sat there beside her on the sofa with her dressed up like the dominatrix she apparently was, I felt that that line was thinner than ever before.

“You’re a dominatrix now?”

“Yeah. Didn’t I tell you?”

“No!” I said, my open mouth gaping as I stared at my friend in surprise. “I think I would remember you telling me something like that.”

“Well, I told you I was doing some online stuff, right?”

“Yeah,” I said, glancing over for a moment toward Jeff, who sat in the armchair with a look of pure shock on his face. “I thought it was just... You know, pocket money. And just... Normal stuff. Well, as normal as that stuff ever is.”

“That’s how it started,” Ella agreed. “But I kind of got into this niche. It all started because I kept getting a lot of guys asking me to rate them. You know...rate their cocks.”

“Rate them?”

“Yeah. It’s really popular online. They send you a pic or video, whatever. And you send one back, telling them what you think about. But the trick is, you have to be mean. You always rate them low. That’s how they get off, being humiliated like that.”

“That’s so fucking crazy,” I said.

“I don’t know. I mean, I see something in it. At first I thought it was weird, too, but it was easy money. After a while, you kind of... I don’t know. Start to understand it. It’s like... That’s the thing he’s most proud of. The thing his ego is caught up with. So if you say you don’t like it, if you reject his manhood, it’s like you’re rejecting everything about him. You’re putting yourself up here and him down there. To some

guys, that's sexy. Right, Jeff?"

Ella turned her smiling face toward my boyfriend as she spoke, and I couldn't keep the smile off my own face, either. I didn't know why. It was just kind of funny to see him be put on the spot like that, to see his eyes move desperately from her to me and back again. To see him fail miserably at disguising his obvious desire for my friend, to try to pretend he wasn't fascinated by this conversation. Ella didn't care. She never did. She had no shame when it came to matters of sex, and often, I envied her that. But I'm more straightlaced than she is. And my boyfriend? Even more so.

"Why are you asking me?" Jeff said uncomfortably.

"Because you're a guy," Ella said, her confident facade never cracking for a moment. "You know what it's like. You have one of those little things between your legs, too."

Jeff looked mortified as he sat there in the armchair, listening to my friend's words. But I couldn't help it. I burst out laughing, and so did she, the two of us collapsing into giggles on the sofa. Jeff didn't laugh. He wasn't even smiling. But somehow, his serious and bewildered face just made the whole situation even funnier.

"Hey, less of the little," I said as I finally got my laughter under control. And Ella beamed at me, reaching over to place a hand on my knee affectionately. I felt the warmth of her skin, and I placed my hand on her arm, and the feel of the flawless shining latex gripping her body like a second skin sent an unexpected little jolt of excitement through me.

"It's okay, Sam," Ella said, gently squeezing my knee and trying to sound understanding, even as she was unable to keep the smile from her face. "We're all friends here. It's okay if your boyfriend doesn't... measure up. I'm sure he has lots of other good qualities."

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Jeff said, scowling and shaking his head. But that just made Ella find the whole thing even funnier. And, honestly, me, too. I had no complaints about my boyfriend’s size. I had no complaints about our sex life, either. Jeff was a considerate lover who always tried to make sure we both got off, and he usually succeeded in that goal. Besides, he loved me. He always made me feel wanted and desired, and I knew so well that look of lust on his face, which is why it was so jarring to see it now directed toward another woman. But Ella was sexy as hell in her dominatrix outfit. I could hardly criticize him for wanting her. Anyone would.

“Oh, come on,” Ella said, turning toward my boyfriend. “A girl can tell, you know. Don’t worry. Sam is always very complimentary about you. But I can tell. I don’t know what it is, the way you walk or something. You’ve always seemed like a guy who... Well. A guy who’s a little lacking down there, if you know what I mean.”

“Awwww,” I said, responding to the upset look on my boyfriend’s face. But my sympathy was totally undercut by the fact I couldn’t stop laughing. I didn’t know why. I had caught the giggles, and now I couldn’t get rid of them. Now everything about the situation seemed hilarious to me, and the more it seemed to bother Jeff, the funnier I found it.

“Don’t listen to her, honey,” I said, while Ella laughed loudly beside me. “It’s totally fine.”

And the look on Jeff’s face told me I was only making it worse, but I couldn’t help it. The strange atmosphere Ella had created with her attitude and her clothes had infected me now, too. Even at the time, it occurred to me that I might pay for this later, that I might have to make it up to Jeff once we got home. But that was okay. I was having far too much fun to worry about that.

“You know what that means, don’t you, Jeff?” Ella teased. “You know what it means when a woman says fine? That’s code.”

She leaned forward now, her latex catsuit creaking again as she placed one hand theatrically beside her mouth.

“That means it’s small,” she said in a stage whisper that was designed for me to hear, and again, I cracked up at the look of dismay on Jeff’s handsome face.

“You guys are crazy,” Jeff scowled. But already, it was clear that he was no match for my sexy friend. Whatever high she was riding from the kinky session she had just had propelled her forward, made her act in ways she never had before, and her dominant aura caught us all, in different ways, under her spell. She leaned back on the sofa, closer to me, and, uncrossing her legs, she lifted her feet from the floor and placed them in Jeff’s lap.

Jeff almost jumped at her touch. He pressed his body backward in his chair as if trying to get away from her, but at the same time, he raised his head to look uncertainly at me, and I knew exactly what he was thinking. Ella was turning him on, of course. Dressed in that outfit, she was showing off a body that could wake the dead, and I knew he wanted her. So did she. Jeff’s only concern seemed to be how I might feel about what was happening. And I smiled at him as I placed a hand on Ella’s leg, shifting on the sofa so that I was sitting more or less beside her as she faced Jeff in his chair. I couldn’t help it, couldn’t resist it. That electric touch of her arm wrapped in latex made me want more, and the feel of her toned thigh through the clinging fabric was absolutely incredible.

“Are we?” Ella said. “Well, you know how you can prove me wrong, don’t you? Get it out.”

“Are you serious?” Jeff said, while I spluttered with laughter again. I didn’t know any longer what I wanted from the situation, except to see how it played out. Ella was clearly in the mood to take control, and for now, I was fine with that. I didn’t know why, but I was thoroughly enjoying watching her play the sexy dominatrix, watching

her put the man I loved on the back foot. After all, why be in a relationship if you can't have a little fun with each other now and then?

"Why not?" Ella said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. She shifted in her seat and moved her feet in Jeff's lap, and I bit my lip in excitement as I watched this gorgeous goddess toying with my boyfriend. There was no denying it. Between her shining boots, I could see the unmistakable bulge in Jeff's pants, and no matter how he tried to change his position to hide it, I knew just how much this was turning him on. It amused me to see him like this, out of his comfort zone, out of control, turned on my sexy friend and trying to hide it without success.

"I'll make you a deal," Ella said, all her attention on him now, and all of his on her. For now, I was just a spectator, just watching this unbelievable drama playing out between them. For now, I was happy with that.

"We can all tell you're hard right now," Ella said, making Jeff even more uncomfortable by the second. "But even hard, I'm betting your cock is shorter than my high heel. Is it?"

"No," Jeff scowled, falling right into Ella's trap.

"Then prove it," Ella smirked. "Get it out. If you're bigger than my heel, I'll admit it. I'll admit that I was wrong, and that you have a big cock that could please anyone. But if it's smaller than you say it is... Well. Then I think you need to be punished for being a bad boy."

"Oh my God," I said, pressing my hands to my face to cover my open mouth. But Ella didn't hesitate. She was completely in her element, thrilled with her own sense of power. As wild and outrageous as her suggestion was, I didn't doubt that she had every intention of going through with it.

Jeff looked at her, then at me. Staying silent behind Ella's back, I simply shrugged, as if to say it was up to him. Jeff hesitated, and I knew why. Those were some mighty tall heels on Ella's boots, and I had no idea if his confidence in his own size was accurate or not.

But of course, there was something else at work in my boyfriend's heart, too. He wanted Ella badly, and I can usually rely on him wanting me, too. His desire for us both, I was sure, was putting ideas in his head, ideas of what might potentially happen if he did what my friend wanted.

And in the end, desire won.

With a sigh, Jeff reached for the front of his pants. Smiling, Ella lifted her feet out of his lap. I could see the red glow in his cheeks as he reached into his clothes to pull out his cock, and a spasm of desire went through me to see it so hard and ready for sex.

Ella rose to her feet. The sexy sway of her movements was more pronounced than ever as she walked a few steps toward the armchair where Jeff sat. Placing a hand on the back of it, she lifted one foot from the floor, and Jeff turned his head to look up at her as she placed her foot in his lap once more.

This time, she put the sole of her shoe on his thigh, the slender high heel right next to his shaft. And, still holding the back of the chair for balance, Ella turned toward me with a broad grin on her pretty face.

"Nope," she said. "My heel is bigger. Looks like we need to teach your boyfriend a lesson, Sam."

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

“Stay there.”

Pivoting on one foot, Ella lifted the other out of my boyfriend’s lap. We both watched her as she put her foot down on the floor with a sharp crack and turned. She was all business now, striding quickly across the living room, disappearing again through the open double doorway that led to the kitchen. I listened to the sound of my friend’s high heels receding through the house, this giant oversized house that I had never really understood why she wanted. But that was hardly at the top of my mind now. As we listened to Ella’s steps echoing through the house, I turned to my boyfriend, and he looked at me with a look of pure shock on his face.

“Well, this is interesting,” I said, trying in my own way to mimic Ella’s unflappable calm, her poise and confidence. I would never be like my dominatrix friend, I was sure. But I envied her that kind of self-control. And clearly, as I could see from his throbbing cock rising out of his open pants, it was having a very interesting effect on Jeff, too.

“This is crazy,” he said. And, shifting in the armchair, he reached for his manhood and began to pull up his pants.

“No, no,” I said, springing forward from where I sat on instinct. I stepped toward him, smiling at Jeff as I reached out for his cock and closed my hand around it. I heard his breath catch in his throat as he looked up at me, his warm brown eyes filled with confusion but sharpened by desire. He was turned on, obviously, and I felt the hot throb of his passion in my hand as I slowly ran it up and down his shaft. Because honestly, so was I. I didn’t know why, and I couldn’t explain it. But this whole unbelievable adventure was turning me on. I had never wanted to even think of my

boyfriend with any other woman. But something about this thing that Ella was doing had my heart beating wildly in my chest. I didn't know any of this was going, but I wanted more than anything to find out. And Jeff just gazed up at me in disbelief as I stood over him, continuing to stroke his throbbing cock right there in my best friend's living room.

"Don't put it away," I said. "Don't be boring. You know this is hot. You know you want to find out what she's going to do, don't you?"

"She said she's going to punish me."

"Well then maybe you should take your punishment like a man," I grinned. "Come on, Jeff. It'll just be a bit of fun. Besides, look at her. I know you want her. I don't blame you. She's gorgeous in that outfit. So maybe just do what my gorgeous friend says, okay?"

I continued stroking, and Jeff continued gazing up at me, not understanding where any of this was coming from but not exactly objecting as long as I kept pleasuring him, either. And I'll admit, I had no idea where any of it was coming from either. I didn't know what had got into me, except that I seemed to have caught kinkiness like a virus from my sexy friend.

Like I said, I was happy with my sex life with Jeff. Sure, every now and again, I wondered what it might be like to spice things up, but I never had the guts to ask. And Jeff, eager to please as he undoubtedly was, never showed any interest in anything but the classics. He enjoyed having regular sex with me, and I enjoyed it too, and that was as far as the two of us had ever gone. Now, we stood on the threshold of something different, something new and exciting. I hadn't known until that moment that I wanted more. But seeing Ella dressed as she was, listening to her talk, listening to her reveal that she had a long history of dominating men, sent wild excitement surging through my veins, and I was willing to do whatever it took to

make sure the fun didn't stop.

I could feel the heat of Jeff's passion in my hand as I continued to stroke his cock. The possibilities swelled in my mind, fueling my excitement as I stood above him. Already, this was the kinkiest thing we had ever done. Stroking his cock in somebody else's house was already well outside our comfort zone. But I knew that things were only just beginning, and that the moment Ella returned, they were about to get a lot more exciting.

The sound of her high heels on the floor announced my friend's return long before her gorgeous body stepped through the open doorway. She looked as gorgeous as ever with the light reflecting from her latex catsuit, her glossy corset, her patent leather thigh boots. I felt again a strange feeling as I looked at her. Not attraction, exactly. I appreciate a beautiful woman, but they don't turn me on. But there was something happening inside me when I looked at her. Maybe envy. Maybe in some way, I wanted to be her, to look like that, to be that strong and confident and irresistibly sexy. Whatever it was, the tight latex outfit clinging to every curve of her body was doing something to me, just as it was doing something to my boyfriend, too.

"Take his clothes off," Ella said as she approached where I stood above Jeff. It was a presumptuous command, not a request. She wasn't asking. But of course, that just fit in with her dominatrix persona. As if a woman who looked as gorgeous as her didn't need to ask for anything. As if she had some inarguable right to order us mere mortals around. Ella was running the show, and that was fine by me. After all, she had got us to this point, and I was buzzing with excitement to see what came next.

I let go of my grip on my boyfriend's cock. If Ella had noticed I was stroking him in her living room, she didn't mention it. And I gave Jeff what I hoped was a reassuring smile, wanting nothing more than for him to keep playing along with this wild game as I took hold of the hem of his T-shirt. Still smiling, I pulled it up over his head, and Jeff let me, raising his arms to make it easier.

I loved his body. Jeff wasn't the type to work out, but he stayed active by playing sports, and it showed in the form of a lean runner's build. He wasn't jacked, but I've never been the type of woman who craves bulging muscles and huge shoulders. Instead, his body was taut, his square pecs and well-defined abdominals showing through his hairless skin. I'll admit it; maybe I felt a little bit proud as I undressed my boyfriend in front of Ella. I mean sure, she had already humiliated him by emphasizing the smallness of his cock. But at least the rest of him was easy to look at.

But of course, Ella the dominatrix wasn't going to praise anything about the horny man in front of her. I saw her eyes travel up and down his body as I set his T-shirt down on the floor, and I guessed the sneer on her face, the look of being completely unimpressed, was all part of being the mistress she so clearly was.

With Jeff's T-shirt gone, I bent over his body again and pulled down his pants and his underwear. It felt strange beyond belief to be undressing my boyfriend right there in my friend's living room with Ella watching. But after all, that was the point. To try these new things, to do what was strange and unexpected and exciting. To enter Ella's world, this world she had kept hidden from me for whatever reason. Honestly, if she had told me, it wasn't like I would have been eager to get involved. I might have found the stories interesting, the way any quirk of human psychology is interesting. I never would have said, 'hey, how about I help you humiliate my boyfriend?' But the fact was all happening organically made it even more exciting. Somehow, it made it okay.

I sank to the floor as I pulled Jeff's pants and underwear down. While I was down there, I unlaced his sneakers and pulled them off, along with his socks. He just sat there in the armchair, strangely passive, looking up at Ella while she looked down at him. I suppose I couldn't blame him for that. She was irresistible, and would be the undeniable focal point of attention in the room for as long as she was wearing that shiny outfit clinging to her every curve. Her latex suit and boots and corset reflected

the light in the room, but in a way, they seem to draw it in, too, drawing all the attention to her at every moment, sucking all the air out of the room by her beauty and sex appeal.

And Jeff was clearly responding to that. His cock was as rockhard as ever as he looked up at my friend, completely naked now, even more uncertain than I was of what might come next.

But Ella knew. Of course she did.

“Stand up,” she said. She wasn’t talking to me, but all the same, I rose to my feet. And after a moment, Jeff did the same. He pushed himself up out of the armchair, his cock sticking right out in front of him, swaying slightly with his movements. There was a faint smile on Ella’s red lips now, and I hardly dared to breathe as I watched, waiting to see what happened next.

Ella stepped forward. As she reached out toward Jeff, I stifled a gasp. It was just so shocking to see this, to see her dressed up all sexy and him naked and turned on, with her touching my boyfriend’s body. But as she took his wrist in her hand and stepped behind him, I saw that this was not a sexual touch. Well, only in the most roundabout way, I suppose. Because Ella had come back from wherever she had gone with a pair of handcuffs, and she had pulled his wrists behind his back and snapped the handcuffs on. I heard the clicking of the ratcheted steel closing around his hands, and Jeff turned to look at Ella over his shoulder with an expression of shock on his face.

But Ella wasn’t in shock. Far from it. My dominatrix best friend was in her element, and now she had my boyfriend’s hands tied behind his back, she clearly felt even more in charge. Her movements were a lot slower now as she stepped out from behind him, circling around to stand in front of him again. And I’ll admit it. Looking at him standing there, naked, rockhard, with his hands bound behind his back, sent a shiver of arousal through me. I had never even fantasized about this. I had never had

any desire to take control in the bedroom. But now, looking at my boyfriend, helpless and horny as he was, I could see for myself just how much fun it was. Certainly, I could see the appeal.

“Seriously.”

Ella looked Jeff up and down, her blue eyes shining as they roamed over every inch of his body, and this time, the sneer on her face was more pronounced. She raised her eyebrows as she looked at his cock, then turned to me, her lips slightly parted.

“You’re telling me you’re satisfied with that thing?” she said, her latex catsuit creaking as she folded her arms under her boobs, making them even more prominent, making my poor humiliated boyfriend desire her even more.

“Yeah, I am,” I said truthfully. I was. And as much as this was amusing me, as much as it was turning me on, I felt kind of bad for Jeff, standing there being humiliated like this. Of course, that didn’t prompt me to defend him, or to try to get Ella to go easy on him. I was way too invested in what might happen next for that.

“I don’t see how,” Ella said, a slight frown showing on her beautiful face. “I know you’ve had bigger than that. Does he know that?”

I looked at Jeff. He looked at me. He had this scandalized look on his face, and I wasn’t surprised. Ella was so out-of-control, so cruel and mocking. Of course, I knew that was the point. And it was sexy. I just wondered how Jeff was going to handle all this. But his cock was still rockhard, still jutting out from his body as he looked at me and at Ella. Maybe it was just the suit she was wearing, sexy enough all by itself to keep him excited no matter what else happened. Or maybe he was just as excited as I was by this kinky twist.

I hoped so. Because Ella was giving me all these crazy ideas, and caught up in her

game as I was, I was inclined to follow them wherever they led.

“Well, yeah,” I said, looking straight into Jeff’s handsome face as I spoke. “I’ve had bigger.”

Jeff gulped, and Ella laughed out loud.

“How much bigger?” she pressed. “Who was that one guy you were with for a while before you met Jeff? He was really big, wasn’t he? Girls talk about everything,” Ella explained with a smirk as she turned to Jeff. And his eyes darted toward her for only a second before returning to me. For once, for the first time since Ella opened the door to us in that remarkable outfit, Jeff’s focus was all on me instead of her. That excited me, too. That persuaded me that what we were doing, strange as it was, was the right choice.

“Dave? Yeah, he was... He was pretty big.”

Jeff winced visibly as Ella laughed again. But it still wasn’t enough for my wild dominatrix friend. It seemed like she wanted to completely emasculate my boyfriend, to humble him totally while she had him at her mercy. And I guess part of me wanted the same thing, because I was absolutely a willing participant in Ella’s crazy game.

“How much bigger?”

Ella held up one hand, her index finger and thumb separated by a small gap. Her eyes on me, she slowly parted them, the gap getting wider by the second. When her digits were about two inches apart, I nodded. And Ella howled with laughter as she turned toward Jeff.

“That much? Look at that, loser. That’s the size of cock your girlfriend deserves. Much bigger than yours. I know women say size doesn’t matter, but guess what?

That's a total lie. You're lucky she hasn't kicked you to the curb already with that worthless thing."

"Ella," I said, but my friend barely even glanced at me. She seemed totally caught up in the wild things she was saying now, her dominatrix role taking her over completely. She was enjoying herself. That was for sure. I had wondered how she could afford a house like this, and now that she had revealed to me that she was a dominatrix, I was starting to understand. I had heard before how much women could make by catering to the specific fetishes of men. But this wasn't work for her. This was something she wanted, her bright blue eyes lit up with glee at what she was doing to my boyfriend. Besides, my heart wasn't in my lame little word of caution. I was as anxious to see where this led as she was.

"You can't even call it a cock, really, can you?" Ella said, frowning as she stared down at Jeff's endowment. "It's more like a little dicklet. And there you were, walking around like you're a man all this time, when in fact, you're not a real man at all. See? I told you I could tell. Women always can. Just think. Probably every woman you've ever met has secretly suspected you had a tiny cock."

I couldn't help it. The whole situation was so ridiculous, and what Ella was saying was so far from the truth. Sure, it was true I had had bigger men than Jeff, but there was nothing really wrong with his size. I had certainly had smaller, too. Besides, I love him, and the size of his manhood wasn't something I had ever given a lot of thought to. Yet still, Ella's insults were working so unbelievably well. I could see Jeff practically wilting, almost shrinking into himself as my gorgeous friend made fun of his size. It was ridiculous how easy it was to make him feel bad about something that wasn't even an issue. But clearly, Ella knew exactly what she was doing. Maybe her adventures in domination had given her an insight into male inadequacy that I would never have gotten any other way.

Ella stepped forward. Her glistening suit creaked again as she stood right in front of

Jeff, and her dark hair whispered over her shoulders as she turned her smiling face to me. As always, she was dripping with confidence, as if she never questioned even one of her actions, but even though she didn't say anything, I could see the unspoken question in her expression. And I nodded. Just a tiny little movement of the head, barely perceptible. Maybe Jeff wouldn't even see it, wouldn't notice with this beautiful latex-clad dominatrix standing in front of him. But Ella understood. And as she reached out toward him, running her fingertips slowly down his vibrating chest, I clenched my hands into fists, squeezing my thighs together where I stood, unbelievably turned on by the outrageous spectacle in front of me.

Ella's hand kept moving down, over Jeff's stomach muscles. And now, as she grinned wolfishly at him, it was his turn to turn toward me with a questioning expression on his face. This time, I didn't nod. But my smile had the same effect. Jeff had my permission to allow this to happen to him, because it was turning me on so much. Besides, I thought with another little tremor of lust, it wasn't like he could do anything about it. My boyfriend was helpless now, at the mercy of both of us. I could hardly believe how exciting I found it.

Jeff let out a long, ragged breath through his nostrils as Ella touched his cock. She touched it lightly, just moving her fingertips over the hot network of swollen veins. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, and even more, I couldn't believe what I was feeling. Because I didn't feel jealous, the way I might've thought I would if I had ever bothered to imagine such an insane scenario. Maybe because Jeff had no power here, because this wasn't his choice, even though I knew he was enjoying it. He wasn't being unfaithful to me, because Ella had total control over him, to use his body in any way she saw fit. It turned me on more than I would ever have believed possible.

And slowly, carefully, she smiled as she did it, looking down at his endowment, toying with him. It was all so easy for her to reduce them to a panting mess in front of her, and that was all part of her power. Along with the outfit, that was what made her

so sexy, to see how easily she could manipulate this man, could give or withhold pleasure until he was gazing at her with eyes filled with pure desperation.

And Ella knew exactly how to use that.

“You know what I think?” she said softly, speaking in a sultry voice now, knowing we were both hanging on her every word. “I think a little dicklet like this doesn’t belong in men’s underwear. I think this pathetic excuse for cock needs to be in women’s panties.”

“Oh my God, Ella, are you serious?” I spluttered. But even though my friend had an infectious smile on her face as she turned to me, I already knew that she was. I had no idea what kind of outrageous kinky games she had been playing before we got there, but clearly, it hadn’t been enough. She was still riding that high, still caught up with that wild excitement. And she just seemed too powerful to resist.

“Yeah,” she said. “I think you look really cute. Besides, nothing teaches a man his real place in the pecking order quicker than that. Slip him into some panties, and he can’t even pretend to be a real man anymore. And trust me: things go a lot better when losers like this know their place.”

Jeff gasped as Ella closed her hand around his shaft at last. She gripped it tight, squeezing it, making him moan in a combination of pleasure and nervousness.

Then, still holding onto my boyfriend’s cock, Ella turned.

She held him in her fist as she took a step across the living room. In her grip, Jeff had no choice but to follow. He stumbled along behind her, literally led by the cock, following her gorgeous swaying body with its long legs and firm round ass, a vision of total dominant sexiness that my boyfriend clearly found irresistible.

“Come on,” Ella said brightly as she continued to walk across the living room, and I didn’t know if she was talking to Jeff or to me, but I knew it didn’t matter. I followed behind them, the three of us making a crazy procession as Ella led us through her house. Passing by the open doorway that led to the kitchen, she pulled my boyfriend by the cock toward the stairs and began to climb. He did his best to keep up, her grip on his manhood never failing, and I followed behind. As sexy and powerful and dominant as she had looked from the moment she opened the door to us, she looked even more unstoppable now.

Ella led us upstairs and down the hallway toward her bedroom. There, she guided Jeff toward the middle of the room until he stood at the foot of her bed. Finally releasing her grip on his shaft, she stepped away from him, the sound of her high heels quieter now that she walked on carpet. And as she moved toward the dresser, I stepped toward Jeff, smiling what I hoped was an encouraging smile. Standing in front of him, I couldn’t help myself. I placed my hands on his shoulders and leaned forward, kissing him. After just a moment of hesitation, he kissed me back, and I felt the hunger in his body through his lips as they moved on mine.

“Just relax, baby,” I murmured as our lips parted. “I don’t know why, but this is so sexy to me. Just go along with it.”

“Yeah, Jeff, be a good sport,” Ella said as she returned to where we stood in the center of the room. “Let us dress you up in panties to show you what a loser you are.”

And I saw my friend had a pair of underwear in her hand. They were a hot pink, with two black strips up the sides, where decorative laces ran from top to bottom. Crouching in front of Jeff, she held the panties out and ordered him to step into them.

“Do it, babe,” I smiled as he turned to look at me. “I think it’s sexy.”

And a feeling of power flowed through me as Jeff did what I wanted, just because I

told him it turned me on. With a sigh, he raised one foot from the floor, stepping into the underwear Ella held out. And she giggled as he then did the same with the other foot, allowing her to pull the underwear up his legs.

Ella stood up. She pulled the panties up around him, pulling them up his hips until the elastic waistband pressed his cock back against his stomach. But our new mistress wasn't happy with that. Taking Jeff's cock in her hand again, she stuffed it inside the panties. The elasticated pink fabric could barely contain his throbbing cock, and I couldn't contain my laughter, either. It burst out of me, and I saw Jeff's cheeks burning with embarrassment, and Ella's laughter echoed my own as she continued to pull the panties into place.

"Turn around," she ordered. And as if the feminine underwear he wore completely broke any resistance he might've had, Jeff just did as he was told without a word of complaint. He turned around until Ella stopped him, his back to me, and she pulled the pink panties even further up his ass, his cheeks showing underneath the underwear that was cut to show them off.

"You know what? His ass actually looks great in those," I said, making Ella laugh again. But I wasn't joking. The hot pink underwear buried between his cheeks and clinging to his hips seemed to show off the shape of his backside even more, and anyway, it was a part of his body I had always enjoyed. I stepped forward, and, acting on pure instinct, not giving myself time to think, I reached out and smacked my boyfriend's ass playfully. He jumped from surprise, and Ella laughed again.

"Yeah, that's right," she said, a new edge of excitement in her voice. "Smack that shit."

And, standing beside Jeff, she did the same. Only she smacked him a lot harder than I did. Jeff really jumped as she spanked his ass, making a loud crack reverberate in the air of the bedroom. And I loved the way his butt bounced inside the skimpy

underwear as my friend slapped it. Again, I smacked his other cheek, a little bit harder this time, rubbing the bare skin afterward while he stood moaning before us.

“This is what small-dicked losers get,” Ella sneered, one hand clutching Jeff’s shoulder as she spoke into his ear. “They get humiliated. They get shamed. They get spanked and punished for being so useless. Now, you need to say something, panty boy. You need to apologize to your girlfriend for having such a small cock.”

I gasped. And Jeff gasped too. He still stood with his back to me, his shoulders shaking, his head cast down in shame. And Ella’s fingertips sank slightly into his shoulder as she gripped tight, her other hand raised, ready to deliver another stinging blow to his ass.

But in the end, it wasn’t necessary.

“Sorry, Sam,” Jeff said in a voice that was thick with desire and humiliation. “Sorry for having such a small cock.”

And as Ella turned her face toward me, her eyes wide, her mouth wide open in an expression of surprise and delight, I felt a surge of wild and unexpected power and arousal roaring through me.

Page 3

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“Look at this tiny thing.”

I could tell that Ella was in her element. So unbelievably confident, so completely in control.

I knew that my friend had an interesting sex life, to say the least. I knew she had some done some stuff online, which was more than Jeff had known. So I guess in some ways, I was more prepared for this than my boyfriend was. But that didn't mean I was in any way truly prepared for it.

Certainly, I wasn't prepared for my own reaction, or that of my boyfriend. Because we were completely swept up in this outrageous storm of desire and domination and humiliation, both of us. I had never expected anything like that. And I'll admit that part of me, a large part, felt sorry for my boyfriend as he stood there completely humiliated, hands bound behind his back, his perfectly adequate cock stuffed into a pair of sexy pink panties. Part of me worried about the possible outcomes of all this, what we were doing to him. Maybe he would hate it. Maybe he would hate me for it. But that part was drowned out by the part that, for whatever reason, wanted this. The part that was unexpectedly thrilled by this strange new twist of events. I didn't know what was that stirred inside me to watch Ella humiliating my boyfriend.

I didn't know why it did to me what it did, sending wild jolts of pleasure and excitement racing through my body. All I knew was it was working. Even though it shouldn't. Even though I couldn't understand why. I couldn't stop questioning it, doubting it, thinking about it, even while it was happening. And as I did that, I had to acknowledge that the part of me that felt bad for Jeff, the part of me that wanted to stop this wild game before somebody got hurt, was no match for the part of me that

wanted more.

Ella stepped around in front of Jeff. In her shining skintight suit, she looked like some alien creature, as if the glimmering, glittering black latex really was her skin, as if the tall high heels of her boots grew directly from the soles of her feet. She was like some creature devoted only to sex, some being designed purely for pleasure. I was straight, only really attracted to men. But something about Ella that day attracted me all the same. It was a different desire from the kind I was familiar with, less based on possessing her than simply admiring her. I wanted to be her more than I wanted to fuck her. But in the end, that distinction seemed almost academic. I was drawn to her. I couldn't take my eyes off her. The fact that desire manifested itself in a different way than it did for my trembling boyfriend didn't seem to matter very much at all.

Ella stepped in close to Jeff, and it seemed there was nothing she couldn't do, nothing she wouldn't do. I was hardly going to stop her, and my poor teased boyfriend was in no position to do anything. Ella reached out, the sleeve of her latex get-up shining, and she grinned wickedly as she grabbed Jeff's bulge in her hand, through the pink fabric of the panties she had put him in. Jeff groaned, his eyelids fluttering, his eyes half-closing at her touch, and I felt a stab of jealousy I knew I had no right to. After all, it was me that put him in this position, me and my sexy friend. He had no control over anything anymore. But I was also painfully, thrillingly aware that if I wanted to punish him for being turned on by Ella's touch, I could. I could, and there was nothing he could do about it. Plus, it would be totally in line with the game we were playing and the new roles we had all adopted.

"Honestly, I don't know how you put up with this thing for so long," Ella said, turning to me as she spoke, still grasping Jeff's bulge in her hand. And I knew she was joking, at least in part. But I also knew that this was part of the rules of the game. Her intention was to humiliate my boyfriend, and by how comfortable she was doing just that, I guessed it was part of whatever it was she did with these men who loved her so much for treating them so badly. Ella knew exactly what to do. All I had to do

was follow her lead.

“Yeah, well, I love him,” I said with a shrug. “You know how it is. You put up with things for the people you love.”

Jeff’s eyes opened as he looked at me, his mouth opening without making a sound. And again, I felt sorry for him. But something told me I couldn’t let that pity show. That wasn’t part of the game. I was lying, of course. I had never had any problems with my boyfriend’s size, and I still didn’t. But it was obvious to me that that was what this game required.

“Well, life has rules,” Ella said. And Jeff groaned again as she toyed with his cock in her hand, her fingernails sinking slightly into the pink fabric as she played with it.

“And one of the rules is that tiny men get punished. The best a guy with a cock like this can do to satisfy a woman is just to accept his role as a beta male and devote himself to serving us as best he can. What do you say, little Jeff? You think you can do that? You think you can please us by doing as you’re told? Because I guarantee, you’re not doing it with that worthless excuse for a penis.”

I couldn’t help it. She was so mean, so cruel, so mocking. And so out of line, too. Jeff’s cock wasn’t small, and even though I knew Ella had been with a lot of guys, I had to imagine she knew that too. About the only person who I wasn’t sure knew it was a best exaggeration and at worst an outright lie was Jeff. He squirmed uncomfortably where he stood in Ella’s room, and every mocking word seemed to register.

I’m not naïve. I know that men can be sensitive about their size, and that often, they think about it far more than women do. Ella was playing on those fears and insecurities like a pro. And as obvious as it was to me that that was what she was doing, it was also obvious that it was working.

And the cruel things Ella was saying to my boyfriend, ultimately, were no more shocking than his response.

“Okay,” Jeff said, his eyes fully closed now, and I tried not to gasp at his response.

He looked completely overcome with desire. Standing there with his hands bound wearing humiliating panties, he seemed lost in a world of lust. Of course, I had seen him turned on many times before, though always by me, not by somebody else. And maybe it was just that my involvement was mostly as a spectator. Or maybe it was more than that. But I wasn't sure I had ever seen him quite this excited. And that made me feel strange, too. I probably should have been jealous, and a large part of me certainly was. But again, it was drowned out by the wild lust I felt and the desire for more of this sexy game Ella had basically tricked us both into. It was thrilling beyond belief, and as undoubtedly strange and wild as it was, I already knew I wanted more. I wanted to see where it went, to see what kind of strange delight. Be taken from this new development. I could already see that my boyfriend, ashamed as he was, wanted exactly the same. And of course, with Ella, there was never any doubt. She may have just finished dominating another man, but it was obvious that she was more than ready to do it all over again.

Ella looked at me, her eyes wide and shining as her gaze met mine. I couldn't believe what was happening, and for almost the first time, it seemed that even my dominatrix friend was surprised. Not enough to shatter her dominant persona, though. Already, I got the sense it would take a lot to do that.

“Good boy,” Ella said, giving Jeff's package another little squeeze to make him groan and tremble with desire.

“Well, since you basically have no chance of pleasing a woman this little thing, I guess we need to work on how else you can make us happy,” Ella said. She turned her smiling face from Jeff back to me again as she spoke. “How is he at giving

head?”

It was an outrageous question. I was more used Ella's uninhibited ways than my boyfriend was. Standing beside this latex-wrapped goddess, Jeff looked absolutely mortified. But I wasn't much less shocked. Still, I felt like I had to play my own part in this sexual drama. I had to act as if this was all perfectly normal, and for whatever reason, I wanted to feel as calm and in control as Ella was. All part of what I envied about her. So I suppressed my surprise at her question and did my best to act as if there was nothing strange about discussing intimate details of my sex life with my friend while my boyfriend stood between us, tied up and dressed in women's panties.

“Actually, pretty good,” I said. Ella's smile never faltered as she looked at me.

“You would say that,” she replied. “You're too loyal. But we'll see. We'll see how good he really is.”

I didn't know what she meant by that. But I knew I was going to find out.

The light in the bedroom gleamed on every curve of my friend's body as she moved. Finally, she took her hand away from the bulge in the front of the panties Jeff wore, and I saw his eyes following her as she moved, locked onto that incredible figure I so envied. Again, I felt some delicious trace of jealousy that only served to enhance the sheer sexiness of the moment the three of us were sharing. And Ella circled around Jeff, moving all the way around him, looking his body up and down like a piece of meat before taking a seat on the bed in front of him. My heart raced in my chest, my stomach fluttering with nervousness as I waited to see what happened next. And Ella patted the mattress beside her as she looked at me, inviting me to join her.

“Have a seat, Sam,” she said. And, still as nervous as ever, I did. I stepped past Jeff, smiling at him for a moment as I did, then sat beside my sexy friend. It was quite a pair we made, me in a casual some outfit and her dressed like the mistress of the

dungeon she evidently was. But maybe in some way I got caught up in her halo. Maybe in some way, her undeniable sexiness enhanced my own. At least, I hoped so. I hoped I wasn't paling in comparison to the absolute goddess I was sitting beside. Certainly, as entranced as he was by the way Ella looked, Jeff still looked at me, too. I could still see desire in his eyes when he looked at me, and it only made my heart beat faster.

"Get over here, Tiny," Ella said, and again, a giggle rose in my throat at her mocking words. Jeff cringed, but he knew he had no choice. He stepped forward, and Ella looked as magnificent as ever as she sat there on the bed, smiling up at him, her icy blue eyes forming a contrast to her black hair and stark black outfit that made her so unbelievably alluring.

"Get down on your knees, where you belong," she said, pointing to the floor in front of us. She spoke softly, not barking her orders, but instead giving them as if she had no doubt they would be obeyed. She was just that confident. Jeff looked from her me and back again, but somehow, I never doubted he would do as he was told. Because I could see the desire in his face, could see his excitement, even without looking at the obscene bulge in the front of the humiliating pink panties he wore. I wasn't sure I had ever seen my boyfriend this turned on, and I had no trouble believing that he would do whatever it took to get any scrap of pleasure Ella felt like allowing him.

He did it. My boyfriend got down on his knees on the floor right there in front of us, and as he did, shrinking in front of us, I felt what I suspected Ella must be feeling too, the feeling that probably prompted her to live the wild and kinky life she was clearly living. It was a feeling of power, of total control. The feeling of being so desirable that a man would give up everything, give up his freedom, just to have us. It was intoxicating. There was no denying that. It was the first time I had ever experienced anything quite like it, and I wasn't ready for the unbelievable thrill it gave me. And maybe the pattern of the future was set right there, in that moment, as I felt that power flowing through me. Maybe it was inevitable, from that moment on, that I was

going to want more.

And still, I wasn't sure what was going to happen. More than willing to let Ella continue to take charge, knowing this was more her territory more than it was mine. There was a new tension in the air that I couldn't help but feel as I sat there on the bed, caught up in Ella's world of kinky sex and loving every minute of it.

Ella turned to me, her eyes shining to match the sheen of her revealing outfit.

"Take your panties off," she said. Her voice was just as soft when she talked to me as it was when she spoke to my boyfriend, and in my case, I didn't feel like she was giving me an order. At the same time, as outrageous as her suggestion was, I wanted to do it. Ella and I had seen each other's bodies before, and since there was no attraction between us, it didn't mean anything. We had changed clothes in front of each other, shared outfits in the past. But it wasn't like a regular thing. And it was nothing like this. Nothing like what she was suggesting now, because I had no doubt what her next idea would be.

And I wanted it.

I hesitated for a moment, just from the strangeness of the request, Jeff's eyes locked on both of us as this strange drama played out.

Then, I did what my friend said.

I pulled off my skirt, and I smiled down at Jeff as I did it, knowing I now had his undivided attention. I took hold of my underwear and pulled it down my legs, lifting one leg after the other to remove it completely and let it fall to the floor. Jeff was staring at me in astonishment, his eyes rising and falling as he looked me in the face, then had his attention drawn irresistibly back down between my legs. And I let him look. I let my thighs spread, exposing my pussy right there in Ella's bedroom, sitting

down next to my friend. I was already wet. The kinky situation we were in made certainly sure of that.

“Are you just going to look at it all day, Tiny?” Ella said with a sneer in her voice as she addressed my boyfriend. “Or are you going to show me how you please your girlfriend?”

Jeff managed to tear his attention away from me for a moment to look at her. His mouth was open, an expression of astonishment on his face that I was hardly surprised by. I was just as astonished, even if I was trying to act otherwise. It was already obvious to me that Jeff wasn’t going to protest, wasn’t going to put up a fight. Why would he? Just like me, he wanted what was happening.

Jeff glanced up at me, to see me smiling down at him in what I hoped was an encouraging way. And, without a word, he shuffled forward on his knees. I parted my legs a little further to receive him, give him access to my body like a prize he was offered. And as he leaned in, he glanced one last time up at Ella, to see her watching, and that sent another unexpected thrill of desire through my body.

Then, I felt his tongue sliding over my sensitive skin. Already lubricated by the juices that were trickling out of me, it felt electric. I trembled on the bed where I sat next to Ella, unable to believe what was happening. I had never done anything sexual in front of any kind of audience before. Every experience I had had been between two people, me and a guy. Already, this was well outside the normal bounds of my behavior. But after all, that was what made it exciting. That was what made it worth doing. The chance to be someone else, to live another life, and to do things I had never done before.

I heard Anna’s sexy catsuit creak as she sat beside me, watching everything. She was leaning over to watch Jeff licking my pussy, and just at the thought of it, another little gasp escaped my parted lips. My pleasure was growing by the second, and of course,

I was already so excited. Besides, it felt like Jeff was working hard to please me, as if desperate to prove himself to the woman watching us. His tongue moved over my body, at first sliding over the folds of my pussy, almost teasing me. Jeff knew what I liked. It had been a while since he had gone down on me, but I would be lying if I said it wasn't something he ever did. Certainly not every time we were together, but it wasn't a rarity either.

It was never like this.

Jeff used every bit of skill and knowledge of my body he had. After teasing me with his tongue for a while, he slid it slowly inside, and I let out a little gasp of pleasure, a little moan of excitement. The bud of my clitoris slowly swelled with excitement, and Jeff noticed. With his tongue buried inside me, he rubbed his nose against it, moving in gentle circles first, just teasing that sensitive spot. And then, as my excitement grew, he tipped back his head, sliding his tongue further up my body to caress my clit with the sensitive organ. I groaned out loud, and beside me, I heard Ella chuckle. She didn't say anything, but somehow, I got the feeling the beautiful dominatrix approved of my boyfriend's efforts.

Jeff was clearly encouraged. Leaning further forward, he pressed his lips against my clit, surrounding it and isolating it. Teasing it with his tongue, he gently sucked, and soon, I was squeezing my thighs together around his head, my body shaking with pleasure that was so intense it was starting to feel unbearable.

As if he sensed that, Jeff backed off. Instead, he moved his mouth down to my pussy again, eagerly licking up the juices that had begun to pour out of me in a steady flood. His tongue moved rhythmically over my sensitive folds, pressing them apart again, and I growled between my teeth at the feeling of desire that was growing inside me.

Usually, by now, I would have stopped him. Usually, after he did this to me, I would want him so badly I wouldn't be able to resist. I would demand he put his cock inside

me, demand that we had sex right there and then, and of course, my boyfriend would joyfully comply.

But this time was different. This time, Ella was watching. She had her own agenda, her own ideas, her own opinions on how everything should go. And I was happy enough with how things had gone so far to be more than willing to go along with it. Even though I desperately wanted him inside me. Even though by now, all I could think about was sex and my desperate need for it. Even though I could hardly remember the last time I had been so turned on, as if nothing else in life mattered except the pleasure I was feeling and the promise of the orgasm that lay ahead.

I don't come from oral, usually. I enjoy it, a lot. Beside the delicious physical sensations, it's just nice to have a man devoted to pleasing you for a while. But I could feel that orgasm rising inside me, buzzing within my body as Jeff's skillful tongue moved over my sex. It felt so strange to be sitting next to my best friend like this, in the throes of passion, my voice slowly rising in the music of bliss as Jeff served me. But of course, that only made it more exciting.

"Oh my God, that feels so good," I gasped, making my friend laugh again as she sat beside me. But I couldn't help it. It did feel good. It felt unbelievably good, and minute by minute, lick by lick, I could feel my inhibitions melting away. What we were doing might be crazy, might be well outside my normal realm of sexual experience. But it was so fucking hot, I didn't care anymore.

"I guess he does have some uses, then," Ella said grudgingly beside me. "You know, you can fuck him if you want to."

"I do," I gasped. And I knew that Jeff could hear us from the way his tongue hesitated on my pussy, seeming almost to stutter for a moment. I could only imagine how it filled him with hope to hear me say what I said, how badly he must be desiring exactly that. And it was so wild and kinky to think that somehow, we needed Ella's

permission. That somehow, she was now firmly in charge of this most intimate part of our lives. But it was the truth.

Ella moved on the bed beside me. Again, her latex catsuit and her thigh-high boots creaked with the motion of her body as she rose gracefully to her feet. Her outfit shone like a suit of armor as she bent over Jeff, and I heard him wince as she grabbed a fistful of his short hair. Smiling, she pulled on it, and Jeff lifted his mouth away from my streaming pussy, rising awkwardly to his feet as Ella pulled him upright.

I looked up at him, standing there with his hands bound behind his back, his hard cock stuffed awkwardly into a pair of pink panties. Without hesitating, Ella pulled those panties down until his cock sprang free, pointing upward and throbbing with the sheer force of his desire. She didn't take the panties off, I noticed; she just pulled them down. And, smiling all the while, she delivered a quick loud slap to that ass again, making Jeff's cock bounce and sway with the force of the blow as he grunted. I couldn't help it. Even in the depths of my desire, overcome with lust for my boyfriend as I was, I laughed at the way my friend was treating him.

"Fuck her, loser," she said, that sneer audible in her voice again. "See if you can prove to me that you're not completely useless in bed. Even though I can't see myself being impressed by anything you might do with that little thing."

As usual, Jeff didn't say anything. As usual, there was nothing he could say. But everything Ella was saying only increased the sexiness of the situation, as far as I was concerned. It was unbelievable, but it was unbelievably exciting, and bit by bit, I was losing any hesitation I might have had. I was desperate with desire, and suddenly even the most outrageous ideas seemed not only plausible, but desirable. As if I had never wanted anything else.

Seized by an idea, I rolled over on the bed, getting on my hands and knees, turning my back on them. Ella let out a burst of wild laughter as she saw what I wanted. With

Jeff standing beside the bed, it put me at just the right height to take him like this, and I backed my ass up toward him, spreading my legs apart, a bitch in heat ready to get fucked.

Holding Jeff by one arm, Ella guided him forward. Not that she needed to. It's exactly what was required of him, and all he wanted was to give me what I demanded.

As Jeff stepped up to the edge of the bed, I turned to watch over my shoulder and gasped in surprise and delight as I saw Ella reached down and take hold of his cock. She guided it inside me, and I moaned as I arched my back, pushing my ass back toward him to feel him inside me. No matter what my cruel friend said, he certainly didn't feel small as he filled me up, groaning as he pushed his rigid cock deep inside me. And Ella removed her hand as he filled me up, using it instead to spank my boyfriend again with a loud slap that reverberated through the bedroom.

"Actually, this is perfect," my dominatrix friend said with a note of satisfaction in her voice. "He can fuck you while I punish him for being such a loser."

I let out a long moan of excitement, my body shivering with pleasure as Ella stepped away from the bed. I heard her high heels moving across the bedroom as she returned to the closet, but by now, I was so wrapped up in the pleasure I was feeling that I hardly cared anymore what she was doing. All that mattered was the sensations that were filling me as Jeff began to slide his cock back and forth, driving it deeper inside me with every thrust. And I howled in pleasure, I gasped and moaned, and my wild cries filled the room where they had never been heard before, Ella's bedroom now becoming the scene of what was already, beyond any doubt, past any pretense, some of the best sex my boyfriend and I had ever had.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

“Oh fuck!”

A cry of pleasure was torn from my throat, my voice already trembling with pure and unstoppable lust from what was happening. There I was, wearing nothing but a bra, on all fours in the middle of my friend Ella's bed. And my boyfriend Jeff was standing behind me, his cock buried inside me, moaning with pleasure as he thrust back-and-forth, bringing us both an ever-escalating cascade of physical bliss. I still hadn't come, but I knew I was getting close. Warm juices were spreading down my thighs, pulled out of my dripping sex by Jeff's invading cock, and it only lubricated the motion between us, making it feel even more incredible. The scent of sex was heavy in the air, inflaming us both with desperate passion, and I flung my body back to meet his oncoming thrusts, desperate to feel him as deep inside me as he could possibly go, desperate for that orgasm I was chasing, the one that had been building inside me ever since my friend ordered my boyfriend to go down on me in front of her.

But that wasn't what made me cry out, not at that particular moment. Instead, that came from the way Jeff's cock suddenly jumped inside me, the way his body lurched against mine. Because Ella was standing just behind my boyfriend, punishing him for the simple fact of being a male, for having a cock that didn't meet her definition of being big enough. I had no complaints about Jeff's cock, his size, or his stamina. But my dominatrix friend was set on humiliating my boyfriend, and it turned me on more than I would ever have believed possible.

She had a whip of some kind. I didn't know exactly what it was. From my position on my hands and knees on the bed with my back to both her and my boyfriend, I couldn't see that clearly. After all, I knew it didn't matter. Ella was going to do

whatever she was going to do, whatever she felt like doing in the moment. That, along with her body tightly wrapped in revealing skintight latex, was what made her so irresistibly sexy. She was punishing my boyfriend, and instead of feeling sorry for him, instead of making even the slightest attempt to stop her, to intervene on his behalf, I was enjoying it. I was getting off on it. As she struck him on the ass, the sound reverberating in the throbbing air of the bedroom, and I enjoyed the way his cock jumped inside me. I enjoyed the way the pain seemed to make him want to work harder to please me, the way he plunged his manhood inside me as if that pleasure could help him ignore his pain. It was an unbelievable thrill to be part of this game of Ella's devising. I had never wanted to play like this, never been interested in bringing any kind of pain into the bedroom. But now, my sexy friend was showing me just how amazing it could be, and already, I felt like I was learning to enjoy it.

I cried out again as I heard another loud slap against Jeff's ass, as I felt his cock surge inside me again. Ella was giving him a solid beating, and between his moans of pleasure, I could hear his cries of pain. They only seemed to spur her on to be even more cruel, just as they spurred me on to want even more sex. Everything was building to a wild climax, one unlike any I had had before, and I was torn by conflicting desires. Wanting to reach that high peak of ecstasy, but also not wanting this blissful moment to end.

Ella struck again, another loud crack reverberating in the swarming air of the bedroom. And again, I gasped in selfish pleasure as Jeff's cock surged inside me. He let out a long groan, of pain or pleasure or both, and I felt his cock growing fatter than ever inside me, pressing insistently against the wet walls of my pussy.

That was it. For whatever reason, that was it, exactly what I needed. I let out a long cry of pleasure, holding nothing back, letting everyone in the room know exactly how good I was feeling. And my pussy spasmed around Jeff's cock, the juices flowing in a wild torrent out of my body, and I howled like an animal as I finally reached the orgasm that had been promised to me for so long now, seeming to fill my world with

the rumor of its approach.

It went on a long time. Long enough to leave me gasping in total bliss, to leave me shaking with the pure pleasure of wild sex. And as my pussy tightened around him, I heard Jeff let out a long moan too, and this time there was no doubt. It was pure pleasure he was feeling, pure bliss, even as his ass ached from the blows of Ella's weapons against his bruised skin. But Ella didn't stop. Even as my pleasure peaked, she brought her whip cracking down on my boyfriend's ass again, and his long noise of pleasure turned into one of pain as she gave him the hardest blow yet, as if to punish him for doing exactly what we wanted from him. As if to reward him with pain for the pleasure he had given me. Ella, of course, had her own ideas about how the scene should go. And there was no doubting that my dominatrix friend was firmly in charge of what happened next.

I moaned again as the sensations inside me changed. I let out a gasp as Jeff's cock suddenly withdrew. I turned again to look over my shoulder and saw Ella with her free hand on his chest, pushing him back, away from me. In the other, she held a black riding crop, the kind people use to discipline horses, and my pussy, empty now and missing the feel of Jeff's manhood inside me, clenched on the empty air as I looked at my friend from behind, the laces of her corset rising like a ladder up her supple back, her tiny waist bracketed by the swell of her breasts and the curves of her shining ass revealed more than they were concealed by the tight latex that covered it. She looked as darkly radiant as ever, manhandling my boyfriend, and even though I wanted more, even though I craved the blissful feeling of having him inside me, it never even crossed my mind to resist what Ella wanted. It was such a relief to let her take control, so thrilling to not have to think about anything, but to simply do what my sexy friend said. I had never really understood the appeal of giving up control in the bedroom like that, but Ella was quickly teaching me just how much fun it could be. And she did it with such style, such attitude, so that it came to seem almost normal. It came to feel like I couldn't argue with her, like she was absolutely right to do what she did. It was a performance that couldn't fail to impress me, even as I

crouched there shuddering on the bed, glowing with orgasm and yet still craving more.

“Come here, panty boy,” Ella said with her usual cruel tone, and again, I couldn’t keep myself from laughing. Moving on the bed, I turned and sat down, shockwaves of pleasure still making me tremble as I watched my friend manhandle my boyfriend. Her hand on his chest and her whip in her hand to ensure compliance, Ella pushed Jeff back toward the foot of the bed and had him stand by the footboard, staring at me. Leaving him there, she crossed her bedroom in a few long strides, returning to her closet. When she came back, I saw she had a length of rope in her hand. She tucked the riding crop under her arm and began to tie the rope around my boyfriend’s cock and balls, making him wince as she pulled it tight, then wrapped it around the footboard of her bed, binding him in place by the cock that still pointed at me, still shining with my juices, still throbbing in the air and desperate for pleasure that now, it seemed, Ella had decided he wouldn’t get.

“Was that good? Having your loser boyfriend’s tiny little cock inside you?” Ella said as she turned to me. Her words were cruel, but the smile on her beautiful face was infectious. She looked so beautiful with her blue eyes shining and her red lips lifted in that smile, those little bursts of color contrasting with the stark black of her hair and her outfit. No wonder men let her treat them any way she wanted to. No wonder they were seemingly willing to bow down before her and worship her like the goddess she was. She was so sexy, so powerful, so in control, and she never seem to doubt herself, not even for a moment.

“Yeah, it was good,” I said truthfully. Ella, still smiling, slowly shook her head so that the ends of her hair brushed over the latex shining on her shoulders.

“Maybe if you never had any good dick in your life,” she said. “Clearly, you need to learn what a real orgasm is. God, it’s lucky I’m here. Lucky you guys came round today so I can show you what actual sex looks like.”

Tossing her riding crop carelessly down on the bed, Ella turned again, heading back toward the closet. I watched her go, watched her body swaying, watched the light reflecting off the latex outfit she wore, and I felt again that strange surge of arousal I had been feeling ever since we came to her house and she answered the front door looking like this. Tentatively, I picked up the riding crop from where it lay on the bed. I could feel Jeff's eyes locked on me, following my every move. Smiling at him, I hefted the crop in my hand. And, unable to resist the temptation, I reached out with it, trailing the leather flap on its end over the boiling network of veins on his hard cock until he shuddered with total bliss.

"Here we go," Ella said. Caught up in teasing my boyfriend, I had barely noticed her approaching. But now she stood at the side of the bed, and I gasped to see what she held in her hand. A big dildo in an unmissable bright blue color, the impressive shaft augmented by an almost feathery little attachment at the base. I watched, and I knew that Jeff was watching too as Ella opened a bottle of lube and smeared it over the toy with her hand. Then, setting the bottle down on the floor, she climbed onto the bed where I sat, holding the toy in her hands. I knew what she was going to do. And even though it seemed completely outrageous, even though it made my heart vibrate with shock and disbelief and nervousness, again, I let it happen. As if it never occurred to me to resist her. As if it was impossible to deny what this dominant woman wanted. Seemingly more than willing to be nothing but playthings for Ella's sadistic tendencies.

After all, so far at least, it had brought me nothing but pleasure.

"Lie down, sexy," Ella said in a soft voice as she kneeled above me. And I did. Directed by her, I lay back on the bed, turning so that I was facing my helpless boyfriend. Clearly, Ella wanted him to have the best view possible. She didn't want him to miss a moment of what she was about to do to me. And as she told me to spread my legs, I did, feeling Jeff looking at the pussy I knew he must still be able to taste in his mouth, the one that made his cock strain and throb even in the ropes Ella

had tied around it. He was helpless, and from the look on his face and the occasional moans that rose from his throat, I knew that the show me and Ella were putting on was driving him crazy. And it felt good. It felt good to be this desired, this wanted, this powerful. I might be naked and spread out in front of him, but he couldn't touch me, and that made me feel sexier than I ever imagined it would have. It was such a thrill to be like this, so cruel and withholding, so evil and so selfish. As strange as it was, I felt in some ways closer than ever to Jeff as I helped Ella tease and humiliate him for the pure sexual thrill of it.

Ella kneeled at my side, close to my head. She didn't want to block Jeff's view in any way. And she leaned forward, one hand on my thigh for balance as she held the toy against my pussy. Slowly, carefully, she pressed against it, and I groaned at the feeling of the head of the toy pressing against me.

Slowly, Ella pushed it further. Her latex catsuit groaned around her body as she leaned forward, the swell of her breasts under the rubbery fabric catching the light and showing off that incredible body of hers. But that wasn't what I was focused on. As she continued to press the toy into me, I groaned in pleasure and gasped in surprise. It was big. I already knew that just from looking at it. But now, feeling it in my most intimate place, it felt so much bigger than it looked. My pussy expanded to take the tip of the toy inside, but still, it kept getting bigger. My sex stretched to accommodate it, and I cried out. I wasn't in pain, but it almost felt like it was just around the corner. The pleasure was so intense that it was easy to imagine it turning painful at any moment.

And Ella kept pressing forward. Not hard, not fast. But insistently. As she did, she murmured under her breath, as if encouraging me to take it all. And I did. I lay there with my legs spread, and the toy slid between my trembling lips, and as I took it, inch by inch, I knew that I had never felt so full in my life. It stretched me out, pressing the wet walls of my sex apart in a way I felt nothing ever had before, and my eyes rolled in my head as every nerve of my body lit up. I knew what Ella was doing. I

knew that this was what she wanted. But that didn't change the fact that it was true. That didn't change the fact that what she was doing was feeding me with pure ecstasy, lighting me up with unbelievable bliss.

Ella kept pushing. And as the toy reached deep inside me, it seemed like it would go on forever. It was reaching parts of me no one ever had, parts of me I never knew existed. Finally, it bottomed out, reaching the limits of my womanhood, the limits of what I could take. And I lay there panting, slowly opening my eyes to see Ella beaming down at me, and beyond her, Jeff, watching in disbelief, his eyes fixed between my legs as he stared at my stuffed pussy, unable to do anything about it.

"Look at that, Tiny," Ella said, turning her smiling face toward my boyfriend to tease him again. "That's what a woman really wants. That's what a real cock does to us. Look at it. Look at how it's stretching her out. You've never done that to her. You've never made her feel this good. Tell us how it feels, Sam. Tell us how good it feels to finally have your pussy filled the way it's supposed to be."

I burst out laughing at Ella's cruel words, the laughter that came from shock and surprise as much as it did from amusement. But my voice gave me away. My laughter soon turned to a groan of pleasure, one I couldn't help. There was nothing fake about it, no playacting, even though I was acutely conscious that in a way, the two of us were putting on a show for my boyfriend. This was real. The pleasure, the feeling of fullness, was so intense I barely dared to move. But I raised my head from the mattress to look down over my body at Jeff, to see his handsome face staring at me with a clouded expression of shock and lust and desire and jealousy.

"Oh my God, it feels so good," I said, and while Jeff groaned in frustration, Ella laughed in pure sadistic joy.

"It does, doesn't it?" Ella said. "It must be nice to finally be full for once in your life. Now, that should take a moment for you to get used to it. And then we can really

have some fun.”

Another groan escaped me as I lay there with my legs spread, my breasts heaving in the bra I still wore as I panted, trying to adjust to the massive toy inside me. Ella was right about that. I had never felt quite like this, never felt so filled by anything. And I had never imagined that a toy might be a substitute for a real living person, but with the way this one was making me feel, I was starting to reconsider. Then again, it was the situation I was in, too. Being on display like this, teased by my sexy friend and dangled in front of my boyfriend like a prize he couldn't have. That was enough to turn any woman's head, enough to get my body dancing in desire even before Ella brought this oversized toy to the bed. Combine the two, and I was in some strange kind of ecstasy.

Her hands still on my upper thigh, Ella reached between my legs. This new intimacy between us was so strange. We had been best friends for years, and the two of us had almost no secrets from each other. But we had never gone this far, never even dreamed of doing something like this. Yet somehow, it felt strangely natural. It felt right, if only because it felt so damn good. And as Ella grabbed hold of the base of the toy, pulling gently on it, I let out another moan of pleasure. My pussy spasmed around the shaft, as if it didn't want to let go, and already, I felt another orgasm growing inside me. Already, just from having it in me, not even moving. And even the slight movement of Ella gently tugging on it was enough to send a shockwave of pleasure through me.

My friend grinned down at me, clearly knowing exactly what I was experiencing in that moment. No doubt this was exactly what she planned.

“What do you say, pretty lady?” she said. “Want me to fuck you with this big cock?”

“Oh my God, yes, Ella, please!”

Again, there was no acting here, no thought of putting on a show. The words burst out of my mouth before I could stop them, if I even wanted to stop them. There I was, lying in Ella's bed, basically naked and begging her for sex. And my boyfriend stood there with his throbbing cock pointing up at the ceiling, watching it all. Watching his own humiliation, his own inadequacy on display there in front of us all. Rejected in favor of a toy, a senseless lump of silicone. There was no way to miss the powerful imagery of it all, even for me as I lay there on the bed, brimming with pleasure. I knew Jeff wouldn't miss any of it.

"Good girl," Ella said softly, and even that forced another faint moan out of my throat. Even that made my pussy spasm even more around the toy. And as Ella took firm hold on the base of the dildo, as she leaned over my body to get better leverage, as she began to move the fat object in and out, I couldn't contain myself. I let out a long scream of pleasure, my pussy clenching desperately around the toy that felt at times like it was splitting me apart, and I grabbed the bed sheets I lay on, my legs trembling and thrashing as I spread them even wider to take Ella's toy inside.

It was incredible. I knew she said it just to make fun of my boyfriend, but what Ella said was true. I had never been filled like that. And as she moved the dildo, slowly but steadily increasing the pace, pleasure erupted inside me. Ecstasy flooded my brain, blissful chemicals drowning out all sense, all inhibition, every bit of restraint I might have had. This was all that mattered now. This was everything. Right there on Ella's bed, spread out for the pleasure of her and my poor teased boyfriend, I gave into the powerful sensations that were filling me. I surrender myself to another orgasm, a shuddering swell that felt strong enough to lift me off the bed, to make me float in mid air, to make light leap from every pore of my skin until I filled the room like some screaming sun.

As I came down from my climax, the toy was still inside me. I lay in a spreading pool of my own juices, a dark pool on the sheet beneath me, and I knew that everyone in the room had no doubt about what just happened. My boyfriend had just watched my

best friend give me an orgasm, and in the state I was in, awash with bliss, glowing with orgasm, I couldn't even begin to imagine what it all meant. I was always completely straight, and as sexy as Ella undeniably was, I wasn't attracted to her in that way. But knowing that she had been the architect of this blissful explosion, knowing that this woman had just given me one of the most powerful orgasms of my life, was playing all kinds of interesting tricks on my psyche.

And Ella seemed to enjoy it. Her pretty face beamed down at me, her glowing blue eyes flickering over every detail of my expression, desperate to take it all in.

"Looks like you enjoyed that, sexy," she said.

"Oh my God, Ella, I did," I said, looking up at my friend with glowing eyes. I knew what she was doing, of course. I knew that everything she said was calculated to further tease and frustrate my boyfriend. But I didn't care. Or maybe, even worse, I did. Maybe I was coming to enjoy torturing him just as much as she did. Maybe, thanks to the outrageous pleasure she was giving me, I was learning to be as sadistic as she was. That thought sent a strange feeling of nervousness fluttering in my stomach again, but it was no match for the bliss I was still feeling. I wasn't going to argue. And I got the feeling that Ella knew that perfectly well.

"Well, that's nothing," she said. "I know this pencil dick has never satisfied you in his life. Not really. But I can. You want me to show you what a real orgasm feels like? You want me to show you what a real dick can do?"

I stared up her, overcome by the words coming out between her bright red lips. Overcome, too, by this wild desire, this unbelievable pleasure. Overcome by the strange scene we were in, the perversity of it all, the sheer deviant sexiness of being so cruel and mocking. It was all too much. Just like Ella wanted, I was awash in powerful hormones I couldn't resist, and they made me behave in a way I would never have imagined I could. They made me stop caring about anything else except

the pleasure she offered.

“Yes, Ella, please,” I groaned.

Ella’s smile deepened.

Reaching down between my legs, she flicked a switch at the bottom of the toy. It began to vibrate, and I howled in unbelievable pleasure, my pussy spasming against it once again. But Ella pushed hard on the base, pushing it all away inside me so that the feathery appendage buzzed against my swollen clit. Stimulated in two ways at once, I thrashed on the bed, alive with pleasure. And Ella sat back on her knees, watching the show for a moment, smiling down at me to know what she had done.

Instantly, I felt another orgasm building inside me. Overcome with pleasure like I was, I barely noticed as she moved on the bed, inching away from me. Climbing off the mattress, she headed back toward her closet. But I barely listened, and didn’t watch. I closed my eyes, gripping my breasts through my bra, squirming on the bed as I abandoned myself to pleasure completely. Another orgasm shook my body, my wild cries of passion reverberating in Ella’s bedroom, and when I came to again, once more conscious of my surroundings, I opened my eyes to see Ella had climbed back onto the mattress with me.

This time, she positioned herself between my legs. She reached for the buzzing toy, and I groaned in disappointment as she slid it out of my dripping pussy. It was only as she held the base against herself that I saw she was now wearing a kind of leather harness around her hips, over the catsuit she already wore. There was a slot at the front of the harness, positioned between her legs, and as I watched her slide the toy into it, I groaned in disbelief. Because now the blue dildo rose from my friend’s body as if it were a part of her, an unrealistic fake cock that nevertheless we all knew could give me real pleasure. And as Ella positioned herself between my legs, hooking her arms under my thighs and lifting my legs up onto her shoulders, I knew what was

about to happen. My best friend was about to fuck me, right there in front of my boyfriend. And I was too caught up in pleasure to protest for even a moment.

Ella leaned forward. The buzzing head of the dildo pressed once again against my dripping lips, and I moaned as I welcomed it inside. Ella thrust forward, and the feeling of delicious fullness was, if anything, even more intense now, even though the juices of my pussy lubricated it so well. And the maddening buzzing drove me onward, making me thrash and scream, driving me toward another powerful orgasm as Ella fucked me.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

I had never had sex like it. I mean, honestly, that's an understatement. Of course I had never done anything like this. I had never been with a woman before, any woman. I had never even imagined being with my best friend. I knew Ella was sexy, of course, and even if I hadn't, it would've been undeniable once I saw her in that skintight black latex catsuit and those fuck-me boots she was wearing. But I'm not attracted to girls. I can admire a woman's beauty without wanting to have her. Which was what made the phenomenal sex I was having with Ella that much more powerful.

It was intense. There was a raw passion to what we were doing that almost blew my mind. Ella moved on top of me, her whole body shining in the clinging latex, and she was alternately gentle and hard, giving and selfish, tender and ruthless. She played my body like it was a musical instrument, and she was an absolute virtuoso. She was gorgeous and sexy and dominant and demanding, and yet thoroughly feminine all at the same time, and it was astonishing to see what this woman could do.

Not to mention that cock of hers. That relentless toy that never stopped buzzing and would never get soft, that plunged in and out of me over and over again until I lost track of time, until I lost track of everything, until I felt like I could no longer think with the pure ecstasy that filled me as my body rocked to multiple orgasms.

The first one came quick. Ella had barely gotten the toy inside me before the vibrating appendage on the bottom of the toy did its work on my clit. I spasmed and howled, thrashing in the bed as pleasure overtook me, and even though I never forgot that my boyfriend was watching, not even for a moment, I wasn't putting on a show for him. I didn't need to. Inside that wild scene, it was hard to even think straight, hard to even think about how it must look from the outside. But it occurred to me even then that I had probably never made noises like that before. I had probably never

made sounds like that in bed, not with Jeff. I felt confident he would notice that.

And Ella didn't give me long to recover. She slowed her movements down as my pussy tightened around her toy in the spasm of orgasm, but only for a moment. Soon, she was back at it again, thrusting that tireless toy deep inside my body and giving me sensations I could hardly even begin to describe.

And the toy kept up its insistent buzzing, sending irresistible waves of pleasure and excitement through my body. It wasn't fair on Jeff, really. No man could compete with that. No man I had ever met had a cock that size that also vibrated at the perfect frequency to light up my whole body with pleasure like that. No man on earth had a cock that would never go soft, that would continue giving me pleasure just as long as I wanted it to. Just as long as Ella wanted it to. That obscene appendage, combined with her unspeakably sexy outfit, made my friend seem somehow more than human. Better than that, superior to everyone. Including, of course, my poor helpless boyfriend.

Jeff just watched. After all, what other choice did the poor guy have? Ella was going to do whatever she wanted, and clearly, this was what she wanted. To fuck me right in front of the man I loved, to show him how she could give me pleasure unlike any I had ever had with him. Even now, I feel a faint twinge of guilt saying that, even just thinking it. But it was true. And Jeff knew it just as well as I did. It was unmissable, unmistakable. You'd have to be both blind and deaf not to know it. Everything was going Ella's way. And mine too, I guess. After all, I was the one having multiple orgasms with a gorgeous woman who seemed to never grow tired of fucking me.

Ella started out on top of me, kneeling close to the foot of the bed with her back turned toward Jeff and my legs hooked over her shoulders. That way, I could take her deep inside, and I moaned and groaned at every thrust, feeling that oversized toy spreading me apart, making me howl in unbelievable bliss. Ella gave me three whole orgasms like that, thrusting remorselessly inside me, her latex catsuit creaking with her movements, her big cock filling me completely until it felt like I was losing my

senses.

But even after that, she wasn't done.

I groaned and shivered as my third orgasm slowly receded, and groaned some more as Ella pulled back, her cock sliding out of my ravaged pussy. I missed it already. Without its thrilling size inside me, I felt almost hollow. But I needn't have worried, because my sexy dominatrix friend was nowhere near done with me.

"Turn over," Ella said, smiling down at me. Her blue eyes shone like polished jewels as she grinned, and I saw her hand reach down, stroking the big blue cock she wore as if it were really a part of her. The juices of my multiple orgasms shone on her skin, and I felt another tremor of wild lust race through my body just from looking at her. She was incredible. She was like some dark goddess controlling us all, and honestly, it never even crossed my mind to do anything other than exactly what she said.

My muscles were tired from spasming in pleasure, but I did as I was told. I rolled over, and Ella directed me up onto my hands and knees again. One hand on my shoulder, she guided my movements on the bed, encouraging me to turn around, to move toward where she had been at the foot of the bed. To face Jeff. I realized then with a little shiver of sadistic glee what she had in mind. And I welcomed it. This new and unexpectedly cruel part of myself, the part that suddenly understood what I had never understood before, just how fun it could be to have total sexual power over another person, even someone you loved, thrilled to the thought of what Ella proposed.

And that was the best part; it was all her idea. All I had to do was go along with what she said. I didn't even have to blame myself. I could blame it all on the sexy goddess who made us both into her playthings that day and escape responsibility for my own actions. I could lose myself completely in this wild and unexpected joy, this kinky game that thrilled me like nothing else. My dominatrix friend had given me a real gift. Even though I didn't know at that moment just how much she was giving me, I

understood even then that this changed everything.

Where Ella had me positioned on my hands and knees on the bed, I was looking right at Jeff. And in my heightened state of arousal, my eyes traveled over his body with undisguised lust. I admired the lean muscles that showed through the skin, the diagonal lines of his lower stomach pointing the way to his cock that throbbed desperately right in front of me, bound to the bed frame by evil Ella. His hands tied behind his back, he stood there like an ornament, like a piece of meat, like an object. But of course, that wasn't really true. If he hadn't felt anything, there would hardly be any point in him being there at all. No, it was the tease, the jealousy, the cruelty we were inflicting on him that made the sex so hot. I mean, getting fucked by Ella while she wore that outfit and that huge vibrating strap-on would have been an unbelievable physical thrill anyway. But doing it like this, right in front of my boyfriend, torturing him with his inability to do anything about it and his inability to compete with the woman who was giving me such enormous pleasure, was the secret formula behind this unreal excitement.

As I looked at Jeff, I smiled. His eyes met mine. He didn't smile back. He didn't say a word either. But the look on his face told me everything I needed to know. He was so turned on, so excited by everything that was happening. Even if I hadn't seen his cock throbbing right in front of me to tell me how he felt, I would've seen it all right there from the look in his eyes. He was transfixed by what was happening, rendered speechless by the show going on in front of him. I knew that my boyfriend, just like me, had never experienced anything like this before. Ella was taking us both to a place we had never been before, a strange world of deviant pleasure we had barely imagined. And Jeff, tied up and helpless as he was, was right there with me, watching the whole show.

He had a front row seat to this next part. To the whole thing, really. To his own betrayal. Funny I didn't think of it that way at the time. I didn't think of it as if I was cheating on Jeff and making him watch as I did it. The thought never entered my head. I was too caught up in it, I guess, too excited by this unbelievable new

development to really think through what it actually all meant. For me in that moment, there was only pleasure, and that was exactly how Ella wanted me to feel.

I felt her hands on my hips as she kneeled behind me, but I didn't turn around to look. Instead, I kept my eyes on Jeff, smiling up at him as I arched my back and spread my legs, welcoming Ella inside. Her huge fake cock felt like it was splitting me open again, and now I closed my eyes, roaring with pleasure as I did, letting the noise of my passion fill the room the way Ella's cock filled my dripping pussy. She eased herself all the way in, pushing forward with her hips as the dildo slid inside, and I gasped from my open mouth, feeling as if it would never stop, as it would keep going and going forever. But eventually, of course, it did. Deep inside me, the vibrating dildo hit every pleasurable spot within me, every inflamed nerve, every vibrating cell. Once again, just being entered like that, just being filled like that, was almost enough to push me over the brink into yet another orgasm. And as Ella's fingers dug into my hips, as she held me from behind and thrust that big cock into me over and over again, driving the powerful vibrations even deeper into my body, I surrendered to yet another wild peak of pleasure, my cries of passion filling the room while my helpless boyfriend looked on.

Ella grunted with effort as she continued to plow me. For her, I suppose, it was mostly just a power trip. The base of the vibrating dildo pressing against her body through the tight latex catsuit she wore was probably giving her some pleasure, but I doubted it would be enough to make her cum. No, for now, all the orgasms were just for me, and I had absolutely no problem with that. Ella's cruelty and selfishness somehow made it acceptable, normalizing it to be so greedy. Besides, sex does that. In the heat of the moment, you forget about everything else. Something you do with people you love that makes you temporarily forget about them, treat them as objects for your own pleasure. Or worse. I never really pondered this darker side of sexuality before. But Ella brought it out in me.

She drove her cock into me over and over again, from behind, making the whole bed rock to our movements. And I howled like a banshee, lost in pleasure, as another

orgasm swept over me, and then another. The power of the sex we were having was so great, I could barely hold myself up. My arms trembled like young trees in a hurricane, my eyes rolling in my head as Ella grunted behind me and her fat cock rhythmically invaded my spasming pussy.

Unable to keep my eyes on Jeff any longer, I slumped forward. Behind me, Ella growled like an animal as I fell facedown on the bed, my ass still raised up in the air, my hips still held in her hands so that she could keep on fucking me. She shifted on the mattress, and I felt the springs adjust to her movements.

And then, my eyes snapped open, wide in surprise, as Ella did something else I didn't expect.

Leaning back on one knee, she stretched out the other leg toward me. And she put her foot on the side of my head, pressing me down into the mattress, pinning me under the sole of her wicked high heel. She kept me there like that, pinned down under her foot, as she drove her buzzing fake cock savagely in and out of my pussy.

And it felt incredible.

It was impossible to describe and hard to even understand. It was so degrading, so humiliating, to be treated like this. To be so dominated, so controlled, so used. Now, it wasn't just Jeff. Now, I was just as submissive as him, just as controlled, just as used. And it felt amazing. Whether she knew it or not, Ella was giving me a little insight into how my boyfriend must be feeling, the complex feelings of shame and guilt and desire and excitement that came from bowing to the whims of a wicked woman like this. It was amazing.

I moaned, and that moan only seemed to encourage my new mistress. She drove her cock into me hard, plumbing the depths of my streaming pussy while I trembled beneath her. As if she no longer cared about anything but sex. As if who I was as a person, as her friend, meant nothing anymore. I was just a piece of meat to be

grabbed and fucked, and in that moment, that was all I wanted to be.

Ella was happy to oblige.

Another orgasm tore through me. Another great wave of pleasure lifting me up and scattering my thoughts, making me breathless, making me close my eyes, making me cum. I moaned and gasped underneath my friend's boot, my eyes open now but looking at nothing in particular, instead staring sightlessly across the room. I couldn't see Jeff anymore, and to be honest, for the moment, I didn't even think about him. I didn't think about anything. I moaned and howled in orgasm and surrendered to unbelievable pleasure, surrendered to my gorgeous, sexy friend as she dominated and humiliated me and used me as her latest toy.

Ella shifted again. Lifting her foot off my head, she placed her boot on the mattress right in front of my face, the sharp heel sinking into the soft surface. And, in the grip of some passion I could barely understand, some wild submissive impulse I had never felt before and had never imagined ever learning how to deal with, I lost myself. Closing my eyes, I stuck out my tongue and licked Ella's boot, leaving a shining trail of my saliva across the glossy leather. I didn't know why. All I can say is that it seemed like the right thing to do at the time.

Ella noticed. For a moment, just a moment, she paused, her big cock still buried inside me, still buzzing, but no longer thrusting in and out. And then, while I cringed at her feet, she burst out laughing.

"Did you just... lick my boot?"

Embarrassment crawled across the red skin of my flushed face. Having lost myself almost completely in the thrill of kinky sex, I was now abruptly returned to myself, painfully conscious of the crazy situation all three of us were in. Jeff was watching, not saying anything, but even though I couldn't see him from where I lay with my head turned away, I could feel his attention on me. And on Ella.

“Yes,” I said, trying not to cringe as Ella laughed again.

“That’s awesome,” she said, still chuckling as she spoke. “Maybe you have a submissive side too.”

I said nothing. But as Ella started moving again, sliding her big hard cock in and out of my dripping pussy again, I let out another long moan. She was doing something to me. As if the pleasure she was giving me was reprogramming me somehow, turning me into something I had never imagined I would be. Someone who wanted to be used and humiliated? Sure, lots of girls like to get fucked hard by a big cock, but no one, including Jeff, had ever fucked me so good that I wanted to lick their feet. But Ella had. And it couldn’t be undone. It had happened, and none of us were ever going to forget it. Certainly not me.

And not Ella. Because if anything, it seemed to inspire her to ever greater efforts. Warming to her task, she was plunging that rigid cock deep inside me, making me howl and scream as she held me up so she could fuck me better. I could hear the leather of the boot I had just licked creaking right in front of my face with every movement she made, and in the wicked curves of the gleaming shoe, I could see a faint reflection of my own orgasmic face.

Because before long, I came again. The sex was just too good, the feelings of passion and shame and disgrace too potent. My legs trembled, my juices pouring out of me, the bed underneath us getting soaked again in the perfumed fluid of my orgasm.

As my pussy twitched around her cock yet again, Ella pulled back, sliding the toy out of me. With a long shivering groan, I collapsed on the bed, face down, eyes closed, breathing hard. For a moment, she left me alone. I squeezed my shaking legs together, grinding my teeth as I tried to deal with the unbelievable pleasure I was feeling, and the shame of what I had done washed over me again, even more keenly this time. Still, despite my multiple orgasms, that desire was still buzzing inside me. This was, by an insurmountable margin, the sexiest thing I had ever done in my life,

and somehow, the shamefulness of it all only made it even hotter to me.

I felt the bed bounce as Ella sat down. Maybe even this tireless goddess had her limits. Opening my eyes, I raised my head a little from the mattress to see her moving. She pushed herself back toward the headboard, propping herself up against it and the wall behind it. She sat with one knee raised, her high heel catching in the soaked sheets, and the other leg stretched out in front of her. She smiled at me as she draped her hand over her raised knee, relaxed and in control. But I could see the flush in her cheeks, the sweat beading on her brow, could see the way her breasts rose and fell rapidly underneath the shining latex that covered them. Ella was in great shape, practically an athlete. And the dull and pleasurable ache of my pussy told me just how much she had given me.

“You look so fucking cute right now,” Ella said, and I giggled. Then, she turned her burning blue eyes toward the foot of the bed where Jeff still stood, bound and frustrated. Her face lit up at the sight of him, joy at her own sense of sexual power seeming to vibrate right through her.

“Did you see that, loser?” she sneered. “See how your girlfriend gave it all up to me? Did you see her licking my boot?”

“Yes,” Jeff said in a voice that quavered and cracked. It was the first word he had said in what seemed like forever. After all, clearly, his input was not required. This was Ella’s show, and I was part of it, and Jeff was our helpless audience. It felt so good that another tremor of desire wound its way through my body just at the thought of it.

But of course, Ella wasn’t done with him yet.

“Yes, what?” she said, and her eyes flashed dangerously.

Suddenly she moved. The light shone on her catsuit as she sprang toward the edge of

the bed, swinging her feet down to the floor, and I gasped a little, fear of what came next vibrating in my heart. Jeff's eyes followed my friend as she strode along the side of the bed, sweeping up the riding crop that lay on the mattress. Positioning herself behind Jeff, she swung it through the air, making it crack against his skin with a loud slap. Jeff groaned, trying not to jump at the pain with his cock and balls still tightly bound to Ella's bed frame.

He was totally defenseless as Ella brought the whip down on his ass again, and I sat up, instinctively wanting to help him. But at the same time, I couldn't deny the appeal of what I was seeing. Ella looked so sexy whipping this naked man, dressed like the gorgeous dominatrix she was, and that strange new sadistic part of me I had only just discovered made me wait. It made me bite my lip as I watched, made my pussy twitch around the emptiness Ella's cock left behind. It made me want her. It made me want him, too, but in a totally different way. Jeff groaned in pain as Ella whipped his ass, and I couldn't believe how wet it made me to watch my friends torture the man I loved.

"It's time you learned some respect, loser," Ella said. "From now on, you call me Mistress Ella, or just Mistress. You're going to show me the proper respect while I steal your girlfriend right in front of you. Got it?"

The whip cracked against his ass again. Jeff was trying to resist, but from where I sat on the bed, I could clearly see he had no chance. Ella had already beaten him that day, and I could only imagine how painful it was to be whipped again. Silently, I urged him to give in. Ella was going to win anyway; why make it harder than it needed to be?

"Yes... Mistress," Jeff said at last, the word escaping his lips in a long hiss of resignation. And I gasped as I watched Ella finally stop beating him, the riding crop now hanging from her hand. She was even more breathless now than she had been a moment before, but Jeff was even more out of breath than she was. He stood there trembling and twitching, his discomfort obvious. And Ella wasn't going to give him

even a minute to recover.

Stepping forward, she gripped the back of his neck with her free hand.

“Bend over, loser,” she ordered as she pushed him forward. I moved back on the bed, making more room as Ella kept pushing, and Jeff had no choice but to bend at the waist. His eyes caught mine as he leaned forward, and I smiled at him, shrugging slightly as if to say, what else can we do? But the truth was, there was nothing else I wanted to do. I wanted to see where Ella was going with this, and I couldn’t wait to see what else she made us both do for her own sexual pleasure.

“Stay,” Ella ordered sternly, as if she was commanding a dog. Holding out the riding crop, she pressed it between Jeff’s shoulder blades until the shaft bent. Then, she stepped away. Circling back around the bed, she set the riding crop down on the mattress and climbed onto the bed, facing me.

“Come over here, sexy,” she said to me with a smile, her tone so different with me than it was when she spoke to my boyfriend. And I smiled too as I moved toward her, tired by all the orgasms she had already given me but still eager for more. Ella had me lie down on the bed, ordering me to spread my legs, and Jeff gazed right between my tired thighs, transfixed by the site of my dripping pussy stretched out by Ella’s cock.

But he didn’t get to look at it for long. Because Ella climbed over one of my legs, positioning herself between my thighs, her back to Jeff. And as she lifted my legs, she adjusted her position, moving back until her ass was right in front of my boyfriend’s face. Then she pulled me toward her, and I happily went, pushing myself down the mattress with my hands.

I groaned as Ella slid her cock into my pussy again. Again, I felt that incredible sensation of fullness, that almost painful pleasure that came from the big toy spreading my lips apart. And Ella groaned too, even though I knew she wasn’t feeling

anything like the physical pleasure I was. Instead, for her, it was almost all in the mind. It was the crazy mind game of the dark sex we were having, her total control over both me and my boyfriend, her ability to make us do whatever she wanted.

Ella turned her head to look over her shoulder at Jeff, her dark hair trailing over the black latex of her catsuit.

“You know what you’re going to do now, loser?” she sneered down at Jeff, making my heart beat faster in my chest as I looked up her. “You’re going to show me you know your place in this relationship now. You’re going to kiss my ass while I fuck your girlfriend. Because if you don’t, not only am I going to beat that ass of yours black and blue. But I’m going to make sure you don’t get another orgasm for a month.”

“Oh my God,” I groaned, closing my eyes at the mixture of pleasure and pity I was feeling. And that pleasure only grew as I heard the wet sound of Jeff pressing his lips against Ella’s latex-covered ass.

She turned her face back to me, smiling down in triumph. And her hips began to move back-and-forth, driving her buzzing toy into my pussy, then pressing her gorgeous ass back against Jeff’s face. It was all too much. Right there in Ella’s arms, with my boyfriend completely dominated and emasculated, I cried out in pure passion as I came once again.