

Amy's B & D Adventures part 3

(By: SoapyLisa)

Part 3

He called me again the following week. Soon, we were dating, more or less regularly, having good sex once or twice a week, but no domination, no spankings. One evening, we did go to his place. This time, he showed me his laboratory, a room in the basement, with wood paneled walls, a large, sturdy oak library table with a gym mat as a top, and a rubber sheet over it. That was the laboratory. We wondered what it would be like if I was up on it, bottom up. I complied. Attached to each leg of the table was a leather strap. He put a leather dog collar around each of my wrists, and then fastened the wrist to one of the leather straps, stretching my arms out wide, and helpless. Very quickly, my ankles were similarly fastened. I was now spread-eagled, completely under his control.

Did he now take charge completely? Absolutely not. He talked to me, and came back to our early correspondence, and what I had told him I wanted him to do. And all this time, his hands were wandering over my bare ass. Suddenly, SPLATT! He whacked me with his big, bare hand across my ass. It stung a little bit, but certainly did not really HURT. Again.....and again....a few more times.

Then he went to the closet. He took out a leather strap. Long and wicked looking. He talked to me some more. And then he raised the strap and swished it, fairly hard, across my ass. It did hurt, but it felt good at the same time. He gave me a fairly thorough spanking that day, followed by the love enema he had talked about.. a long, slow enema that took 20 or 30 minutes to go in. Along the way, a couple of times, I told him that I could not take any more. Each time, he would stop the water flow for a while until I got used to the feeling...and then start it again. Eventually, he gave me as much as he wanted me to have, but then, he made me keep it in for a while longer.

After he finally did let me expel it into the toilet, I got to rest a while, but then, he did Greek me. He first expanded my anus with a greased finger, and then two and three at the same time, stretching me. He had a conical, rubber dildo, a butt plugger. Slowly, almost tenderly, he inserted it in me until the thickest part was past the sphincter. In it went, the rest of the way, the thick rim preventing it from going in too far. He asked me how it felt. Actually, it felt almost marvelous. I was almost disappointed when he pulled it out and I was shocked when, from his drawer, he pulled out a still larger version of the same thing. This looked too big to ever get into such a tight place. However, with patience, and perseverance and plenty of pressure, he did get it in, slowly stretching me larger, until the largest diameter passed the sphincter and it was lodged fully up inside me. He gave me a little more of the leather strap, so I could have the two sensations together. After a while, the rubber plug came out. He got up astride, put the blunt, rigid end of his cock against my now stretched rosette. After what had happened

so far, that did not really hurt at all, it was sort of tight, but not painful. And to me, the sensation of being fucked in the ass by a masterful man was just marvelous, though I must say that never did I have the feeling that I was out of control.

I always felt that any time I really wanted him to stop and go no further, that he would have stopped without question. Never did I feel totally dominated, subjugated, like the subdued slave-girl I really wanted to be.