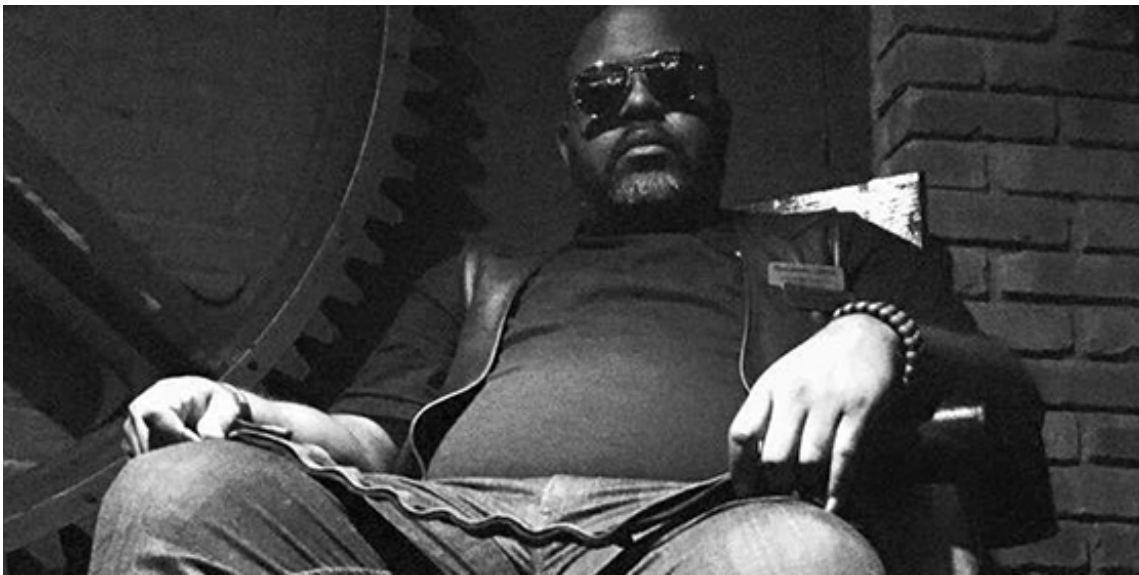


DOMINION: The Game, Part I

 recon.com/en/Blog/Article/dominion-the-game-part-i/3028



from Recon News

16 November 2020

I begged Sir for humiliation play. He'd initially resisted, but relented. So here we were at dinner with friends at my favorite restaurant. I couldn't relax, though, because I knew how evil Sir could be. It was part of his charm.

After the waiter cleared the salads, loud enough for the table to hear, he said, "I'm going to breed you in the bathroom before the main course." I was shocked. It wasn't like he hadn't fucked me in this very restaurant before, but he usually texted me. I flushed, but got up and went to the family stall, which was really a small toilet room with a locking door. Honestly, I was more nervous because I hadn't prepped internally. I felt all eyes on me as I left the table

He knocked and I let him in, locking the door behind. "Sir," I began, "I'm not exactly ready..."

"No worries," he cut me off, extra cheerfully, "I brought lube!" He flashed a bright smile, which meant REAL trouble. He ripped my pants down and spun me around over the toilet. I braced my hands on the cool tile. I could feel his wiry pubes up against me. With only the tiniest bit of lube, he shoved balls deep into me. He grabbed fistfuls of my locs and rode me like a horse, driving into me repeatedly, making my vision jump with each impact. He

fucked me for a lovely eternity, each stroke causing me to squirt a short stream of piss into the toilet. When he was close, he pulled my hair even harder, and suddenly his cum filled me with hot jet after jet.

He caught his breath and ordered me to sit on the toilet to clean his still hard dick. As I sucked him, I noticed a dark brown streak on his lighter brown dick. I knew immediately what it was and so did he. He smiled that evil, beautiful, vicious smile that I loved. I tried my hardest not to gag as I cleaned him up with my mouth. And then he let loose a long stream of piss. I knew better than to let a drop fall.

As we stood side by side in the mirror getting dressed again, I felt lucky that I had found someone I could be this nasty with. He looked at me and asked, "Feeling humiliated yet?"

"Honestly, not really." He didn't say anything. He just squeezed me tight and gave me that same smile again. I felt a familiar dread / desire / fear / anticipation / awe.

We'd only been gone 15 minutes and the food hadn't yet arrived. Our party of ten were all kinky, so they weren't necessarily shocked at what had just happened, but Sir was a Kinkster among kinksters. Once we sat down, his best friend, with his evil instigating ass, asked how it went, and I froze. I looked across to Sir, my eyes begging him. He smiled, saying, "Humiliation is to suffer a painful loss of pride, self-respect, or dignity; to be mortified." He looked directly at me, waiting. My shoulders slumped.

"Sir fucked me in the bathroom, but I was not cleaned out. I used my mouth to clean his dick afterwards." His best friend clutched his pearls in horror. "You shitted on my best friend?!" Of course, that would be the moment when there was a general lull in conversation at nearby tables and they all turned in my direction. I could have died right there. I shot him a look that could have murdered him dead on the spot. He burst out in laughter.

Sir smiled at me as the food arrived, but I had lost my appetite. Sir's eyes never left me the rest of the evening. He was teaching me a lesson and I knew there was more to come, but suddenly I wasn't sure if I wanted to play this game anymore.

Later, Sir and I discussed what had happened, and by discuss, I mean I was receiving my Love Taps for not being cleaned out and ready when Sir wanted to use me. The individual bites of the bamboo cane had merged into a single red-hot glow. As he delivered Love Tap 127 of 250 (the cost of the meal I didn't eat), he was saying, "...and this was a game YOU wanted to play!" His voice always got extra calm and resonant during impact play. I was lost in my own headspace at that point so it took a moment for me to realize he had stopped. This did not bode well. Sir never stopped in the middle of Love Taps.

He ordered me to walk to the wall. Each step was an exquisite agony as I moved to comply. Then he told me to bend over so that my back was against the wall and to grab my butt cheeks and pull them open as far as possible. I was extremely nervous now, because this was something new.

"Now, where were we?" he mused, as I felt Love Tap number 128 right on my hole. He had never caned my hole before and it was a level of sensation I had never felt before. By Love Tap 162 there were tears welling in my eyes. By 190, tears ran freely. By 210 I was lost in a new and higher headspace, begging, pleading, screaming that I would never do it again, that I would always be ready for his dick, anytime, anywhere. And suddenly it was over. He gathered me in his arms and held me as I cried my catharsis.

An hour later I heard him snoring. My slight movement startled him awake and he reached into the bedroom drawer. I readied myself for his dick (he loved to fuck me after torturing me, especially if the torture involved my sore ass), but instead I felt a cool spray on my hole. I looked back over my shoulder and realized that he'd sprayed my sore and tender hole with Icy Hot!

As the icy was replaced with an intense heat, he smiled that evil, beautiful, vicious smile that I loved and asked, "Are you humiliated yet?"

Dominion is the PledgeMaster and co-Founder of ONYX Mid-Atlantic. You can find him on Twitter, Instagram and Facebook. His weekly video podcast, The BGKH Show with Dominion & Epic releases episodes on YouTube on Wednesdays at 8pm eastern.