Miranda has decided to spend the weekend at a friend’s house, and she’s taking her long-suffering submissive boyfriend along with her. He’ll endure hard bondage, cruel torture, and brutal domination under the hands of his merciless mistress and her two girlfriends.
Chapter 1

Predawn light was just beginning to peek over the edge of the horizon. It was the start of what would soon become a beautiful sunrise, but Miranda barely noticed; she was too busy going through her mental checklist for the day.

So far, everything seemed in place and ready to go. She had already loaded her travel bag into the car, which she had filled with some change of clothes, cosmetics and toiletries, and a few small sex toys she liked to keep on hand. The duffel bag in the back seat carried the rest of her BDSM equipment. She’d packed rope, her favorite riding crop and rattan cane, latex and leather clothing, an enema kit, and so on. All the odds and ends she might need for the trip.

“Alright, what else is next?” Miranda muttered to herself. “How do I look?”

Miranda glanced at the mirror. She took in her outfit, a tastefully short blue skirt and fashionable cream-white blouse, and she liked what she saw. Miranda thought the bright colors worked well to complement her dark curled hair and light brown skin. In fact, she would have even gone as far to say that she looked beautiful. Miranda gave her reflection a bright grin, then turned away, her mind already back to her list.

“What else is there?”

She had her purse. She had the car keys. She had music for the trip. That was about it, wasn’t it? Miranda tapped a finger against her lip. She was pretty sure there wasn’t anything else.

Besides Tom, of course. She couldn’t forget her boyfriend. He was half the reason why she had set up the trip in the first place.

Miranda turned toward the other end of the bedroom, where a massive suitcase sat propped against the foot of the bed. It was far thicker and wider than even the largest ‘typical’ suitcase. It was taller than her waist, even while she had it leaning against the bed at an angle. The frame was made of an industrial aluminum alloy, a heavy-duty material that was far stronger than the metal usually found in luggage, even the most expensive luxury brands. It was also painted a pleasing shade of metallic grey. The suitcase had cost Miranda quite a lot of money, but she hadn’t minded. Expense was inevitable when ordering custom equipment.

Miranda tipped the suitcase onto its back. It fell across the carpet with a near-explosive thud. She then bent down and unzipped the clamshell flap, flipped opened the lid, and looked down at her boyfriend Tom curled up inside.

The suitcase held a huge slab of hard foam, and in the center of that slab was a hollow mold shaped like a man curled into a ball. As per her design, the measurements were just barely lenient enough to allow her boyfriend to fit inside, but the intensely cramped space forced him to ball up tight; his legs were folded against his chest, his arms were trapped against his sides, and his chin was snugly slotted into the gap between his knees. A clear plastic lid covered the suitcase’s opening, trapping Tom inside, and the key to the two metal padlocks that kept the lid locked shut was safely stowed within her purse. Tom’s encasement was so punishingly extreme that Miranda doubted her boyfriend could hardly even fidget; this belief was supported by Tom’s near motionlessness beneath the plastic.

Tom was almost completely naked. His only clothing was a gas mask and latex hood, and they both entirely covered his head and face. The hood clung to his skin with tight form-fitting force, so snug against his body that Miranda had needed a significant amount of lube to just get him inside the hood.
at all. The gas mask was an unbroken stretch of hard plastic and smooth polished rubber. There were no goggles, so Tom was blind underneath the mask, and whatever expression he held was completely hidden from view. The gas mask’s two breathing tubes, one for intake and one for outtake, were set inside a carved channel in the foam itself; the tubes curved up and around his body to poke out discreet holes cut into the top of the suitcase. The intake tube ran through a small steel box slotted into the foam’s channel, ensuring that every breath of fresh air filtered through the container.

Miranda picked up a small wireless microphone from the bedside end table. It was connected to the earbuds hidden beneath Tom’s latex hood. Miranda flicked on the microphone and said, “Hey honey, we’re almost ready to go. There’s just a few more things to do before we can head out. Just give me ten more minutes and we’ll get going. Does that sound alright, sweetie?”

Tom squirmed as well as he could within the confines of the suitcase. Faintly, almost near the edge of hearing, Miranda caught his attempt to speak. His grunting was incomprehensible, of course. The gas mask was both excruciatingly tight and not designed for speech.

“Alright honey, thanks for speaking up,” Miranda said warmly. “Sit tight and I’ll be right back.”

Miranda set down the microphone and walked into the bathroom, where she opened a cupboard and took out a small enema bag. She turned on the tap and let it run until the water was steaming, then filled the bag up to the quart mark. From the cupboard came two small boxes, one cardboard and one plastic. The plastic box was set to the side. The cardboard box was opened, and Miranda looked inside to find it stuffed with plastic pouches filled with various enema mixes. She took out the one marked ‘Weekend Trip’.

To the unobservant eye, the bag looked innocent. It held little more than half a cup of thin white powder mixed with small flecks of herbs and spices. In any other circumstance one might have mistaken it for some sort of baking ingredient. Miranda knew better.

With a smile, Miranda poured the pouch out into the enema bag, then gave it a few minutes of vigorous stirring. When Miranda finally headed back to the bedroom, it was with a small IV stand in one hand and the enema bag in the other.

Miranda set the stand next to the suitcase and hooked the bag on the lowest rung, then knelt. She knew there was a black rubber butt plug poking out from between Tom’s cheeks, though she couldn’t see it due to how Tom was positioned. But she could see the tube that trailed out of the plug. It followed the breathing tube’s channel, curving around Tom’s body to stick out the top of the suitcase. Miranda connected that thin plastic tube to the enema bag’s tubing, tightly latching it together. She then stood, picked up the microphone, and let her hand fall onto the release valve.

“Honey? The drive is going to take a while, and I know you’re going to get thirsty on the way over, so I have a nice hydrating enema for you. This mix is meant to be absorbed into your body, so you don’t have to worry about expelling anything. Just sit tight and let the enema do its job, alright? There might be a little cramping, but that’s normal. Try not to give it any mind.”

Miranda loosened the valve. Fluid immediately rushed down the tube and into the suitcase. She could track its journey through the channel, see it be pushed along by gravity and guided by the gently curving foam, before it dipped underneath Tom’s body and disappeared from view. He had surely felt the first wave breach his back passage and pour into his bowels. The enema continued to flow, and the bag started to slowly empty itself out.

A sadistic thrill ran through Miranda’s body as she thought about what Tom was about to experience. That powder was the key ingredient to an incredibly punishing enema she had
discovered with the help of her friends. Both had thoroughly tested it on their own submissives, and both had reported the experience to be very intense: extreme cramping, near-unbearable bloating, and an overwhelming urge to expel. It was perfectly safe to retain for long lengths of time, though. That was why a small quart of the stuff could be absorbed at all.

Of course, absorption was a slow process, and the mixture’s torturous sensations would only intensify as time passed. But that was more a feature than a bug. This was not at enema meant for those interested in the slow and sensuous. This was a tool of torture.

“I’ll let you out when we get to my friend’s house,” Miranda said. “Hang tight until then, okay? Thanks for being a good sport. Love you, baby.” She gave the microphone a kiss, then turned it off and threw it into her purse.

As the enema continued to pour into Tom’s ass, Miranda went back for the plastic box still sitting in the bathroom. She took it to the bedroom and set it on the floor next to the suitcase. She opened it, and her nose wrinkled at the stench that immediately struck her.

The box was filled with her own panties, socks and stockings, and it all reeked of sweat, piss, and feminine musk. The socks and stockings were encrusted with dried sweat and grime, the panties looked like they had been worn for far longer than they should have, and everything was covered in a variety of suspicious stains. It had taken weeks of careful clothing management to get such a ripe stench, but the result spoke for itself. The smell was undeniably foul, yet also remarkably feminine. It was an inherently sexual sort of disgusting, something that linked to her own body. Miranda had a hard time putting it into words.

Miranda opened the steel box that Tom’s breathing tube ran through, then unceremoniously dumped the dirty clothes inside. She quickly closed the box, then latched it shut, and finally let out a sigh of relief once the stench faded away. She couldn’t imagine what it would be like to be trapped inside that terrible stink. She could barely handle less than a minute of it.

By this point, the bag was just about empty. She watched the last bit of enema swirl down the tube, like water down the drain. Once that was done, she disconnected the enema bag from the suitcase, put everything through a quick rinse in the sink, and set it all back inside the cupboard. Miranda then walked back into the bedroom, gave the suitcase one final once-over, and nodded.

“Finally good to go.”

She closed the clamshell lid and zipped the suitcase shut, then pushed it onto its rollers and pulled it across the bedroom floor, down the hallway, through the living room, and across the driveway, where with a hard heave Miranda hauled the suitcase into the trunk.

There were D-rings fixed along the trunk’s walls. It was a recent addition that she had gotten installed after she had become frustrated with how difficult it was to keep things inside the trunk tied down. Or, in other words, how difficult it was to keep one specific person tied down. Miranda threaded thick tie-down straps through the D-rings and wrapped it all around the suitcase, making sure everything was nice and tight. She had Tom’s suitcase about as immobile as it could get, short of taking out ready-mix concrete. Miranda slammed the trunk shut.

Miranda slid into the driver’s seat and started the engine. It came to life with a roar. Before heading out, Miranda plugged a handheld MP3 player into the car’s phone charger, then connected the MP3 player to the microphone with a usb cord. After a minute of fiddling, Miranda had something for Tom to listen to during the long drive.

Of course, she didn’t keep any music on that MP3 player. It was filled with audio scraped from the
hardest femdom-style corporal punishment videos she could find on the internet. Miranda’s past experiences had shown there was hardly anything that better set the mood than the sound of men crying out in pain as they were whipped, caned, and paddled. It certainly got her in the mood.

Off the driveway and onto the street she went, towards the highway and the glow of a glorious sunrise. Miranda was smiling when she turned on the radio and let peppy pop music flow over her. She hummed along to the beat as she drove out toward her friend’s house, heading to what was sure to be a wonderfully fun weekend.
Chapter 2

The sun was high in the sky by the time Miranda spotted her exit. She turned off the highway and onto the frontage road, then aimed herself towards the dirt road partially hidden by the nearby trees. The last stretch of her journey was down a long stretch of nearly untouched forest, with the sky above partially hidden behind thick clusters of broad green leaves. Bright light poured through gaps in the foliage, creating dazzling kaleidoscope patterns that strobed as she passed through.

Miranda hit the end of the road when the dirt path disappeared into a wide field. Impenetrable forest surrounded the flat stretch of land on all sides, and in the center of the trimmed grass sat a two-story house. It had been built so wide and long that the sprawl almost seemed to become a collection of buildings, rather than one singular thing. Two cars were parked near the expansive front porch. Miranda aimed her car towards a nearby empty patch of grass, then flicked the engine off. The sudden silence was deafening.

Miranda stepped out into the bright spring sunshine just as the front door opened. She perked up when she saw her friends step out. “Julie, Kate,” Miranda called, “it’s so good to see you two again.”

Julie flounced down the porch steps with a loud laugh. She swept herself into Miranda’s arms before Kate could even step onto the grass behind her. “Miranda, it’s been ages,” she announced. “It has been literal ages since we’ve last seen each other.”

Kate’s greeting was much more subdued, though her smile was just as genuine. “Hey, how is it going? Did you have a good drive?”

“Not too bad,” Miranda said. “The weather was nice. I would have gotten here earlier, but you know how hard it is to take Tom anywhere. It always ends up being such a big production.”

Miranda let Julie step away, and she took a moment to look her friends over.

Julie was a young strawberry blonde with a face well suited to smiling. She had soft brown eyes, short hair that she kept charmingly messy, and an impressive bust Miranda honestly envied. Kate was the oldest of the three, comfortably middle aged to the other two’s young mid-twenties, and her strong cheekbones and thin lips gave off an almost imperial impression. Her body was lean and trim, muscular yet distinctly feminine. Both women wore casual clothes, Julie a loose skirt and an airy blouse, Kate a pair of skinny jeans and a t-shirt.

The three traded small talk while Miranda slowly led them towards her car. She popped open the trunk and began to undo the straps that kept the suitcase in place. Julia and Kate peered over her shoulders and watched her work.

“Is that him?” Julie asked.

“Yeah.”

Julia and Kate reached out to help Miranda lower the suitcase to the ground, then stood back and watched her unzip the front flap, exposing Tom to their view. Julie and Kate both smiled at the sight of his tightly compressed body.

“You’ve got him packed in pretty hard,” Kate said. “You said you gave him an enema before you left?”

“Yeah, the recipe that you guys sent me. The one Julie used on her last boyfriend? Those pictures
“Oh, wow,” Julie laughed. “Really? That one? And he kept it in the entire drive?”

“He absorbed it, yes.”

Julie giggled. “I hate to say this, Miranda, but you are kind of a huge bitch.”

Kate laughed. Miranda lightly swatted Julie’s arm. She took the hit with good cheer.

“Let’s get him out of there,” Kate said. “We can get him some food and water, maybe let him use the bathroom if he has to go. After we get him situated we can sit down and catch up. It’s been ages since we’ve just talked, you know?”

Miranda smiled. “Yeah. It’s been way too long.”

Miranda zipped the suitcase back up, grabbed the handle, and then hauled Tom along. The three chatted as they walked, sticking to small talk that focused on nothing of consequence, while the group turned away from the front door and headed down the worn dirt path that circled the house. The suitcase bounced and shook along the uneven ground, particularly when Miranda rolled it over the path’s many small potholes, but none of the girls paid that much mind.

The backyard was a wide-open stretch of flat land that reached to the edge of the forest, and various structures were scattered across the length and width of the area. Most notable were the tight clusters of poles, each built with differing heights and distances between the poles, each isolated cluster with a number of horizontal pipes connecting their poles together. They were all configured for a unique set-up, bondage positions of all shapes and kinds supported, and steel rings covered their surface from top to bottom.

There was more bondage equipment, of course. Quite a few pieces, in fact. Miranda’s eyes swept from a wooden pillory set atop a small stage to a small iron cage partially hidden within a shallow pit. Her eyes eventually settled on the kennel.

The kennel was an enclosed pen, three chain link walls and a corrugated metal ceiling connected to the side of the house. Half of the pen was bare concrete patio and the other half neatly trimmed grass, and each corner held a small but sturdy metal hitching post. Julie held the fence gate open while Kate and Miranda hauled the suitcase inside. The two bent down and went to work unpacking Tom while Julie stepped away and disappeared into the house.

First, Miranda took a key from her purse and unlocked the two padlocks keeping the plastic lid shut. Once she had those padlocks stashed safely away inside her purse, she and Kate lifted the lid from the suitcase and set it to the side. The breathing tubes were disconnected from Tom’s gas mask, which gave him two open holes to breath fresh air through. Tom took it greedily. Miranda and Kate then carefully helped peel himself out of the suitcase, only temporarily stopping halfway through to disconnect the tubing slotted into the anal plug. Tom gently stumbled onto the grass.

“You did great, honey,” Miranda cooed. “You did a good job. We’re done with the suitcase now, okay? I’m proud of you.”

Now that Tom was free from the suit, it was easier to see his body. He was short and slim, with white soft skin, a narrow frame, and a complete lack of body hair, all which worked together to give him a remarkably effeminate appearance. His whole body was coated with a thick layer of sweat, and the long time spent totally immobile had his muscles trembling with his newfound freedom. The gas mask and latex hood still covered his head and face, so Miranda undid the gas mask’s straps and
pulled the mask free from his body, exposing Tom’s hot sweaty face to the cool spring air. It took Tom a few dazed moments to gather his wits and readjust to the sudden light.

“Tom, honey? Meet my friend Kate. She and Julie are the two friends I’ve taken you here to meet. You’re going to be spending a lot of time with them this weekend, and I’m sure they’re going to have tons of fun getting to know you. Kate, meet Tom.”

“Hey,” Kate said. She gave him a small wave.

Tom was still struggling to pull himself together. “Nice to meet you,” he eventually forced out.

“And what do you say when I introduce you to friends, sweetie?”

Tom licked his lips and concentrated. “Um, thank you miss Kate. This slave is at your service. Please use me however you wish.”

Kate smiled. “Wow, you have him well trained. You really haven’t lost your touch, huh?”

“Thanks! I try my best.”

Julie suddenly strode out the back door. She walked over to the kennel carrying a large bundle of leather, rubber, and metal. “Sorry, took me a little bit to find the bitchsuit, but I got it right here. Let’s put it on him right away!”

“Well, you heard the lady,” Miranda said dryly. She snapped her fingers and pointed down. “On all fours, Tom. Be good and we’ll get you something nice to eat and drink. Okay?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tom dutifully mumbled.

Tom struggled to get into the appropriate position. His body was somewhat tender after being stuffed inside the suitcase for so long, and he was also finding it difficult to comfortably move with the anal plug still lodged inside his ass. None of the women offered to take out the plug or help him into position, though. They just watched him struggle onto his hands and knees, each with a small smile across their face. Still, Tom was able to get into place by himself.

The three women took a moment to just look Tom over. Their eyes roamed his nude body, front to back, with their attention especially concentrated on his butt and groin. The collective weight of their gaze was enough to have him look down and away, but before their eyes Tom slowly grew an erection, his body becoming excited in anticipation of what was about to come. Even the torturous trip in the suitcase couldn’t suppress his arousal.

The three women quickly went to work putting him into the bitchsuit. First came the black bodysuit, a single piece of shining rubber that covered all but his hands, feet, and head. There was also an opening for the crotch once a hidden zipper was loosened. Another zipper stretched across the back, and it was through this hole that Tom found himself being pushed through.

The suit was an extremely tight fit, so the three women struggled to force Tom inside, even though Julie had already generously slathered the suit with silicon oil for lubrication. It was simple to sheath his feet and legs, it was just a matter of having him stick himself into the appropriate holes, but it was much more difficult to then slide his arms inside and pull up the suit to cover his waist and chest. The bodysuit simply didn’t want to stretch.

Still, they managed it in the end. Once they were able to get him properly contorted the suit practically glided on, snapping onto his body like a stretched rubber band finally let loose. Of course, the suit was beyond snug; it clung to the entirety of his body, the tight pressure unrelentingly strict
and pressing down onto him from all angles, especially when they zipped him up and latched the zipper in place. The suit was just as bad as the latex hood, perhaps even worse, but it covered his whole body.

Then came the corset. It was an intimating piece of ribbed black leather and white lacing cord, and it hugged everything between Tom’s waist and breast. Kate and Julie tightened the corset with gleeful enthusiasm, and with each hard tug of the lace the leather grip across Tom’s stomach squeezed tighter. The farther and farther the two women tightened the corset, the harder and harder it pressed down, and they kept going until the whole corset was fully laced from top to bottom. The pressure on Tom’s stomach and chest was severe; it wasn’t outright painful, but it was definitely uncomfortable, enough to have him breathing somewhat shallow. He started to fidget, but Miranda stilled him with a hard slap to the ass.

Then Miranda began to buckle the corset. She pulled in fastener clasps from the two flaps and clamped the loose fabric together, compressing the already close-fitting corset even more, adding just a little more force to the already punishing pressure bearing down on Tom’s body. Miranda finished it off by pulling a leather flap over the buckles and zipping it shut, hiding the whole mess from view. She also locked the zipper in place with one of the small padlocks in her purse. The sound of the lock clicking shut had Tom fidgeting once again, and Miranda responded with another hard slap to his ass, stilling him.

The arm and legs caps came last. Each cap was a thick leather and plastic cup circled with straps, buckles, and loose lacing. The three women worked together to fold each of his limbs inside, which was somewhat difficult due to the tight bodysuit. But they were able to slide his knees and elbows into each of the wide leather sheaths. The caps covered his arms from wrist to shoulder and his legs from ankle to upper thigh, cradling everything in comfortable cushioning. Then the lacing and straps were tightened and the buckles latched shut, and what was loose became firm and unyielding.

The arm sheaths had Tom’s hands firmly trapped in place, trapped pointing up and pressed against the side of his arms. The extreme restriction of the suit ensured he would be unable to free himself; he would remain within the bitchsuit until Miranda and her friends decided to let him out, and a not one moment sooner. But just to rub in his helplessness, as a final touch Miranda slid leather bondage gloves over his hands. The two fingerless mittens trapped his fingers within narrow channels that kept them utterly immobile. Now he would be unable to even wiggle his fingers. A similar kind of leather sock soon covered his feet and toes, for the sake of completing the set.

The three women took a step back to admire their work. Tom’s skin was hidden beneath two layers of thick leather and tight rubber, with only his eyes and mouth remaining uncovered and untouched. His tortured form was hidden underneath the punishingly constrictive corset and bodysuit, and the leg and arm caps ensured he could only remain on all fours. Not only that, the suit’s natural design enforced a posture that had his head bowed low and his face pointed towards the ground, and any attempt to look up would soon lead to an aching neck.


“Thank you, ma’am,” Tom mumbled, eyes to the ground.

Miranda shared a glance with the other two women. She leaned over and whispered a few words. They nodded, then turned and walked away, heading toward the back door of the house.

Miranda knelt and kissed the top of Tom’s head. One hand began to lightly rub his back, just like she would pet a dog, while the other hand snaked around and reached for the suit’s crotch zipper. Slowly, without any hurry to her movements, Miranda unzipped him, exposing first his raging
erection to the air, then the base of the plug still lodged inside his ass.

“You did a good job, dear. How about we take out that dildo? Your ass must ache terribly.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tom said with some relief. “Thank you, ma’am.”

Miranda hummed consolingly. “Oh, it’s the least I could do. You know I only want the best for you, sweetie. You’ve been a good boy.”

Miranda’s fingers closed upon the plug. She pulled, strong and steady, and the plug slid from his body fast enough to make Tom yelp. Tom looked up in surprise, and Miranda smiled and kept eye contact with him, her face the picture of innocent cheer even as she sadistically wretched the toy from his body, fast enough to hurt yet slow enough to give him time to appreciate the pain. The bitchsuit soon had Tom looking back to the ground, and he could do nothing but passively wait while Miranda forced the thick toy past his rosebud with enough rough force to have his eyes tearing.

But soon enough Miranda was finished pulling out the butt plug. She took a moment to admire the dildo’s impressive length and girth, then set it down and leaned to look into the gaping hole it had left behind. The size of Tom’s gape had Miranda letting out a dainty gasp, her voice full of soft surprise, even as her fingers reached out to fondle the rim.

“Well, that’s certainly impressive. That was a pretty big toy, huh? I’m proud that you took that without complaining. Good job, dear. Oh, the hole is already shrinking. That’s always interesting to watch.”

Miranda knelt to get a better look. The movement caused her skirt to ride up. Mere inches away from Tom’s face, just in the corner of his vision, the skirt rose up Miranda’s smooth caramel thigh, high enough to expose a little bit of her panties. All he could see was a blue strip of thin silk with just a touch of lace across the edge, but it was enough to have a small jolt of excitement swell through his cock, strengthening his erection and his arousal. The fact that he could only barely see her panties at all, and that it was pure luck he could see anything in the first place, somehow seemed to make the sight even more erotic.

Miranda’s fingers circled his rosebud, poking around the edge of the slowly disappearing crater, before she pulled away and stood up. The panties disappeared. “It looks like Julie and Kate are back,” she said, apparently unaware of what had happened. “Let’s finish up, alright? Me and the girls are going to talk for a bit, so you’re going to wait out here while we catch up.”

Footsteps approached. Julie stepped in front of Tom and set down two large metal dog bowls. One was full of water, the other mashed potatoes with a generous dollop of butter. Kate came up from behind Tom and, standing above him like she was about to straddle him, bent down and wrapped a dog collar around his neck. The thick metal-studded leather band was positioned over the seam where the rubber hood and bitchsuit met, then tightened until it was snug against his throat. Kate clipped a leash to the collar, then stepped back and tied the leash to one of the nearby hitching posts.

“One last thing,” Miranda said. She knelt, then gently grabbed Tom’s face and pulled his head up, bringing it up against her own. Forehead to forehead, eyes locked deep into the other’s gaze, Miranda whispered, “Enjoy the break while you can, because we have all sorts of fun activities lined up for the rest of the weekend. You’re going to be very busy after we’re done talking. So, what do you say when your girlfriend goes out of her way to plan out and set up a whole weekend’s worth of love and attention?”

There was only one thing Tom could say to that. “Thank you, ma’am. I’m grateful, ma’am.”
“Good boy.”

Miranda kissed Tom’s forehead, then stood. The three women walked out the kennel, and Miranda stopped to turn around and close the gate behind her. She also snapped the second padlock across the latch, locking it shut. As Kate and Julie continued toward the back door, Miranda shot Tom a smile and said, “If you have to go to the bathroom, do it on the grass over there, okay? Don’t worry about getting dirty, we’ll just blast you clean with the hose.”

Then she turned and followed her friends into the house, leaving Tom alone.

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