

Domination

My name is Sarah, and I get turned on by domination. Like, being completely submitted to another person, be it physically, psychologically or both. I just can't help it. A few years ago, when I was just a teenager, I had my first experiences with this kink when I was dating an older guy from my group of friends. He would tie me up, and basically treat me like a piece of meat.

When he treated me like that I couldn't help it but get really turned on. At that time I didn't know what was it, but later I got to deeply understand my sexuality.

I dated that guy, let's call him Guy One, for almost a year. I loved how much he dominated me, and I even got a tattoo for him, just because he asked me to do it. However, I kept asking him to step his game up, but seemed that it wasn't his thing. He was a douche, not a dominator.

A few months later, I met this other guy, let's call him Guy Two, that was into BDSM. He made me wear latex clothes and one particular kink of him was having me all tied up and then use nipple clamps with weights on me. I used to have little boobs, but by then I was blossoming and well into a C-cup, so he had big boobs to play with.

We were together for six months or so, it was an intense relationship. He liked piercings and tattoos, and had quite a lot himself. I got my nose and lip pierced, as well as my navel, and I got three more tattoos, one of them very big on my back.

Some more time passed, I dated another guy for a week or so, and then I experimented with girls. I dated three, but none lasted more than a month.

I knew what I wanted, but I could not find someone who could give it to me. I just wanted a master, I wanted to be dominated...

I had some profiles in dating sites, but I had no luck. Lots of spam and dudes sending me dick pics. I got to chat with a bunch of guys, and I met one who was very promising, but suddenly disappeared. I was hopeless. Until...

One day, I decided to check my spam folder on my e-mail account, and I found a notification from a dating site. It said that I had a message, so out of curiosity I checked it out. It was a message from a guy that lived relatively close to me, and he said that he was interested in me. The message was quite old, but I decided to give it a try and I re-installed the app to message back.

I checked my account's message folder every few hours, and two days later, his response came to me. He said that he was glad that I messaged back to him. He told me that he just got out of a short relationship, and that his partner wasn't interested in taking his games so far. That made me rise an eyebrow.

We messaged each other for a couple of days, talked about ourselves and our kinks, and we discussed the option of exchanging pictures, but we decided to meet in person instead. We were to meet in my city's mall the following weekend.

Five days later, there I was, dressed as casual as I could, to avoid looking desperate. Truth is, I was very nervous. We had been talking for just a few days, but I was almost certain that he was the one.

I sat in the mall's bench that is under a tree, in front of a McDouglas restaurant. I looked around and I wondered which one could be Guy Three.

I noticed a tall, muscular guy using his smartphone, a thin and short guy that looked even younger than me with a nerdy look and a big bald man aged around 40 eating a hot dog. All of them looked like they were walking towards me.

Suddenly, my phone buzzed. I unlocked it and read the message I had from the app. It said: "I see you ;)"

I felt my heart race. The muscular guy with the smartphone is Three, then? He was using his smartphone, and he was definitely walking towards me.

Then, a girl jumped in his arms and they kissed. Okay, so... Where is Three?

Before I could resume my search, I noticed someone standing in front of me. I raised my head and saw a girl. She smiled at me and introduced herself. Three wasn't a guy, it was a girl.

I was shocked, and I think that my face showed it because she instantly asked if something was wrong. I explained to her that I just assumed that she was a man, and so I was expecting a guy. However, I assured her that it was perfectly fine with me.

We got in the McDouglas restaurant, and I got a view of her body. She was taller than me, and maybe two or three years older. She was curvy, maybe even chubby, but I liked it. Overall, I liked her body. She was a brunette, had green eyes and white-ish teeth. She was quite pretty, but what I was most interested in was her personality...

We sat in the restaurant, and I told her to skip all the introductory preambles and that she would have to show me how she really was. She nodded and then she went to order. She told me that she was going to order for me, which made me think that we were off to a good start. She came back with a tray that had two burgers, two rations of fries and two soft drinks.

She looked at me, smiled and commanded me to eat. I gladly unwrapped the burger and started eating, and she just looked at me. I wondered when would she start eating, but I realized that she wanted me to eat the whole order.

She handed me the second burger, and as I unwrapped it, she told me to eat the other fries and soft drink as well. She said that she wanted me to become her slave, and that she wanted me to gain weight. I wasn't specially excited about gaining weight, but I liked how bossy she was. What I didn't know was how much would I like getting fat.

A couple of months later, I was bursting out of all my clothes. However, my master wouldn't let me buy new ones. She loved to watch me struggle with a pair of pants that were too tight to button, or a skirt that wouldn't go up my ass. Each pound I gained made my master happier. She loved to watch me eat, she loved to make me stuff myself past my limits, and she really loved to treat me like a fat pig in public.

Being humiliated was something I liked, but was never fond of. It was just okay. However, she made me feel so helpless... She would take me to a restaurant in my skin tight clothes and complain to the waiter about how much weight I was gaining, and that I wanted to gain more. She would often make them feel uncomfortable and we even got kicked out of a restaurant once. However, I loved that she was forcing me to get fatter, taking my thin body away and finally my mobility.

Two years later, I weighed three times as much as I used to, and I didn't want to stop. I had to waddle around, and was usually out of breath even if I was just sitting down. It was then when I could feel that my master was kind of getting bored of me. I wanted to make her happy, so I figured that I should gain faster.

I started taking drugs like appetite enhancers and hormones that my master bought for me after I begged her. She has delighted to see that I was showing so much enthusiasm towards my gain, and I got her attention back for a while. I weighed in at 511 pounds when she broke up with me a few months ago, but I'm heavier now, and as you have probably read in my profile's description I'm looking for a feeder again, so don't hesitate to contact me!

- BBWSarah93