

Aurora – The Femdom Domain

Chapter 1 – The Golden Age of Lithuin

It was a sunny autumn day as Aden strolled through the city square. He wore a smile and walked with a spring in his step. His was a cheerful disposition that only such a day could produce. Solacia was a swirling vortex of color this time of year. The light chill of early fall had arrived, filling his lungs with sharp, clean air as his boots clomped down the street.

Contrasting with the prominent browns and grays of Solacia's buildings, monuments and cobblestone streets, the fall foliage was at its most potent. The pink and white of cherry blossoms, the deep purple of flowering plum trees and the red, orange and yellow of sugar maples coexisted in this place. They lined the streets, providing a canopy to shade the city during the summer and became a kaleidoscope of rainbow tones as their leaves glided to the ground later in the year. Each stiff breeze became a feast for the eyes as the varied fallen petals mingled in the wind.

Aden was dressed for the weather with a brown overcoat providing a second layer over his tunic and tan pants. A blue cape, wrapped around his shoulders and flowing in his wake, was the only true splash of color in his outfit. A young man from a poor farming village couldn't afford more than that; not to mention a student with no income but what he received from the occasional odd job.

What his attire lacked, his natural features more than made up for. Aden sported a thick head of short, golden hair. His blonde locks, combined with the sparkle of deep green eyes, drew many longing gazes. So did his athletic form, sculpted from many years in the fields and surrounding forests where he'd learned to hunt. Even multiple layers of cloth, silk and leather couldn't hide the well-toned limbs of a young, medium-build man in his prime.

He wasn't the tallest at 5'10, but he was a looker. Aden would've done well for female companionship even before *the Cataclysm*, when the world was still called *Noctem* and the population was evenly split between men and women. Now, in the new world of Aurora, he was a rare specimen, doubly prized for his charms.

The streets, walkways and shops around him bustled and buzzed with activity. Virtually all of it was the sight and sound of women. The Cataclysm, which ended the *The Great War of the Magi* hundreds of years ago, killed off the vast majority of the male population in one mighty, catastrophic wave of magical energy. It ended the war quickly, but at great cost. Since that time, not only had birth rates plummeted, but only one in five births resulted in a male child. The consequences of this were worldwide, affecting every race that walked Aurora.

Aurora was the new name for the world, chosen after the Cataclysm. It was widely adopted once the last vestiges of male authority slipped away and the women of each race, society and kingdom took total social, political and economic control. This was done more out of necessity than malice or ambition, though there were undoubtedly no shortage of women who were eager to reshape a world that had treated them as second class citizens and brood mares for most of its history.

Now the shoe was on the other foot. Though, for Aden and most other men, it wasn't all bad. Sure, many of the age-old prejudices had been reversed. Men were often talked over, minimized, treated like children and viewed as property. Some women only valued them for what they could offer sexually, irrespective of their personality, desires and feelings. Female chauvinism wasn't yet the standard, at least not in Lithuin, but it was an attitude and set of behaviors that were becoming more common the older and more powerful the matriarchies of Aurora grew.

The crucial difference between the circumstances of modern men and the plight of women in the old world is that men were now in high demand. To the extent they were property, they were rarely personal property, because their low numbers necessitated an abandonment of monogamy. Instead, men were seen as a kind of collective property of their respective societies. Every male was expected to perform prodigious sexual service in order to keep their populations from crashing.

The irony wasn't lost on him that in a world fully dominated by women, a man's value had never been higher. And yet, the irony only existed out of historical perspective. To the young student and aspiring mage, none of this was unusual. Aden had grown up in the *Golden Age* and, for the most part, he was happy to play his expected role.

“AAAAADDDEEENNN!”

He stopped in his tracks and turned to find a familiar trio of girls. It was Evanore, Rhini and Thevira, three students he'd shared classes with during his first two years at the academy. They wore robes and matching outfits of blue, red and green, respectively, signaling the schools of magic they were specializing in. Enchantment for Evanore, battle magic for Rhini and healing for Thevira.

Thevira stood out the most for multiple reasons. She was the tallest of the three, carried an intimidating spear and the loincloth hanging from her waist couldn't fully hide the massive dong Aden was only too familiar with. He'd enjoyed trysts with each of them from time to time, but it was never enough for any of the libidinous vixens. As of late, their pursuit of him had become even more dogged.

They raced to meet him in the center of the courtyard. Aden swept his cloak aside and placed his hand on the pommel of his sword, striking a pose as he waited for the inevitable.

“Hey! Where ya headed?” Rhini initiated.

“And can we tag along?” Evanore added with a giggle.

“Hello, ladies. I'm on my way to the institute.”

“We just got out for the day” Thevira replied. “Why don't you ditch and we can have some fun?”

“Yeah, come shopping with us!” Rhini exclaimed. “Let's get rid of those boring hide pants and get you some **quality** leather. Don't you think he'd look better in something shiny?”

“Definitely” Evanore answered with a nod. “C'mon, Aden. It'll be fun.”

“Sorry, girls. Love to, but if I'm late for class again, Mistress Spellson might discipline me in a way I **don't** like.”

Thevira snickered. “Awww, how sad for you! Take your licks, Aden. We'll make it worth your while. What's our favorite blonde doing later tonight?”

“Not sure yet. The professor said I might be staying late, so I can't make any promises.”

Rhini grimaced. “**Ugghhh!** The archmages get to have all the fun. It's so unfair!”

Aden smiled and shrugged.

“Oh yeah! Been meaning to ask. Why aren't you in any of our classes anymore?”

“The administrative council decided to put me on a personalized program. I meet with the professors one on one, now.”

“Of course! Those greedy cunts are hogging their star pupil” Thevira spat.

“Star? I wouldn't go that far. I'm well behind all of you.”

“It's literally in your name, Aden *Starmark*” Rhini pointed out. “And you're certainly ahead by **male** standards, though I doubt that's why they want time alone with you.”

“I can't blame them” Evanore said, grinning widely as she strode closer to Aden. She ran her hand down his left shoulder and arm. “They understand his **true** value.” The lustful enchantress reached below and groped at his crotch aggressively. Her smug smile turned to a look of shock when she felt the unyielding strength of steel below his pants. “Wh- **What the hell?!?**” She recoiled in confusion.

“Is he wearing a cage?” Rhini asked with a furrowed brow.

Thevira laughed and shook her head.

“Mistress Spellson's orders” Aden confirmed with a cheeky smile. “I guess this is part of my training now.”

“**FLAMING RUIN!**” Evanore yelled. “Unbelievable!”

“We're in the middle of a population crisis and the elf witch is locking up men's dicks” Rhini said in disbelief.

Thevira was about to add her two cents when she was shoved aside. Another trio of women pushed past the mages. They were dressed in gleaming white plate armor enchanted with arcane wards and inscribed with the insignia of the *Knights of Lithuin*. It featured a downward pointed sword with a beaming sun behind it. Each woman carried a deadly polearm in addition to the sheathed sword at her side. Their weapons and armor clinked as they marched to a stop between Aden and the girls. He recognized Raissa, the raven-haired captain of the guard.

“**That's enough!**” she announced as she stepped between the horny mages and their prey. “Are these girls bothering you, Aden?”

“No, not at all” he imparted. “Though, I really do need to get going.”

Captain Raissa turned to Evanore and nudged her with her shaft of her halberd. “**Buzz off!** All of you!”

“Come find us later, Aden!” Rhini yelled as she waved and backed away.

“Later, sexy!” Thevira called over her shoulder.

Evanore gave Raissa the stink eye and grunted in annoyance before stalking off.

“Thank you, Captain” Aden spoke with a respectful nod.

“Oh, it's no trouble” the knight replied as she turned back to him. “Though, if you want to thank us properly, you should stop by the barracks some time. Us knights like to have fun too” she added with a wink.

“I'll keep that in mind. Have a good day, Ma'am.”

“You too. May Aurora's light guide you.”

As the three imposing, armor-decked amazons turned and waltzed off, Aden couldn't help but notice they all wore curved metal codpieces, protecting their *extra* equipment below. The majority of the kingdom's knights were Futanari. It wasn't a universal truth by any means, but Futa women tended to be bigger, stronger and more aggressive than regular women, on average. Their attributes lent themselves to martial pursuits and warrior roles, though many were capable spell slingers as well.

The existence of Futanari was another effect of the Cataclysm. In addition to the massive loss of men and fertility, half of all females were now born with a cock instead of a quim. One would think that would help balance out the loss of males and enable healthy population growth, but that was the cruel irony. Futanari semen, in all its massive volume and thick consistency, was not only sterile, but toxic to ordinary women.

Since Futas and traditional females couldn't copulate without risking severe illness or death, that left the small population of males even more burdened with sexual expectation. Men were equally sought after by normal women for breeding and by Futas to receive their impressive endowments. It was a constant tug-of-war that wouldn't end until a male's virile years were behind him, and even then, he would likely be pursued by Futanari until the end of his days. For the legions of well hung Futa throughout Aurora, there were never enough warm boy holes to go around.

While waiting for a crack at the next available man-slut, most Futas relied on toys and magic to get themselves off. This would temporarily placate their all-consuming sex drives, but it was a poor substitute. It didn't compare to the blissful high of domination and emptying their oversized balls in the fleshy confines of a subservient male. At times, desperate Futanari would mate with each other, taking turns bottoming for mutual benefit, but this was done grudgingly. The natural inclination of the Futa was to give, not receive, and within their warrior culture submitting carried the stigma of weakness and a slight to their pride.

These were the new power dynamics and sexual norms that had been established since the historic events that ended the last age. And so, Aden marched to class through the central square of Solacia, being cat-called and propositioned by dozens of female onlookers. This was a daily occurrence for him

and the rest of the small minority of male students. Aden recognized many of the sultry, sex-starved women, having engaged with them before. Others he'd never met, yet they were no less bold in their advances.

Such was life in the golden age of Lithuin. One could rightly criticize a society where the vast majority of males ended up as sex workers, but the truth was the men of Lithuin had it better than the male contingent of certain other kingdoms. Here, men were free to travel, free to go to school if they qualified and free to profit from their own labors, just as women. No collars or shackles were worn by men except those they consented to or earned through serious criminal offense. The same could not be said in other corners of Aurora.

As the towering stonework structure of the *Solacia Institute of the Arcane* came into view, Aden heard a young girl call out in the courtyard behind him.

“Mommy! Look! **The halo!** The halo is coming!!!”

He turned and lifted his gaze to the heavens. Sure enough, the wide golden band of magical energy slid across the sky. The glowing ribbon flowed overhead, passing over every stretch of Aurora's lands and oceans. It did so four times each day; at morning, midday, dusk and deepest night. At each interval, the halo dispersed from the legendary *Guidestone* and blanketed the sky in its radiance for a few precious moments. Everywhere it passed, shimmering particles of energy drifted to the surface like slow-falling magical rain and faded into the ether.

Not only was the Guidestone the catalyst of the Cataclysm, it was a daily declaration of feminine divinity and the guiding light through which Aurora's new order had taken shape. Its beauty and power were undeniable, especially at the darkest hour when its glow defied the night. Virtually all residents of Aurora looked to it in reverence, thankful for the glorious age in which they lived.

'Damn. Second halo already? Great... I'm officially late for class.'

* * * * *

WHAP

“Focus!” Mistress Spellson called out with a playful smack across Aden's ass. She flexed the riding crop in her hands as she stalked back and forth behind the young man. “You're better than this.”

“Yes, Mistress...” Aden answered through gritted teeth. His eyes were closed and his right arm remained outstretched. It pointed towards the professor's desk where a single, unsharpened pencil sat undisturbed. It lay not far from the nameplate which read *'Archmage Leilana Spellson.'*

The senior spellcaster's personal study was a showcase of all things mystical and kinky. There were dozens of bookcases featuring everything from dusty, ancient tomes to the latest treatises on every school of magic. Leather furniture, upholstered in glossy red, sensual brown and shiny black. Rows of tables with measuring tools, beakers and other lab equipment arranged for various experiments. Sex toys, restraints and instruments of discipline were abundant, hanging from wall racks or stored neatly on metal shelves.

The scent of old books, incense and leather was a mixture Aden's nose was growing accustomed to. It was the first thing he noticed each time he entered Leilana's den. The second, and even more striking, was the elegant sorceress herself. She was a classic portrait of elven beauty. A slim, curvy figure, thin face with a slight oval shape, a cute nose and small, pouty lips. The archmage had dazzling eyes of cerulean blue, outlined with black liner and shadow.

Mistress Spellsong's hair color changed from day to day, easily altered with a simple spell. Today it was deep purple. Her style changed less frequently. She preferred long hair, ringed at the top of her head with a tiara-like braid. Two thick tufts of her purple locks hung down the front on either side, framing her face and pointy ears.

The elves of Aurora all had pointed ears, though the direction in which they posed differed greatly. Some elf ears pointed up, some down and some, like Leilana's, stuck out sideways, perfectly level. Large, diamond-shaped earrings of gold and black hung from her ears on short gold chains. A matching necklace stretched from the base of her neck to the top of her cleavage. Its shining gold disc was engraved with a massive tree, the emblem of her home kingdom, *Erandell*. Elvish script circled the ornate piece on the outside, lining its full circumference.

Completing her look was the tight, black silky top with golden accents that wrapped around her breasts and torso. It tucked neatly into shiny, black leather pants and glossy black boots with four inch heels. The heels brought her 5'6 frame up to even standing with Aden. They clicked off the hardwood floor as she circled to his front.

"Hey" she spoke, popping into Aden's field of vision. "You're sweating! Easy, Aden. Remember how I taught you..."

He opened his eyes and looked to the gorgeous mage as his body trembled.

"Yes, Mistress. I'm trying!"

"Don't try so hard. Let it happen naturally. All the best things happen that way" she replied with a wink.

Aden nodded and returned his gaze to the desk. He felt for the energy in the ether and prepared to summon it. He imagined the pencil in his grasp; how its smooth exterior would feel in his fingers. All he had to do was connect the two, but that was easier said than done.

Leilana folded her arms below her bust and watched him intently. She looked to the desk and back to Aden several times as minutes passed. No movement was registered. Finally, she sighed and nudged his outstretched arm with her crop.

"That's enough for now. Let's take a break."

Mistress Spellsong moved behind the desk, set down her crop and took her seat. Aden followed suit, walking to the armchair at its front and sinking into the plush leather.

"Mistress Spellsong. With all due respect, I don't see the point of this. I'm not even interested in telekinesis. I just want to learn how to heal."

The archmage's eyebrows rose in haughty amusement. "You can't even move a pencil and you want to control the primal forces of nature? First things first, Aden."

"I suppose. It just feels... beyond me."

"It's not. I assure you. Most men can't even touch the ether anymore, but your connection to it is strong. Your potential has been clear since day one. That's why you're here. It will take time and hardship, but that's the way it is for any kind of training. Studying. Combat arts. Cumming while wearing a chastity cage."

"Oh. Is that why my dick is locked up?"

"Yes. I intend for you to learn the ultimate pleasure. How to orgasm merely from being teased and fucked. I'm sure it's frustrating for you right now, but you'll thank me later."

"Frustrating? That's putting it mildly. Though, in all honesty, you're making a lot of girls way more frustrated than me. This thing has really cut into my dating life" he said while glancing down at his crotch. "Half of my dates, anyway."

"Yes, I imagine your non-Futa partners are none too happy with me right now. They've begun looking elsewhere, I take it?"

"Most of them, yeah."

"So the only sex you've had recently is giving oral or getting fucked in the ass?"

"Since you put it on two weeks ago? Yup."

"Good" she responded with a devilish grin. "Let's keep that up."

"Yes, Mistress" he replied with a smirk. "I'm willing to endure hardship. To become a better lover and especially to be a healer."

Leilana shifted her body. The tall leather chair creaked as she crossed her legs and leaned back. "You've brought this up several times. I can tell it's important to you. What is it that's made you so set on being a healer?"

Aden's cheeky smile faded and his gaze fell. He was silent a few moments as the worst memory of his childhood rushed to the forefront of his mind. "It was my mother. She died when I was twelve."

"Ah, yes. There were no details listed, but I remember reading that in your file. I'm very sorry."

"It was red plague. It took her fast. There was no time to bring her somewhere that could treat her. If we'd had a more skilled healer in the village..."

Leilana nodded. "I understand. That's terrible you lost her so young."

"That's why I'll never change my name."

“Starmark was your birth name?”

“Yeah. She chose it because there was a comet in the sky when I was born. When I came of age and got the chance to take a new one, I didn't.”

Mistress Spellsong smiled sweetly. “That's a wonderful way to honor her, Aden.”

“Thanks.”

“Your dossier didn't mention your father. I'm guessing he wasn't in the picture?”

“Never even knew him. Mom told me his name, once, but I don't remember it.”

It was typical of the post Cataclysm world. Most children would never have a father in their life. Lithuin's *laissez-faire* treatment of men only compounded the issue. In this kingdom, guys could wander from city to city sowing their wild oats and they would lack for nothing. Making themselves available to the masses of horny femmes was all that was expected of them. Consequently, fatherhood was an all but dead concept.

“The women of the village raised you from that point on?”

“Yes. It was always like that, to some extent. Even before she passed, it felt like I had lots of mothers looking out for me.”

“That's good to know. In many ways, everything that's happened since the Cataclysm has vindicated the changes it brought. The peace we now live in is proof that women are more fit to rule. We don't just lead and inspire, we empathize and nurture. Qualities that were severely lacking in the men of ages past. Their vanity almost destroyed the world.”

“I'm glad it didn't. I'm very grateful to have grown up in this time, under the glow of the Guidestone. I think about it every time I see the statue of *Ushani Dreamseer* in the square.”

“Well said, young man. I hope you feel as cared for here in Solacia as you did back home.”

“Of course! It's impossible not to feel loved. Though, it's a little different when most of the women you meet are trying to tempt you into their bed chamber.”

Leilana laughed. She raised her thin eyebrows, locked eyes with her student and offered her most alluring smile. “There's more than one way to be a Mommy.”

Aden's face turned crimson as the gorgeous archmage scanned him up and down. There was warmth and compassion in the professor's voice, but her gaze was pure lust. He'd gotten used to being an object of sexual desire the longer he lived in the city, but it was still flattering to be sought after by a woman as worldly and powerful as Mistress Spellsong. He opened his mouth, hoping to reply with something suave, but his thoughts were a jumble of horny nonsense. Aden paused before choosing the reply that was always respectful and welcome. “Yes, Mistress.”

Leilana opened one of the drawers at her side and withdrew a black rubber glove. She stood from her seat and motioned for him to follow suit. “Come now! Let's have another go. I know what you need to

learn this skill properly.”

She walked around the desk, seized Aden's hand and led him to the side of the wide oak structure. Leilana slipped behind him again and pulled him back a few steps. She guided him into position with eager hands before speaking into his ear.

“You need to **relax**. Take off your pants.”

“What? Mistress! Now?!?”

“Yes, now! You heard me. Your underwear too, if you're wearing any...”

Aden wasn't sure how that was supposed to help him relax, but he obeyed her edict swiftly. He'd removed his cloak, sword and accessories upon entering, so only his boots, trousers and underpants had to go. He unbuckled his belt and stripped with all possible haste, tossing his garments aside in a pile. Soon, he was naked below the waist; his steel-encased manhood hanging out in the cool air.

SNAP

The sound of stretched rubber shot out as Leilana pulled the glove over her right hand. She stepped to Aden's left and guided her bare hand under his tunic. It traveled up his abdomen and chest, rubbing him sensually as her gloved right hand zeroed in on his ass. She traced the curvature of his cheeks up and down, easing her rubbery digits into the warmth of his crack.

“Begin again” she spoke into his left ear this time. “Focus.”

Aden lifted his right arm and began the process anew. As he sought out the energy in the ether, he felt two of Mistress Spellson's fingers circling around his vulnerable pucker. She alternated her movements, guiding her hand up and down his fleshy cheeks and then pressing her index and middle fingers more insistently against his fleshy flower.

“M-Mistress... How am I supposed to-”

“**Focus!**” she repeated as her fingers plowed through his tight ring. “Like I said, just let it happen.”

Aden gasped and shook in her grasp. Her left hand continued to stroke his chest up and down. The hem of his tunic followed her aggressive motions as she glided over his skin and groped at his pecs. Her two rubbery invaders sank deep in his warm hole and flowed out smoothly. She established a rhythm that brought a mildly painful stretching as her fingers entered and a shiver of pure bliss each time they rubbed against his prostate.

“Feel the ether. Feel the pencil” she chanted into his ear. She spoke the words often as she continued her steady assault on his ass.

Her mantra was the only thing keeping him from abandoning the lesson altogether. If not for her instructions, he'd be unable to concentrate on anything but the wonderful sensations cascading through his body. The pace of her finger fucking increased. Soon, she added a third finger and speared them deep in his yielding boy pussy.

“Ahhhhhhh!”

“Feel the ether. Feel the pencil.”

Aden did as he was bade. His mind clung to the chant as her increasingly aggressive strumming threatened to overwhelm him. Blood rushed to his nethers, flooding his cock and forcing it to balloon into the metal coils of his chastity cage. Pre-cum leaked from his tip in abundance, sliding through the tiny window in the metal shield constraining his bulging glans. A giddy warmth overtook Aden's body as Leilana's rubbery digits slid in and out in a wet, rubbery frenzy.

“Now, Aden! **DO IT!**”

“**AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

“**PUSH IT!!!**”

The summoned energy and his thoughts connected in an instant of arcane clarity. From his outstretched hand the force shot forth, invisible, but fully real. The pencil launched off the desk and sailed through the air. It hit the distant wall with a light clatter before falling to the floor and rolling to a stop. Mistress Spellson persisted, pistoning her fingers in and out of his accommodating bottom until Aden moaned and lowered his arm.

“Good boy! **VERY** good!” Her rubbery fingers slurped out of his freshly stretched hole. Her left hand pulled free from his shirt and reached up to brush the hair obscuring Aden's face. She doted on him further, wiping the sweat from his strained, glistening brow. “You're the first male I've seen do that in fifty years. Congratulations.”

“Thank you... Mistress...” he said between deep breaths.

Leilana leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. Her dark purple lipstick left a sizable imprint. “This calls for a celebration. A reward!”

“A day out of my cage, perhaps?”

“Pfft. You wish!”

“An hour, then?” he asked with desperation in his voice.

“Not a chance.”

Mistress Spellson stepped back, extended her hand and called upon the same ethereal energies. With much greater discipline and direction, her favorite strapon harness lifted from its resting place on the wall and shot through the air. A thick, ten inch dildo was locked into the stylish web of leather and metal. Its shaft landed in her gloved hand with a moist smack, the buckles of the harness jingling below.

She nudged Aden toward the desk. “Bend over. Legs apart.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

As Aden lowered himself on the desk, face-first, and spread his bare legs, Mistress Spellson put on an even more impressive display of arcane control. She released the big rubber cock and without ever touching the harness, it floated down to her waist. Its many straps wrapped around her lower body and buckled themselves on her hips and thighs. They pulled tight, sinking into her shiny pants with the creak of leather on leather.

With a second flourish of her hand, Leilana summoned more accessories from her well-stocked shelves of naughty toys. Aden's arms were pulled above his head and brought together at the wrists. Leather cuffs streaked to his body, wrapped around his wrists and ankles and buckled firmly. A metal fastener sealed his wrist cuffs close together while the chains on the ankle cuffs wound around the legs of the desk before locking into their own links. Within seconds, the would-be mage was completely at her mercy.

Leilana looked down at the fearsome dong protruding from her midsection. It was a thick, purple ten-incher covered with soft round nubs all along its shaft. It was already designed to drive the receiver wild and Mistress Spellson knew how to make it even more mind-breakingly pleasurable. She took hold of the weighty toy with her ungloved hand and her fingers glowed yellow with mystical mana.

“Lubricus Laviosa!”

She stroked the toy up and down and a steamy, viscous gel spread over its fearsome length. The magically summoned lube would not only ease its passage, but made the rubber feel warm to the touch and supple as Futa flesh. It contained a variety of unique chemical compounds including a potent aphrodisiac and a powerful pleasure enhancer.

Aden had been pegged by many women since coming to Solacia, including Mistress Spellson herself, but this was one anal pounding he would never forget. The salacious sorceress was intent on making him vocalize his submission and hearing him beg for more until the last minute of their session was spent.

Leilana stalked forth, seized his hips and slid her grease-slathered rod along his crack. She slipped it back and forth between his cheeks, teasing him exquisitely as the pleasure-building goo smeared across his soft folds. He squirmed in her grasp, whimpering in desire and rubbing his bottom back against her succulent strapon.

“Are you ready for your reward, Aden?”

“Goddess, yes!”

“I'm not sure I believe you. You'll need to convince me.”

“Please, give it to me Mistress!”

“Give you **what**? You said you wanted your cage off. Is that not what you want anymore?”

“No! I mean... yes!”

“You're sending mixed signals.”

“I... I want both, Mistress.”

SMACK

Leilana's gloved palm blasted off his right ass cheek. The crisp sound of rubber meeting flesh pierced the study.

“Isn't that just like a naughty human slut boy?!? So greedy! You only get one. Your cage off till the end of our session while you lick my ass, or this **big, fat fuck-rod** I've prepared just for you! Which do you want, Aden?”

Aden's face was flush with desire as he writhed his ass back on her slimy toy.

“.....F-Fuck me.”

SMACK

Aden's ass jiggled with another stern swat.

“**What?!?** Did you just give me an order???”

“Please, Mistress Spellsong! I beg you! **Please fuck my slutty ass!!!**”

“Mmmmm. That's more like it. ”

Leilana pulled back her hips, aimed the tip of her weapon at her favorite target and plowed her girthy weapon into his depths. Her slime-slick dildo sank deep, but her advance slowed when she hit the halfway point. Even though she'd recently loosened him up, her fingers couldn't compare to the fat column of hard, greasy rubber surging forward. Aden let out a long, low groan as its soft nubs glided through his tight anatomy.

Mistress Spellsong wasted no time rearing back and thrusting her well-lubed toy even deeper. Aden's starfish gaped wider, splitting under the pressure of this new, more forceful invasion. He grunted and tugged on his bonds, his body tensing as Leilana broke him in.

The giddy elven Domina looked down at him with lustful relish. Her body entered a steady rhythm, gliding out of his sucking hole and thrusting back in with rapturous need. With every tug of his hips and forceful stab, her cock sank deeper. Excess lube squelched from his stuffed rim to a growing puddle on the floor. Most of the magical goop coated Aden's insides. A warm, tingling sensation built in his ravaged tunnel, growing more pleasant by the minute as Leilana came close to bottoming out.

After a lengthy, slow, preliminary fuck, Mistress Spellsong finally went balls deep in Aden's yielding pucker. She leaned down, her breasts pressing into his back as her cock stayed lodged in his aching ass. She moved her hips in small circles, stretching him out even further and preparing him for the real thrills to come. Once he was fully loose and she was deep-dicking him full throttle, it would be nothing but brain-shredding bliss for her caged bottom boy.

“I know you have a session with Mistress Nightwind this afternoon” she spoke just behind him. “She

can thank me later for breaking you in. **You** can thank me right now.”

“Thank you, Mistress!”

Leilana glided out six inches and slammed her heavy schlong back to the base. Aden winced, his mind turning to jello as the sheer fullness of the insertion and the gel-like nubs of the dildo robbed him of all rational thought. The sultry spell-slinger repeated the motion, entering a faster cadence of continuous fucking. Each smooth thrust ended with the toy's rubber balls smacking into his helpless scrotum.

“The first break of the year is coming up and I know just how we should spend it. I'm planning something special. Join me on vacation and I promise you it will be the most wonderful week of your slutty life! Doesn't that sound nice?”

The thought of spending a week with Mistress Spellsong would've shocked him if he wasn't already overwhelmed. Speculating on the joys of such a vacation would be its own wonderful exercise, if he could focus on anything but the thick rubber missile filling his hole and slapping his ass with ever faster and more forceful fucks.

“**So nice, Mistress!**”

“Perfect! It's a date then... Okay, prepare yourself Aden! It's time for the real fun!”

“Wha?!?”

Leilana's hips flew into overdrive. Her fingers dug into his flanks with a strong grip as she railed Aden with every bit of her strength. The bliss-wracked human fuck toy lay across the table, quivering as Mistress Spellsong pummeled his ass with all haste. His trapped penis and punished scrotum swung below him, battered by her ferocious fucking. Aden's pre-cum dripped to the floor in gobs, mingling with the ocean of greasy magical lube.

“Who's your **Mommy** now, Aden?”

“Oh... **OH, FUCK! YOU ARE MISTRESS SPELLSONG!!!**”

“That's right! And you'll wear my cage **forever** if that's what I want.”

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

“**WON'T YOU?!?**”

“**YES, MOMMY!!!**”

“Good boy. Now tell Mommy what you want!”

“**PLEASE DON'T STOP!!! FUCK ME, MOMMY!!!**”

* * * * *

Ushani sighed as she sipped wine and rested in her luxurious cathedra. It was smaller and less ornate than her most prominent seat in the throne room, but it remained an impressive piece. Where her back and ass rested lay thick, supple red leather. Its exterior was a sturdy frame of obsidian with two dragons carved into the rock at the top on either side. Likewise, both of the chair's soft arm rests ended with the stony face of a gargoyle.

Aurora's oldest and most powerful sorceress sat at the top of the *Tower of Radiance*. She spent many a night there, gazing into *the Matriarch* and watching its sleek, blood-red surface pulse with magical might. It swirled with red mana and crackled with golden energy, teeming and flashing as it waited to fire the next brilliant halo across the surface of their world. While many called it the Guidestone, the Aurora stone or '*the light of Aurora*', few knew its true name. The name Ushani, herself, had given it.

The age-old enchantress could take any number of forms, but tonight she presented her authentic self. The raven-haired Queen of *Lucia* and Headmistress of the *Guiding Light* was proud of her original, human shape. Her appearance was much the same as it had been centuries ago, when she unleashed the Matriarch and ended the War of the Magi. The only changes she'd made were arcane in nature. Primal magic to enhance her physique and permanent conjurations that kept her beauty flawless.

Atop her jet black hair sat a thick golden headband with a small dragon perched at its peak. The band extended down the sides of her head, curving below her ears until the polished metal trailed back into her shoulder-length locks. Any mortal who beheld her splendor for the first time could easily mistake the archmage for a valkyrie.

Though she often wore a cape, gorget, shoulder armor and various necklaces, tonight she was bare from the neck down to her considerable cleavage. Shoulder straps with inlaid golden studs held up her dark purple corset. A belt of decorative gold plates wrapped around her waist, leading down to a purple skirt that slid almost all the way to the ground. It opened at the front, revealing shapely legs clad in black leather thigh-highs. Ushani's boots matched the dark shine of her armgloves which climbed all the way from her glossy fingers to just below her biceps.

She sat with her legs crossed, her boots receiving the enthusiastic worship of the slave at her feet. His tongue glided up and down her leather-encased calf, spending what little moisture he had to shine Ushani's footwear. Every now and then she paused in her study of the glowing crystal to glance down at her pitiful boot-licker. Every collared male that was chosen for the task felt honored beyond measure. Seeing the depths to which they'd been broken couldn't help but put a thin smile on her face.

Ushani took another sip, draining her chalice completely. She leaned over the side of the chair, where a second male waited on hands and knees; his back ready to serve as table for her cup. Both he and the boot-licker were clad in thick black rubber from head to toe. The holes for their eyes, nose and mouth were the only openings in their permanent latex attire. The steel collars on their necks bore a six digit number, their only identifying mark. The male slaves of Lucia had no name but the pet monikers and degrading epithets their Mistresses chose on a whim.

"It's empty, slave. Go, fetch me more."

The obedient gimp rose quickly, accepted the goblet with reverence and rushed off to refill her wine. As she waited for him to return, Ushani nudged her tongue slave aside and shifted her legs.

“Other one, **bitch**. And don't forget to lick the bottom. That's the best part!”

“Yes, my Queen.”

The eager slave resumed his task. He tried desperately to summon more saliva on his quickly drying tongue but coaxed scarce little. Nonetheless, he extended his tiring appendage and swabbed it along the sole of her left boot. Low moans of adoration and contentment escaped his lips as he went about his work.

An amused murmur escaped Ushani's lips as she eyed the groveling gimp. Her other bitch boy returned and handed Ushani the refilled cup. The equally happy slave lowered himself back down and resumed his position as human furniture.

Just as the haughty sorceress was about to indulge again, a gentle knocking rapped against the chamber door.

“Enter!” Ushani called.

A pretty, half-elf woman with flowing red hair and robes of white and gold entered. She paused only to close the door before continuing further in. It was Yllyeth, a member of Ushani's inner circle and one of the mages on the Guiding Light's high council. She strode past the hovering crystal at the center of the chamber and stopped ten feet from Ushani and her groveling play-things.

“Mistress Dreamseer, I wouldn't normally intrude while you-”

“Yes, what it is?” Ushani prompted.

“I bring good news. Another shard has been found.”

The Queen's eyes opened wide. Her tone shifted from boredom to keen interest. “Good. Where is it?”

“It was excavated in the highlands between Lithuin and Erandell. I'm told it's a big one.”

“Excellent. Send another detachment to provide additional security.”

“I'll inform the Lightbringers right away. It will be brought to Lucian with all haste, your grace.”

“Well done. If that's all for now, then go. Thank you, Yllyeth.”

“Your Eminence” she said with a bow. The fire-kissed conjurer turned and made a swift exit.

Ushani took a long sip from her chalice as she stared into the gleaming heart of the crystal. She set the drink aside on her table gimp and leaned back into the plush leather. Ten lifetimes worth of memories descended on her as the events leading up to the Cataclysm replayed in her mind. They were followed by flashbacks of her long rule, ever since. Despite all she'd accomplished, the same questions continued to assail her. Although she was stalwart and unfailingly resolute in her mission, in Ushani's darkest hours of contemplation, slivers of doubt managed to creep in.

Had she done the right thing? The wizards of the previous age had grown too powerful and arrogant,

but even they were hesitant to use the crystal. That's why it had been shattered thousands of years ago and its pieces dispersed across the land. But as the War of the Magi raged on, growing apocalyptic in scope, its use had been considered once again. They were still reassembling it, piece by piece, when Ushani beat them to the punch. She seized the crystal and with the help of her fellow sorceresses, used it for her own ends.

Back then, the Sisterhood of the Guiding Light were nothing but glorified assistants to the archmages of Noctem. They were rarely allowed to achieve their full potential. The best training, the most powerful spells and abilities, everything that might help them excel above their masters was denied to them. That power was lorded over them and for most women, becoming a mage meant sexual servitude to the men of her order.

Ushani changed everything with one well-timed gamble. The world was better now, but it hadn't all gone according to her plan. When she and her sisters charged the crystal and Ushani's vision turned it into the Matriarch, not all of her wishes were granted.

The whole point had been to make men **irrelevant**. To lower them to a status where they could be enjoyed as playthings, but also cast aside and disregarded entirely if women chose. Women and Futanari could enjoy a life of peace and sexual bliss while men watched on, in chains, until they disappeared entirely. Her mental instructions to the crystal had been clear, but her utopia had not come to pass.

In a cruel twist of fate, men were now more crucial than ever in a woman's world. Their prowess with magic was greatly diminished, but their value for breeding was priceless. They now held the key to reproduction, which is why it was even more important to take that power away. Foolishly, many kingdoms throughout Aurora let them walk free. Not like here, in Lucia, where the effect of the Matriarch was most powerful. Here, all men wore collars and even the strongest slave's mind eventually broke under the hum of constant magical conditioning.

Ushani looked down at her boot-licker, still obediently lapping away at her shiny black leather. Her gaze of smug superiority sank into a frown of forlorn bitterness.

Why? Why had the Matriarch not carried out her wishes in full? Did the crystal have a mind of its own? Or was it simply not powerful enough with its form still incomplete? After centuries of study, it was largely still a mystery. Ancient texts alluded to it falling from the sky ages ago. Even the mightiest of mages throughout history had been unable to understand it completely and harness its full power. Many attempts had resulted in disaster, but that wouldn't deter Ushani. She would get to the bottom of it, eventually.

The Queen of Lucia and Headmistress of the Guiding Light had all the time in the world, thanks to the Matriarch. It fed her power and prolonged her unnaturally long life in perpetuity. She had so much time and so little to do with it, outside enjoying the finest wines and indulging her sadism with whichever slaves caught her eye. Her order would continue searching, gathering shards and unearthing arcane knowledge until the time was right to change the world again.

* * * * *

CRACK

SLAP

THWACK

Aden backed away steadily, hefting his training staff in a flurry of desperate defensive maneuvers. Mistress Nightwind was always a step ahead of him, directing her next attack in the direction he least expected. She forced him to hurry his blocks, lest a painful blow slip through his guard and strike him.

Her offense came in skilled flourishes. The tip of the staff whipped at his head, arms and torso. Aden felt the difference in the floor as he stepped off the training mat. He grew nervous, knowing he didn't have much more room to retreat before running into the wall.

Zara grinned, keeping him on the defensive until her pupil overextended himself and left an opening. Mistress Nightwind dodged Aden's weak attempt at a parry and sidestepped him. She thrust the bottom half of her staff under his thigh and swept Aden's leg out from under him.

“WHOOAAA!”

THUD

Aden was on his back before he knew what hit him. Zara stood over him, pointing the blunt end of her staff at his throat.

“Pathetic.”

Aden winced in pain before replying casually. “Thanks. Next time, tell me what you really think...”

He held out his hand and Zara seized it in her strong grip. The veteran dark elf warrior pulled him to his feet with ease. Her look of stern disapproval morphed into a grudging smile. Her cold exterior usually melted when Aden turned on the charm.

“You need to take this seriously.”

“I am. I'm just better with a sword.”

“We already practiced with sparring swords. The outcome was no different. Besides, you shouldn't rely on swords. They're sidearms. Real warriors use two handed weapons.”

Zara planted the end of her staff into the floor and held it beside her body proudly. With her cocked head and slight lean, she looked like an amazon showing off her favorite spear.

Even in her sparring gear, Mistress Nightwind was a sight to behold. She stood at 6'3 and her body was a curvy, statuesque column of well-toned muscle. On the color spectrum, her skin tone registered somewhere between pale blue and light gray. Her shoulder-length pale blonde hair, light purple lips and magenta eyes stood out in remarkable contrast to her flawless skin. Her thin, pointed ears tilted upward, giving her a menacing look that was typical of her kind.

The training robes she wore were plain, but even when they sparred, her massive thighs were forever saddled in thigh-high leather fighting boots. Likewise, her forearms were locked in protective leather vambraces, leaving her hands free to wield any weapon skillfully. The loincloth hanging from her waist did little to hide Zara's non-combat weapon. The dark elf mistress-at-arms was huge *down there*, even by Futa standards.

"I didn't come here to be a warrior."

"No, but Leilana wants you trained in combat arts. At least well enough to defend yourself."

"Why? Who's going to attack me in Lithuin?"

"No one, probably. But it's not impossible someone could try to abduct you. And what if you need to leave the city some day?"

"Then I hope a sexy elven warrior will serve as my bodyguard" Aden answered with a sly grin.

The compliment registered on Zara's face with a flash of surprise and embarrassment. Flattery was one of the few weapons that was effective against the skilled fighter. Her eyes darted away from Aden briefly as she composed herself. She coughed nervously before getting back on topic.

"We need to improve your foot work. That's the main reason you're not getting any better."

"Okay. How do we do that?"

"Good question. You seem to have two left feet. I'm thinking we should put you in a dress and teach you the basics of dancing."

"Wait! **What?!?** Why a dress?"

"To help you get in touch with your feminine side. You'll learn to move gracefully faster that way."

Aden snickered. "Oh, **yeah**, I'm sure that's it!"

"You doubt my methods?"

"I've read this book before! It's called '*The Teacher's Barely Disguised Fetish*.' You obviously have a thing for feminization!"

This time Zara grew flustered and indignant. "**What?!?** That's ridiculous!"

"Oh yeah? Then why did you give me that makeup kit last week?"

"That was...." Her hesitation made it obvious he was onto her. "A reward for perfect attendance! A little blush and guy-liner goes a long way, you know! It'll help any boy look his best."

Aden sighed and gestured with his practice staff. "Are we done for now?"

Zara relented. "Yes. I suppose that's enough for today. With combat training, that is. Let's head back to

my office. We can work on your *other* training with the time we have left.”

* * * * *

“**OH YEAH! C'MON!!! OPEN UP!!!**”

Aden's lips stretched around her massive shaft of soft, Futa flesh. It surged down his tongue, rammed through his uvula and dove into the spongy nirvana of his throat. All he could do was stare at Zara's thrusting body as her wide hips surged forward and withdrew in steady rhythm. Tears leaked from Aden's eyes, rolling down his flustered cheeks and dripping from his face. They joined the thick mixture of saliva and elven semen slopping from his mouth with every frenzied fuck.

When fully engorged, Zara's gargantuan schlong turned a pleasant pink color, reflecting the massive amount of blood trapped in its veiny girth. This was equally true of the giant, fleshy grapefruits hanging below her schwanz. They rocked back and forth, smacking Aden in his cum-slathered chin with every blissful invasion of his warm, wet maw.

Mistress Nightwind had been at it for a half hour, standing in the center of her office with Aden kneeling at her feet. Her hands were tight in his thick, blonde hair, pulling his face down her colossal cum cannon with fast, steady slurps. She'd already dumped two fat loads of Futanari jizzum in her student's welcoming mouth and was currently working toward number three.

“Mmmmmmm! That's a good **throat sleeve!** **SO GOOD, ADEN!!!** You've been practicing with others, haven't you? **Thirsty slut!**”

He murmured around her thrusting phallus, but it came out as nothing but incoherent, sloppy gibberish. Aden's knees were raw against the cool, stone floor. His arms were snug behind him in the triangular black leather arm-binder. He was naked, aside from Mistress Spellson's chastity cage; completely powerless to resist Zara's endless oral assault.

The dark elf's impressive, round ass bounced as she stuffed Aden's mouth relentlessly. Her nipples hardened, her nerves danced and her groin tingled with the growing need for release. Mistress Nightwind's hips flew into a frenzy as her massive scrotum clenched and the constant thwacking and slurping of Aden's mouth-pussy built to a crescendo.

“**BLESSED LIGHT! HERE IT COMES!!!**”

Zara buried her quivering cum tube as deep in his maw as she could manage. Even with the rigorous training she and the many other Futas of Lithuin had imparted on Aden, his mouth only reached the halfway point of her behemoth, bulging love muscle. Zara's body quaked as she held Aden's hair in an iron grip and thick Futa spunk spurted forth in luscious strands.

Her plump elven funbags quivered as Zara grunted and screamed in delirious pleasure. Aden's arms pulled within the sweaty leather prison confining them. His legs and torso squirmed as another course of pungent dark elf girl cream siphoned into his already stuffed insides.

Aden's normally flat stomach took on the beginnings of a bulge. Waves of thick white goop escaped his

bottom lip, sliding to the ground as she filled him to overflowing. Only when her giant balls stopped seizing did Mistress Nightwind pull her jizz-drenched length from Aden's mouth and allowed the poor boy to catch his breath.

“Mmmmmm! **YES!** That was amazing! I need to sit down...”

Even for one with thighs as strong as Zara, it was time for a break after a full half hour of standing face-fucking. She walked the short distance to her office sofa and collapsed on its surface. Her sweaty, grayish skin meshed with the plush brown leather, creaking sumptuously as she made herself comfortable. She caught her breath as they both rested for a short while.

Eventually, Zara snapped her fingers and pointed to the ground in front of her splayed open legs.

“Over here, slut-boy. You're not done yet.”

Aden shuffled forward on shaky knees. He couldn't believe Mistress Spellson had gone to such lengths to stretch out his ass for Zara and the sex-crazed warrior wanted nothing but oral. It felt like a cruel joke. Despite her recent discharge, Mistress Nightwind's cock loomed ahead, jutting upward in its full, rigid state of arousal. She stroked it up and down, watching Aden's caged dick hang uselessly as he inched toward her without the use of his arms.

For Zara, the combination of bondage and forced chastity made training his slutty mouth infinitely more enjoyable. The only thing that would make it hotter would be tarting him up in a dress, catboy accessories or a full rubber bimbo suit. That wasn't the kind of thing Leilana usually went for, but Zara had no plans to ask permission. Her half-sister might be the bigwig on campus, but Zara was a fully credentialed instructor now too. They would both enjoy Aden how they liked, and if Lei-Lei had a problem with it, she could sit on a dildo and spin.

“I'm looking forward to the upcoming break. We're going to have so much fun together.”

Aden's expression grew worried as he realized the conflict this posed. “Lady Zara. I'm afraid I already have plans with Mistress Spellson. She invited me earlier today and-”

“I know” the big woman interrupted as she continued to stroke her prodigious prick. “We'll both be taking care of you during the break. It's a perfect opportunity to give you some advanced training. Sometimes, the task is too big for just one Mistress.”

Aden's sperm-glazed lips hung open in genuine surprise. As far as he could tell from the brief interactions he'd seen them have, Leilana and Zara didn't particularly get along. They were always sniping each other with snide comments and trying to one-up the other whenever they had the chance. As he stared up at Mistress Nightwind, he realized with sudden clarity that her and Mistress Spellson's facial features were strikingly similar. Was it possible they were related?

“Alright! Back to it, **cocksucker!** Two more and I should be satisfied.”

Thick pre leaked from the fat mushroom head of her bloated missile. As close as it was to Aden's face, he could feel the raw heat radiating from her veiny length. The pungent musk of her nethers filled his nostrils, clouding his mind and making his mouth water in anticipation. There was just something about Futa cock and their luscious nougat cum. The more he ingested, the more he craved it.

Without further instruction, Aden lifted his mouth and slid his lips over her hot, drooling tip. He pushed his face down her phallus, moaning as her sticky length burrowed through his warm, fleshy walls. Zara smiled and took fresh hold of his head. When Aden hit his gag reflex, her hands took over, dragging him further down her meaty python than he would've gone on his own. Zara delighted in the gagging Aden suffered for her pleasure, coaxing ever more sloppy noises from his mouth and throat as she drilled deep and clogged his oral passage.

“That's it! You're a much more promising sword swallower than a fighter, that's for sure. You may or may not become an adept mage, but that's secondary. You're already excelling where it matters. Isn't that right, my sweet bottom bitch?”

Aden grunted and coughed around her cock as streams of frothy spit and pre leaked down her shaft. He struggled in the arm-binder as his eagerness to please Mistress Nightwind transitioned to a prolonged act out of his control. His face slurped up and down her girthy pole, plowing further as she pushed and pulled her new cum-dump to his limits and beyond.

“Oh, I know. You're hungry for more. Don't worry, golden boy! You'll be throating my whole cock soon enough. I guarantee it.”

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