

Quickie #28

Tutornari III – Homecoming

Aiden murmured into the soft, peach tone flesh of Ruby's ass as she lowered her sizable dumper on his face. For a woman who was so slim at the waist, she had considerable heft at her bust and in the contours of her ample ass cheeks. The young man often marveled as he watched her walk about, wondering how she didn't snap in half. The mystery was solved each time she pounded his gaping pucker, her powerful legs and strong core giving his memory all the jogging it needed.

His view of Ruby's bedroom was lost as her soft, doughy mass rolled over Aiden's face like a mudslide. He was instantly cast into darkness as his nose pressed deep into her crack. He inhaled deep and the scents of freshly washed flesh and lavender soap flooded into his nostrils.

“Get licking slut! I'm squeaky clean, so I don't want to hear any complaints!”

Her commands, while shouted, were muffled for Aiden. Still, they were loud enough to hear. He dutifully began his task of orally pleasuring his well-endowed hostess. His tongue extended and swabbed up and down her supple ass crack.

Aiden had to admit, as long as his Mistresses were clean, ass licking was a fun activity for both parties. Few things made his cock swell up against his chastity cage faster than a session of face sitting and tonguing one of his beautiful Goddess' delicate flowers. He'd read once, online, that the skin that compromised one's lips and butthole were the very same type. After rimming both Melody and Ruby to many orgasms, his own experience bore that out. It was **at least** as intimate as kissing and it was even more arousing due to the inherent sub / dom dynamic.

Melody had been right about him all along. Aiden wasn't just a bottom. He enjoyed being a submissive. Aiden cherished being her *good boy* and obedient slave. Spending time with her and Ruby, together, had only cemented that knowledge. He loved being dominated by two gorgeous, well hung women. Every day was another adventure into sexual debauchery and learning new skills as an increasingly feminized sissy slut.

Sure, Ruby was clean for now, but she wouldn't be for long if they continued like this. The pink haired Domina moaned and wiggled her ass all over Aiden's ensconced face as he licked and tongued away in her bottom. She pushed him down into the soiled sheets and blankets, writhing on the bedding that was still a mess from their continuous overnight three-way fuckfest.

The bedding was caked in cum and sweat. Ruby's ass smelled like a springtime field of flowers by comparison. She'd already had her morning shower and Melody was enjoying hers at this very moment. The semen-soaked slut boy was still waiting his turn to wash up. If the pleasure-wracked, grunting Futazon above him was any indication, it might be a while before he had the chance.

“Deeper, Aiden! Get that lovely tongue up my asshole! **Mmmmmm...** that's it! **Good boy!**”

Aiden focused on her silky pucker; his warm, wet flesh diving into her hot, gripping hole. He murmured into her fleshy depths, his toes curling and his cock straining in its cage as he tongued her without relent.

It was funny, but during the odd time he was alone with Ruby, she seemed much more loving and motherly. She was almost like Melody in those rare instances. It made Aiden wonder how much of her punk aesthetic and hardcore Dominatrix image were a performance. It was clear she enjoyed the role on some level. She certainly leaned into it, especially when they were filming videos together, but she had a soft side as well. Aiden imagined she reserved that for people she cared about, when they were one and one.

“Ahhhhhhh! **OH GOD!!!** Don't stop! **DON'T YOU DARE STOP!!!**”

Ruby's hand flew up and down her fat, jutting phallus. The soft, bulging flesh of her gargantuan Futa wand gleamed in the radiant light of morning as she fisted herself with increasing speed and vigor. Her eyes rolled upward as she focused on the sheer bliss the young man's slick tongue was delivering her stretched open rim and warm, velvety insides.

She felt his hot breath blow across her ass crack. Aiden's hands reached around her body and took gentle hold of her pendulous balls. He massaged them lovingly. Ruby gasped and her giant scrotum clenched as it prepared to unleash its massive load.

“Ohhhhhhhh! **OH FUCK THAT'S TOO MUCH!!! UUUUUUHHHHHHHHNNNNNNNN!!!!**”

Her first volley of stringy semen slung across the bedroom and splattered into the arm chair holding her waiting, clean set of clothes. This didn't even register as she fell backwards onto the bed. Her hand was a blur, sliding up and down her increasingly greasy cock as she spat thick nut into the air and lost all control of herself.

Aiden never stopped spearing her delicate pucker with his tongue and softly kneading her pulsating cum sack as rivers of spunk shot upward and rained down on Ruby with wet splats. Her godly ropes of nougat filth almost touched the ceiling before drizzling down all over the already ruined bedding and covering the Amazon's formerly clean curves.

The quivering woman's moans came without relent, her open mouth inviting some of her own seed to ooze into her mouth. Her free hand groped at her left breast as luscious sperm hosed down on her naked body. She grunted and moaned as pleasure flowed from her tingling asshole and sputtering cum cannon to every nerve ending in her body.

When the last of her thick emissions discharged and slapped down on her glazed body, Ruby released herself. Her arms slumped to her sides, her sticky cock still pointed at the ceiling and her breast streaked red with her own deep fingerprints. She lay there, a panting, cum drenched mess as Melody walked into the room with towels wrapped around her hair and body.

“Wow... Couldn't even wait twenty minutes, huh? And you look like you just starred in a bukkake video. You're something else, Ruby.”

The giddy, pink haired Domme chuckled and put on a silly smile. “Hahaha... yeah. Sorry?”

Melody placed her hands on her hips. “No need to apologize, but you might want to roll over before you suffocate our favorite ass licker.”

“**Oh!** Yeah--”

With titanic effort, Ruby peeled her sticky body from the bedding and Aiden's face. She rolled over on her front and collapsed into the duvet, still muttering and enjoying her descent from cloud nine.

Aiden gulped fresh air for the first time in a while, his face finally free from the tight seal of Ruby's fleshy ass.

“Thank you... Mistress...”

“Don't mention it” Melody replied with a smirk.

“Is it my turn to shower, now?” Aiden asked with hopeful enthusiasm.

“Eh, you might as well wait and do it with Rubes, since she's obviously gonna need another one.”

“What she said” Ruby said with a point and a giggle.

Aiden rolled his eyes. That just meant he was gonna get shafted in the shower, too. “So, what's on the agenda today?”

“Funny you should ask” Melody said while holding up her phone. “I just got a message from your mother.”

“Oh!” Aiden perked up. “Is mom coming back soon?” Her vacation had already run long and he was expecting news of her return any day now. As much as he loved spending time with Melody and Ruby, Aiden missed his doting mother.

“She's already here. She got back last night” the curvy blonde said matter-of-factly.

Aiden's eyes widened. “Huh... Why wouldn't she let me know ahead of time?”

Melody set her phone down. “Because she knew you were being well looked after.”

“So, am I going back today?”

“No. Your mother is still getting settled and making some... preparations. She's planning a little party for the day after tomorrow.”

“A party? Right after a vacation?” Aiden looked puzzled.

Melody shrugged. “Call it a homecoming celebration. Though, I have a feeling, it's not just for her. It's also to celebrate you finding your calling in life.”

Ruby rolled onto her side and propped her head up on one cum-caked arm. “We've been reporting your progress to your mother. She's very pleased with how well things are working out between us.”

Aiden's cheeks turned a deep shade of red. "I see..."

He still couldn't believe his mother had been instrumental in pushing him faster and further into his new lifestyle. In retrospect, it made sense, given the habits she'd encouraged in him, but it didn't crystallize completely until he learned Melody had been hired for more specific reasons.

"As for today, we're gonna shoot some more videos" Melody continued. "I checked the poll from last night and our fans want to see you dressed up as a latex catboy for our next session."

"Yes, Mistress" Aiden replied, the blush in cheeks only growing.

"But first, you can lick my cock clean" Ruby spoke up.

"Ruby... we haven't even had breakfast yet" Melody said with growing annoyance.

"So what? We make our own schedule! Besides, this slut loves licking my balls and I don't like being the only person covered in cum."

"Don't you think we should save it for the cameras?" the blonde countered.

"Pffft, I've got plenty to give and so do you. Stop worrying, Mel." Ruby snapped her fingers and pointed down at her glazed anatomy. Her half-deflated cock and cum-slathered scrotum awaited Aiden's attentions. "Now get to work, **slave!**"

Aiden got up on hands and knees and crawled the short distance to her crotch. He immediately ducked down and start licking away, tonguing her jizz coated flesh with as much love and attention as he had her spongy hole.

Melody sighed. She untied the towel from around her waist and tossed it aside, freeing her own unwieldy club of flesh. "Fine, if you're going at it again, you're not leaving me out this time."

Ruby watched her approach the bed as the slut boy went to work on her pungent penis and heavy balls. "Hah! Guess we'll all be taking a shower together!"

Aiden traced her supple flesh up and down, vacuuming stringy white filth from her rapidly hardening length as Melody settled in behind him. Shortly after the bed shifted, he felt the fat, warm head of her cock press into his waiting starfish.

It was going to be a long, hot, sticky day.

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Bunches of balloons lined the walkway every ten feet as Aiden, Melody and Ruby marched up to the front door of his home. It felt weird not to just open the door and walk in as he'd done all his life, but he let Mistress Mel take the lead. She pressed the door bell and stepped back.

Aiden looked back and forth between the two women as they waited for an answer. They were both wearing loose fitting dresses that could be easily removed once they got to the party. He knew very well they were wearing fetish attire beneath them. Aiden was dressed more simply; his normal, slightly femboyish clothes hid nothing scandalous underneath. Melody had informed him there would be a party outfit waiting for him when they got there; a message no doubt relayed from his mother.

The thought made him slightly nervous and Aiden jumped when a tall, fit young man answered the door. He had a fresh, clean shaven face, a full head of black hair and was fitted in a tuxedo. There was a simple domino mask covering the top half of his face, concealing all but his dark eyes. When he spoke, his thick Greek accent washed over them.

“Hello! I am Nico. You must be Mistress Melody and Mistress Ruby?”

The two women smiled and nodded.

“Hello, Nico.”

“Hi there.”

He looked down at Aiden. “And this is the young *master* of the house, I take it?” He emphasized the word and followed up his question with a smirk.

“I am” Aiden answered proudly.

“Good, good! Please come in!” he exclaimed, waving them through the door. “I’ll tell Mistress Rose the guests of honor have arrived.”

The well dressed man swaggered off without another word. They stepped through the threshold and Aiden closed the door. He figured mother would make some new friends in Europe, but he hadn’t expected her to bring them home with her.

It wasn’t only her new European friends filling the hallway of their home, however. There were dozens of people Aiden had never seen before. Women of all sizes in silk, satin, leather and latex. Men in various states of fetish dress, most wearing masks, collars or both.

Aiden could only imagine these were the adult friends his mother had made over the years that he’d never met. The kind she consorted with when she went off for long weekends on trips that were always vaguely defined. That part of his Mom’s life was finally starting to make sense.

“**MY SON!!!**”

His mother appeared wearing an absolutely stunning dress of shimmering white and silver. She stalked down the hallway quickly to the waiting trio and embraced Aiden warmly.

“Oh, it’s so good to see you again! I missed you.”

“He hugged her back gladly. He didn’t even mind when she planted her usual, wet kiss and left her trademark lip print on his cheek.”

“I missed you too, Mom.”

She released him and stepped back before nodding to Mel and Ruby. “Ladies! Thank you so much for looking after him all these weeks.”

“It was nothing. Thank you for the opportunity” Melody said with a slight bow.

“Our pleasure, for sure” Ruby added.

“Indeed, and I'm sure you'll spend a lot more quality time together, but tonight will be something else!” The matron of the house exclaimed with a clap of her hands. “This is going to be so much fun! A special occasion for my beautiful boy! Aiden, hurry upstairs and put on your party dress. It's waiting for you in a box on your bed.”

“Yes, mother.”

Aiden headed upstairs as his mother directed the two women to a room where they could change. He shot to the top of the stairs in record time and turned into the bedroom where this had all begun with Melody almost a month ago.

Waiting on his bed was a large white garment box with a large golden ribbon and bow. He tore it open and pulled apart the tissue paper to unveil his new outfit. It was a form-fitting satin french maid outfit complete with white stockings and arm gloves, a short set of petticoats and an arched french maid cap.

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“GGMMMLLLBBBMMMPPHHHH!!!”

Aiden sputtered as the seventh or eighth fat cock thrust deep into his mouth. He'd lost track of how many women had burrowed their way into his maw. Futa after futa, all friends of Melody, Ruby and his mother, had shafted his stretched-wide lips for long stretches and deposited their luscious loads deep in his gurgling throat. Another one was preparing to stretch his tummy further with the help of his filth slathered hole.

“Mmmmpphhhhhh!”

He muttered in raw ache around the cock in his mouth as an equally thick, lengthy schlong thrust into his exposed buttocks. He'd had an equal number of takers at his backdoor, railing his increasingly reddened ass into the afternoon. They'd fired deluge after creamy deluge into his clogged anatomy until the floor behind him was nothing but a sticky puddle of silky gunk.

Aiden's hands flexed against their bindings as he remained bent over in the steel and wooden stocks. He was setup right in the middle of the living room. The same living room he'd watch movies in and played with legos in front of his Mom for so many years.

Rose sat not far away in a fancy velvet and metal chair that vaguely resembled a throne. She watched her son get spitroasted by another pair of sex-crazed Futa as she lounged and enjoyed her drink.

Occasionally she would bark an order and the men standing to her left and right would light her cigarette or get down on hands and knees and rub her feet. Aiden's mother had always been the head of the household, but now he was seeing her in a whole new light.

His new dress was all but ruined, its shiny black exterior covered in endless lines of syrupy semen. The oldest strands of spunk had already dried, while the most recent still dripped from his body as he was throttled in the rattling wooden slats. The women at his front and back grunted and moaned as they filled him with fat cock faster and with greater need.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

His ass was blistered repeatedly as their thrusting grew to a passionate crescendo. The woman at his front shoved her dark, meaty phallus balls deep as her fingers dug into Aiden's hair. A pair of much larger balls slapped into his own as his caged dicklet swung below, helpless to do anything but dribble pre-cum.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!"

Aiden's eyes flew open as twin geysers of glue-like sludge blasted into his already overstuffed holes. He gagged as he was fed another meal of ropy jizzum, swallowing down as much as he could before the excess leaked from his packed lips with gurgling puffs of air. Cum drizzled down from his blown-out pucker; the wads slapping against the floor even as the woman behind him ejaculated more into his clogged colon.

After a few moments, both women backed out of Aiden and jerked themselves until the last few spurts of their abundant seed was fired all over his already defiled body. Rivulets of sperm ran from his chin and trickled down his cum-caked stockings. Rose smiled, admiring the beautiful mess her son had become.

Two more hung Futa were about to step to the waiting cum-dump when the Mistress of the house raised her hand. She waved them off gently. "I think he's had enough for now, ladies. Perhaps later."

Aiden opened his mouth to thank his gracious mother, but another trail of sloppy semen slid from his lips. His eyes fluttered and the femboy maid passed out from sheer exhaustion.

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The hour grew late and the party was winding down, but there were still a good number of attendees languishing and having their fun. Aiden sat at the foot of his mother's throne, watching Futas and women with strap-ons fuck leather gimps in assless chaps and servants with ripped-down pants alike. Just as many were abusing men's mouths, demanding lengthy oral service to Futa cocks and steaming pussies.

Aiden saw it all clearly, now. His mother had been preparing him for his new life. His time with Melody and Ruby had been a test run, to see if he was ready. Officially, he'd become a man, but that

was nothing but a number to his mother and the numerous female dominants running rampant in their home. She would never let him be a man. At least not in the traditional sense. Her ultimate gift to her son, for his coming of age, was to allow him to be a *good boy* forever. To be cared for, looked after, and filled with love for all his days.

The soiled maid looked back up at the Mistress of the house and smiled. Rose looked down at him and smiled back. She'd practically read his thoughts as he processed them. A look of mutual understanding passed between them.

She pointed to the numerous women around them; then down the hallway leading in both directions from the living room. The sounds of rutting, discipline and groans of ecstasy were all around them. It was a veritable carnival of Femdom decadence.

“They all have much to teach you, Aiden. Many of them will be your tutor someday. From now on, you'll be living with them for three to six months at a time. They'll take turns, as decided by me, of course.”

“Yes, mother. Thank you” he said with genuinely grateful eyes.

“But since you were such a good boy while I was gone, I will allow you to decide on the first.”

Rose snapped her fingers and within moments, Melody and Ruby stepped forth. The former was holding a new cock cage, an even smaller unit than the one Aiden was currently sporting. Ruby held up a thick leather collar with a short leash.

Aiden's gaze passed back and forth between them. He looked left to right and back to left, caught between the stern, loving Mommy Domme in silky white lingerie and the punk rock Domina in black leather with a sadistic streak and a soft side. They were the proverbial angel and devil sitting on his shoulders, tempting him in equal measure.

“Choose quickly, my son. Or I'll choose for you.”

Aiden let out a light gasp. He stared up at the curvy beauties as two pairs of insistent eyes implored him. He bit his lip, his tongue frozen in his mouth as his mind struggled with such a sudden choice.

The young femboy was unsure he'd be able to pick before his mother made the call for him, and maybe that was entirely fitting.