

Insatiable

Chapter 6 – Corruption

It was a clear, cool night as Cassandra gazed up at the tapestry of stars. She relaxed in a lounge chair, stretched out on the back deck of her home. The sound of splashing water and clanking dishes flowed from the kitchen through the small gap in the sliding door. Kayden was busy cleaning up after their meal. Cassie might've felt some measure of guilt about having him both cook and clean, but he **was** her submissive and Kayden was being paid a stipend on top of all the kinky benefits that came with being her bottom bitch. Few slaves were so fortunate.

Cassie reached for her red bubbly and took a sip before setting the glass back on the patio table. It was *Sangiovese*, the perfect compliment to an Italian meal. People had been drinking it since Roman times, when its Latin name, '*the blood of Jupiter*', was coined. It was a far cry from the blood Cassandra *truly* thirsted for, but she hadn't yet turned Kayden, so she couldn't drink freely just yet.

No matter. It was a minor inconvenience. While her slut-boy got ready for bed, Cassandra would pop into the garage for a cold carmine or two. The raven-haired Domina had shown admirable restraint since forming the arrangement with her new fuck toy. Perhaps too much, to the point where it was morphing into full blown apprehension. Why was Cassie still resisting her most primal urge to bite deeply into Kayden's neck and introduce him to the profundity of his new life? Even after the express recommendation of an ancient and powerful Chosen, she was hesitant. Why was that?

On many occasions, Sadie had mocked her for showing too much sympathy for the males of their kind. Ridiculed her for not embracing the full power, privilege and depravity that were emblematic of a Chosen matriarch. '*Cassie the compassionate!*' the Headmistress would sneer in her most condescending tone. And there was some truth to it. Cassandra lacked the inner ruthlessness that inspired fear, awe and allowed Sadie to keep the Crimson Tide running like a well-oiled machine.

But it wasn't just their fundamental difference in disposition, it was Cassie's flourishing feelings for her obedient boy toy. Kayden was now fully under her spell. When she finally held him down and drank her frothing fill from his sweet, bubbling brook of life, Kayden would accept his new circumstances. The initial shock would pass and he would continue to serve her gladly. She'd been through this process many times. There was no reason for Cassandra to worry; and yet, she did.

The safest thing for him, especially given the recent trouble at the Scarlet Sanctum, would be to cancel their arrangement and send him home. It wouldn't make any sense, outwardly, but Kayden would get over her, eventually, and could return to some semblance of his normal life. Cassandra had pondered cutting him loose, especially after hearing of the cloaked stranger he met in town.

Ultimately, lust and proliferating love proved to be much stronger than prudence. Letting him go was out of the question. They were crazy about each other; perfectly matched in all things intimate. After falling under the sway of Cassie's supernatural charms, Kayden had become her other half. She was closer than ever to sinking her teeth in his veins and sealing their kinky covenant.

On the other hand, by turning him and bringing Kayden into the fold, she was introducing him to a dark and dangerous new life. One where he would likely be hunted. Where he would crave the sweet nectar of life on a regular basis. Trying to warn new blood about the fullness of the change always sounded ridiculous; like the stuff of legends and fairy tales. Telling them after the fact felt hollow and dirty.

There was no winning for a Chosen in love. Not when the object of their affection was an ordinary human. In that context, Sadie's sociopathy felt sane. It made sense to use them as you saw fit; to lord your superiority over them and revel in it. Not just mundanes, but males in general.

Despite this grudging admission, Cassandra refused to yield. Deep down, she wanted something better. Not just for herself and Kayden, but for her friends and the Chosen more broadly. She wished to strike a balance between their darkest impulses and their capacity for compassion. A world where matriarchs were free to dominate and drink their fill, but were prevented from abusing their power and were no longer outcasts of society.

Was such a world even possible? It didn't feel like it most of the time, but Cassandra could always hope. Especially when gazing up at the heavens on a beautiful, cloudless night.

The side door slid all the way open and Kayden stepped out onto the deck. He pulled a sweatshirt over his head as he made his way outside, covering the half-soaked t-shirt he was wearing. Cassie wasn't sure how he managed to get himself wet nearly every time he cleaned up after dinner, but it was a source of constant amusement.

"Have a nice bath?"

"Yeah, yeah."

"That was fast. Dishes are done, I take it?"

"Yes, Mistress" he replied while scanning his sultry owner up and down. A cool breeze whistled across the deck. Cassandra lay in the lounge chair with nothing but a silky white crop top covering the upper half of her torso. Her midriff was bare and her legs were cinched in curve-hugging blue jeans. "Good lord! Don't you ever get cold?"

"Nope" she said before smiling fiendishly and taking another sip of her wine.

"Well, that makes one of us" Kayden announced as he settled into the chair beside her. "I sweat like a pig during the summer and I freeze my balls off in the winter."

"Good to know. Tells me when to dress you in extra thick rubber and when to keep you naked in my air conditioned dungeon."

"Or, if I need to be punished, you could just do the opposite."

"Oh, believe me, I know my options. You'll taste them all, eventually."

"Promises, promises."

They gazed into each other's eyes with matching glints of mischief before leaning in for a quick kiss.

“How was the veal parm?” Kayden posited.

“Very good. You picked the perfect wine to go with it.”

“Thanks. My cooking is getting better, then?”

“Better by the week.”

“Awesome! It's nice to know I'm developing a new, marketable skill in my time here.”

“Three, if you count cleaning services and sucking cock like a pro.”

“Is there high demand for cock-sucking butlers?”

“Crazy high. Especially in the circles I run in. Particularly, when the candidate is a cute blonde with a nice body.”

“You flatter me, Mistress.”

“Get used to it” she replied before downing the last of her drink.

Cassie and Kayden stared up at the stars for a time. It was eerily quiet aside from the occasional sounds of a dog barking in the distance.

“Kayden, you ever think about what it would be like to live forever?”

The former gymnast shrugged. “I guess. You see the idea explored in movies and shows like the *The Outer Limits*, so it's hard not to, occasionally.”

“Have you ever thought about it seriously, though? Whether you'd want to live forever or not?”

“It's not something I've given a **lot** of thought to. I guess it would depend on the conditions.”

“I don't mean permanent invincibility. Like nothing would be able to kill you and you're just floating in space, still alive, after the Earth explodes. I mean, potentially, an infinitely long lifespan. You could still be killed, but failing that, you'd live forever.”

“In this hypothetical, are you immortal too?”

“Yes” she answered plainly.

“Well, if I get to spend forever with you, that sounds lovely.”

Cassie turned to find Kayden gazing at her with a beaming smile. Her heart melted. Small patches of deep red entered her normally pale-white complexion.

“Good answer, slave.”

She rose from her chair and reached out to Kayden. "C'mon, let's head back in. Don't want you catching a cold."

The young man took her hand and followed her inside eagerly. As soon as the large glass door slid shut, they were all over each other. Cassandra's hands flowed over Kayden's back and sides as she leaned in for a deep, hungry kiss. His hands found her buxom bottom, squeezing her ass cheeks gently as their tongues slid back and forth.

"This... should warm you up" she spoke between probing pecks and long, luscious dives into his mouth.

She pressed him back into the door and Kayden's body hit the thick glass pane with a dull thud. Between her aggressive advances and his back against the chilly portal, he was trapped between fire and ice. All their cares receded as they kissed passionately and groped each other with abandon. The longer it went on, the more prominently Cassie's hefty third leg tented in her tight jean pants.

When the flames of her libido had been stoked to roaring, Cassandra broke their kiss and stalked off. She proceeded to the center of the living room before turning and pointing to the floor.

"Lose your top. On your knees! Now!"

Kayden pulled the two layers of clothing over his head and tossed them aside as he closed the distance to his hung Goddess. As he disrobed, Cassie unbuckled her jeans and let them tumble down. Her satin panties followed, freeing her impressive cock. She stroked it hungrily, guiding it to its longest and thickest proportions as her sexual servant assumed the position.

Viscous pre oozed from Cassandra's glans. She enjoyed the view of her submissive's strong shoulders, sculpted chest and well-defined abs, below. Her fat scrotum swelled with abundant seed, ready to be unleashed. Kayden swallowed and clasped his hands behind his back as he took in Mistress's full, curvy glory and imposing erection.

Cassie stepped forward, still stroking her massive schwanz. Soon, it was close enough for Kayden to feel its warmth against his face. Her pungent aroma filled his nostrils as she brought herself to full mast with long, lewd strokes.

"Open up, slut. It's time for dessert."

Kayden opened his mouth gladly, extending his tongue in welcome. Cassandra placed her hands on his head and threaded her fingers through his short, wild hair. She took gentle hold of his blonde locks as she guided herself into his yielding mouth.

"Unnnngghhhhh..."

She moaned in satisfaction as her girthy member pierced his soft lips and sank into the satin warmth of his wide tongue and velvet cheeks. His suction began in earnest, massaging her thick, pulsing length as it plunged deeper into his moist, clingy cavern. Cassie's strong legs and insistent hips propelled her forward, pushing through his practiced mouth until her tip reached the entrance to his throat in one long, smooth thrust.

Cassandra wasted no time, backing out slightly and sliding her body back in. With each smooth action, her expansive erection came closer to full insertion in the hot, spongy depths of her oral slave. Her sizable scrotum swung back and forth, dangling in the cool air until it rested under Kayden's accommodating chin.

With growing excitement, the amorous Chosen halted in her motions. She tightened her grip on Kayden's hair and held him fast, hilding in his face. The young man muttered and gurgled around her fleshy rod, even as it continued to stiffen and swell in his packed mouth. Her sticky pre-cum drenched his tongue and dribbled down his throat as her anticipation built.

“Mmmmm! ...Good boy.”

Unable to wait another second, Cassandra entered a steady mouth-fucking cadence. Her hips pumped back and forth, guiding her straining, steely flesh in and out of the supple flower of his lips. He applied loving suction to every pulsing inch of Cassie's weighty length, moaning pleasurably with each depraved invasion. Her soft glans and the first few inches of Cassie's shaft slipped down into Kayden's tightest, wettest depths as the deep-throating began in earnest.

“Oh yeah! That's a good little **suck-slut**! Just like that, baby!”

As her face-fucking dragged on, Cassandra grew increasingly rough. She bucked into his mouth powerfully as her balls slapped Kayden's chin. She drove hard and fast, picking up the pace of her thrusts until she was on the brink of coming. Then, each time, she would slow down and allow her superior sexual stamina to assert herself. She relaxed her pace and her loins calmed, allowing her to extend the increasingly sloppy session of deep-throating far longer than any male could manage.

“You want Mommy's yummy nectar, don't you?” she asked, gazing down at him haughtily.

“*Mppggllllmmmm!!!*”

“Yeah, I know you do... But you have to earn it. There's no such thing as a *quickie* in this relationship. You're going to **gag** long and hard before you enjoy my treat. **Every time**! You don't mind, do you?”

“Nppphhhgmmm!”

“I didn't think so. Not that it would matter if you did...”

Cassandra launched into her next series of harsh pummeling thrusts. Her head leaned back as she let out a deep, breathy bellow of ecstatic pleasure. The abundant slurping and air-starved retches came frequently as Kayden worshiped her pistoning phallus and endured her supernatural hunger for extended face-fucking.

Saliva and pre-cum formed a frothy mixture in his maw, leaking to the floor in thick strands between her aggressive fucks. Kayden sucked for all he was worth and took deep breaths through his nose during the brief periods he wasn't clogged with phlegm and cock. He was grateful for the living room rug cushioning his knees and shins as Cassandra railed his mouth long into the evening.

* * * * *

It was a rare, sunny day in Tumwater as Viktor leaned against the outer wall of the defunct gas station. The facility had been abandoned long ago, leaving nothing but empty gas tanks, rusting pumps and a crumbling building that used to sell soda, newspapers and cheap snacks. What was left of its sign hung by a single corroded chain, twisting and creaking in the breeze. Its face was so eroded that you couldn't make out more than a few letters of the place's old title. Ernie's Gas something? Ernest's? The name was lost to time.

Viktor's wide, black drifter hat kept the sun off his face as he reposed and waited. His patience was growing thin. He checked his watch every few minutes. His contacts were a half hour late, already. They weren't exactly the most reliable allies, if their tardiness was any indication. He planned to wait another thirty minutes, at most, before going back into town.

Finally, Viktor heard a rumble in the distance. He looked up and saw a car rushing toward his position at high speed. An orange Dodge Challenger with black racing stripes came screaming down the road, a cloud of dust billowing in its wake. It broke hard only just before reaching the gas station's entrance, pulling into the lot and screeching to a halt.

Viktor uncrossed his arms and pushed himself off the wall. He waited for the cloud of dust to settle and the passengers to exit the vehicle before marching forth. There were no immediate signs they were members of the Chosen and they matched the description he'd been given, so it seemed safe to proceed. Out of the car stepped a pair of hunters that looked like they'd arrived in the present age from completely different periods of history.

The man was slender, but well toned. 5'11 with a thin face and lanky build. His abundant dark brown hair was kept up and back by the red headband tied snugly around his forehead. His torso was cinched in a tight-fitting coat of hand-waxed, light brown leather. His black denim pants were harnessed with a utility belt carrying no less than eight different knives and daggers. He looked like a cross between *Han Solo* and a member of *The Warriors* street gang.

The young woman was striking both for her pale, sullen beauty and her many layers of leather dress. She was 5'5 at most, though the black duster atop her head made her look an inch or two taller than she normally would. Her hat and flowing, black leather trench coat contrasted starkly with her long, bleached-white hair. That, combined with the primer and foundation applied to her face, gave her an almost ghost-like visage.

A red scarf was wrapped around her neck, leading down to a tightly laced black leather bodice. Metal studs and unbuckled straps adorned her coat, jangling and clinking as she walked. Black leather gloves, matching glossy pants and knee-high boots completed her gothic cowgirl look. Her garb hid them well, but Viktor's trained eyes noticed the subtle creases formed by two firearms at her waist as she sauntered forward.

The veteran strode through the arid parking lot to meet them, carrying more armaments than the other two combined. Only the AR-15 slung over his back and some of the spare mags strapped to his belt were visible. Most of his weapons were hidden under the jacket and cloak that cast an even wider shadow than the young lady's.

“Well, well! We meet the legend, at last!” the male stranger offered with raised hands as the three

hunters converged. He slowed to a stop as he continued to size Viktor up. “Honestly, I thought you'd be bigger. The rumors said you were seven feet tall!”

“They also say I've got a ten inch dick and can't be killed. Imagine the disappointment of all my ex girlfriends.”

“Hah!” the smaller man laughed.

The young woman rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, that's a real shame about that one! Would be a more enjoyable life starring in smut flicks than taking down biters.”

“Not for me” Viktor said with a thin smile.

“Fair enough. Down to business!” The young man gestured to himself. “Kyle '*Blades of Death*' Anderson, at your service.” He waved to the girl at his side. “And this is the lovely Gwendolyn '*Deadeye*' Davis. A woman of few words, but you won't find a better shot with a pistol or crossbow!”

“Hi” the woman offered her simple greeting with a little wave.

“Viktor” the big man replied with a nod to them both.

“Oh, you don't have to tell us!” Kyle jumped back in. “Your reputation proceeds you! Sorry we're late, by the way. Our van broke down on the way and it took us forever to get a rental. We picked something fast to help make up the difference.”

“No worries.”

“I texted you that we were running behind, but I don't think you got it?”

“I don't carry my phone when I'm in the field. Might as well be carrying a tracking device on you.”

“You're worried that a bunch of blood suckers are gonna track you through your phone?” the young man looked puzzled.

“I've seen stranger things. That level of caution is why I'm still alive. I'd ask you to leave yours in the car before we discuss the operation.”

“It's all good. They're both back there, charging” he said, gesturing to the sports car.

“Good. What branch of the guild are you with?”

“Guild?” Kyle's brow scrunched. “Oh, we're not. We're under contract.”

Viktor's eyes shot open wide. “What? You're mercenaries?!?”

“Aye. Your church must be rolling in dough if they can afford our help!”

Unbelievable. The fools running what was left of the diocese wouldn't fund the guild properly, but they would pay a premium to hire killers. That was the way of things, these days. It was part of the reason Viktor had chosen to retire. There was no foresight or planning for the future. Just doing the bare minimum and hiring extra help when it was desperately needed. The Vatican was nothing but a giant corporation now, with all the myopic, self destructive behaviors that entailed.

"I hope you two know what you signed up for. You're gonna need more firepower than what you're carrying. That's for sure."

"Don't worry, mate. Most of our kit's in the car. We've killed our fair share of ghouls. Ain't that right, Gwendy?"

"More than our share" she added before brushing her wave of silky white hair aside. "We were told there's a nest here?"

"Big one" Viktor confirmed. "At a large compound and sex dungeon on the other side of town. It's in the middle of nowhere, so we shouldn't have to worry about complications, at least."

"How many?" Kyle asked with a suddenly serious tone.

"Hard to say. There was a couple hundred when I scouted it, but that was during a big bash. A mix of biters and humans. They throw parties to draw in new blood all the time. During a regular day, I'd estimate there's forty to fifty between management, clients and security. But that's just going by the number of vehicles. There could be more living inside who don't leave often."

"Jesus..." Gwendolyn muttered in exasperation.

"Told ya we shoulda asked for more" Kyle quipped. He glanced at her and shrugged before turning back to Viktor. "Do we have floor plans?"

"I got a buddy who's helping track them down. A place that expensive must've been designed by a major firm. We should have them soon. Then we can plan our attack and move in."

"Any elders to worry about?" Gwen spoke up. "Or is this a bunch of young fangs?"

"I'm pretty sure the owner is one, but don't worry. I'll deal with her. You're just here to provide support."

"Lovely! Sounds like it could be a bloody good time!" Kyle exclaimed as he rubbed his hands together. "Or maybe our imminent deaths!"

Viktor turned to Gwen. "Is he always this dramatic?"

"Unfortunately" she replied with dry snark.

"Gwendy, this must be unusual for you! Meeting someone who can match you for stoicism. Perhaps you and our new friend could sit in a dark corner and brood together?"

"Maybe I will. I'd use your face as my fucking chair, just to shut you up for a while."

“Oh, to be threatened with a good time!” Kyle clutched his chest and put on his best look of feigned horror. “Fine. Assail me with your slings and arrows! I'm used to it. That's the cross I bear for being the life of the party! Since introductions are out of the way, Viktor, would you care to join us for some dinner and a pint? Gwen and I haven't eaten since dawn. We could swap war stories. Also, I'd love to hear about these old flames who want you dead!”

The veteran chuckled and finally let his guard down. Viktor was never enthused to work with non-guild hunters, but the odd couple was growing on him.

“Sure. Why not?”

* * * * *

Sadie's heels echoed off the walls of the Sanctum as she advanced through the halls of her home. Today, she'd opted to give her body a break from the cling of leather and latex. As much as she enjoyed fetish clothing, it was nice to let her skin breathe from time to time and feel the snug embrace of silk and satin instead.

The black lace body stocking molded to her curves from neck to toe. Its intricate patterns were mesmerizing, allowing just enough of her natural, pale skin tone to seep through its wavy dark lines and floral swirls. A corset of red satin was tightened around her waist, pushing her silk-wrapped bust up to its most tempting contours. Her dark hair was left down, for a change, flowing around her head and shoulders as she strutted through the sanctum.

A crimson loincloth hung from her waist, barely concealing her sleeved phallus. Sadie's behemoth cock twitched in its soft, clingy grip. She simultaneously loved the sensations it bestowed and ached to be free of its silky confines to rut and conquer anew. A pair of simple, black high heels and a necklace showcasing five shining rubies rounded out her ensemble.

The Headmistress of the Crimson Tide sauntered past many wonderful sights and sounds on her way to the dungeon. There were two mundane cum dumps, sealed in black latex gimp suits and locked in pillories at the center of the main hall. A half dozen matriarchs had gathered to enjoy the pair of bound and ball-gagged males. They took turns pounding the slaves' asses while moans of passion and grunts of exertion cascaded through the cavernous room in a continuous stream.

A trip through the main lounge revealed several Chosen women drinking from the necks, wrists and thighs of muzzled, subordinate men. Many of them struggled, having been instructed by their Domme to fight back, but the outcome was a forgone conclusion. Chosen women, especially matriarchs, were always stronger. The wrestling was just for added spice. A bit of primal play only made slaking one's thirst with a collared blood bag that much more enjoyable.

Finally, upon entering the dungeon, Sadie found the woman at the front desk otherwise engaged. The woman's leather skirt was around her ankles, her eyes closed as her hips thrust fiercely and she shoved her fat length of cockmeat into the mouth of a kneeling slave. The collared cum-dump was nude aside from the handcuffs that locked his wrists behind his back.

The clacking of her heels against the concrete announced the arrival of the Headmistress. The woman behind the desk paused in her pleasurable mouth-fucking. Her expression shifted from vague annoyance at being interrupted to sudden, terrified realization when she saw it was their leader approaching.

“Lady Octavia!” She released the man's head and backed out of the slave's mouth with a wet slurp and sucking pop. “My apologies! I didn't-”

“You're fine” Sadie cut her off with a raised hand. “I'm here to check on Devin. Is he where I left him?”

“No. He's currently in play room number five. Two of our members are enjoying him right now. They should be done soon, though.”

“Very good. Carry on, dear.”

Sadie continued on her way, her heels echoing through the hall. After just a few steps, she heard the amorous desk clerk moan in fresh bliss as she sank her weighty schlong back in the boy-toy's mouth. In the past, Sadie might've reprimanded the woman, but it was hard to blame her. The administrative jobs were boring and it was impossible to manage so many cum-dump slaves without taking advantage of them now and then. Frankly, Sadie was just glad the assistant hadn't abandoned her post.

She arrived at the designated play room just in time to hear a woman wailing in full blown orgasm. Her thunderous screams of ecstasy masked Sadie's entry as she opened the door and closed it behind her.

There was Devin, floating in mid-air in the tight, multi-strap grasp of a sturdy suspension harness. He was blindfolded and cock-gagged. His upper body was wrapped in a leather straight jacket; his arms immobilized around his own chest. His bottom half was naked aside from the metal cock cage restricting his reddened, straining penis to a much smaller size than it wanted to be.

The first woman was balls deep in his gaping pucker, still crying out in climax as her purple latex curves quivered. Blasts of sticky semen charged down her sperm pipe and discharged into Devin's hovering, helpless form. Beside her stood another woman in full-body black leather. She held a large, rectangular spanking paddle and watched the spectacle with a smile as she waited for her turn to punish him.

Strands of thick cock-snot drizzled out of Devin's ass, seeping down the blonde woman's weighty balls and splattering to the ground. She held his hips and let out several guttural moans, shaking his body in the harness and milking her convulsing length with his warm, tight guts. When her powerful ejaculations ceased, she backed out and the trickle of semen turned into a stream. His pucker receded to a width that wasn't so painfully gaped, but it didn't stop the small river of white cream spurting from his obliterated rectum.

As soon as the first woman stepped back, the brunette in biker attire stepped up and brought her hefty paddle to bat.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

The wide, flat length of metal-studded leather blasted Devin's already blistered ass cheeks. With each blow, their red color intensified and another glob of thick, white custard erupted from his cum-packed

starfish. Devin groaned into his gag and wiggled in mid-air, fighting pointlessly against his straight jacket and the all-enveloping harness. That only made the women laugh and beat his ass harder.

The blonde picked up a paddle of her own and joined in the post-coital impact play. Devin's caged cock and vulnerable balls dangled below his hanging body. He waited in fear for one of their blows to land on his scrotum and add brutal pain to his dark, sweaty predicament.

Sadie watched their little show for a couple more minutes before announcing her presence with energetic applause. The startled women both turned on a dime, their eyes going wide as they realized who had joined them.

“Headmistress!”

“Lady Octavia!”

“Hello, girls. Having a good time, I see.”

“Very much so, Headmistress. Is there something we can do for you?”

“I need a word with the young buck, here. I hate to interrupt, but-”

“Not at all, Lady Octavia. We need to get going, anyway.”

“I appreciate it, ladies. Feel free to come back soon and play with him some more. He's going to be here for a long time, so you'll definitely get more cracks at him.”

The two lower-tier members of the Crimson Tide packed up their things hastily and moved to exit. They each bowed their heads and thanked the Red Countess before leaving her alone with her former head of security. Sadie strode to the center of the room and patted Devin's face twice before unstrapping the cock-gag from his mouth. He coughed and a slimy wad of congealed spittle slid to the ground, clearing his mouth to speak.

“Lady Octavia?!?”

“In the flesh.”

“Please, Mistress! Remove the blindfold. I can't see you.”

“Maybe I don't want you to see me.”

“Mistress?!?”

Sadie sighed. “You know, it's that kind of impudence that proves you need more correction. More time as a mundane cum dump...”

Reluctantly, she reached behind his head and untied the blindfold. Sadie cast it aside and stepped back, revealing her full silk and satin glory for him to see. Devin blinked a few times, re-focusing and adjusting to the bright overhead lights before he could appreciate her striking figure.

“Thank you, Mistress... I missed you greatly.”

“It's only been a few days, Devin. You act like this is a reunion.”

“A few days without you might as well be a lifetime, Lady Octavia.”

Sadie strolled to a bench along the wall and took a seat opposite the dangling bitch-boy. “Charming. But your silver tongue won't get you out of this. I meant what I said. You're going to be down here for a long while.”

“I live to serve! Of course. But Mistress... Perhaps I could split my time between here and the office? I can serve you in more ways than one!”

“Oh, no! You know our rules, Devin. You're either one or the other. A cum dump or a blood bag. And no mundane male gets to serve on my administrative staff. How could you even do your job when any woman in this place could pin you down and fuck you on a moment's notice? Every woman here has that right and we're not going to make an exception for you. Nor will I have a member of my security team walking around with a white collar, like some precious lamb safe from the wolves. No. You have only **one job** until your time to rejoin us comes. Pleasing our members.”

“And how long will that be?” he asked with resignation in his voice.

“I don't know... A year? Maybe two.”

“**A year?!?**”

“Maybe less if you behave yourself and I see a need arise.” Sadie stood and strolled back to the suspended slut. “Right now I need skilled cock-sucking bend-over boyfriends more than I need soldiers. Even after the incident with Mr. Blanchet, we're well stocked in that regard. The security team is doing just fine without you.”

Sadie held the cock-gag back up for him to see. “If you want to get back into my good graces, be a good pleasure slave. Make my girls happy! There's more of us all the time and, sadly, you boys aren't as durable.”

She brought the tip of the penis gag to Devin's lips and guided it inward.

“Wait! Mistress! **MMPPPHHHHH!!!**”

The Red Countess continued speaking as she strapped the gag back in place and tightened it. “Sometimes we drink a little too much blood or get too rough during our play. It happens! The matriarchs are careful, but not perfect.”

She grabbed Devin by the hair and raised his gaze to hers. “Let this be a reminder, Devin. You silly, slutty males are our **food** and our **toys**. Chosen and mundane alike.”

Sadie dropped his head just as quickly. She gave his bound form a shove, sending him twisting in the cool dungeon air. Devin muttered around his gag and squirmed in his bindings as he spun around, growing increasingly dizzy. He saw Sadie streak through his vision several times as he twirled

helplessly and she stalked around him.

Eventually, she grabbed the harness and brought his disorientation to a stop. Devin felt his ankles, calves and thighs shoved apart as Sadie's body encroached on his cum-caked, beaten bottom. She unclasped and discarded her loincloth without delay. A gasp of anticipation escaped her lips as she seized the cock sleeve and slid it off her rapidly hardening prick. She stroked her thick erection to full mast, it's length more than filling the semen-streaked crack of Devin's ass.

"I'm not usually one for *sloppy seconds*, but seeing you all tied up and dangling has got me excited. Plus, it's been a couple hours since I emptied my balls in Tristan. Looks like I'm the next customer you need to please, slave! Brace yourself."

* * * * *

Rosa awakened groggily, her consciousness re-sparking slowly but surely. She found herself back in her suite, alone in bed. It had undoubtedly been the longest and most restful sleep of her life. Sadie had warned her that would happen. How long had it been, exactly?

"Reynauld?" she called out, but there was no answer. Only the gentle whistle of an oscillating fan as it blew air around the dark room.

It all started rushing back to the forefront of Rosa's mind. The ascension ceremony. Her time alone in the chamber. She only vaguely recalled being brought back to her room and a few women helping her change. Then waking up a few times to gulp down some water or siphon a little blood from Reynauld. Each time, she fell right back into deep sleep.

With sudden clarity, she realized how badly she needed to urinate. Rosa slid off the bed, her feet hitting the ground with a dull thud. Her balance was different now. Her body was heavier, still, than after her first transformation, yet her step was now even lighter. She felt the strength of a Chosen matriarch crackling in every fiber of her muscles. She also felt the hefty weight of her new appendage, below.

She hurried to the bathroom, pulled up her nightgown and took hold of her cock for only the second time. It felt so odd, aiming the hefty club of flesh at the toilet and letting her piss flow through it. Odd, but also liberating after having to squat or sit on a bowl her entire life.

"I still can't believe it" she vocalized, despite the lack of anyone there to hear her. Why this change should be more surprising than becoming a blood drinking creature of the night was unknown to her, but it somehow felt even more surreal.

Rosa moved to the sink and inspected herself in the mirror. She didn't look any different on the surface, but she was keenly aware she could grasp the entire vanity and pull it out of the wall with relative ease if she so desired. Rosa now had physical power that exceeded not just ordinary humans, but all male Chosen. It felt strange and dangerous, but also **damn good**.

The front door opened in the distance. There was a brief pause before it closed again.

"Rosa?!?" came Reynauld's voice.

"I'm here!" she called from the bathroom.

She killed the light and walked out to greet him. Reynauld was carrying a gym bag. He'd been working out, but his clean clothes and the smell of aftershave indicated he'd washed up before returning. He looked sleek in his casual, short sleeve button down and tan chinos. The red collar that marked him as Rosa's property was snug around his neck.

"You're up!" he exclaimed with relief. "I was starting to wonder if my sleeping beauty was ever coming back."

"I told you I might be out for a while after the ceremony."

"Sure, but it's been three days. I was beginning to worry."

"Sorry about that. I wasn't sure exactly how long it would be."

"It's alright. I'm just glad you're okay."

"Okay? I feel better than I ever have in my life! Here, give me your hand!" She extended her own in the traditional invite to shake.

Reynauld's brow furrowed in curiosity. He stepped forward and clasped her hand gently.

"Squeeze your hardest" she instructed with a haughty grin.

"Are you sure?" he asked, concern seeping into his voice.

"Positive."

The former hunter tightened his grip around her hand. His already considerable strength was amplified by the supernatural might of the Chosen. Rosa didn't flinch. Reynauld continued ratcheting it up until he was holding nothing back. He winced from his own effort, then chuckled self-consciously when he realized he wasn't hurting her in the slightest.

"My turn" the young woman warned.

Rosa's grip tightened around Reynauld's palm like a vice and his eyes immediately went wide in alarm. There was an audible crunch as his bones, tendons and soft tissues were stressed to an extent they'd never been in his life.

"**Ahhhhh!**" he called out in a pained grimace. His teeth gritted as he pulled away.

The newly minted matriarch released him, not wishing to damage her prized man-slut.

"Holy shit!" he shouted, shaking his aching hand.

"That was, maybe, fifty percent" she bragged.

“I get it. You're stronger.”

“And that's not the only way I've changed” she spoke in her most seductive voice. She looked down the length of her body, through the valley of her cleavage to where her cock formed a bulge in the bottom of her nightgown. “You didn't happen to take a peek while I was out, did you?”

“I didn't need to. I could see it tenting in the covers each time you got hard. It seems matriarchs get nighttime erections too.”

“I'm not surprised, given the wonderful dreams I was having. Highly erotic...”

Rosa pulled up her nightgown again. This time she lifted it over her head and tossed it aside. She was left fully nude, her supple breasts remaining pert and well-presented without the support of a bra. Her natural bronze skin tone was a sight to behold, extending down to the massive member and weighty ball sack sprouting from where her pussy once was.

Reynauld got his second shock as he traced her curvy form down and beheld the impressive length and meaty girth of her girl cock. From the indentations in the covers, he'd suspected she might have a big one, but he'd never imagined anything like this. It was easily twice his size. Probably more. It was hard to tell as her big, brown bitch-breaker continued to twitch and grow before his very eyes.

Rosa placed her hands on her hips. She let him stare at it a while before breaking the spell it was casting on him. “Jealous?”

Reynauld lifted his gaze back to her eyes. He couldn't help but emit a nervous chuckle. “I'd be lying if I said no. I suspect any man would.”

The sultry Latina strode forth, closing in on her overwhelmed partner. She took gentle hold of him, grasping his ass with her left hand and running her right up and down his arm. “You don't need to be jealous. The only men who should be jealous are the ones who don't get to feel this cock up their slutty asses.”

Reynauld took a deep, anxious breath. “I... Yes, Mistress.”

“Hey. This changes nothing between us, right? I want you to tell me, right now, if you feel differently.”

As she leaned in closer and rubbed her soft curves against him, Reynauld's heartbeat intensified. A warm, pleasant glow settled on his body as she felt him up and down. His light blue eyes sank into the mire of her bubbling dark browns. Her intoxicating scent filled his nostrils. Rosa's fearsome phallus nudged up into Reynauld's crotch, pressing aggressively against his scrotum. Together, it all worked in concert, multiplying his desire to submit to this beautiful, hung Goddess.

“Of course not. You're an amazing woman who I've come to love deeply. And you're gorgeous! Now, more than ever.”

His words put Rosa at ease. She was worried even her Chosen-enhanced charms might not be able to overcome his initial apprehension; that she might need to employ her superior might to remind him of his role. But her fears had been misguided. Whether it was her pheromones doing the heavy lifting or Reynauld had always harbored some inner desire to be fucked down by his Mistress, the deep, abiding

lust was written plainly on his face.

She reached up and grabbed his chin as a wicked smile spread across her lips. “Well said, lover boy. Now get out of those clothes and get on the fucking bed!”

She nudged him toward the humongous bedframe and pile of disheveled blankets where she'd rested for the last three days. Ironically, she couldn't wait to get back there. Not to sleep, but to introduce Reynauld to his new life as a groaning butt slut. To drench the sheets and blankets in her thick seed. To make a wanton, sticky mess so incredible the slaves working the laundry would think they were cleaning up after an orgy.

Reynauld discarded his shoes and garments hastily, tossing them aside one by one. As he slid onto the bed, Rosa returned to the bathroom to fetch the complimentary bottle of lube that came with every room in the sanctum. After tonight, they would likely need another. On her way back to the main room, she fetched the leash for Reynauld's collar.

When she joined him on the bed, she immediately grabbed his arm and the back of his neck, shoving him into the desired position. “Face down, ass up! **On your knees, bitch!** A cock-hungry white boy like you should know better!” She brought the clasp of the leash to the O-ring on his collar and connected it with a single metallic clink.

Reynauld felt giddy as his face was mashed into the pillow. He yielded to her full control, gladly. Rosa tugged his leash in one hand as her other helped prop him up on his knees. Her dirty talk only added to his arousal, his penis stiffening with a sudden rush of excited blood.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Her palm blasted across his pale ass cheeks, lighting them up with splotches of deep red ache. She delivered at least two dozen blows before relenting and reaching for the lubricant. Rosa uncapped the bottle, shoved its end in Reynauld's virgin starfish and squeezed hard. The veteran hunter, who now had the well-toned body of a man in his late twenties, groaned as viscous goop flowed into his anus.

“**Fucking slut!** I bet you've been dying for this since the day they turned you! Watching all the matriarchs strut around with their big cocks. Wishing it was you getting bent over and fucked. Well, you're in luck, Reynauld! Mistress can take care of you properly, now. I'm gonna give you the full **bottom bitch** treatment you so richly deserve!”

Rosa pulled the bottle free and squirted the glossy lube over her titanic erection. She rubbed the sticky syrup up and down her column of light brown flesh. She settled behind him, lining up her straining fuck wand with his virgin pucker.

“Please, Mistress. Start slow.”

“Oh, don't worry, slave. I'll be gentle.... **At first.**”

She seized his hips and pushed forward, her fat glans burrowing into his soft, tight flower until the pressure grew too great and his flesh gave way. Reynauld grunted as her tip sank in, along with the first few inches of her meaty schwanz.

“**Mmmmpphhh!**”

“Mmmmmm...”

Rosa's mutter of blissful triumph followed as she felt her cock tunneling into a warm, tight ass for the first time. Her every nerve ending danced with joy. Rosa's eyes glazed over as she pushed forward. Four, five, six inches of her length slid deep and she damn near lost her mind.

“Oh fuck! **Yes!**”

The lube glistened and thwacked around her fat mocha rod as it continued to sink deeper. Reynauld bit his bottom lip and gripped the pillows around him as his Mistress packed him with as much cock as a virgin ass could take. Somewhere around the seven inch mark, she finally halted her advance and pulled back slightly, but the relief of her withdrawal was short lived. Rosa dug her fingers into his sides and shoved her cock home. Her slick rod plunged even deeper, drilling into the hot, moist, clingy heaven of deep anal penetration.

“**YES! YESSSS!!!**”

Before either of them knew what was happening, Rosa was fucking him in steady rhythm. Her hips drove back and forth greedily, filling him with more of her plump piston with each lustful thrust. Rosa's body began to buzz with the delirious high of deep-dick domination. Her breasts tingled as they bounced and shook. Blood rushed to the Chosen matriarch's every erogenous zone. Her breathing picked up sharply as her legs flexed and her hips flew. She began to see red as her craving for pleasure and the total capitulation of her slave grew.

SMACK

She gave his ass another crack before taking fresh hold of his flank and grunting like an animal.

“That's it! Take it! **TAKE IT, YOU BITCH!**”

“**Arrghhh!** ...Yes, Mistress!”

“You want this entire cock! **Don't you?!?**”

“Yes-” he admitted through gritted teeth.

“**THEN SAY IT!**”

SMACK

“Please, Mistress! Fill me with your cock!”

Her insertions grew loud and sloppy as lube slurped out between increasingly harsh fucks. Pre-cum and residual lubricant slid down her coasting cum pipe, coating her swinging scrotum with a sticky glaze. The lust-crazed Latina groaned and flared her nostrils as her thrusts grew more forceful.

“Oh, I will **slut!** Maybe not today, but we'll get there!”

Not satisfied with only man-handling him from behind, Rosa reached for the leash. She wound it in her hand and pulled it sternly, adding pressure to his collar as it tightened around Reynauld's neck. She removed just enough slack so that after each pounding fuck the leash tugged on his throat as she pulled back. The added pain and stress only egged Reynauld on. Soon, his hips were thrusting back the small amount he could manage in her grasp.

At some point in their long, increasingly zealous rutting, the sodomized submissive cried out in sudden orgasm. His prostate throbbed in rapture for the first time, sending waves of pleasure through his forced down frame that he didn't know was possible. His cock shot its load below, painting the bedspread with lines of silky nut. It was a respectable mess, but a paltry one compared to what was coming from his Mistress.

Rosa ignored his delirious muttering and went right on thrusting. She railed him savagely, yanked his leash, blistered his ass with her palm and dug her fingers into his hips until they nearly drew blood. Everything else in the world receded from Rosa's awareness except for her fat cock plunging into Reynauld's plundered portal. A Chosen matriarch's stamina was legendary and she was going to enjoy the long, thrilling ride to epic climax, even if her slave passed out in the process.

“YES!!! FUCK YES!!! MORE!!!”

* * * * *

Cassie opened her eyes and turned over, pulling the covers from her upper body. She looked to the digital clock on her nightstand and saw it was **4:00 AM** on the dot. The hour of the wolf. Precisely when she'd wanted to awaken.

Cassandra had always been good at that. She almost never needed an alarm to rise. She gave herself the mental suggestion of what time she wanted to awaken and she woke up naturally at that time. It was a weird skill to have. An even more unusual one to be proud of, given what else she was capable of, but it remained one of her favorite personal quirks.

She turned back and gazed at Kayden, sound asleep on the other side of the bed. His outline was perfectly visible in her night vision. His body pulsed with the rich, delicious nectar of life. She'd wanted to drink deeply of him for so long, but had settled for mere tastes, like at the party with Eula and Misaki. Cassandra had shown admirable restraint, but she couldn't keep it up forever. She'd go crazy trying.

Deep down, she wanted to wait as long as possible before making her sweet submissive one of them. Once a matriarch inflicted the first turning on a new Chosen, their first reversion to mundane wouldn't be far behind. Her kind could no more deny their need for wanton, kinky sex than they could ignore their blood lust. Not for long, anyway.

With the events now in motion, it didn't make sense to wait any longer. Kayden would have a hundred questions once her secret was out in the open. Trying to answer those questions during a crisis, such as being hunted, was a recipe for disaster. The time had come to let him go or go all in, and she sure as hell wasn't doing the former. She'd grown too attached.

Gathering up all her courage, she reached under the covers and glided her hand over Kayden's arm. She continued until it was sweeping over his chest, massaging him gently as his consciousness rose from the depths of sleep.

“Hey baby... Wake up. I need to ask you something.”

“Wha? ...Cassie? What time is it?”

“Sorry. I know it's early, but it's important.”

“What is?” he asked grumpily.

Cassandra threw off the covers, crept across the bed and stretched out directly over Kayden. Her bountiful breasts, holstered in a lacy, black bra, pressed into his chest. Her legs hooked under his and pushed outward, locking his lower body down.

“You meant what you said last night, right? About being with me forever?”

“I... Yeah. I mean, if such a thing were possible. What is this about?”

Her hands sought out Kayden's. Cassie's fingers curled into the spaces between his and pushed down. She guided his arms up and over his head until they were pressed against the headboard.

“Do you belong to me, forever?”

Realizing the gravity of the conversation, Kayden's tone shifted to total sincerity.

“Yes. Heart and mind. Body and soul. Forever.”

Cassandra's eyes glimmered with moisture in the darkness. The young man stared up at her with a mix of shock, fear and horny suspense. He had no idea what she was up to.

Cassie reached down and planted kisses from his upper chest to the top of his neckline. She licked him there, in the place where she'd removed his collar before bed. The taste of leather still lingered on his flesh.

“Thank you, Kayden. That means a lot to me. I need you, badly. Whatever happens next, you don't need to be afraid. I promise, you'll be fine.”

There was a panicked moment of silence where Kayden's eyes shot open wide and he realized that no amount of pushing back on Cassandra's limbs would get them to budge.

“.....Mistress?!?”

The juicy, piercing sounds of long teeth gouging into soft flesh crunched out as Cassie bit his neck fiercely. Kayden screamed and writhed in her iron grip, flailing helplessly as he learned that Cassandra's obsession with blood was no ordinary kink. She sucked and moaned, tasting deeply of the sweetest, finest blood she'd ever had the pleasure to ingest. The hot plasma flowed into her, triggering a

euphoric high unmatched in her long life.

Her cock stiffened hard and fast as she drank from Kayden's richest vein. Cassie's raging hard-on and hefty cum sack smothered her slave's inferior anatomy, burying his boxer-wrapped privates under a mountain of hot, seizing flesh. Her powerful calves and thighs held his legs apart easily as she continued to gorge, groan and shudder in orgasmic bliss.

Kayden yelled and struggled for as long as he could, but his efforts grew weak. The strength left his limbs and his awareness began to fade. The last thing he heard before passing out was the gurgling glee of his beloved Domina as she pressed deeper and took another longing suck.

Copyright © 2023 James Bondage. All rights reserved.