

## Insatiable

### Chapter 3 – Grim Tidings

“You **do** know what the word *retired* means, don't you Padre?”

Viktor removed his black, flat brimmed drifter hat and set it on the coffee table. He watched the priest bend down and fill two mugs with hot tea. He hadn't expected to see Father Enjami again so soon. It'd been just under two years since Viktor completed his service to the Holy See. The old man pouring their drinks had been a steward to him in the early days, before Viktor climbed the ranks and became one of the church's most prolific hunters. Now he found himself in the clergyman's humble quarters, meeting on an unspecified matter of urgent business.

Father Enjami righted himself and exhaled a dry laugh. “I haven't even said anything yet.”

“You don't need to” Viktor replied as he watched him stroll back to the kitchen and set the teapot aside. “It's written on your face. Who died this time?”

From a glance, Viktor was a creature seemingly composed of leather; a middle aged man of uncommon height at 6'2 with striking, stony features. His torso and upper thighs were wrapped in a long, black duster coat. A thick leather belt with shiny metal buckles marked where his stylish gray vest ended and his matching dress pants took over. At the v-neck opening of the vest, a white button-down shirt was revealed with a sleek, black tie gliding down its center.

Even his face had a leathery appearance. It was a creased mass of rough skin, toughened by years of exposure to the elements. Remarkably, he bore only a few light scars on his face and arms after all his encounters with the thirsty fiends of the night. His eyes were light blue orbs that gleamed in stark contrast to his tintless garb. A day's worth of black stubble marked his chin and shaved head.

Normally, Viktor would be wearing leather chaps, a chest and torso guard along with about fifteen different weapons strapped to his back, belt and limbs. On the really dangerous missions, he'd even wear a chainmail top or some other form of neck guard to prevent the biters from sneaking up and sinking in their fangs before he could react.

He was diligent, careful and skilled; all reasons he'd lived long enough to retire with a long list of prominent kills to his name. Viktor was, perhaps, the most hated human among the Chosen in this corner of the world, but the ones that knew of him had typically only heard his name in whispers. Very few biters had seen the man and lived to speak of him.

“We don't know if they're dead, but we got two missing in action.” Father Enjami folded his arms over his chest solemnly as he walked back into the living room. “Reynauld and a young woman named Rosa who joined us not long ago. They were looking for a nest. Seems they found a big one. I'm guessing they're either dead or turned.”

“Most likely” Viktor replied with a nod. “Where's the nest?”

The grandfatherly priest uncrossed his arms and walked to his desk. Viktor studied him as he shuffled through some papers. Enjami looked remarkably well for a man in his early seventies, but half a head of white hair and the veiny wrinkles below the eyes gave his age away. The thin priest wore the traditional black top, pants and shoes of his order, along with the signature white collar. His brown eyes sparkled with warmth and a quick-wittedness that belied his age.

Enjami resurfaced from the desk holding a printout. He strode to Viktor and handed him the flyer he'd downloaded and printed from the web.

"The Scarlet Sanctum" Viktor read from it. "Tumwater, Washington. A biter sex club, huh? Those are always fun. To raid, I mean."

"Not so much for Reynauld, apparently."

"You sent him to do this with a rookie?" Viktor asked incredulously before tossing it on the table.

"You know how things are. Never enough agents. We're starved for resources. The church's numbers dwindle along with its coffers. This war is not going well."

"Pffft, **war!**" Viktor took a long drink from his mug before setting it back down. "If there's still a war going on it's a cold one. And it's going to end the same way for us as it did for the Russkies. Total collapse, eventually."

"It's true, the Chosen have grown smarter under their new leadership. Their tactics have evolved. They're blending in better than they ever have. Sticking to the shadows and waiting us out."

"Right. There's no hot war anymore. That's why I retired."

"And how's that going for you?" Father Enjami asked with a knowing smile.

"Great!" Viktor exclaimed with a shrug and an unconvincing smirk. "I watch sports. I play cards. I visit family here and there. Been down to Pismo a few times..."

"Don't act like you don't miss it."

"Miss what? Almost getting killed or turned into a monster? Getting paid peanuts while the church denies my work even exists? Nah, can't say I miss that too much."

Father Enjami settled into the chair on the other side of the coffee table. A twinkle entered his eyes as his gaze settled on the hunter across from him. "You're not fooling anyone, Viktor. I can see you've stayed in shape. The clothes you're wearing are no tourist's. Why go to the trouble if you're not prepared to head back into the field?"

"I came prepared because an old friend asked me to, but I'm still waiting to hear a good reason why I should."

"Is an old friend asking not a good enough reason?"

The hunter sighed and leaned back into the sofa.

“Viktor, please... I need to know what happened to them. If it was an operation too big for Reynauld to take down, then-”

“There's someone pretty powerful, there” Viktor finished his sentence.

Enjami pointed at the flyer on the table. “The owner of this establishment, Ms. Ruthven, is almost definitely a matriarch. Possibly an ancient.”

“An ancient, huh?”

Sparks of anticipation lit up Viktor's eyes. An old fire was rekindled in the deepest part of his psyche. The siren song of a worthy foe called out to him. He studied the advertisement for the fetish den of sex and sin with renewed interest, saying nothing for a few moments.

“Alright, Padre. I'll investigate, on one condition.”

“Name it, my son.”

“You're going to put in a formal request to the cheapskates at the Vatican for more funding and manpower. If the diocese is denied, you'll retire as well, and we'll go down to Pismo Beach and have a few drinks after I stake these fucks.”

Father Enjami rose from his chair and extended his hand. Viktor rose with him and shook it firmly.

“Noble hunter, you have a deal.”

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Rosa's footsteps echoed through the dark hallway along with the man in gleaming black leather whom she followed. The stranger in the gimp suit was the only one who'd been courteous to her since she arrived in this strange place. She couldn't see most of his face thanks to the bondage hood, but he had kind eyes. The man was soft spoken and carried himself with confidence and quiet dignity. When he came to Rosa's cell and asked her to follow him, she found herself oddly unafraid for the first time in days.

Frenzied questions tore at Rosa's mind as they walked down long corridors filled with framed works of art, ornate chandeliers and expensive furniture. How long would it be until she was maddeningly thirsty again? What happened to Reynauld? What were they going to do with her? Her instincts told her to run, but she knew better than to try. She'd never make it out of this maze-like compound before being recaptured. Besides, it seemed likely that answers were just ahead. **Some** answers, at least.

Her abbreviated tour of the mansion came to an end as the man ahead of her slowed to a stop and opened a pair of large double doors. He stepped in and to the side before turning and waving Rosa through.

“Your guest, Mistress Sadie.”

Rosa turned the corner and walked into a lavishly decorated space. It looked like some bizarre combination of reading, receiving and throne room. The tall, wide chair at its center was fit for royalty. Red leather cushioning stuck out prominently from its sturdy frame of dark hardwood. It was situated well above the long table in front of it and a pair of visitor chairs below.

In addition to the endless rows of books, there was a fireplace on one side of the room and a work station of computer hardware with rows of monitors on the other. The room had few windows, all which were covered with thick drapes. A series of candles along the walls and a well-lit chandelier above provided all the light the room needed.

Sitting in the luxurious leather throne was the Headmistress of the house, decked out in shiny blue latex. The long, rubbery dress ran from her calves to her bust. A web of leather straps wrapped around her breasts and looped over her otherwise bare shoulders, holding the dress up elegantly. Her arms, likewise, were sunk into gleaming blue arm-gloves that ran all the way to mid-bicep. Her dark hair hung freely from her head in a silky, midnight wave.

The woman was engrossed, reading in the lofty chair. A thick gown of blue rubber drooped from her crossed legs, leading to her shiny black boots. Upon hearing them enter, she closed the tome and set it aside before rising from her esteemed perch.

“Excellent. Please, come in dear! Don't be shy.”

Rosa walked forward, passing reading tables and display cases housing artifacts that looked like they belonged in a museum. As she grew closer to the throne, Sadie's amber eyes came into focus. The woman placed her hands on her hips as she studied the approaching prisoner.

“Leave us, Tristan. We're going to have a chat, woman to woman.”

“Yes, Mistress” he replied before bowing and turning to exit. The large wooden doors closed behind him with a gentle thud.

Rosa felt completely inadequate, dressed in the same dirty clothes she'd been wearing for days. She gazed up at the rubber-wrapped vixen, her perfect curves outlined in vibrant latex. The rare golden color in Sadie's eyes glowed in the wake of the room's many ceiling lights. Whatever fear Tristan had relieved in Rosa, this woman was reviving without even trying.

“Please, have a seat” Sadie invited her. “We have much to discuss.”

“**Where's Reynauld?!?**” Rosa demanded, refusing to move an inch further until she got an answer.

Sadie's eyes narrowed briefly, but her expression softened as she studied the girl up and down. “The hunter lives. He is safe. You have my word. Now, sit.” She took her hands off her hips and pointed at the chairs below.

Rosa reluctantly walked to the seat. She slid into the armchair gingerly. Sadie offered her a thin smile before lowering herself back down onto the decadent throne.

“If you'd drank but a little longer, he would be dead. You showed admirable restraint, for your first time.”

Rosa's head spun as the memory came flooding back. Her voracious hunger. The giddiness tingling through her body as she tried to stave off the urge. Her will collapsing. The viciousness of her bite and the godly sweet taste as she drank hot, red vitality from the neck of her mentor. It was the most intense experience of her young life; as intoxicating as it was frightening.

“I could feel his heartbeat. Surging strongly at first, but then slowing to a whisper. I knew if I didn't stop...”

“You care for him, obviously, or you would've drained him dry. The hunger is not easy to control, especially during one's first feeding.”

“So, Reynauld. He's now...?”

“Mmmhmmm” Sadie replied with a nod and a smug grin.

Rosa closed her eyes and hung her head. She gripped the sides of the chair as the full realization of what she'd done took hold.

“Why not just kill us?” she asked through gritted teeth.

“You mean, like you were going to do **to me**? To us?”

Rosa's eyes opened as she looked back to Sadie. Tears trickled from them. The cruel woman was making it clear that Rosa could claim no high ground.

“Well, you would try to and fail” Sadie continued. “But it didn't have to be this way. I had no desire for this to escalate.”

“**You kidnapped me!**” she shot back bitterly.

Sadie leaned into her opulent seat as she gazed down at the angry waif. She spoke her next words with stern conviction. “The man who did that acted on his own. His instructions were to follow you and observe. He's been punished severely, and I'm not done with him yet.”

Rosa's eyes widened as she listened. Her words had the ring of truth, but she noted that Sadie had specifically **not** mentioned who it was that bit and turned her. Was it her attackers? Or had the woman now sitting above Rosa given the order? Perhaps even done it herself?

“I suspect you already know who I am, but introductions should come first. I am Sadie Octavia Ruthven, owner of the Scarlet Sanctum and Headmistress of the Crimson Tide. Your name is Rosa, is it not?”

Rosa nodded. “Rosa Morales.”

“A pleasure to meet you, dear. I'm sorry it had to be under such dire circumstances, but perhaps we can make the best of a bad situation.”

“What is it you want from us?”

“From **you**, I want only one thing. To give your new life a chance. You are one of the Chosen now. I know you've likely heard a thousand terrible things about our kind, but you've only heard one side of the story. I'd ask that you hear our side with an open mind.”

“And Reynauld?”

“His fate is sealed. He will be a servant of the sanctum, one way or another. If you stay, he could be your pet. If not, he will become one of mine. I always have room for another!” Sadie followed her last statement with a throaty chuckle.

“Why am I being given a choice, but not him?” Rosa asked with concern in her eyes.

“Well, for one thing, he's male” Sadie answered dismissively. She said it like it was the most natural thing in the world that men should have no freedom. “Beyond that, he's too dangerous to go free. You, on the other hand, are new to all this, unless I miss my guess.”

Rosa inhaled deeply. She didn't want to leave Reynauld behind, but if there was any chance of helping him, she had to escape. Would her old contacts even listen to her after this? Not likely. They would test her first; discover she was one of the Chosen and kill her.

“So, if I choose to leave, what then?”

Sadie shrugged. “That's for you to decide. You may return to your old life if you wish, but I think you'll find there is no going back. Not really. You will always thirst, for the rest of your days. Here, you may feed without guilt. Out there... Where will you find sustenance, if not the innocent? On top of that, you will be hunted by those you once called allies.”

The grim reality struck Rosa to the core. This was no choice at all. She could report her findings to the Holy See and die or endure as a Chosen under the Crimson Tide's tutelage. If she remained, she could at least look after Reynauld. Perhaps she could even find her brother, if he still lived.

Those were the primary factors, but not the only ones she had to consider. Rosa was less than confident that Sadie had been telling the truth in the final part of her little speech. Why would she let Rosa go and risk other hunters being drawn to her home? If Rosa declined, what was to stop Sadie from drinking every ounce of her blood and burying her remains somewhere on this massive compound? Nothing, that's what.

Rosa felt new strength and vitality flowing through her body since tearing into Reynauld's neck. Yet, there was no way she could challenge Sadie. No chance she would successfully fight off a powerful leader of the Chosen on her own. At least, not yet. If she stayed and bade her time; learned their ways, perhaps some day...

Possibilities or finality. Again, not much of a choice.

Her brown eyes shimmered with resignation, but within those glossy portals hid the slightest flicker of defiance. Rosa bowed her head and spoke the words she least wanted to. “Headmistress Sadie, I

humbly accept your offer. I will join the Crimson Tide, if you will have me.”

A single enthusiastic clap snapped out as Sadie grinned and rose from her seat. Her thick rubber clothing meshed with the premium leather as she slid off the throne. The folds of her latex skirt creaked as they shimmied around her legs. For a moment, Rosa thought she glimpsed a protrusion in the crotch of Sadie's outfit, but it disappeared just as quickly; obscured by the rippling fetish attire.

“Well said! I knew you were a smart one. Exactly the kind of woman I seek to bring into these hallowed halls. We need more like you to help run this ship and keep the men in line.”

Her boot heels clacked off the floor as Sadie descended the few steps from her royal chair. The imposing woman closed in on Rosa, her smile beaming.

“Thank you, Headmistress.”

“Just Sadie, my dear. You don't need to use my title all the time. You are no slave. I'll have Tristan prepare a room for you. In the meantime, let's get you out of those rags and find some clothing more befitting a woman of your charms.”

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Kayden's leather and metal adornments jingled as he walked down the hallway to Cassandra's office. He was naked aside from the leather collar lined with dangling metal O-rings and the steel cage that housed his flaccid manhood. That's the way Cassie had kept him so far, though he suspected it was mainly due to a lack of fetish clothing in his size. That would be rectified soon. Cassandra had ordered many outfits for him that would arrive by mail any day.

As he approached her den, the sounds of upbeat 80's pop rock grew louder. If there was one thing he'd learned about his gorgeous Domina thus far, it was that her musical tastes ranged greatly. She would often listen to classical music in the morning, a wide range of genres from pop to metal in the afternoon and usually jazz or easy listening at night, when they weren't fucking. When she was in the mood to rut and dominate, it was often club music or industrial rock in the background.

He ran a hand through his blonde locks, making himself more presentable before stepping into her office. His raven-haired Domina was sitting behind the desk, her dark eyes fixed on the monitor as her fingers typed away. Kayden strolled to the front of the desk and stood at attention, placing his hands behind his back. Cassandra ignored him at first, finishing her conversation over instant message while he stood in the background. Finally, she removed her hands from the keyboard and looked up.

“All done?”

“Yes, Mistress. Both bathrooms have been cleaned and are awaiting your inspection.”

“Good. I have more tasks for you, but first some news! I just got done chatting with my friend Misaki. We're on for tonight! You'll be entertaining her, myself and another friend of mine. We've been besties for a long time. While we're in Misaki's home, I expect you to obey and please them as diligently as you would me.”

A dark red blush entered Kayden's cheeks, accompanied by a flutter of anxiety. Keeping up with Cassandra's overwhelming appetites was difficult already. If her friends were anything like her, it was going to be a wild night.

“Yes, Mistress Cassie. It will be my pleasure.”

“There's a couple things you should know before we go tonight. Misaki, Eula and I have much in common. Do you recall seeing *blood play* on my list of kinks?”

“I do.”

“That's something we'll be indulging in tonight and you're the feast. Since this is your first time, I promise we'll keep it mild. Just a few nicks on your back so we can have a taste.”

Kayden chuckled. “I'm not worried. I trust you not to bleed me out.”

Cassandra smiled and leaned back in her leather lounge. Her eyes softened, pleased to see how open he was to the experience. “And that's not the only way we're similar. We're also much the same **down there**.” Cassie glanced down the length of her body before her eyes darted back to Kayden.

“...Oh!”

*'Holy shit!'*

A 'wild' evening may have been underselling it. Perhaps *air tight* was the more appropriate term.

Cassandra's grin grew devious. “You'll have a very small dinner tonight and we'll give you an enema before we leave. I want you clean as a whistle for my best friends. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Until then, you have more chores. In the garage you'll find a shop-vac. I want you to vacuum and dust the inside of both cars. It's been way too long since they were cleaned. When that's done, report back here. I have some boots that need polishing.”

“Is that all? Surely there's a ditch or two that needs digging.” Kayden retorted with a wink.

Cassie's brow furrowed as she cocked her head to the side. Sass. That was something she hadn't experienced from a bottom in a long time. Normally once her boy toys fell into the orbit of her supernatural charms they became habitually compliant. Submissive in the truest sense of the word.

Not Kayden. He was a bit of a brat; still clinging to some shred of playful autonomy despite having fallen prey to her dark beauty and his own youthful lust. It was a curious deviation from the norm and somewhat disquieting, but also a fun change of pace.

“You'll be punished for that later. Get to work, slut.”

“Yes, my Queen” he replied with a wide smile.



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The cool garage air greeted Kayden's bare skin as he closed the side door behind him. They'd entered this way the first night he came home with Cassie, but he'd been too fixated on his sultry date to take a good look around. As he walked into the spacious two-car garage, he scanned his surroundings.

He spotted the vacuum among a long series of shelves, work benches, storage bins and assorted supplies. Kayden's interest was piqued by one object, in particular, that stuck out like a sore thumb. There was a mini fridge on one of the benches plugged into a wall outlet.

Why would someone keep a mini fridge in a garage? Usually if you were going to store extra food or game from hunting and fishing you would want a full sized refrigerator or a large freezer. Unless it was kept in a place where one hung out often, a mini fridge didn't make sense. Curiosity got the best of Kayden.

He walked to the small appliance, grasped the handle and opened the door. As the light inside came on, the soft, white brightness gave way to a wave of crimson red.

*'Whoa...'*

Blood packets. Row after row of plasma neatly arranged in sealed plastic sleeves. It almost looked like the results of a blood drive, except none of them were marked with blood type. The packets were labeled only with a date; presumably the date they'd been drawn.

What could Cassie possibly need these for? Kayden wasn't aware of any medical condition where one needed to have fresh blood on hand at all times. Even if she had some blood disorder, it's not like she could give herself a transfusion.

*'Ohhhh... duh! This has something to do with her fetish.'*

It was the only explanation. But that didn't explain **where** she got the blood. It's not exactly something you could just run to the corner store and buy. Maybe she had a hook-up in the medical field? Still, it was pretty odd.

Kayden closed the door and headed for the shop-vac. His body was cooling down fast. The work would at least help him warm up.

*'Less snooping, more cleaning! Before you get in real trouble!'*

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The overhead light blazed to life. The sound of a rattling lock awoke Reynauld from his fitful slumber. The screech of metal on metal assaulted his ears. The unlatching of the cell door brought him back to full awareness of his fallen state. His wrists were shackled and chained to the wall behind him. They

were long chains, giving him some range of movement, but nowhere near long enough for him to get close to the door. Not that it would matter. He had no strength to resist in any meaningful way.

His eyes blinked, adjusting to the sudden luminescence as a man walked into his cell. No, not a man, one of the Chosen, but he didn't look like an ordinary Chosen. Normally they were pale as fuck. This guy had a palette of inflamed red flesh with scorched lines of black painted across his face. It would likely heal, in time, but he'd gotten some serious sun recently and not the fun kind. There was no fun kind for the Chosen.

The brown-haired lieutenant lifted three packets of bright red plasma. He displayed them to Reynauld before tossing them at his feet.

“Dinner's served, asshole.”

“Thank you kindly” Reynauld replied in deadpan fashion, punctuated by a cough. “But I'm not hungry.”

“The fuck you aren't. Your wounds healed, but you need to feed. You look like shit.”

Reynauld lifted one hand to his neck and felt for the two puncture wounds that were no longer there. He glanced up at the scarred henchman with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. “Look who's talking.”

“**Fuck you**, hunter swine! Or, I suppose I should say, **former** hunter.”

“Let me guess. You're the moron who grabbed Rosa? And the Red Queen wasn't pleased?”

“None of your business. If it was up to me we'd bleed you out and savor every drop, but Mistress Sadie wants you alive. You're unworthy of the honor, but you're one of the Chosen now.”

“That must really burn your ass. After I killed four of your buddies. They weren't the first, either.”

Devin ignored his taunts. “Good luck trying to endure the hunger. You can fight it for a while, but by the time I return, those packets will be empty. If they're empty because you stupidly poured them out, then you'll start to go feral. I wouldn't recommend it. It's a **very** unpleasant experience.”

His jailer turned to leave and Reynauld stretched out his hand.

“**Wait!** Rosa! Is she okay? What are you doing with her?”

Devin didn't turn back. He spoke over his shoulder as he strode from the room. “Live and find out.”

The heavy door re-latched. The lock was secured and the light blinked out, casting Reynauld back into darkness. Only it wasn't total black, as it should've been. It was a darkness unlike any he'd experienced before. He could still see. Not perfectly, but his new night vision gave him a clear outline of the room and everything in it. The blood packs sat before him, radiating a vibrant red color as they called out to him in the dark.

He turned his head, doing his best to ignore them. His chains rattled as he shifted on the ground, trying to find a comfortable position. There was none to be had. Not while the hunger plagued him. It was

growing worse by the hour.

Reynauld's body began to shake. His breath came heavier. The sweats descended on him as he hunkered in the dark. How long would he be able to hold out? Was there even a point to testing it?

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“The prisoner has been fed, Lady Octavia.”

“Worship my feet” Sadie replied, ignoring his report. She lounged in her office with only a fluffy white bathrobe around her body after a refreshing shower. Her feet were propped up on an ottoman as she leaned back in the plush leather recliner.

Devin stepped forward, dropped to his knees and immediately brought his lips to her wonderfully soft soles. He kissed and licked up and down, gliding his tongue all over her freshly washed feet. Devin slurped and tongued away, careful not to use his hands without permission. *Worship* implied oral service and nothing more.

“Mmmmmmm...” Sadie murmured in giddy pleasure as Devin went about his work. She reached into her bathrobe and began stroking herself below. Her weighty cock engorged quickly from the combined pleasure of her gliding hand and the skillful ministrations of her eager tongue slave.

“I could take you right now” she said breathlessly as her lurid masturbation continued. “Fill you with my seed and demote you back to a mundane cum dump.”

“If that is what you wish, Lady Octavia” he replied between sloppy licks and lip-smacking kisses. He suckled on her toes in between long, bathing swabs of his tongue up and down her tender flesh.

“But your atonement will have to wait. It would be more suitable if your transition was in service to the one you wronged.”

“What?!?” Devin's oral worship came to an abrupt halt. “You've decided already? She's to become a matriarch?”

“If all goes according to plan” Sadie responded with half-open eyes. The pleasure in her body was building rapidly as she strummed herself with long, smooth strokes. “You will sacrifice a portion of your life to her ascension. It's only fitting, don't you think?”

“Yes, Mistress Sadie” he answered earnestly, but with a hint of sadness in his voice. “If it is your command, I do it gladly.”

Sadie smiled. She would overlook his impertinent questions and the sudden cessation of his tongue bath in light of her heavy demands. The libidinous Domina dropped her pulsing appendage, pulled her feet from the ottoman and stood. With a flick of her arms and a shrug of her shoulders, her bathrobe fell away, landing on the seat.

The Headmistress of the Crimson Tide stepped forward, fisting her fearsome cock as Devin looked up

at her in awe. Sadie's flawless body was on full display. Her full, round breasts hung out prominently as her raging cum-pipe pointed directly at the young man on the floor.

She bent down, her stern gaze zooming in on her head of security. "Lick my ass, **slave**."

With that, she turned around and presented her fleshy cheeks to him. Sadie could feel the heat of his breath on her crack as he shimmied closer, bringing his mouth to her waiting derriere.

"You may touch my legs" she informed him, knowing he would perform better with something to hold onto.

Devin took gentle hold of her strong thighs and plunged his face into Sadie's succulent ass. He licked up and down with abandon, his nose and chin gliding through her globular cheeks. The eager ass-licker let out low, muffled moans as his tongue probed at her pucker. He rimmed her silky flower in between long, enthusiastic slurps between her perfect, peach toned buns.

Sadie seized her left breast and kneaded it with her free hand. Her right fist resumed its path up and down her fearsome erection, now slick with trickling natural lube. It grew harder by the second as Devin's tongue darted in and out of her hot, tight starfish. A long dollop of pre-cum slid from her glans, dangling to the floor in a spider's web of sticky filth.

"Oh yeah! **MORE!!! JUST LIKE THAT YOU FILTHY BITCH!!!**"

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From the driveway, it was a short jaunt up the steadily inclining foot path to the front door of Misaki's home. She lived in the middle of nowhere in a split-level house on several acres of private land. Either it was either relatively new or it had been kept in immaculate condition since it was built. The woodland surrounding the place left her estate invisible to her closest neighbors.

Cassandra strutted ahead, leading Kayden by a jingling chain leash. Her curves flexed in full-body black rubber, enticing him as they headed for what was likely to be the most intense sexual experience of his young life. For his part, Kayden was wearing dress shoes, a simple button-down shirt and a pair of dress pants belted at his waist. He didn't expect they'd be on for long. Below them, he wore nothing but the chastity device.

"Remember! Be on your best behavior" she reminded him as they approached the porch.

"Of course, Mistress" he said with a sly grin.

Moments after ringing the bell, the door opened and Kayden was introduced to a tower of satin and lace. Judging by the woman's dark skin, he guessed it wasn't Misaki.

"Eula! You got here first, huh?"

"Haha! Come on in!"

Upon stepping into the house and getting on equal footing, Kayden quickly realized just how big she was. If Cassie had an inch or two on him in her heeled boots, Eula had at least six. She was a large, fit woman with robust curves and well toned arms. Her short hair was wild, forming a thick layer of stylish locks around her oval face. Her lips were painted dark red and light blue shadow called attention to her hazel eyes. Eula scanned him up and down with an hungry gaze and slight smile, as if judging the quality of her next meal.

She wore a black satin and lace corset with matching gloves that slid up just past her elbows. Below, there was nothing but more lingerie; black satin panties with a thick bulge barely containing her flaccid penis and weighty balls. Fishnet stockings were tight around her buxom thighs. Garter belts traced her legs down into a pair of leather boots, tightened at the front with a long series of thick laces.

Eula was a black beauty clad in all black apparel. She oozed sex appeal and quiet confidence in equal measure. Based on her fashion choices, modesty and shyness were not traits she considered virtues.

Cassie looked from her best friend back to the young man at the end of her leash.

“Eula, say hello to my new pet, Kayden.”

She offered her hand and Kayden took it. He couldn't help a grimace as Eula gripped him with impressive physical strength.

“A pleasure” she said, her smile growing wider.

“Likewise” he replied with a nod. He tried his best not to look embarrassed or in pain, with limited success.

“Where's Misaki?”

“In the kitchen, making strawberry Daiquiris.”

Eula closed the front door and they advanced further into the well furnished country manor. There were heavy drapes installed above each set of windows. A series of esoteric modern art pieces were on display along with several vases and sculptures. The museum vibe stood out as a little unusual, but otherwise the place looked like it could belong to any upper middle class family.

The grinding of a blender grew louder as they approached the kitchen. The trio rounded the corner into a large room of white walls, metal appliances and granite countertops. Kayden was treated to the sight of yet another gorgeous woman.

Misaki was shorter than her two friends, but no less severe looking. A thin dress of red silk clung to her slim body from the spaghetti straps holding up her b-cups to the mid point of her pale thighs. She had jet black hair that trailed all the way down to her waist. Her shiny, black boots were the shortest of the trio, cutting off just below her knees. The bulge in her dress was less prominent than Eula's, but still quite visible.

Their hostess turned off the blender and rushed to greet Cassandra without delay. The two hugged and Kayden was given a second introduction. He shook Misaki's hand, grateful for her more gentle touch.

“Where's Greg?” Cassandra inquired. “Tied up somewhere?”

“Oh, I gave him the night off. He's in Olympia by now doing... whatever” she answered with a wave of her hand.

Cassie snickered and turned back to Kayden. “Looks like you're getting **all** the attention tonight” she said with a tug of his leash. “Hope you're prepared.”

“Yes, Mistress” he answered stoically with his arms behind his back.

“Ready for a drink?” Misaki asked as she moved back to the blender and finished preparing the fruit and alcohol laden slurry.

“Oh, **hell yes!** I'd love one before play time” Cassie chirped.

The blender spooled up again, grinding away at the rum, lemon, lime, ice, strawberries and spices. Kayden couldn't help but wonder if that's all it contained. Might there be another, more visceral, ingredient in there? It was hard not to speculate, now that he knew the unusual kink Cassie and her friends shared.

The noise ended and Misaki tore the cover off the glass container. She poured three drinks before looking back at the leashed slave boy.

“How bout you Kayden? Want one? It'll help loosen you up...”

“No, thank you. I'm plenty loose already.”

**\*SMACK\***

He got a brutal sting to the buttocks as Eula's wide palm blasted his left ass cheek.

“We'll see about that, sugar.”

The three dominants laughed as they took up their drinks. They took a few sips before heading into the living room to relax and chat. Kayden could only blush and follow his curvy captors to his doom.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Mmmmmm! **YES!!!** Use that tongue, slut!”

Kayden fellated Misaki's fat length as it glided into his mouth. He was trapped on a bondage bench between two thick, rutting cocks; going deeper into his well-packed holes with each passing moment. Pulsing techno beats ebbed in the background of the hostess's S&M themed basement. It wasn't a large dungeon, but it was well equipped. They'd secured him to the device in multiple ways, ensuring their spit-roast slut was fully immobilized.

Eula moaned in pleasure as she held his sides in her powerful grip. She slammed her body forward,

pressing more of her dark, fully engorged python into Kayden's gripping pucker. Pre-cum and lube slid from his velvety hole in between forceful thrusts of rock hard, girthy cock. Eula's massive scrotum rocked back and forth, churning with cream and aching with the need for release.

Metal bindings rattled and leather creaked as Kayden was jostled on the bench. His legs were held wide apart, forced open by the thick leather straps wrapped around his calves and thighs. Other long straps crossed over his waist and shoulders, tightening his body into the leather cushioning.

His arms, likewise, were bound to the outstretched arm rests. Kayden's hands were useless, covered in thick leather mitts that stuck out at Misaki's sides as she plowed his face. So tight were the leather holsters around his digits, he couldn't flex his fingers in their confines.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Kayden felt the many leather tendrils of the flogger snap across his back again. He'd lost count of how many times Mistress had flayed him from above. Cassandra watched him squirm and moan with giddy satisfaction. She relished the sight of her slave being filled with cock at both ends. As her friends fucked him without mercy, she brought wave after wave of stinging swats down across his body.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

His back was growing more red by the minute. Blood was rushing to the site of sensual trauma, ready to flow freely should the cellular wall break. And break it would, but not from her multi-threaded lash. When the moment was right, Cassandra's sterilized knife was ready. It would slice just deep enough to turn her bound toy into a drooling feast of sparkling crimson. It would spark a second helping of orgasmic bliss to follow directly on the heels of her friends first climax.

“**Goddamn** you're tight!” Eula called out with a fierce spank to Kayden's ass.

**\*SMACK\***

“I could fuck this blonde bitch boy all day!”

“His mouth's not bad either” Misaki cooed between smooth insertions in his wet, sucking cavern. “He needs practice, but he's not completely unskilled with his tongue.”

“I'll be sure to give him some pointers” Eula promised.

“**C'mon slut!** Open up that throat!” the dainty Asian demanded as she slapped the side of Kayden's face. She pressed forward with a cock that seemed way too big to be attached to such a slim body. His eyes widened as she tunneled in further, her fat scrotum coming ever closer to the young man's chin.

“Oh yeah! **It's time!**” Eula announced, taking Misaki's advance as a challenge. She forced her massive schlong deeper into Kayden's stretched sphincter. It's sheer girth dilated his insides to a new extreme, his warm, tight walls expanding to accommodate more of her colossal cum cannon.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Yet another round of vicious licks laced into his back from the many-corded whip. Eula waved

Cassandra off, ending the beating as she reached for Kayden's leash.

“Gimme this little pony's reigns!” she called out as the giant of a woman grabbed the leather cord and yanked on it sternly. Kayden's collar tightened around his neck at her behest, just as Misaki took a fresh grip of his blonde hair and shoved her cock balls-deep in his luscious, gagging tunnel.

Spittle and pre-cum ran from his bottom lip as the raven-haired Domme held herself deep in his throat. After a long spell of sputtering around her fully inserted fuck-stick, she backed out, but Kayden only got a quick breath through his gummy nostrils before she plowed back into his sloppy maw, pulling on his hair viciously. His mouth was awash in syrupy pre-cum and cock-flavored phlegm. The pungent mixture slid around his tongue, bathing the hot member packed into his face.

Eula continued pulling on his leash as she bottomed out in his ass. She sighed in contentment as her heavy balls came to a rest against Kayden's quivering sack, dwarfing his orbs with her own inflated cum factories.

Cassandra watched in awe as the twin beauties backed out and began rutting into Kayden ruthlessly. The women's cocks, now at their thickest and most needy, went tip to balls deep in his despoiled holes without relent. The dark-skinned Goddess, in particular, bucked into him with brutal force, sending Kayden's ass jiggling with painful slaps.

Misaki and Eula's moans came louder and much more frequent as their fucking picked up speed. The wet squelching and sloppy gagging sounds of true debauchery rose above the music in the background as their lustful fucking built to a crescendo.

“Get ready slut!”

**“TAKE IT BITCH!!!”**

Eula hilted in his captive body first and Kayden felt her firehose unload in his depths. Waves of hot, gelatinous spunk discharged into the farthest reaches of his bowels.

**“UUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!”**

Misaki's eyes rolled upward as her spit-drenched nutsack battered Kayden's chin. She thrust home particularly hard, burying her shaft between his stretched lips and past his dangling uvula. She dug her fingers into his blonde curls, tightening her grip as wads of hot slime flooded down her sperm channel and spat into Kayden's mouth and throat.

**“AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! FUUUCCCCCK!!!!!!!!!!”**

Kayden's arms and legs pulled uselessly on their bonds as streams of hot filth flooded into his body. Misaki's balls bulged and shrank against his chin as Eula's giant sack simply shuddered, feeding the bound slave her seemingly endless supply. Thick Chosen fem-cum drizzled from the seal of Kayden's pucker all over the floor. Misaki's seed flooded his nasal cavity and began seeping from his bottom lip as he murmured cum-garbled gibberish around her spewing phallus.

When their emissions were finally spent, both women pulled free from his clogged holes. A flood of jizzum leaked onto the basement floor at both ends. As Kayden gasped for breath and rested against his



leather and metal prison, Cassandra stepped forward.

**\*SLLLIITTTTCCHHH\***

**\*SLLLIITTTTCCHHH SLLLIITTTTCCHHH\***

Kayden felt fresh pain across his back. They were sharp, quick bites; dipping lightly into his flesh, but deep enough that he could feel a fresh rush of endorphins, even after his long, brutal ordeal. The heat of his own blood slid across his back, flowing across his flesh in thick rivulets of red life.

Cassandra wiped her knife clean and tossed it aside. All three women fell on him, grabbing him with their hands and lapping at his wounded back. Their tongues soaked up every speck of luscious crimson greedily. Each time another strand poured free, their lips and tongues followed; sucking, licking and kissing his bleeding flesh. Each of them fought their intense urge to sink their teeth in deep; to feel their full fangs extend and drink freely from the well instead of lapping at the stream.

The moaning, oral orgy lasted several minutes before the lustful Chosen stood, one by one. Misaki stepped aside and picked up the flogger Cassie had abandoned. She folded her arms below her bosom as she watched her amorous friends move into position.

Cassandra stalked to Kayden's ass, stroking her cock in lewd anticipation. Her erection stood out fiercely from her gleaming latex catsuit, the only part of her body that kissed cool air aside from her pale face. She looked down at her slave's savaged back passage, still leaking with Eula's sticky semen. Cassandra brought her tip to his filth packed pucker and thrust deep.

**“AHHHHHHH!!!!”**

Kayden grunted, panting as his Mistress entered him fully with no warning. She grabbed his hips and sank her latex fingers into his flesh, hammering her cock home with wild lust. A ribbon of cum spat from his trapped penis, trickling down the metal coils of his cock cage and joining the mess of sticky seed all over the basement floor.

The young man closed his eyes, moaning in forced orgasm until he felt a new source of heat encroaching on his lips. He looked up to find Eula holding her steely, spunk-slathered monster. She lined up her black behemoth with his cum-greased portal and gazed down at him impatiently.

**“Open those fucking dick pillows, slave! Clean my majestic cock!”**

She grabbed him by the hair and pressed her glans into his face. Kayden's jizz-splattered mouth yielded, his lips pursing into a supple ring of invitation. Eula chuckled at his acquiescence, happily doing the rest. Her slick, spongy head rammed through his soft folds, followed by a train of black, piping hot cock. Her fat member bulged back to its full girth as it slid down his semen glazed tongue to the back of Kayden's throat.

Cassandra moaned in bliss as she watched Eula go ass-to-mouth in her slutty pet. She'd never been this aroused in her life with the taste of Kayden's blood still on her tongue and his bound body being pummeled with a second lengthy spit-roasting. She closed her eyes, pumped her hips and lost herself in the rapture of unbridled ass fucking.

\* \* \* \* \*

## KINKSTERS

10:38 AM

**EverThirsting:** Hey girlfriend. How you doing?

**NubianGoddess:** A little stiff after last night's play, but otherwise fine.

**EverThirsting:** You had a good time?

**NubianGoddess:** I think it's safe to say we all did.

**EverThirsting:** You sure about that? lol...

**NubianGoddess:** He looked pretty happy to me.

**EverThirsting:** I'm kidding, of course. What do you think of Kayden?

**NubianGoddess:** He's cute. Seems nice. Why haven't you bound him yet?

**EverThirsting:** I'm hesitant to turn him. I'm taking my time with this one.

**NubianGoddess:** Ah, I get it. You prefer him as a cum dump.

**EverThirsting:** It's not just that. I like him. Also, there's something different about Kayden... I can't quite put my finger on it.

**NubianGoddess:** You're such a romantic. Completely hopeless.

**EverThirsting:** Oh, stop it! I've seen you fall for one or two! All lovey dovey and “mommy domme” with certain guys.

**NubianGoddess:** Only the ones that *\*really\** impress me.

**EverThirsting:** Right! And I find Kayden quite impressive.

**NubianGoddess:** Fine. I wish you and blondie all the best. The white picket fence, matching sweaters, the whole deal.

**EverThirsting:** Okay, but my eyes can only roll so hard.

**NubianGoddess:** What's the plan for Crimson Tide? Are we staying or leaving?

**EverThirsting:** Staying for now. I performed communion recently. The ancestors spoke. It's not time yet.

**NubianGoddess:** I'm glad you're willing to do that spooky shit, cause I'm not. You know what happened the only time I tried.

**EverThirsting:** It's not for everyone.

**NubianGoddess:** Damn right. So, I guess we're going to Sadie's next bash, then?

**EverThirsting:** I suppose so.

**NubianGoddess:** You can't keep ducking the Sanctum or she'll get suspicious.

**EverThirsting:** I know. We'll make an appearance.

**NubianGoddess:** Sweet. She may be twisted, but that bitch knows how to party!

**EverThirsting:** Are you sure you want to leave? You seem to like it there.

**NubianGoddess:** Where you go, I follow. We can do better. We'll have even more fun forming our own little conclave. And we can do it while being a lot less cruel. Well, a little less cruel... I like a little cruelty.

**EverThirsting:** Thanks, Eula.

**NubianGoddess:** No problem, girl. You learn anything else from the rite?

**EverThirsting:** Nothing that wasn't already obvious. When we do leave, Sadie's not gonna be happy.