

## Transcendent

### Chapter 3 – Larva

It was a murky, cool morning. The sun peeked through the cloud cover occasionally and cast the kitchen in orange and yellow light. Delilah was enjoying her usual breakfast, cherry flavored vape and a coffee. Sean was digging into a plate of bacon and toast. The radio on the kitchen counter was cranking out hits from the nineties. As another song began, the drum beats and guitar strums of the *Barenaked Ladies* filled the background.

*I.. met you... before the fall of Rome.  
And I... begged you... to let me take you home.  
You were wrong. I was right.  
You said goodbye. I said goodnight!  
Woo, woo, woo! IT'S ALL BEEN DONE!*

Sean studied the sultry goth across the table as she flipped through a magazine. Delilah beamed in between tokes on her pen and sips of black brew as she browsed through pages of Femdom fashion. It was during these quiet mornings together that she reminded him of Melissa. When she was excited or enjoying the power high of dominance, the resemblance wasn't there. But when she relaxed, Sean felt like he was back with his high school sweetheart.

*I... knew you... before the west was won.  
And I... heard you say, the past was much more fun.  
You go your way. I go mine.  
But, I'll see you next time!  
Woo, woo, woo! IT'S ALL BEEN DONE!*

He crunched into a piece of bacon and savored its flavor while shifting in his chair. Sean's leather clothing flexed and creaked around his body as he repositioned his legs below the kitchen table. The now-flexible fetishwear had become his permanent uniform. His collar, likewise, remained snug around his neck; a permanent fixture of his life since his second day in Chrysalis.

Sean was reminded of a line from *Fight Club*: *'You will wear leather clothes that last the rest of your life.'* Never in a million years did he think he'd be living in the portrait those words painted. It was doubtful he and Delilah would be hunting elk or climbing the Sears Tower any time soon, but at least one part of that strange prophecy had come true.

Come to think of it, how long had it been since he arrived? Two weeks? Three weeks? A month? Longer? Time was difficult to gauge in Chrysalis. Sean hadn't seen a single calendar since entering this place. Even clocks seemed rare. Then again, since so much of commerce and *business as usual* had broken down in this place, it made an odd kind of sense.

Their life, for however long they'd been together as Mistress and slave, had been a whirlwind of female domination and male submission. For Sean it was an epiphany. Chrysalis provided a boot camp of

sexual discovery, experimentation and hedonistic debauchery. They ate. They slept. They fucked. More specifically, Delilah fucked him with ever bigger strap-ons. She'd trained him in many other ways as well. Sean was now accustomed to wearing chastity devices and butt plugs as a matter of course.

They went to wild sex parties hosted by her friends. At times, Sean would be dominated by multiple women. At others, he'd be virtually ignored; human furniture as Delilah and her fellow Dommies focused on other subs in training.

That was life now. There was no work to be done and almost no worries to be had. Yet, no matter how many days passed like sands through the hourglass, Sean still looked over his shoulder and listened carefully for ominous sounds on the wind. He never wanted to be caught by another swarm of filthy creatures or confronted by that horrible monstrosity again. So far, he'd avoided further altercations.

“Mistress. A question, if I may?”

“Ask away.” Delilah looked up from her magazine and smiled before taking another sip of joe. Her good mood was evident.

“Do you remember why you came to Chrysalis?”

The black-haired beauty leaned back in her chair. “Hmmm... I don't recall what my reasoning was before I arrived. But once I'd been here a while, it became obvious. This is what I wanted. So, I left my old life behind.”

“And what is it you like about living here?”

Delilah shrugged. “Lots of things. Sure, it's run down, messy and even a little dangerous, but it's authentic. I am... who I want to be. I do what I want to do. Nobody who lives in Chrysalis answers to anyone else.”

Sean lifted an eyebrow in a clear pantomime of: *'Say what?'*

She chuckled before reaching over and grabbing hold of his leash. Delilah gave it a gentle tug and the collar pulled on Sean's neck. “Unless they want to” she added in her most alluring voice.

The leather clad submissive smiled back before reaching down and resuming his breakfast. “What's on the agenda today, Mistress?” he asked before biting into a piece of toast.

“We're going to an event tonight. The biggest since you've been here. I'd tell you the name of the club, but I don't want to spoil the surprise.”

“There's a club still operating in Chrysalis?”

“Of course. We make time for what's important to us. Priorities.”

Sean nodded. He didn't need to ask what type of club it was. Dancing was not the primary motivation of the people in this town.

“I want to look my best, so I'll be browsing new outfits this afternoon. While I'm doing that, you can

handle the chores. We need food, so you'll make a trip to the market. After that, you can pick up my things at the laundromat.”

“Yes, Mistress.” As Sean finished the last of his bacon, a sudden realization flashed through his mind. He swallowed down the last couple bites before speaking again. “Oh, that's right... I have an appointment today.”

“Dr. Solomon?” she asked.

“Yes, at our usual time. One o'clock.”

“Good. You'll do that first. It's important you keep up with that.”

Sean had no intention of ending his visits, but he had his own reasons for seeing Dr. Lena. He wondered what Delilah meant by that. “Why is it important, Mistress?”

She took a long drag from her vape and exhaled a wispy, cherry cloud before responding. Delilah's demeanor grew serious. “I've seen what happens to those who don't. Chrysalis isn't kind to people who don't work through their shit. Sometimes they're found dead in the streets.”

Sean's eyes widened as a chill went down his spine. He folded his arms over his glossy black vest and body harness.

“But at least with them, there's closure” Delilah continued. “The rest are never found.”

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Leather. Never had the taste been so heavy on Sean's tongue. The scent of leather filled his nostrils. He opened hazy eyes to find his nose and tongue pressed against a tall, shiny black boot. His other senses returned. Raw knees digging into the floor. Stiff arms bound tightly behind his back. He flexed them and the thick, unforgiving leather of an arm-binder held him fast.

Sean looked up and found a smiling Dr. Solomon leaning forward and gazing down at him. Her brunette hair was pulled up and back into a high ponytail. Her glasses were portals to the deepest green eyes he'd ever seen. As he gazed into them and clarity returned to his mind, Sean experienced a flash of *deja vu*.

*'Miss Cunningham?'*

Yes. Seeing Lena, from this angle for the first time, it was clear. She looked strikingly like Sean's third grade teacher. Ms. Cunningham had been an excellent, if stern, instructor. She brooked no nonsense from her students; especially the boys. Her temper tantrums and ruler-slapping outbursts were the stuff of legend. The kind of thing that would get a teacher fired these days.

“Welcome back. I must say, you're quite good at licking boots.” She pulled her glossy footwear, wet with his saliva, away from his drool-slathered mouth. “I wonder if that skill extends to other parts of the body?”

“What did you learn?” Sean asked impatiently as he fought off the remaining grogginess.

Lean's happy expression faded. She reached over to the end table and picked up her riding crop. She directed it downward and planted it just below Sean's chin. Lena lifted his face, directing his gaze up and demanding his attention.

“Oh no, no, no... That's **not** how this works. I am not a transcriber for your subconscious. I am here to guide you and help you make the discoveries on your own. The effect is much more powerful that way! The results, long lasting.”

No wonder Sean had smelled nothing but leather before waking up. She'd really gone crazy with it in her outfit and elsewhere. With the thigh high boots, black leather pants, leather corset, and arm-length leather gloves outlining her fit body. Dr. Lena wasn't the sultry librarian anymore. She looked like a proper Dominatrix this time.

Beyond the lavish leather costume was the leather chair she was sitting in and the leather couch not far away. Sean looked from side to side. There was more bondage furniture present than he remembered from before. Her office was looking more like a fetish dungeon with each visit.

Lena retracted her crop and lounged back in her chair. The supple sounds of leather rubbing on leather creaked and rippled as she shifted her body. She set her crop aside and adjusted her glasses.

Sean squirmed and grunted as his knees burned and his arms tensed in the tight leather prison behind him. He tried to shift his legs, but was stopped short by metal restraints. A clanking sound rattled behind him. He quickly realized his ankles were cuffed to a spreader bar and the end of the arm-binder was locked to it as firmly as his feet.

Dr. Lena ignored his discomfort. “How have you been feeling these last couple weeks?” she asked casually.

“Good” he replied with a nod. “I've enjoyed my time in Chrysalis.”

“Perhaps, but that's not the whole story, is it?”

Sean had to remember that he couldn't hide anything from the doctor. By the time they had these little chats, she'd already interrogated his psyche.

“No. I suppose I've been anxious at times as well.”

“Anxious about what?”

“Lots of things. That I still don't know what's going on. That I'm not sure if this is where I belong. That this could all vanish any second and I'd never be sure if it was a dream or a nightmare.”

“All perfectly natural concerns. But you haven't mentioned the biggest one.”

Sean paused and his neck flexed around his collar as he swallowed. He looked up at the dominant doctor and spoke from the heart. “That thing that attacked me. It's still out there, isn't it?”

“The stalker” she said in a nonchalant tone.

“**Stalker?**” he asked reflexively.

“That's what we call them. Almost everyone who arrives here has one.”

“What is it? What does it want?!?”

“It takes a different form for each individual. Its motivations can differ somewhat, but generally, they seek to block your way. To bring your journey to an early end.”

Sean looked to the side, ashamed to look in Dr. Lean's eyes. “It was terrifying.”

“Describe your stalker to me.”

His head lulled down and he sighed. Sean didn't want to think about the gruesome thing, but he knew it was necessary. He looked back up at the lounging doctor and his eyes and voice grew resolute. “A figure in black robes, carrying some kind of spiked hammer. It was huge. If it had a face, it was covered by a giant *Noh* mask.”

Lena's left eyebrow rose. She picked up her clipboard, unclipped her pen and started writing. “A *Noh* mask, you say? That's an awfully specific detail. What do you know of them?”

“They're a prop used in Japanese theater. Typically white with painted eyebrows; ghost-like. Though some are more colorful and demonic.”

“And where did you learn about them?”

“My parents had one since I was very young. They kept it in the family china cabinet. They were both theater buffs and it was a prized possession. I always thought it looked creepy as hell...”

The doctor scribbled away. “And what happened during your first encounter with the stalker?”

“It came after me viciously. If Officer Melinda hadn't shown up when she did, I might be dead.”

“Are you sure it was trying to kill you?”

“It seemed pretty intent” Sean answered in a grim voice.

Dr. Solomon set her clipboard aside before picking up her pocket watch from the table. “Well... I, for one, am glad you're still with us.” Lena held out her hand and the small golden watch dropped from her palm like a rock. It's shiny, gold chain jingled as it bounced into Sean's line of sight. She swung it back and forth, slowly, in front of his eyes.

“Thanks” he answered. His eyes followed the path of the metallic timepiece and his mind grew hazy again. His tense limbs relaxed, yielding to the metal and leather of his thorough, full-body bondage.

“We have some time left, so I'm going to do a bit more digging. You're **very** forthcoming with your

answers when you're in sub-space, Sean. But, of course, I have to get you there first. Let's put that naughty tongue of yours back to work..."

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A thick, musty smell overpowered Sean's nose as he walked into *Aisles Of Smiles* supermarket. It had to be the most ironically named store in the world, in its current state. Maybe it had been a happy, bustling grocery at some point, but now it looked like some kind of ghost galley.

There was a layer of dust and grime covering just about everything. The floor, the walls, the shelves and the checkout lanes were all smeared in filth. Only half the ceiling lights worked. Of the ones that remained operational, many flickered on and off, periodically casting sections of the store into darkness.

Beyond the uncleanliness, the place could best be described as ransacked. What existed on the shelves was some pitiful fraction of the products it was capable of holding. Aside from the faint buzzing of failing lights, you could hear a pin drop. Needless to say, there wasn't an employee in sight.

"HELLO?" Sean called out and his voice echoed through the store. He figured it was pointless, but it never hurt to check. "Clean up on aisle **all of them!**" he quipped to himself as he reached for a shopping cart. The sound of metal on metal screeched as he yanked it free from the long line of rusting trolleys.

As he pushed the cart through the store, the wheels squeaked loudly. It was obvious the carts hadn't been maintained properly. The wheels ground against their metal fasteners, slowing his progress and making him push it that much harder to advance himself through the aisles.

Sean wound his way up and down the lanes, stopping at the rare few spots that actually had groceries. He grabbed things that he and Delilah could use. He'd committed a thorough list of their needs to memory, but it seemed his choices would be dictated more by supply than demand. He hoped the store could provide at least half of the things they were running low on.

When he was halfway through the aisles, Sean felt his bladder swell. He abandoned the cart and walked the perimeter of the store until he found a sign pointing to the restrooms. A short, dimly lit hallway led him to the bathrooms and he turned into the men's room, ready to burst.

The sole urinal had an '*Out Of Order*' sign draped over it and was covered in strips of grimy duct tape. There were only two stalls and Sean entered the first one directly. The place smelled awful. He discovered why as soon as he got a look at the toilet. It was clogged with a mound of shit and giant wads of piss soaked toilet paper.

He didn't bother closing the door behind him before unbuckling his leather pants and pulling down the zipper. His caged dick was exposed to the cool air and he lifted the metallic device wrapped around his manhood carefully. Once he had it at the right angle, he let the stream rip and sighed in contentment as his bladder emptied.

A loud, rippling, echoing shit-fart blasted from the other side of the wall and Sean jumped, sending piss

spraying all over the place. Once the shock of someone else being in the bathroom with him had passed, he cursed under his breath and got his stream back under control.

“H-Hello?!?” he queried as the last of his urine drained into the disgusting bowl.

“**Heeeyyyy!** Fancy meetin you here!” a familiar voice chuckled from the other stall. Two puffs of cigar smoke floated up to the ceiling followed by a cough and a hack.

“Jim?!? I didn't think anyone else was in the store.”

“That makes two of us, kid! I was hoping you got the hell out of Dodge, by now. I see you didn't take my advice.”

Their voices echoed off the cold, filthy tiles and reinforced walls of the bathroom. The only other sound was the persistent drip of water from a leaky faucet.

“Yeah, I guess curiosity won out in the end.”

“You mean that thing that killed the cat?”

“Good thing I'm more of a dog.”

Jim laughed. “Yeah, I bet you're a good doggy. Probably being led around by one of those dames by now.”

“Delilah” Sean confirmed. He didn't care what the old fart thought about it.

“Delilah, huh? Pretty name. Bet she's some tattooed witch, though.”

Sean tucked his caged member away and zipped up his pants. “You know, for the town welcome wagon, you're a real **asshole**” he stated as he buckled up his belt.

A boisterous, snarling laugh hooted from the other side of the wall, followed by another gravy-spurting, flatulent fountain of shit. “**Ahhhhh...** That may be, kid, but I'll never steer ya wrong! The truth is often unpleasant. I'll say this much for ya. At least you're using the right bathroom.”

Sean pushed the stall door to the side, cringing as he stepped out. He caught a glimpse of more cigar smoke wafting over the metal embankment. The smoke combined with the stench from both stalls to form a hideous, overbearing odor.

“Maybe I'll use the ladies room next time just to piss you off.”

He strode past the cracked mirrors and leaking sinks, his footsteps echoing off the floor tiles.

“Go ahead, punk! **KEEP AT IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!**”

Sean exited the smelly restroom. Jim's laughter was cut off as the door swung closed.

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It was growing late in the afternoon as he approached the entrance to *Hyper Wash* laundromat. A heavy duffel bag filled with food and supplies weighed Sean down by its thick shoulder strap. He'd been lucky to find it near the back of the market with a display of camping gear. Without it, he would've had to push one of those rusty carts all the way home.

Sean walked up the few stonework steps to the door, seized the handle and proceeded in. Warm air and the loud hum of washers and dryers greeted him. He closed the door behind him and scanned the long, dingy room. It had two distinct rows of top-loading washers and front-loading dryers on either side. There was a series of tables and chairs down the center for any patrons that chose to wait on site.

The place looked as dirty and worn down as everything else in Chrysalis, but the machines were obviously in working order. The most surprising sight was the other men, seated or standing near the appliances as they waited for their loads to finish.

Other than Jim, Sean had only encountered other guys at the parties and private get-togethers he and Delilah attended. At those events, the men were busy obeying and pleasing the Dommies, so he hadn't gotten the chance to exchange more than pleasantries with any of them. It seemed like this might be his first opportunity to inquire how Chrysalis was treating its other male guests.

His enthusiasm faded somewhat as Sean made his way in and walked past the first patron. It was a guy in a full-body black gimp suit. The mouth hole was sealed with a zipper and locked tight. It seemed his Domme didn't want him chatting with anyone. The sitting gentleman glanced up at Sean briefly before returning to the book he was reading. It was a worn paperback copy of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Continuing down the aisle, Sean's hopes were dashed again. The second man he passed was standing by a washing machine. He was dressed in a pink tutu with matching panties and leggings. The short, slender young guy sported a pink headband with cat ears. Additionally, he had a pink rubber ball-gag strapped in his mouth; shiny with spittle. Sean offered him a nod as he walked by. The femboy bottom nodded back before turning away with quickly reddening cheeks.

Delilah told him their clothes would be waiting in the back left of the shop. As Sean closed in, he was pleased to see one man who's mouth wasn't impeded by any bondage toys. He was a tall, strapping gentleman with thick blonde hair and a day or two's worth of stubble on his face and neck. He was dressed in leather clothes similar to Sean's; standing with arms crossed as he waited for a dryer to finish its job.

"Hi there" Sean said as he walked by him.

The man turned and pleasant surprise lit up his features. "Oh, hey! Someone who can talk! That's a nice change. I'm Glen." He held out his hand eagerly.

"Sean" he responded with a nod as he shook the blonde's hand. He lifted the support strap off his shoulders and set the heavy duffel bag in one of the waiting chairs.

"You new around here?"



“Not completely. I've been here at least a couple weeks. Maybe a month? It's hard to know for sure” Sean answered with a contemplative look. “How about you?”

“A few months, best I can tell.”

Sean looked over the last few dryer units until he found the one with their clothes in it. It was mostly Delilah's stuff, of course. Aside from the undergarments, she rarely let him wear anything but his leather gear. Most of Sean's clothes were cleaned with spray polish and liquid conditioner, not soap and water. He opened the metal portal and began withdrawing clothes from it. He folded the articles one by one and packed them into the duffel as he talked with his leather clad contemporary.

“You have to wonder how a place like this operates in a town that's so depressed. Someone has to be doing maintenance on these machines, right?”

“I wouldn't spend a lot of time trying to figure out how this place works” Glen shot back. “It'll drive you mad.”

“You're probably right” Sean acknowledged with a chuckle. “Any tips for someone relatively new?”

“Yeah. Don't go up town unless you want to die.”

“Up town?” Sean asked, his interest piquing. “What's there?”

“I have no idea. My one attempt to find out almost got me killed.”

“....Stalker?” Sean asked hesitantly.

“Yeah” the man answered with a grim nod. Sean could tell he wasn't interested in going into details.

“What prompted you to try?”

“I met a real hottie in town one day. Said things were nicer on the north side. Told me I should meet her there. I don't know if that's for me, though. I feel pretty at home here. Doubt I'll try again.”

“Can't say I blame you” Sean responded as he packed the last few folded items into his bag. “Anything else I should know?”

“Be good to your Domme” Glen spoke thoughtfully. “It may seem like she rules the world, but she only rules yours. In many ways, they're still figuring it out. Discovering themselves, just like us.”

“Jesus, Glen! That's almost as heavy as my bag. I wasn't expecting life lessons at the laundromat. But thanks.”

The sturdy blonde laughed heartily. “No problem. I'm just glad to have someone to talk to for a change. You heading out?”

“Yup” Sean replied as he slung the now weightier duffel over his shoulder. “Mistress is taking me to some big event tonight, so I gotta get moving. Otherwise, I'd love to chat more.”

“It was nice to meet you. Be careful out there.”

“You too. See ya around.”

They shook hands again and Sean headed for the exit. He passed the gagged ballerina and the bookworm gimp without eye contact and exited onto the street. Sean looked up at the graying sky as thick cloud cover rolled in. The first wisps of light mist could be seen forming up and down the litter strewn road.

Sean shouldered his bag and took off at a quick march. As the town grew more ominous, he considered double-timing it home.

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Kiera slammed the accelerator on the cherry red Porsche 968. The already speeding vehicle surged ahead, its engine roaring as they cruised into the blackness. The high beams revealed road debris that crunched under its wheels. Shrouds of mist materialized in the bright light and blew apart in their wake. High tempo drum snares and thumping electronica beats pounded through the sport car's speakers as trance music flooded the interior.

It was the nicest car Sean had seen since coming to Chrysalis, but like everything else, it wasn't exactly in prime condition. The bright red chassis was marred with lines and patches of brown rust all over. The passenger side mirror was shattered and the front bumper was hanging on by wire and duct tape. Still, the 90's classic was in good enough condition to push a hundred miles an hour down a desolate city street.

Sean's heart rate ticked up as they rocketed down the boulevard at blistering speed. He would've grabbed the safety handle if there was one, but he and Kiera's slave were packed into the small backseat space of the sleek racer. Kiera bobbed her head in time with the beat as she drove. She'd dyed her hair black with streaks of neon green for the party. Her voluminous locks were done up in two thick pigtails. She was decked out in a combination of leather fetish gear and goth chick accessories.

Delilah turned in the passenger seat and checked on him. She grinned, evidently amused by Sean's discomfort. She looked stunning in the red rubber corset she'd chosen for the occasion. It was matched by long, red latex gloves that traced her arms from fingertips all the way to mid-bicep.

Everything above her rubber-hugged cleavage was bare aside from the two glossy shoulder straps that held the decadent outfit up. The top of her creamy thighs were also visible, traced only by latex garters that connected to the top of her long, tight, red thigh-high boots. She was a gleaming Goddess and Sean felt honored to wear her collar and be led around on a leash by such an exquisite beauty.

The young man sitting next to him was named Dan. He was almost naked apart from the leather speedo at his waist and the thick hood locked around his face. The latter garment meant that Sean couldn't tell what he looked like beyond his height and medium build. Curious about how much he knew, Sean leaned over and spoke above the engine's roar.

“You been to this club before?”

“Yeah, a few times. Place is wild!”

“Cool. This'll be my first.”

“Oh really? You're in for a treat, friend!”

Out of the corner of his eye, glowing neon blazed into being on the horizon. Sean turned and got his first look at the club in the distance. The flashing lights, obscure at first, grew more decipherable as the seconds wore on and they drew closer. By the time the vehicle slowed so they could pull into its massive parking lot, the building's features were clear.

The marquee sign at the front of the massive club featured the words **BALL BUSTER** in bright-yellow, neon lettering. To the left side of the club's name was a pair of testicles outlined in bright orange being repeatedly smashed by a fist from one side and a boot from the other. On the right side of the sign, the blue outline of a gimp slave's face showed his mouth opening and closing periodically; ostensibly in pleasure and pain.

Jets of flame shot out every few seconds on either side of the neon display. Likewise, smaller spurts of fire traced the front of the building and led up the steps to the giant dual-door entrance to the club. Sean's eyes grew wider the closer they got. It was, by far, the most impressive thing he'd seen in his time here. If there was one thing he could say for Chrysalis, it's that it never stopped surprising him.

As they pulled closer to the building, they passed groups of club goers who were standing outside and getting an early start on the fun. Dozens of Mistresses were drinking and chatting away, their leashed submissives standing nearby or waiting on hands and knees below.

A group of leather Domes on motorcycles cruised past the car as Kiera looked for a good parking spot. Many had men *riding bitch* on the backseat of their bikes. The women hooted and hollered as they revved their engines and collectively pulled into the area reserved for bikers.

The scene was a feast for eyes and ears the likes of which Sean had never witnessed. Kiera killed the music as they pulled into their parking spot. In the silence of the car, Sean could already hear industrial rock blaring from the club in the background. If the inside was half as crazy as the exterior, this was going to be an insane night indeed.

Kiera and Delilah exited the car eagerly. They flipped up the front seats and grabbed the leashes of their submissives, pulling them out from the back of the car. Sean stepped out into what looked like the entrance to hell. Yet the sights and sounds promised heaven within to the right kind of man. Delilah flipped her jet black hair to one side and offered him a toothy smile.

“C'mon slut. Tonight we're gonna **really** cut loose!”

Kiera and Delilah led the way as the four of them strolled toward the entrance. The Femdom duo waved and said hello to random friends along the way. The women complimented each other on their outfits and made lewd comments about the collared bitch boys in tow. As they grew closer to the gates, the fire was no longer just a visual spectacle. Sean could feel heat blasting at his side, threatening to singe his leather clothing if he got too close.

They walked through the front gates and directly into medieval settings. The lobby was fashioned after a castle dungeon, complete with jail cells, whipping posts and steel bondage rings lining the walls. A muscular giant of a woman in black leather eyed them and waved them through as soon as she recognized Delilah and Kiera. Sean's gaze was fixed to her as they strode past. She had to be almost seven feet tall.

As they proceeded further in, they came to a latex gimp strapped into a metal spanking bench. There was a big sign overhead that read: **BIRTHDAY BOY! FLOG AWAY!** There were several toy racks on either side of the bound submissive, available for any woman to use on her way in. Kiera and Delilah didn't skip the opportunity. They both seized a toy of their choosing and took half a dozen wacks at the man's exposed and already reddened bottom.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

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

The slave groaned and mumbled into his gag as he was pelted with two more rounds of blows. Another security Domme watched nearby, her arms crossed below her leather clad bust. She studied him and made sure the lucky bitch boy was alright to continue. Sean couldn't help but wonder how many spanks he'd already taken tonight and how many more he had to go.

Sean's leash received a fresh tug and he followed Delilah through the entrance to the club's main room. The pounding beats and wail of guitar grew louder the further they ventured in. On the main stage, a punk band was performing. They were an all-female group aside from a chained and gimped-up drummer who grounded their music with his glowing sticks and thumping rubber boot.

Lights flashed and colors swirled as they pushed their way through a mass of sweaty, fetish-clad humanity. The smells of alcohol, perfume, hair spray, latex, leather and perspiration mingled as the increasingly steamy air washed over them. The women on stage screamed and thrashed about as guitars wailed and giant speakers shook the club. Men in various states of undress danced in cages above, all locked into their performative metal housing until their Mistresses came to reclaim them.

The place was some bizarre combination of a modern sex club and feudal castle. The dungeon motif was consistent throughout with bondage furniture, metal leashing poles and wall rings popping up in every direction. There was even a hitching rail near the bar where a number of leather pony boys were tied up, presumably waiting for their Dommies to return.

Kiera said something to Delilah that Sean couldn't hear over the roar of the club. The excited Goth Domina headed off, pulling Dan behind her. Sean watched them stroll into the throngs of dancing, drinking, writhing club goers until his gaze was pulled away. Delilah tugged his leash until he was staring at his beautiful Mistress in red.

“Let's get some party favors!” she called over the booming Femdom bash.

“Alright!”

They wound their way through the crowd and headed to the bar together. The further they crept into the club, the more raucous the action grew. Sean was astonished to see men bound in wood and metal stockades being strapon-fucked in the open not far from the stage. Others were strapped to bondage

horses and were being whipped, paddled and flogged.

“You want a beer or a shot of something?” She asked over the deafening music.

“No. I'm good, thanks!”

“Fine, but you're not getting off that easy! It's time for a new experience!”

Sean grinned sheepishly. “Yes, Mistress!”

Delilah leaned over the bar and asked the tender for something. The man in the body harness and leather cap nodded to her before disappearing briefly. He returned moments later with a small bottle on a metal tray. Delilah took the bottle and thanked him before returning to Sean.

“Ok. Open your mouth and raise your tongue.”

As he obeyed, Delilah uncapped the bottle, pulled the dropper out and filled it with liquid. She brought it to his mouth and sprayed the cool substance below his tongue. It had hints of cinnamon, but was otherwise tasteless. Sean smacked his lips as it began to absorb into his body and trickle down his throat.

“That's it. Let it soak in. My turn!”

She refilled the dropper, opened her mouth and dosed herself. Delilah sighed in satisfaction before capping the bottle and pocketing the rest of it.

“Alright! Now for a tour of the club!”

She took hold of his leash again and led him back towards the entrance where stairs led upward on either side. As they started up to the second floor, a mild giddiness overtook Sean. The banter and laughs of the people they passed echoed in his ears. The colors of the environment began to blend together in trippy waves.

Soon they were walking down a long hallway and passing new dungeon areas where various Femdom activities were in full swing. The first was a room full of smother boxes where men lay prone on the ground, each being Queened. The women were garbed in various fetish attire and some wore almost nothing at all. The Dommies laughed as they ground their asses against each man's face and kept them buried in their flesh for as long as they pleased.

“Maybe we'll come back here later” Delilah spoke into his ear. She laughed in a demonic tone and pulled him along. The volume spiked in Sean's ears, startling him. He began perspiring heavily in his leather garments as they continued down the corridor.

The club grew darker the further they proceeded in. Light sources were less frequent and less bright with each dungeon cell they passed. A whipping room was next. Male slaves were chained to walls and each of them had streaks of red cascading down their backs. Some of them bled as they each took their beating from a stern Domina. Wicked laughter and taunting grew more common, the women taking perverse pleasure in the helpless state of the flayed.

Fear crept into Sean's psyche as they continued. The women they passed all turned and looked at him. Their gazes were increasingly severe. Sean looked away from each one, only to find another pair of pupils locked on his. The sound of men screaming in the background became prominent.

They made a left turn and another hallway stretched out before them. Sean gazed into its increasingly dark depths. It seemed to stretch on forever with only faint flickers of gleaming red and orange light illuminating faces down the hall. Sean hesitated and slowed his pace. Delilah yanked on the leash fiercely and scolded him, but she didn't turn around. A reverberating animal gruffness entered her voice.

**“MOVE IT, SLUT!!!”**

Small pairs of glowing red and yellow dots flickered into being, passing over Delilah's shoulders on either side. Sean became panicked when he realized they were eyes. Women's eyes. And the women studying him with those hellish gazes now sported horns, fangs and blackish webbing along their arms, legs and wagging, forked tails.

One hissed at Sean as he passed and bared her spiked teeth. Sean yelled and pulled back, but Delilah kept him in line, leading him down the hall of gnashing, wailing, writhing, laughing Succubi. She never once turned back to look at him. The walls and floors seemed to be moving now.

The next room they passed was full of slaves in leather and rubber sleep sacks. The demonic women were fucking their mouths and raking at their bound bodies with clawed hands. They turned, one by one, and looked at Sean; their eyes half closed in lust as they throat fucked their slaves. Were those strapon? Sean couldn't discern a harness on any of them in the flickering, faded light.

The groaning, grunting and screams of pleasure and pain grew loudest yet as they came upon a room of men hanging from the ceiling. The metal hooks dug deep into their flesh. The suspended slaves wailed as women with red and purple flesh pierced them with ever more hooks. They added weights to the chains hanging from the slaves nipples and dripped hot wax on their hanging bodies. The tortured men writhed in rattling chains. The laughing of the Dommies grew louder and more harsh in Sean's ears.

His eyes bulged and Sean's fight or flight instinct kicked in. He bolted backward and this time the force was enough to tear the leash from Delilah's hand. He fell on his back and looked up in horror as his beauty in red rubber turned. Her eyes were pools of pure black and she now bore the same hellish features as every other fiendish Domme.

**“WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?!?”** Her admonishment came out as half hiss and half guttural bark.

“I... What is this?!?” Sean asked as he slowly shimmied back on heels and elbows.

Delilah stalked forward. She uttered a sigh as she placed one taloned hand on her hip. **“GIVE ME A HAND WITH HIM, GIRLS!”**

Before Sean could react, the hands of two dozen women closed in on him from every side. They took hold of his arms, legs, neck, torso and every other part of his body they could latch onto.

**“WAIT!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH-MMMM!!!!!”**

A red hand closed over his mouth and his yells were muffled. Delilah gazed down at him with black eyes as he was lifted off the ground. Sean's vision swam as they continued down the corridor. His sensory experience spiraled into a haze of blurred colors, demonic laughs, hungry gropes and tortured moans as they carried him into the darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*slap slap\***

“Hey! You alright?”

Sean opened his eyes halfway. The sting to his cheek was light. His first realization was was being locked to a bondage bench. His wrist and ankle cuffs rattled as he pulled on the bindings. Then he discovered he'd been drooling all over himself. Finally, he turned his head and saw Mistress Delilah. It was the woman he knew, thank god.

“Wha happened?” he asked weakly.

“I think I might've given you too much for a first dose” she admitted as she bent over. “You were having a bad trip. Sorry about that.”

“Thaz okay...” he said. Sean flexed his hands as he found his bearings. They were back in the main hall. The stage was empty at the moment but there were people all around them chatting and enjoying themselves. Generic club music was playing in the background at a much lower volume than the band had been earlier. Sean found himself right in the middle of the proceedings.

“We decided it was best to strap you down until you came out of it. How are you feeling?”

Sean's body buzzed lightly with a warm giddiness. Whatever Delilah had given him, its more pleasant after effects were lingering.

“Pretty good, actually...” he said with an ironic chuckle.

“Thank goodness! So you don't mind if we hang? I could go find Kiera and we could leave now, but...”

“No, it's alright. I'm good. Really.”

Delilah put on a wide smile. “I'm glad, because a bunch of my friends are here and they can't wait to get a piece of you. You still game?”

Sean lifted his hands the scant millimeters he could in his cuffed and shackled condition. “As my Mistress commands...”

She winked at him before rising back to her full height. “I'll let them know.”

As Delilah strutted off, Sean watched crew members walk onto the stage and start setting up for the next act. As several sturdy, shining poles were erected on the platform, he realized how wrong he'd

been. It seemed dancing **was** going to be a main attraction after all.

He looked to his left and right and found other bound men being pegged, flogged and queened by various patrons. The Dommies who weren't enjoying pleasures of the flesh were sipping drinks, chatting and laughing as they watched the debauchery unfold. It wasn't long until Sean heard the sound of approaching high-heeled boots.

An Asian woman with shoulder length hair stepped into view. She was wrapped in yellow latex from her neck down and a massive, black strapon was secured in a harness around her waist. Her cock bobbed to a stop not far from Sean's mouth. The eager woman put her hands on her hips.

“So, you're Delilah's new pet, hmmm? I've heard a lot about you.”

“Hi” he replied with a small wave of his palm. It was the best he could manage with his limbs bound to the bench. “Nice to meet you...?”

“I'm out of lube, so you'd best get this ready the old fashion way” she announced as she shoved the rubbery end of her thick ten-incher to his lips. “Your ass will thank you later.”

Sean opened his mouth wide, partly because he knew Mistress Delilah would want him to and also because he hated the feeling of a strapon pressing against his teeth. Sean thought they'd at least share names before engaging, but it was evident the cat-suited Domme wasn't interested in a formal introduction.

**“MMMGGGHHMLLLLLLLLPPHHHHH!”**

She pressed it deep into his mouth as she stared down at him. The relatively small woman had surprisingly powerful hips. A wicked grin spread across her face. She murmured pleurably as she seized his hair with two rubberized hands and drilled her cock past his uvula.

Sean mumbled and slurped as the thick, rubber length plunged into his wet tunnel of flesh. It steamrolled his tongue to the bottom of his mouth and caused his cheeks to bulge as she filled his face with musty strapon cock. He didn't want to imagine how many times she'd already used the fat, slick length that night. He just hoped she'd cleaned it thoroughly before his turn.

As the Domina at his front built a steady, mouth-fucking rhythm, he felt his leather pants being unbuckled and yanked down. His skimpy, black, vinyl undergarment followed and soon there was a pair of hands kneading his ass cheeks freely.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Sean grunted as he felt two heavy wacks of a thick leather paddle fall on both ass cheeks. His arms and legs pulled on their bindings, but didn't move his strapped-down body an inch. The sudden, unannounced discipline combined with being fiercely face-fucked was an overwhelming combination.

His eyes grew watery as the Asian Mistress came closer to bottoming out in his throat. The shiny, black rubber scrotum hanging from the bottom of her massive toy grew ever closer to his chin. She curled her fingers in his hair and fed him rubber penis with strong, fluid thrusts. Sean's lips slid up and down the pungent pole, leaving trails of thick phlegm as wet gagging sounds escaped the tight seal of his mouth.



“Like the taste, bitch? Yeah, I bet you do. Not that it matters. You'll suck this cock all night if that's what I want. Lucky for you, I want your ass even more!”

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

Sean lurched in his bondage as a cat-o-nine-tails began belting his ass. It raked his naked bottom with leather cords as the woman at his front went balls deep in his mouth. She cackled in triumph, holding it deep in his throat as Sean's face grew increasingly red. She made him squirm, cough, and retch moistly around the foul length for a good fifteen seconds before finally stepping back and pulling the spit-coated length of latex from his warm, drooling mouth. The black-haired Dominatrix released his hair as her fearsome toy slurped free from his stretched lips.

“**AGGGHHHH!!!**” Sean's exasperated grunt was followed by a drooping head and a small river of spittle trailing to the floor.

The woman chuckled heartily as she stalked around to his rear. Sean could hear her chatting with whoever had been in charge of the spankings.

“All done with his mouth?”

“Mmmhmmm. He's all yours.”

“Awesome!”

As another woman stepped into view, he recognized her as one of the biker Dommies from earlier. The blonde in full-body leather turned and guided her ass back into Sean's face. She stopped just shy of his nose before shimmying her leather pants down and pulling her thong underwear to the side. When all he could see was two massive mounds of peach toned flesh, she resumed her backward momentum until Sean's face was buried in the depths of her cheeks.

“Get to work, slut!” she shouted as she reached back and seized his head.

Sean could barely make out her words over the club music and all the moaning and slapping in the background. The sounds of discipline and sexual excess were reaching a fever pitch as ever more club goers enjoyed themselves while waiting for the next show.

As he licked her crack up and down, he got a strong taste of the residual leather sweat that coated any biker's bottom. The blonde Domina moaned and shoved his face deeper into her darkness. As he slurped at her flesh with abandon, Sean felt the Asian woman seize his hips and plunge her massive, spit-lubed dong into his yielding starfish.

“That's it! Up and down! **TONGUE MY HOLE YOU FILTHY BITCH!**”

He focused on the puffy rim of her delicate flower, slipping his tongue past her pucker and into her warm cavern. The latex demoness at his rear opened him up at a demanding pace, spearing ever more rubber schlong between his beaten cheeks. Both women began moaning and bucking into him powerfully as the trio joined the rest of the club in a wild, ecstatic Femdom orgy.

Sean's entire world became the reception of fat silicone dick in his ever widening pucker and the pleasuring of whatever toy or hole was placed in front of him. Time warped into a delirious sexual haze as he was abused at both ends by a long series of Dommies. He slurped, sucked, licked, tongued and took anal poundings for what felt like forever. By the time his holes were left to rest, he'd serviced at least five more strap-ons, three more asses and two pussies.

He awoke on the bench for the second time, wondering where everyone had gone. Why was the fun suddenly over? Then he realized the room had darkened a second time. He looked up at the brightly lit stage and watched the curtain draw back as the second performance of the night began.

“Dominas and submissives, we have a special treat for you tonight! The **Uptown Girls** have decided to pay the Ball Buster a visit! Let's give them a warm welcome!”

*Uptown girl!  
She's been living in her uptown world!  
I bet she's never had a backstreet guy!  
I bet her momma never told her why!*

As the Billy Joel classic pounded through the speakers, women in latex bodysuits strutted onto the stage and took position at each of the large metal poles one by one. A round of applause went up from the crowd along with a few whistles from the male observers whose hands were free.

The performers all had professionally painted faces with ample coats of blush, eyeliner, mascara and thick, glossy lipstick. The fancy makeup stood out, even around the tight rubber masks that clung to their faces. Every showgirl wore a different color of immaculately shining rubber stretched around the totality of their thick curves.

As impressive as they were, their outfits aren't what stuck out the most. Each woman sported a girthy cock sprouting from her crotch and bulging into their pant legs that ranged from 'very large' to 'gargantuan' in length. A bright spotlight was fixed on each performer, highlighting the hung femmes in the otherwise dark club.

The last woman to emerge, clad in the same deep magenta latex he'd seen once before, was Sybil. She swaggered to center stage, her legs and hips pumping until she wrapped one arm around the center pole and struck a seductive pose.

Sean's mouth hung open as he studied the luscious beauty hovering over him. The color of her gleaming bodysuit was locked at the crossroads of red, pink and purple. It drew all eyes to it, diverting attention from the more traditional and exotic colors the other women brandished. There was just something about Sybil that was spell-binding. Sean couldn't pull his eyes from her.

He stared at the smiling Seductress at center stage until new movement arose from the corner of his eye. Sean turned and saw Delilah march to his side. The riding crop she held was tucked to the side as she folded her gloved arms below her bust.

The piano and horns of *Uptown Girl* faded away and there was a brief pause before another song began. It started as a chorus of thrashing guitars and quickly accelerated into a flurry of matching electronic beats. As the curvy, rubberized vixens began whirling and stalking around their poles, Sean looked to the side where the DJ was setup. The lights flashing above the turntables said **LEEDM101** –

## ANTI JESUS!

*YOUR OWN! PERSONAL! JESUS!!!  
SOMEONE TO HEAR YOUR PRAYERS!  
SOMEONE WHO CARES!*

It was a mashup of *Depeche Mode's 'Personal Jesus'* with some crazy hard-rock music providing backup. As the guitars wailed, the Uptown Girls swung, stomped and writhed around their poles in time with the slamming waves of electronic rock. They shook their hips, juted their asses and thrust their massive, rubberized busts outward as they danced around the poles gracefully.

*Feeling unknown and you're all alone.  
Flesh and bone by the telephone.  
Lift up the receiver! I'll make you a believer!*

*...REACH OUT! TOUCH FAITH!*

Sean's eyes didn't leave Sybil for the remainder of the ultra exotic performance. He traced every move of her luscious limbs as they danced to the song for several minutes. His gaze followed the tower of dark hair that sprouted from the back of her rubber mask and trailed her gyrating form. Delilah looked over at her bound slut and found him watching gleefully. Her expression soured.

*Take second best. Put me to the test!  
Things on your chest. You need to confess!  
I will deliver! You know I'm a forgiver!*

*...REACH OUT! TOUCH FAITH!*

Flames shot upward from the front of the stage as the song entered its crashing climax. The rubber Dommies slid and twirled down their poles, landing together in a loud slap of rubberized flesh on the stage as the song ended on a dime. A loud fireworks sound effect blasted through the speakers before the overhead lights flared back on. There was hearty applause from the crowd as the hard-breathing performers rose, perspiration sliding around their thick fetish costumes.

After the long round of cheering and clapping faded away, the club music returned to a normal volume and the patrons went back to their kinky revelry. The Uptown Girls walked down the stage and began milling with the rest of the crowd. Sean wasn't altogether surprised when the stunning Sybil made a beeline for him and Delilah.

They were both wearing heeled, thigh-high boots, but Sybil stood a few inches taller than his Mistress in red. The Goddess in magenta strode to the pair and put one hand on her hip.

“Hey, Sybil. Nice show” Delilah offered curtly.

“Thanks, hun. How you doing?”

“Good, thanks. I brought my new sub tonight. It's his first time” she said, pointing to Sean with her crop.

Sybil's smile grew sly as her gaze shifted to him. "Ah, yes. Look who's all tied up! I knew we'd meet again. It's Sean, right?"

"Yeah. Hi..." he said with a wide smile.

"You two have met?!?" Delilah's face drooped in shock.

"Just once in the street, by chance" Sybil answered smoothly. "Since you've put him up for public enjoyment tonight, you won't mind if I have a taste, right?"

Delilah folded her arms below her breasts a second time, tucking her crop under her arm. "If he consents, of course."

"I do" Sean answered with no hesitation.

Sybil sauntered up to the shackled bitch boy and ran a latex hand through his hair. Her smile matched his. "Well then... Let the fun begin."

As the rubber diva unzipped herself below, Delilah stormed off to one of the toy racks. She selected a strapon three inches longer than the biggest one she'd ever used on Sean and a harness sturdy enough to support its massive weight. By the time she got back to the duo, Sybil was already stroking her half-erect length of dark meat.

Delilah strapped the massive, black dong to her hips and made her way back to Sean's ass before some other Domme decided to take a turn. Sybil patted Sean's face with her oozing tip as Delilah pulled his ass cheeks apart and brought the glans of the giant rubber schlong to his now loosened pucker. It was a good thing he'd already been throttled tonight, or the colossal strapon may have proven too much.

"Open wide, Sean. Time for a new experience" Sybil announced before spearing her turgid length into his mouth.

Delilah's eyes flared in annoyance as she sank the end of her mega cock into the silky pucker of her waiting submissive. Sean tasted real cock for the first time, tinged though it was with rubbery sweat. Sybil glided into him easily. She took gentle hold of the sides of his head and began pumping her hips with enthusiasm.

Pre-cum spurted along Sean's tongue and was pushed to the back of his throat as Sybil's thickening member pressed on. She started with short strokes in and out of his lips as he grew accustomed to her heat and girth. Within minutes she was fucking in longer, harder thrusts, gliding two thirds of her massive monster deep in his hot, sucking maw.

Delilah sank the mammoth strapon deep in his bowels, pumping back and forth with vigor. She angled it slightly downward so it would caress his prostate in loving fashion. The building, giddy sensation sent Sean into a wave of deep euphoria. He murmured pleurably around Sybil's cock in between long, luscious sucks and worshipful tongue baths of her fleshy undercarriage. His hands and feet pulled on the leather and metal bindings in futility, his body searching in vain for an outlet for his excitement.

Sybil moaned in bliss as she sank her dark meat missile to the hilt and her fat scrotum touched Sean's chin for the first time. Her eyes took on a dream-like haze as her cock was bathed in the pure, warm

syrupey pleasure of the slut boy's mouth and throat. Sybil was pleased to find that a train of rubber dicks had cleared the runway and trained his throat to accept her considerable length with relative ease.

Delilah sank her fingers into Sean's flanks and re-doubled her efforts. She pounded his gaped asshole ever deeper, the fat schwanz dilating his pucker the furthest it had ever been stretched. He groaned around Sybil's cock as Delilah pounded him from behind. His phlegm and pre-cum packed mutterings felt like heaven around Sybil's twitching pole. She plowed into his mouth powerfully; a wave of frothy, white drool slipping from his packed lips with every thrust.

As their fucking intensified, Delilah and Sybil's eyes found each other. It turned into a staredown and their competition was plain for any onlookers to see. Sybil shifted her grip and took hold of Sean's hair, grabbing him harshly for the first time. She mashed her hips forward, bottoming out her bulging cock in his throat and bashing her fleshy cantaloupes into his chin with moist slaps.

“Gonna fill this fuck to the brim with cum and he's gonna love it! Bet he begs for more.”

Delilah speared the full length of her huge strapon into his stretched starfish. The rubber phallus plunged deeper into his innards than he'd ever felt in his life. Sean's prostate glowed and hummed with a desperate need for release. His climax hung on a razor's edge, even as his limp, caged dick swung below.

“We'll see who he's begging for more!” she replied through gritted teeth and panted breaths.

Sean's eyes opened to their widest as it became a contest to see who could fuck him harder at either end. He gagged helplessly around Sybil's veiny member, her girth expanding such that his jaw ached brutally and his neck swelled with the tip of her thrusting cock. Delilah zeroed in on his quivering bean, the humongous length of rubber dick strumming his anal pleasure button to the point where his sanity was threatening to snap.

The two fearsome Dominas rutted into the bound slave and continued to stare down the challenger to their dominance. Their hard, fast, sloppy spit-roast fucking continued for long minutes until the mounting pleasure in both of them caused closed eyes and out-of-control moans.

Sybil screamed in climax and buried herself deep in Sean's sucking mouth. A tidal wave of hot, sticky jizzum flooded from her tip, pausing only milliseconds between thick, ropy spurts of cum. Sean's body rattled on the bench, yanking on his bindings as his mouth and stomach were flooded with sticky semen.

Below, his trapped penis spurted its load all over the floor, the silky strands making a mess of his cock's coiled metal housing. The combination of rubbery, sweaty clitoral stimulation sent Delilah over the edge, her partner's forced orgasm only adding to her pleasure as she wailed in Femdom nirvana. The strength of the climax shocked her. Delilah's latex-locked body shuddered in prolonged pleasure as she watched Sybil feed her submissive an overwhelming load of hot, creamy filth.

By the time they pulled their cocks free from his soiled, blown-out holes, they'd made quite a mess of the club's front row. The trio looked from side to side as they came down from their delirious high, realizing there were now dozens of spectators to their unparalleled debauchery.

“Had enough?” Delilah asked, her gaze returning to the well hung Domina in rubber.

“Oh, I don't think so. I'll be ready for round two momentarily.”

The goth Domme in red ran a hand through her sweaty hair. “Works for me.”

They both circled around Sean on unsteady legs, their strength returning slowly as they recovered from their exertions. Within minutes, Sean was tasting his own ass from Mistress' thrusting strapon and Sybil was plunging her cum cannon balls deep in his aching ass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sean groaned. He felt the dull headache, brutally stiff limbs and the steady throb in his ass even before he opened his eyes. As he awoke and began to make sense of the world, he realized his head was lying on a table. He was surrounded by drained beer bottles, drug paraphernalia, emptied tumblers, half-smoked spliffs and bowls of leftover snacks.

He righted himself and it became clear he'd passed out at one of the tables near the bar. He was still in the club. His bones creaked as he turned himself around and looked about. The *Ball Buster* was cleared out. The floor was littered with used condoms, discarded sex toys, bodily fluids and other miscellaneous garbage. His gaze panned around the club, looking for any living soul.

“**Hello?!?**”

Alone again. Of course. It was always this way.

The mini torches lining the front of the stage flickered with low level flames. They drew Sean's eyes to the spot where Sybil had performed. Sitting at the base of her dance pole, he saw a gleaming object on the stage.

He rose and began trudging his way through the filth cluttered club. It was mostly dark, though stray daylight was peeking in through the few spots where the drapes along the windows allowed. The series of women he'd subbed too throughout the night had been such animals that his leather vest, pants and harness were cracked and cut in several places. His outfit was all but ruined. That was okay. He suspected he wouldn't need it for much longer.

He ambled his way up the stage's stairs on weary legs and his suspicions were soon confirmed. After making his way to center stage, a storage chest bearing the familiar seal awaited him. It was a little smaller than the previous chest. Interesting. He'd assumed they'd only get bigger with time.

Sean knelt down and unlatched the golden cocoon that sealed the metal trunk. It split apart and he lifted its lid slowly. Packed neatly into its rectangular shape was a black latex gimp suit. He lifted the heavy, rubbery garment from the unusual treasure chest and held it up. It was a full bodysuit, including hands, feet and a built-in hood. It was made from exceptionally thick rubber and had clearly been built to last.

He gazed back down into the box and found something else. Another collar laying atop a purple envelope. Sean took up the collar and studied it. It was an exquisite piece of leather and metal with inlaid gold. To the left of its sturdy locking mechanism was engraved the word '**COCK.**' On the other

side of the lock and O-ring 'SUCKER' was spelled out. The rest of its length was adorned with golden butterflies.

Sean set it aside and took up the envelope. He opened the regal looking stationary and pulled out a letter written in elegant script.

*'You can only serve one Mistress. You must choose.*

*Follow your desires. Find me uptown.*

*Face your fear and enter paradise.*

*I'm waiting.*

*- Mistress Sybil'*

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