

# Insatiable

## Chapter 1 – Under Her Spell

**Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.**

Time. The inexorable march forward. A precious commodity to most, though they rarely acted like it. A triviality to *the Chosen*, though they arguably spent more of their waking hours living in the moment. A paradox? Or just a cruel joke?

Did having time in abundance cheapen its value? That's how it worked for everything else. Scarcity determines value. If that were true, it would mean... No, time was different. No matter how much people imagined they had, they craved more. It was the one thing money couldn't buy and power couldn't seize.

Or rather, they pined for more until they grew old and frail. As their youth depleted and their faculties failed, it was understandable that the longing for more time ebbed. And that was the crux. How much more time would they desire if not for the specters of frailty, decay and irrelevance?

Cassandra had ruminated on this topic many times before and no doubt would again. She sipped her morning tea as she gazed out her living room window from the comfort of her leather sofa. It was a drab, overcast day, typical of Tumwater, Washington. A perfect day for her to go on a walk if she so desired. What *did* she desire? Cassie hadn't decided yet.

The slim, raven-haired beauty placed her mug on a coaster atop the coffee table. She took up her laptop, logged into her broker and checked her stocks. The market was up. She was wealthier today than she had been yesterday. And tomorrow she would likely be wealthier than she was today. Boring. Unworthy of her attention.

Cassie checked her news feeds. There was the usual political squabbling. A few minor conflicts among the various factions of *the mundane*. The outbreak of some new disease which would never threaten her. Nothing of great interest.

Perhaps this was a day for reading? There was always reading to be done. So much reading... It never ended. Occasionally it led to fascinating discoveries. The problem with ancient texts is that for each one with useful knowledge, there were nine hundred and ninety nine full of utter tripe. Each time you found a needle in the haystack you patted yourself on the back and began the search for the next one. It was necessary work if one wanted to advance in the fiendish underworld of which she was a part, but it had to be done in moderation. Otherwise, one would go mad.

Like all of her kind, Cassie was driven by her primal urges. Feasting and fucking ranked highest in her hierarchy of needs. In the old days, feasting would've placed a strong first. In modern times, the craving to rut and sexually conquer consumed her thoughts as thoroughly as she she dominated every man she got her hands on.

She could go to the Scarlet Sanctum, home of her clan, and have a few turns with whichever house slaves caught her interest. That's what she did most days. Mundane and Chosen males alike were abundant there, adorned in gleaming bondage and waiting to serve their betters. But that would also mean run-ins with her clan sisters and likely, Sadie, Headmistress of the Crimson Dawn.

That would lead to chit chat of fashion, banter of sexual exploits, invitations to dinner and oft rehashed arguments about the direction of their order. As much as she enjoyed the company of her contemporaries, Cassie had grown tired of the internal jockeying and bickering.

Besides, that was the easy path, If she was honest with herself, she'd taken it too often lately. It was time to get back to basics and find herself a new play-thing. Someone she could enjoy privately until she decided what use he would best serve. A personal servant and sex toy? Or more fodder for Sadie's Bordello? It was commonplace to experience the former before settling into the latter.

Any that angered her sisters would suffer a worse fate. A one-time slaking of the thirst before being *disappeared* and discarded. But that was rare these days. It was so much more gratifying to entrance, enslave and bind them in perpetual service. There was scarce cause for dispute when they were so easily seduced. The supernatural charms of Cassie and her like made men putty in their hands.

Despite their helpless nature and the cold utility through which men were often harvested, she hadn't given up on romance. The Chosen never could, no matter how old and cynical they grew. Love was the only thing better than lust. Better than sinking one's teeth into warm flesh. It was the rarest and most dangerous thing. The most tragic and beautiful of life's thorny mysteries. And Cassandra wanted to feel it again. It had been too long since she had.

**Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.**

Cassie glanced at the grandfather clock by her mantle. The morning was slipping away as she sat there, lost in thought. It was time to take action. She opened a fresh tab in her browser and navigated to *Kinksters*. It was the favored platform of the depraved who were looking for hookups, play groups and sometimes even long term committed relationships.

She hadn't logged on it at least two weeks. Predictably, Cassie was assaulted by a tidal wave of red notification markers. Hundreds of likes and comments. Over sixty instant messages from guys praising her profile, drooling over her pictures, begging her to dominate them. Men groveling at her virtual feet and offering anything for a chance to be with her.

Cassandra stopped reading after the first few and banished the messaging tab. She clicked into the *Personals* section and began a local search. Submissive men looking for women in a 25 mile radius. She began clicking through profiles hurriedly, dismissing them if she saw one trait she disliked or a single comment in their bio that annoyed her.

There was no shortage of handsome bitch boys to choose from, but she knew from experience that a lot of them were fakes. Some wanted to top from the bottom, others were cheating on their wives and some were reaching for a fantasy they enjoyed in porn but would run screaming from in real life once they got a taste. This mattered less to Cassie, since she could mold these sluts into whatever she wanted, but she felt bad for the average dominant woman who had to navigate all this nonsense.

After a few minutes of rifling through profiles, her hand pulled back from the touchpad.

“Hello there! What have we here?”

The profile name was '**MakeMeYours.**' Twenty seven years old. Short, shaggy blonde hair, soft green eyes and well built. A former gymnast! That explained the body. Five foot ten? A little tall for a gymnast, but perfect for Cassie. That meant she could loom over him in her heels. She enjoyed looking down at her sub.

More importantly, he wasn't a bore. His bio seemed genuine. This young man was well spoken, with a wide variety of hobbies and interests. It seemed he'd just exited his first kinky relationship. His kink section was a mile-long list of things he still wanted to try. His orientation was listed as *unsure*. More than anything, he wanted to please and learn.

Cassandra's haughty expression turned soft and warm the more she read. She bit her lip as a light giddiness buzzed through her body. On a primal level, she couldn't wait to claim and corrupt this naughty little fuck. At the same time, there was a glimmer of hope that it might lead to something more. He was exactly the combination she was looking for. Assuming her own bio didn't scare him off, this was very promising.

Cassie hit the *contact* button on his profile and the messaging app popped up. She paused and looked out the window again, pondering what words would best entice him. After composing and sending the message, she'd head out for a walk.

It was an ideal day for a stroll. Gray and cloudy without the slightest ray of sunshine penetrating the gloom. An absolutely perfect day.

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Kayden towed himself off, glad to finally be free of the smells of grass and hedge clippings. The effects of a hot shower felt amazing on his sore body after six hours of landscaping. Once dry, he wrapped the towel around his waist and began inspecting himself in the mirror. He brushed his teeth while deciding if he wanted to shave his stubble or not. Unsure of what he was doing that night, he decided against it. No point if he was just loafing at home or heading to the bar to hang with his bros.

He exited the bathroom, walked a short distance down the hall, flipped his towel over the top of the door and stopped at his dresser. He pulled on his briefs, a pair of shorts and a t-shirt before picking up his phone and giving it a quick check. He slid down his notification bar and noticed an icon he'd only seen once before, when he'd signed up for the app. It was an alert from *Kinksters*.

*'Oh! A bite already?'*

He'd only setup his profile a few days ago, so he was pleasantly surprised. Having been on other dating and hookup sites, he knew it was generally the men who did the pursuing and woman that did the replying. Now that he was explicitly looking for a Female Led Relationship, he hoped it might be a little different, but that optimism was tempered with the knowledge that dominant women were a coveted minority.

He also knew it shouldn't be that way. It was the societal barriers, expectations and old social norms that had created the imbalance to begin with. Sociology had been one of the few courses he'd enjoyed in college, and learning about the evolution of gender roles and sexual psychology while discovering and embracing his kinky side had been eye opening.

Of course women were reluctant to embrace a dominant role after being culturally conditioned to be submissive for generations. As much as things had changed, it was still ingrained in many facets of modern society. The more those barriers and expectations were destroyed, the more women would begin to embrace their power and feel free to explore, sexually. Had one such woman contacted him? It was time to find out.

Kayden tossed the phone on his bed, moved to his desk and plopped down in his plush leather office chair. He opened his laptop and the power notebook booted up quickly. Within seconds he was pulling up his browser and logging into *Kinksters*. Sure enough, there was a message waiting for him. He took a deep breath and opened it.

*Greetings **MakeMeYours**,*

*It seems today is your lucky day. I am in the market for a handsome slut who's ready to serve and pleasure a Goddess. I see you're looking for "naughty fun and possibly more." We have that in common. I've noted that your experience in BDSM is limited. In that, we are very different.*

*Have a look at my page and decide if you'd like to meet. You must, and I stress this, read my entire profile and view **ALL** my pictures before you make this decision. I won't have you claiming you weren't warned about what you're getting into.*

*If you're ready to be put in your place, call me. Conveniently, you are in Olympia, just north of where I live. I'd be happy to drive up for dinner whenever you're available.*

*I am waiting to instruct you. Don't make me wait too long, or I may find another toy to play with.*

*Sincerely,*

***EverThirsting***

The phone number was listed just below her handle. It was a local number. Kayden swallowed. If he'd owned a folding fan, he would've been waving it against his flushed face right then.

*'Dayum, she gets right to the point, doesn't she?'*

The well toned blonde had never opened a profile page so fast in his life. He drank in her bio and the long list of her preferred kinks and activities. He gawked at her first few pictures. She'd listed her orientation as 'straight' but left her gender as 'not applicable.' Not too surprising. A lot of people did that these days if they didn't like the options they'd be given. Some did it simply as a form of protest. Her photos left no doubt that she was a woman in full bloom.

*'Holy fuck! She's a smoke show! 10 out of 10. Lucky day, indeed!'*

Kayden clicked through her full set of photos, his jaw on the floor as he scrolled through glamour shots and Femdom poses of the dark haired beauty. The gorgeous Goddess lounged in latex and stood proudly and defiantly in leather and high heeled boots. She was dominant sexual energy incarnate. Nothing surprised him until the last few photos.

“**WHOOOOAAAA!!!**”

They were pictures from the waist down. There was the big surprise, literally and figuratively, jutting out from her pelvis. She had a penis and it wasn't a small one. A long, thick hog. Easily twice Kayden's size when erect. Maybe more?

The young man ran a hand through his short, blonde locks. He hadn't been expecting that. Kayden wasn't turned off, necessarily, but... wow. Bit of a shock. Was that a foolish reaction? He'd listed pegging as one of his most desired kinks. He left his orientation as 'unsure.' He'd said he was open to new experiences.

The comments section for each picture of her girthy appendage and wonderfully thick thighs was a nonstop chorus of men, and more than a few women, praising her flawless form and begging to be her slave. Hundreds of eager submissives desperate to find a woman just like her. And yet, she'd sought him out?

There was no way Kayden could turn her down. He'd hate himself for the rest of his life if he did. He would regret it forever if he didn't have at least one experience with this beautiful Domme. Resolved, he swiveled around in his chair, stood and walked back to his bed. He picked up his phone and began dialing the number at once.

It rang. And rang. And rang some more. He clucked his tongue apprehensively and rolled his shoulders as he waited. His heart pounded like a drum. The ringing stopped abruptly.

“Speak” a sultry voice commanded from the other side.

A chill ran down Kayden's spine. His legs went weak.

“Hello. This is **MakeMeYours**. I got your message.”

“Oh. Hello there! You didn't make me wait long at all, did you? That's good, but did you follow the rest of my instructions?”

Her voice was pure honey. Mana from heaven. Was it possible to fall in love over the phone?

“I did.”

“Tell me, then. Describe what you saw.”

“I read every word of a profile on **Kinksters** and learned about a fascinating woman. I looked at every picture she had and was entranced by her grace and beauty.”

A sinister laugh reverberated through the receiver, followed by a brief pause. “**Every** picture?”

“Every last one.”

“Excellent. You follow instructions well. I take it you're ready to follow more?”

“Absolutely.”

“Are you free tonight?”

“If I had plans, I would cancel them.”

An amused chuckle replied. “Do you know where the Cascadia Grill is?”

“Yeah, that's not far from the main drag. I ate their once, years ago.”

“Best steak in Olympia” she stated confidently. “Let's meet there at eight o'clock. The crowd should be thinned out by that point. I've been dying for a good steak dinner.”

“You got it. I'll be there, Miss...?”

“Oh, how silly of me. We haven't even exchanged names.”

“I'm Kayden” he offered happily.

“Cassandra” she responded. “But you can call me Cassie.”

“Mistress Cassie?” he asked eagerly.

“Not yet. But we'll see.”

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The wistful notes of Samuel Barber's *Adagio For Strings* flowed through the ornate study. The walls were lined with ancient books. The assortment of furniture arranged throughout the large room were all antiques, pieces from the Victorian period and beyond. Well polished hard wood fixtures that had survived the ages and been reupholstered many times in their long lives.

Sadie sat atop one such time-worn furnishing, her legs propped up on her favorite slave. She looked down at her blood-red heels. They contrasted nicely with the glossy black latex that covered Tristan's back. He quivered slightly, having held the position for a long while as Sadie read.

She loved *Adagio For Strings*. The pain and longing that had produced such a masterpiece was evident. It was sadness in its purest form. Every violin and cello relayed the suffering of ages. Each viola and bass rooted in anguish. Bound as surely as her slave was in glossy black.

Sadie enjoyed donning latex and leather as well, but not today. She was dressed in one of her many

scarlet outfits, accented with black. Her corset was deep, lacy red, framed on both sides with black webbing. The front of it was decorated with shimmering white crystals that led up to her full, round, breasts. They burst from its opening; enticing peach-toned mounds on full display. Her long skirt was dark crimson, bathing her legs in the delicious feeling of purest silk. When on her feet, you could scarcely see the bottom of her boots. The end of her elegant dress hovered just an inch above the floor.

An inverted, bronze cross hung from her choker necklace. A wide stretch of glossy red webbing stretched around the back of her neck, adding style and elegance to her ensemble. She looked every bit the matriarch, because that's what she was. Fashion was the law in her order because dressing well was key to commanding respect. It was simultaneously a responsibility and a guilty pleasure that Sadie spent untold hours and vast sums of money reinforcing. She took it seriously and she made every member of her house do as well.

She turned the page of her book before lifting her feet from the gimp. He was splayed out on hands and knees before her, waiting patiently for Sadie's next command. "Tristan, be a dear and fetch me a CC. The thirst encroaches."

He half-grunted as he stood, his aging limbs creaking after holding the position for so long. His glossy, black form bowed to her. The piercing blue eyes gazing out of the holes in his hood were the only distinguishing feature in his full-body fetish-wear. "Right away, Mistress."

Tristan shuffled off and Sadie watched him go. He was so much slower now. Weaker. But that was to be expected. He was bordering on "old man" status at this point, and there was no going back. All the more reason to keep him in leather and latex at all times. It kept him appealing to the eye when she ravished him.

The song ended and another classical masterwork began as the gimp returned. He handed the clear, plastic sleeve filled with ruby-red fluid down to Sadie and she set her book aside. She grabbed it from him like a starving woman, ripped the cap off the top and began sucking it down. The thick, red liquid siphoned into her mouth rapidly. She sucked it dry and the plastic packaging collapsed like a perverse Capris Sun.

Refrigerated plasma. A *cold carmine* as her kind had nicknamed them. Not what any of them preferred, but they lived with it, because that was price of thriving in their new arrangement. Sure, they drank the warm nectar of life when they could. Without it, this existence was hollow and sad. A pale imitation of what it should be.

They no longer harvested *the mundane* on a whim. Imprudent feeding on the sheep caused too many problems for the wolves these days. Now, they were discrete. Disciplined. Sadie had seen to that. And any member of their society who violated that principle was dealt with harshly.

The thick, sucking sounds turned to popping air bubbles. Sadie tossed the empty plastic aside. She reached for her book and her gaze returned to her slave. She was ready to order him back into position, but Tristan's eyes gave her pause. They seemed infinitely sad, and not just from the beautiful music.

"Why do you look so miserable, darling?"

He swallowed. "Because, Mistress. I wish that had been me." He nodded to the empty container.

Sadie rolled her eyes. “Tristan, we've had this conversation before. Your next turn is likely to be your last. You've gone through too many cycles.”

“I know that. I just... I miss it so much. I want to be strong again. To drink the essence of life again. Frailty is tiring, my love. It grinds on you. You wouldn't know, because...” He lifted a hand, indicating her flawless form.

Sadie sighed and set her book aside again. She stood and strolled to her favorite submissive slut. He who'd been with her the longest. She stretched out her hands and surrounded him, pulling his hooded face close to her bosom. She massaged his back and sides gently, her hands caressing his latex form. Sadie spoke directly into his left ear.

“Tristan... You will endure this **for me**. You want your last time to be meaningful, don't you? When I have use for you? To be my champion, one last time?”

He exhaled deeply, the pain and frustration of age exiting with it. He steeled himself, emboldened by her words and her loving touch. “Yes, Mistress. Of course. I'm sorry for bringing it up. A moment of weakness for which I should be punished.”

She grabbed the back of his hood and pulled his face from her chest. “I'll decide when you should be punished. Now, instead of grumbling about your state, put that mouth of yours to good use.”

Warm blood had the greatest effect, but even cold plasma made her horny. Irresistibly so. It worked that way for all her sisters. Sadie pressed him down and Tristan knelt before her. She hiked up the long skirt of her dress and tossed it over the top of his head. His gimp form disappeared below her crimson curtain.

Sadie moaned as she felt his warm mouth press onto her fat length. He enveloped her with eager lips, her glans finding the back of his velvety throat in record time. He sucked and slurped away, working his face back and forth as her hot flesh filled his mouth and beyond. Sadie let out a second, louder moan, resting her hands on her hips as her head tilted backward.

*'Great...'* she thought to herself as another one of their marathon sessions began. *'There goes the afternoon.'*

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“How long are we gonna just sit out here?!?” the feisty young Latina piped up.

“Until we notice something useful or find someone to tail” Reynauld answered calmly before taking a sip of his coffee.

Their rented car had been parked outside the compound for thirty minutes and they'd seen nothing of note, so far. Patience was not a virtue his partner of circumstance had in great abundance, but it was important she learn that tedium was part of the job. Hunting monsters was ninety eight percent research and surveillance. Time spent in libraries, hotels, vehicles and hiding spots. Only the other two percent was violence and that was for the best.



Reynauld knew it better than most as the survivor of more than a few close calls. The scar trailing from his upper left forehead across his nose and down to his lower right cheek was evidence of that. The occasional streaks of white in his stubble had only recently bestowed him with the 'salt and pepper' look as he entered middle age.

His reserved demeanor and the slow cadence of his gravelly voice projected the relaxed tenor of a man who was never in a hurry, unless he needed to be. The khaki trench coat and army-green cargo pants spoke of an individual who dressed for utility.

Rosa, by contrast, was fresh faced and energetic. He didn't know much about her, but she couldn't be much older than her late twenties. A pretty young woman; her thick, dark hair was pulled back in an elegant pony tail and her brown eyes shimmered with warmth. Reynauld's own steely, light blue orbs traced her slim form up and down, studying their organization's newest acolyte. She was quite the looker in her black jeans, short, red leather jacket and tight white t-shirt.

“And what makes you so sure they're here?”

“I'm not sure” he retorted, reaching up to the dashboard. He opened a manila folder and pulled out a flyer, handing it to her. “But this is a pretty good lead.”

Rosa took the small poster and studied it briefly. It showed men in tuxedos, women in elegant dresses and others in leather and latex fetish attire. Several submissive male forms were in bondage and one woman in deepest red stood defiantly, mouth open and blood dripping from her teeth.

“The Scarlet Sanctum” she read. “A Bordello of Bondage and Blood. Come to our chamber of pleasures and live out your darkest fantasy as a creature of the night! Or arrive in chains, a lamb to the slaughter, ready to be subjugated and drained! We cater to kinksters of all persuasions. Cum and see!”

She rolled her eyes. “Really? Please tell me this role playing rubbish isn't the only reason we're here.”

“If you're going to hide, the best place to do it is out in the open” the grizzled veteran responded. “And no, that's not the only reason. If you were a good detective, you'd have already figured out the other two.”

Rosa smirked. “Ok *Sherlock*, clue me in.”

He set his coffee on the dash and pointed at the massive walled and gated compound. “Look at this place. That's a twenty million dollar estate, easy. Probably more.”

“So?”

“Doesn't make sense. Not in a small community like this. What's it there for? A blood-sucker themed S&M dungeon? Out here? No way they have enough customers in this area. Not to justify all that.”

Her eyebrows raised. Rosa nodded. “Good point. What else?”

Reynauld reached into his folder and handed her another piece of paper. She scanned it briefly.

“Climate data?”

“Olympia and the towns surrounding it, like this one, get the second least amount of sunlight per year in the continental United States.”

“Where's the first?” she queried reflexively.

“Vermont.”

“Then why aren't they there?”

“Because there's nothing in Vermont but trees and cows” he answered with a grin.

Rosa snickered. “Alright, I get it. I got a lot to learn.”

”Yes, you do. And lesson number one is, don't be so eager to encounter these freaks. Any time you do could be your last.”

“Pfffft! I'm more than ready. I got everything I need right here...” The bristly brunette patted the gun at her side, touched the silver dagger strapped to her thigh and grasped the small wooden cross hanging from her neck. “And you'd be eager too” she said, her voice turning sullen. “If they'd turned your brother.”

*'Ahhh, there it is.'*

Reynauld said nothing at first, letting her motivation sink in. He'd have to be careful with her. The last thing he wanted was to report another dead agent to the Holy See. They were short on people to begin with. After a few moments, he broke the silence.

“Is he still out there? Or was he put down?”

“I don't know” she answered sadly. “He told me what happened, started acting really weird and then disappeared. My family never got closure. Never even got to say goodbye.”

Reynauld nodded. An all too common story these days. Something odd was happening among the biters. The balance of power between the males and females had shifted drastically. It seemed more and more like the women were running the show. He and his colleagues still had no idea why. It was all the more reason to investigate this case. A mysterious brothel promising blood play. It was registered to an LLC owned by a *'Sarah Octavia Ruthven.'*

“That cross won't help you. Not unless it has a pointy end big enough to pierce flesh.”

“I know that much!” she shot back “I was taught by Father Enjami. I know it doesn't work like in the movies, but still... It makes me feel safe.”

Reynauld downed the rest of his coffee, crunched the cup and tossed it in the back seat. “The first time you fight one of these things, you'll never feel safe again.”

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Sadie sighed as she stalked down the hallway. She'd been having such a good time when the emergency call came through. She was still a mess; the bottom of her dress covered in sticky spunk. The Headmistress hated presenting herself like this, but the situation was, potentially, an urgent matter. It damned well better be, or Devin was going to find himself at the mercy of her most painful toys.

The Red Countess turned into the security office and was instantly met by the glow of monitors and the humid atmosphere produced by high power computers. Her head of security was sitting there, watching the video feed like a hawk.

“What have we got?”

“Two would-be intruders, I think. I thought maybe they'd broken down, but they've been there way too long and no one's inspecting the vehicle. They're just sitting there, looking in our direction and talking. Pretty sure they're scoping us out.”

“Can you zoom in more?”

Devil complied and the camera view lurched forward. It was grainy and far lower quality the closer it got, but the outline of a young woman and a grown man were clearly visible.

“What shall I do, Mistress?”

“Hmmm...” Sadie watched them for a few moments, mulling it over. It was probably safest to do nothing. Might even be a good idea to call the cops and have them tell the odd couple to fuck off. On the other hand, if this was preparation for a hunt, being proactive might be the wisest course. They probably wouldn't try anything today, but they'd be back, sooner or later.

“We'll send two slaves, mundanes, to do a little shopping in town. Odds are they'll be followed. When they see there's nothing suspicious, they'll call it a night. You and another Chosen will be waiting in the parking lot to tail them back. Follow them discretely, find out what you can.”

Devin stood, turned and bowed to her. “Right away, Mistress.” He marched off to make preparations.

Sadie folded her arms below her bosom, still observing the pair intently.

*'Play time again so soon? It's only been twenty years.'*

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The glow of a centerpiece candle flickered on Cassie and Kayden as they examined their menus. Lively chatter and occasional laughs filled the background of the dimly lit restaurant. The riffing of a saxophone and the gentle keystrokes of a skilled pianist were barely audible over the hum of random voices. The room's low lighting and easy listening set the mood nicely.

Kayden stole a glimpse of his beautiful date whenever he could. Cassandra oozed sex appeal in the many buckles and straps that compromised her halter top corset. It was accompanied by shiny, black leather pants and matching bracers. The slick leather ran from her wrists to her upper arms, calling attention to her bare shoulders and elegant figure.

Cassie pretended to look at her menu in between scans of her newest boy-toy. She already knew what she wanted: a hunk of meat, and she was getting two servings tonight. Kayden cut a fine profile in his khaki pants, white t-shirt and black sport coat. He looked good, but he wasn't trying too hard. It was nice to find a guy who knew how to prep for an evening on the town. It was a skill she'd make use of on the odd occasion she still allowed him to dress himself.

“Not to sound cliché, but, I gather you come here often?” Kayden asked, already looking flustered.

Cassandra set down her menu. “Not too often, but it's nice to have a place like this close by. Sometimes you just want to sink your teeth into something juicy, you know?” She winked and offered him a toothy smile.

The young man swallowed. “Yeah! Definitely.” She wasn't being subtle at all. And why would she be? Her message hadn't been subtle. Her sexual proclivities certainly weren't. She was gorgeous and overflowing with confidence and poise. He was already smitten with her.

Their server approached the table and mercifully rescued Kayden from having to untie his tongue. She nodded to them and opened her pad. “Hi there, I'm Marcy. Can I start you off with some drinks?”

“Yes, I'll have a Cosmo” Cassie answered. “Cherry flavor instead of orange, if you can.”

“Certainly. And you sir?”

“Just ice water for me, thanks.”

“Alright, should I give you two a little more time to--”

“I know what I want” Cassandra cut her off.

“Ok, go right ahead.”

“I'll start with a garden salad. Then your Porterhouse steak with Lyonnaise potatoes on the side.”

“And how would you like that cooked, Ma'am?”

“As bloody as you'll bring it.” Cassie shot Kayden another grin as she handed the menu to the young waitress.

“And you sir?”

“Ummm, I think I'll try your Steak Frites. Medium rare, hold the bleu cheese. With sweet potato fries, if you have em?”

“Absolutely” she nodded, collecting his menu. “Thanks! I'll be back shortly with your drinks.”

Marcy strutted off and Cassie waited a moment before picking up the conversation. "Feeling European tonight, are we?"

"Hmmm?"

"Steak Frites. They're very popular in Europe. Invented in Belgium."

"Oh! I didn't know that."

"Have you ever been?"

"To Europe? No, I haven't had the pleasure. Not yet."

"You should definitely visit Amsterdam. A naughty little boy like you would love it there."

"I have no doubt you're right" he replied with a sheepish smile. "I guess you're sticking with American cuisine?"

"Yes. In the end, I'm a meat and potatoes girl..."

"Something tells me that's a metaphor."

She looked him square in the eyes, her face completely placid. "I suppose it is... for bondage and domination."

Kayden's face turned a new shade of red. He'd never met a woman who would say something that overtly sexual so openly on a first date. Hell, he didn't even know many men who were that brazen.

"Wow! Well, there goes the mystery."

"There was never any mystery. That's why we're here on such short notice. You want it. I want it. Why pussyfoot around?"

"Fair enough" he replied with a nod.

"So, how much experience do you really have? It sounds like you were experimenting with your last partner?"

"Yeah, that didn't go so well."

"Do tell."

"When I told my ex the things I was into, she did her best to seem enthusiastic, but I had a feeling it was an act. Turns out I was right. We bought toys, made play dates, but she usually found an excuse to back out. On the few times we did play, she bailed early. It was clear she wasn't into it."

"You liked each other, but she was no Domme. Personally compatible, but not sexually."

“That's it, in a nutshell.”

“Unfortunate, but without a spark there can be no flame.”

“You said it.”

Marcy returned and set down their drinks. Cassandra sipped her Cosmopolitan as Kayden took a swig from his icy glass.

“We're going to have fun tonight. At my place. No-strings fun.” She set down her cocktail. “After that... I guess we'll just see where it goes.”

The mischievous twinkle in her eye lent Kayden some vague awareness that she had more planned than she was leading on, but he was oblivious to what that could be. Oblivious and completely indifferent. She could've said she wanted to tie him up in her attic and throw darts at him. His answer probably would've been the same.

“Sounds good to me.”

There was just something about her Kayden was drawn to. Beyond the promise of kinky sex, she was seductive in every way a woman could be. The light bent around her in a way it didn't for others. Her voice oscillated between sultry song and cold command. Tearing his eyes from hers was like pulling apart magnets.

Realizing he'd been staring at her for too long, he scrambled to break the silence. “It's refreshing, meeting someone like you.”

“What do you mean?” Cassie inquired.

“You're just so different from any woman I've ever met. You're up front about what you want. Eager to get physical. Wait-and-see about anything more. And you asked about my last girlfriend. That's basically the opposite of how most women proceed.”

“I'm not most women.”

“Clearly” Kayden responded with an exasperated chuckle.

Cassandra took another sip of her drink and gave him a severe look. “I hope you weren't exaggerating on your *Kinksters* page, because I'm not going to be gentle tonight.”

“I assure you, I wasn't.”

“You might not be able to walk straight tomorrow.”

“I'll deal.”

“Your safe word is **mercy** and you'll receive none until you use it.”

Kayden's pulse quickened. He took a deep breath before responding.

“Yes...”

“Go ahead. Try it on for size.”

“... Yes, Mistress.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The back of Kayden's mouth was as raw as his knees. He knelt on the hardwood floor, by her bed, as Cassandra's fat, pulsing cock plowed in and out of his sucking maw. His arms were tight behind his back in a triple threaded box tie. The strong ropes dug into his forearms, biceps, chest and shoulders, sculpting eye candy from his flesh for his new Domina.

Once they'd arrived at her home, she'd stripped and bound him with surprising speed, showing just how skilled she was in the art of Shibari. After that her clothes came off, leaving only her gleaming leather bracers and a sexy black bra holding up her ample mounds. Her breasts were a good size, but she was even more well endowed below.

Kayden had gotten an up-close and personal introduction to her style of domination with a half hour of face fucking that had grown increasingly rough the longer it went on. She'd nudded in his mouth twice already, extracting herself only for the occasional brief respite or to punish him for allowing a drop of her seed to escape his nose or lips.

Her grip on his ears was fierce, pulling his face back and forth on her bulging cum cannon and demanding he take her length deeper. Cassie's cock was slowly growing back to its full, erect size, preparing for a third blast of her pungent batter.

“That's it... Get me hard again, slut! You haven't seen anything yet. We've only just begun...”

Her hips pistoned back and forth in sexual frenzy, slurping her cum-slick meat missile in and out of his sucking lips. She tilted her head back and moaned as his warm, soft tongue wagged along the bottom of her sensitive weapon, delivering waves of unfathomable bliss to her smooth sperm channel.

Her heavy scrotum churned below, preparing his next meal. Cassie wanted so badly to ram her balls into his chin and hear that lovely **slap-slap** that accompanied bottoming out in a slave's throat, but he would need more training for that. Still, he was taking her quite well.

She released his ears and pulled her cock from his wet, sucking walls. The pop from his lips revealed just how much he was enjoying his subjugation. Cassandra snickered. Her left hand found her thick cock and fisted it up and down moistly. Kayden's spittle and her cum gave it a glossy sheen as she pumped her fearsome fuck stick. Her right hand dove into his hair, seizing a large clump of his golden locks and yanking on it cruelly.

“So eager... Just like a blonde to fall in love with **sucking cock** on the first date! Is there something you'd like to say to me, whore?”

“Thank you, Mistress...” he said between gasps of fresh air. Saliva and cum dripped from his mouth and face, joining the pool that had collected on the floor.

“Thank you for what?”

“Thank you for tying up this slave and fucking my slutty mouth!”

Her throaty chuckle was followed by a promise. “That's not the only hole I'm going to defile. It's about time I claim that cherry of yours.”

In truth, it was half a cherry. Kayden's former girlfriend had gone as far as probing him with her strapon, just never to the hilt. Never a hard or deep enough fucking to make him feel the bliss of thrashing, full-body prostate orgasm. He had little doubt that Cassandra would be up to the task.

She released her heavy club of flesh and the tufts of his hair. Her hands rushed to his rope-ensnared arms and she tugged him upward.

“Stand” she ordered.

Kayden started up, his legs wobbling slightly as he righted himself and stood with her help. He was young and fit, but unaccustomed to kneeling for over a half hour while someone assaulted his mouth nonstop. He coughed, the remnants of her thick cum sliding down his throat as she maneuvered him to the edge of the bed.

She turned him around and gave him a forceful push. Kayden fell onto the bed, face first, her soft duvet cushioning his landing. For a medium build woman of average height, Cassie had surprising strength. This was only emphasized when she fell upon him moments later, moving him into the position she wanted. Her weight shifted off the bed for a few moments, but quickly returned. Kayden was confronted by a red rubber ball as Cassie slipped the thick gag around his head and pulled it into his mouth.

“You like my flavor, don't you slut? Let's seal it in, then. Besides, the only thing better than hearing a cocksucker moan is hearing him moan into a gag while I rail his ass!”

Cassie quickly wrapped the harness around his head and buckled it tightly. The web of leather dug into his face, adding another delicious element of tight restriction and increasing soreness to his already immobilized arms. Kayden mumbled a thanks around the thick rubber invader while Cassandra slid off the bed once more.

She collected her cat-o-nine-tails from the end table and stroked her cock as she studied her new target. The sex toy's braided leather tassels dangled from her right hand as her left glided up and down her raging erection. The sight of Kayden's soft, vulnerable, virgin ass made her eyes twinkle and her tongue whip around her lips. She stalked forward, her heels striking the floor authoritatively as she closed in on his helpless form.

“It's a waste if you don't tenderize the meat first. Don't you think, slave?”

“YYMMPPH MMMFFRREEFFF!”



“I'm glad you agree. It wouldn't matter if you didn't, but at least you have good taste.”

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

“MMMMPPPGGGGGHHHHHH!!!”

The first flurry of blows lashed out, criss-crossing his exposed cheeks. With each consecutive strike, the marks left behind grew more visible.

“I know it hurts right now, but give it a minute or two and you'll be in heaven. If you're the real deal, that is.”

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

Fresh agony laced into his ass. Kayden's eyes bulged and they began to water as he fought the urge to safeword out. He'd tried impact play before, but nothing this harsh. He knew she was right, though. He just had to wait out the initial burn and then... ahhh, there it was. The familiar tingle as the endorphins began to take over.

“MMMMmmmmpphhhh...”

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

Cassandra's breath caught in her throat as she ended her third round of flogging. The lashes painted on his flesh... They called out to her. The streaks across his ass had grown increasingly red. It was the Chosen's favorite color. The color of passion, aggression and **thirst**.

It would be so easy, right now, to go a little farther and make him bleed. A simple 'accident' which she would happily clean with her tongue. Or, bound as he was, she could simply take up a knife and apply a few cuts to his back. A crimson feast would be hers in moments. Would licking and sucking be enough? Could she restrain herself from going further? She stood, arm poised to strike again. His ass shuddered and waited for more discipline as she wrestled with her bloodlust.

No. Not today. It would be a mistake. She'd cast her spell on him so well. The only thing that might break it is if she went too far on their first night together. Patience would be rewarded with a river of hot, sweet life that stretched on for years. And if she was lucky, maybe more...

Cassandra tossed the flogger aside. Her cock stood at attention, fleshy steel begging to be inserted. The one drive that could compete with her burning desire to drink from this bound slut was her dire need to be inside him. She slipped back onto the bed and pulled up behind him, the thick tip of her glans meeting his soft pucker and teasing it with gentle pressure.

“And now, Kayden, what you've been waiting for. To be fucked like the submissive little man-whore you are. Are you ready? Is that ass tingling nicely?”

“MMMMPPPHHHMMM” he grunted into her bedding.

She grabbed his hips and thrust forward firmly. Cassie's slick, bloated member plowed into his silken walls and filled him monstrously. His eyes flew open and he groaned loudly around the rubber ball-gag.

Saliva and leftover cum slobbered around his mouth as his back door was split open wide. Inch after inch of thick, throbbing penis tunneled its way into his yielding pucker.

Her strong thighs pressed his legs outward, exerting control over the last part of his body that had any autonomy left. She kept pressing until more than half of her fat length was buried in his warm, gripping walls. Satisfied, she bent down and spoke into his ear.

“You're my bondage slut, Kayden. My new personal sex toy. And I'm going to treat you like one.”

Cassandra took a tight hold of his hips, extracted her cock to the tip and rammed it home in his hot, clingy depths. Kayden muttered like a back alley whore, his words lost in leather and rubber confinement. Cassie looked down at him, possessively, as she built up a steady rhythm. She thrust in and out of his welcoming boy pussy as her balls dragged across the silken bedding. The dark haired beauty's moans soon eclipsed Kayden's and the slapping sounds of aggressive, needy anal fucking filled the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rosa was enjoying hot soup and a turkey club when her smartphone buzzed and jingled. She swallowed what was in her mouth, set down her spoon and picked up the phone. The young woman sighed. Did she really want to interrupt a meal for another condescending chat with Mr. Know-It-All? Not really, but it was possible something had come up.

She hit the accept button and brought the device to her ear. “Hey, what's up?”

“You've been gone a while. Everything alright?”

“Yeah, I'm just getting some dinner. I wasn't about to eat from a vending machine again.”

“At this hour? I thought everything closed by nine in this town.”

“Everything but the convenience store and the diner on Carson street. It's open 24/7.”

“Alright, but come straight back to the hotel when you're done. And be careful.”

“Ok, **DAD**” she mocked before hanging up and resuming her meal.

Fifteen minutes later the front door of the diner opened and Rosa walked into the cool night air. She zipped up her jacket as walked around the side of the building to the parking lot in the back. As she strode into the back lot and looked for her car, she saw little but darkness. Only the dim lighting from the buildings on the other side of the street faintly illuminated the outline of the few parked vehicles.

That was odd. When she arrived, there was a large lamppost lit brightly above. The light was out now and it was too dark to tell if it had taken damage or if the bulb had simply blown. She looked from side to side, scanning the darkened lot for trouble but finding nothing.

Halfway back to the car, she heard the scuffle of fast footsteps behind her. The hairs on the back of her

neck shot up. She reached for her weapons, but it was too late. Before she could react, an arm wrapped around her torso and another around her shoulder. A cloth was pressed into her face harshly as she threw her elbow back into her attacker.

Whoever it was, he was insanely strong. Rosa panicked. She was in real trouble. Soon she felt another pair of hands on her legs. She kicked but it was no use. A masked stranger wrapped up her calves in his bicep, lifted her lower body and started leading them to a vehicle in the distance.

She screamed into the thick cloth and that just made things worse. Rosa hyperventilated. The cold shock and sickeningly sweet chemical taste of chloroform shot into her mouth and lungs. The anesthetic effect flowed into her nervous system, making her limbs feel heavy and sluggish. Her struggling grew weak and her vision started to spin. The grips of multiple arms around her body were so tight. There was nothing she could do.

The last thing Rosa heard was a van door sliding open. She stuttered in exhaustion and fell into peaceful oblivion.

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