

Cosplay Cumdump

Chapter 3 – Hot Cum Oddity

Micah groaned as consciousness returned. He awoke slowly in a new bed, located in the corner of his new room. The *BB dorms* of Cosplay Vixen's headquarters didn't feel like home yet, but he knew they would before long. Micah had heard the 'BB' expressed in a variety of ways. Bitch boy. Butt boy. Bottom bitch. They were all accurate descriptors. He had the aching asshole to prove it.

The smell of cum was heavy in the soiled bedding. Dried semen crusted his naked body as well as the blanket and sheets. The taste of the girls still lingered on his tongue, even nine hours later. Which girls? He couldn't even remember. It had been a wild trip and the fun hadn't stopped when the special Overwatch event was over.

After the scheduled fun, the Cosplay Vixens continued their fun in various hotels rooms. The booze flowed and the weed was plentiful. The Vixens cajoled him into partaking in both and everything after that was a blur. Scattered memories of party games and endless raucous sex. Micah had joined the *mile high club* in the private plane they chartered to bring the Vixens back. He'd hoped to do that some day, though when he was imagining it was a younger lad, he hadn't envisioned a train of nonstop Futa cock being run through his mouth and ass.

This was his life now and Micah was growing accustomed to it with startling ease. The willing slave rolled over and gazed at the ceiling. He ran a hand up and down his cum-stained body, yawning until he was fully awake. The last two women he was with had brought him back to his room. They'd left at some point in the night after having their way with him and drenching the bed in their seed.

Micah rose and found some clothes he didn't recognize scattered across the bedroom floor. The similarly stained t-shirt and cargo shorts must've been what he wore home after his *McCree* getup was torn apart. With a rested body and clear mind, he collected his thoughts. Memories were returning slowly, though there would likely always be gaps from a bender that long and crazy.

Of his costume, only the leather chaps had survived the initial gangbang and those had to be abandoned after several coatings of Futa filth. It was almost a shame, given how good he looked in them. Thankfully, the Vixens could almost definitely provide him with another. They had extensive wardrobe offerings for both the women and guys.

Micah gathered up the nut-glazed garments and bedding before depositing them in the hamper. He strode to the bathroom and showered before pulling on a pair of boxers. The grumbling in his stomach demanded that he eat something without delay. He could go see what they were offering at the cafeteria, but that would take time and more dressing. He settled on a couple un-cooked *Pop Tarts*, wolfing down the strawberry pastries in record time.

ding dong

The doorbell rang just as Micah was brushing his teeth. It chimed out a second time as he finished up,

quickly rinsing his mouth and depositing the electric toothbrush in its charging stand. A series of insistent thumps at the door followed as he dried his hand.

knock knock knock knock

“I’m coming!” Micah called as he hurried from the bathroom. He opened the door with no hesitation.

Waiting on the other side was Jessica with a look of mild annoyance. She was fully dressed up as *Mad Moxxi* from the game *Borderlands*. Her upper half was fully clad in purple fabric with tasteful gold trim. That is, aside from her cleavage, which jutted out prominently and was restrained only by an exquisite black lace bra with an intricate flower pattern. White leather highlighted her shoulders and forearms while fingerless black leather gloves adorned her hands. A matching purple and white top hat sat atop her head; the signature item of the character.

The complex costume slimmed down into almost nothing as it continued past her waist. The front bore only a small purple loincloth, just long enough to conceal Jessica considerable cock. In the back, it extended into a wider coattail that hung behind her. Her legs were mismatched, one covered with ripped fishnets and the other sheathed in a striped, black and white stocking. Both ended with her feet in short, heeled purple boots. Two leather straps crisscrossed her hips, securing an empty gun belt at her side. Jessica held a black leather riding crop in her right hand, completing the playful yet stern image.

Gearbox Games was famous for their zany characters and Mad Moxxi was the epitome of that. It wouldn't be unfair to say they tried way too hard to stand out with their wacky designs. Still, Micah couldn't deny that Jessica looked great in the outfit. He scanned her up and down, studying her curvy form with lust-filled eyes and a dumbfounded expression. Realizing how boorish he was being, Micah swallowed and finally spoke.

“Hey, Jessica. Wow, you look amazing!”

“I know” she replied coldly. Her look and the tone of her voice turned from mild annoyance to more serious displeasure. “The question is, why don't **you**?”

Micah was flabbergasted. He took a step back and held up his hands in concession. “I-I'm sorry?”

Jessica reached to the storage rack on the front door and pulled the clipboard from it. She turned it around and handed it to him. “Did you even check the schedule this morning?!?”

“Oh. No, not yet...” he answered while looking it over. “I just got up.”

“**You're already behind!** See!” She pointed to the entry for this morning. “You were supposed to help out in the kitchen earlier. And now you're late for my appointment!”

“Appointment?!?”

“Yes, right here!”

Jessica pointed to the second entry for the day. Sure enough it said *'Jessica – 9:30 AM to 11:30 AM – Catboy Maid service.'*

“Catboy maid, huh?” he said with a cheeky grin.

“Yes. You're supposed to be dressed and ready. But here you are standing in your underwear, **wasting my time!**”

“Shit, I'm sorry...”

Jessica grabbed the clipboard from him and set it back in its holder. She thrust her crop forward, planting its tip into Micah's chest and pushing him back into the room. Jessica stepped through and slammed the door behind her. She placed her hands on her hips before sighing in resignation.

“C'mon. Let's get you dressed. As quick as possible!”

They proceeded to Micah's closet and Jessica picked out the slutty maid costume and cat boy accessories she liked best. He didn't have a love of outfits on hand yet, but the Vixens had provided some basic ones to get him started with. Micah stood in a rigid t-pose, following her commands as she dressed him in record time.

“Am I going to get in trouble for missing kitchen duty?”

“Ugh... Probably not” Jessica confessed as she arranged his frilly, black and white dress and placed the neko ears headband in his hair. “Gloria acts like this hardcore captain who runs a tight ship, but she's a big softie at heart. Especially with you newbs.”

“Phew. Good to know.”

“She's way more lenient than I would be” Jessica added while fetching his tail. “Bend over!”

Micah got a quick look at the large buttplug situated at the end of the fuzzy black appendage. He cringed while turning around and bending over; preparing himself for the sensation of fat, cold rubber lodged up his ass. Jessica bent down, brought it to his pucker and pushed the slick silicone invader deep in his hole with surprising ease.

“Nnnnhhhmm!”

“Damn...” she righted herself, her irritation fading into an excited grin. “That was no trouble at all. You must still be loose from last night.”

Micah turned slowly and raised to his paltry 5'7 height. He performed the actions gingerly, wincing as he got used to the massive toy in his bottom. “Yes, Mistress Moxxi.”

'Good. That means we can skip the foreplay and get right to the fun!”

* * * * *

'MMMPPGGHHH!!!'

The sounds of slobbering and cock-gobbling echoed off the steel partitions and cold tile walls of the bathroom. Jessica had taken him to one of the public restrooms in between the cafeteria, dressing rooms and gymnasium where many of the Vixens hung out this time of day. It was the main hub of activity for everyone who wasn't out at a convention or working a private gig.

Micah's mouth sailed up and down Jessica's hot, hard length of pungent fuck meat. Her hands maintained a strong grip on his head as she sat on the porcelain throne and forced his face up and down her plump erection. It was a disgusting place to give someone a blowjob, but that was the point, of course. To be fair, it was perfectly in character for Mad Moxxi. Demanding head on the toilet seemed like precisely the kind of thing a deviant, steampunk psycho chick would do.

His knees were raw against the chilly bathroom floor as Micah slurped and glucked away. His hands hung out to the sides, trapped in leather mitts with kitty paw prints painted on them. As long as they were locked away in tight, fetish confinement, he could exert no measure of control and very little resistance. That was the whole idea, allowing Jessica to maintain total control of the pace with which her hot, throbbing erection was rammed through his stretched-wide lips and down into his throat.

“That's it! Up and down..” she said with half-closed eyes. “**Fuck**, that feels amazing! You're a little too good at this, slut boy. A true **twink faggot** born to suck cock! I bet that little dicklet of yours is hard as a rock below your sissy dress. Isn't it?!? Answer me bitch!”

“Yppphhh Miphhhfrrepphh!”

His muffled affirmative was barely audible between the slurping and sucking sounds of tongue and lips on cock. Jessica's girthy wand grew even more girthy and stiff, forcing his mouth open a bit wider. More pre-cum leaked from her tip, causing Micah to gag and choke on her erection. Jessica's glans continued pumping back and forth in his warm, fleshy depths, leaking gooey rivulets of pre into his gullet.

“Awwww, yeah! **Gag on it, Micah!** I hope that reflex never goes away. Not fully. It isn't nearly as fun if you're not choking on my dick!”

Micah's eyes widened and his vision turned blurry as his face zoomed in and out of Jessica's crotch. He focused on delivering maximum pleasure as tears trickled from his eyes. He tried desperately to inhale air through his nose on every long upstroke. Each time, inevitably, just as he felt cool oxygen starting to reach his lungs, Jessica forced his face back down her steaming hot python.

His lips slopped up and down her spit-soaked shaft, growing closer to her wet pubis and twitching ball sack with every insertion. A combination of pre-cum and frothy drool ran down her cock, making a mess that drove her wild. Wet lip smacking and the sounds of phlegmy, cock-packed congestion were constant as she fucked his face with abandon.

Just as her excitement reached a new peak, the bathroom door opened and someone entered. Jessica halted her eager face-fucking and pulled Micah's mouth from her sticky, bloated fuck stick. A trail of sticky pre ran from her engorged glans to Micah's lips as he coughed and sucked in life-sustaining air.

Jessica looked down at him sternly. Her eyes burned with expectation that read: *'Now!'*

For the third time that morning, Micah recited the words he'd been told to say whenever someone

entered the restroom. **“MISTRESS! I LOVE HAVING YOUR BIG, BEAUTIFUL COCK IN MY MOUTH! PLEASE FEED ME MORE CUM!”**

His shameful statement was amplified by the acoustics of the lavatory.

Jessica smiled. “I know you do, slave.” She ran her leather-clad palm through his messy hair before adjusting his cat ears back into place. “And I have so much more to give you...”

A heavy stream of piss in the background was drowned out by a loud snicker and feminine laugh. Moments later, the urinal flushed and the same heels that had clacked into the bathroom announced the woman's departure. For some reason, all Micah could think about was how the Vixen hadn't washed her hands before leaving. This was despite the fact that he was kneeling on the floor with dick slime all over his face and a mouth glazed with pungent pre.

“Lick my balls, you filthy kitty fuck boy!”

Micah lowered his head slightly and began lapping his tongue across Jessica's ample scrotum. He traced her silky flesh all over, trying his best to keep the tip of his tongue away from the rim of the toilet. He knew the bathrooms were cleaned twice a week, since that was one of the slave boys duties, but he also knew these stalls were used frequently in the same way they were using it right now. In fact, rather than the usual scents one associated with a public bathroom, the scent of thick Futa cum hung in the air; like a fog that could never be washed away, no matter how cleansing the rain.

“Alright, that's enough. Back to work, slut!”

Jessica pulled his face from her fleshy cantaloupes and zeroed his mouth back in on her tip. She grabbed Micah's ears and pulled him down insistently. For the umpteenth time that morning, the woman's mammoth penis plunged down Micah's tongue, filled the walls of his mouth and smashed through the stop sign of his uvula.

As the young man murmured around her cock, Jessica moaned in pure bliss. Her *ahegao* expression intensified as she bottomed out in the femboy's throat and her balls swelled with the need for release. She guided his mouth up and down her twitching shaft with growing urgency, her impassioned pleas growing louder by the second.

“MORE! YESSS!!!”

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With the heavy taste of Futa semen still in his mouth and throat, Micah was led to the quad; the outdoor picnic area in the center of the Cosplay Vixens campus. It was the kind of picturesque courtyard that every major college and most fancy corporations had near the center of their grounds. This was a place anyone could come to sun tan, play outdoor games or simply enjoy the weather on a nice day. Unsurprisingly, Jessica had other plans.

She led Micah to a picnic table and quickly bent him over the rigid wooden structure. She pressed down on his back and kicked his legs apart, prodding him into the position she desired.

“Don't move” she instructed before setting down her bag and rummaging around in it.

The cool breeze played with the bottom of Micah's dress as he waited for whatever came next. A pair of white, nylon bondage ropes were brought to bear. Jessica tied his ankles to the benches at each side of the table. Moments later, Micah's arms were pulled behind him as she slapped cuffs around his wrists. He tested their resistance and found they were the real thing. The tight steel discs had a very short chain between them, keeping his arms locked behind his back. As the metallic accessory clinked and rattled, Jessica reached below and yanked the tail-plug from Micah's rectum.

“Ahhhhhhh!”

“Oh, **shut up** you big baby! Your asshole is so stretched I'm surprised the damn thing didn't fall out while you were walking.”

“It felt pretty tight to me, Mistress!”

Jessica tossed the catboy accessory on the bench and flipped the skirt of his french maid costume over Micah's back. “We'll see how tight you feel by lunch.” She spat on his crack and delivered a fierce spank to both his exposed ass cheeks.

SMACK SMACK

The insatiable Domina brushed her loincloth aside and seized her cock with renewed desire. Jessica's left hand stroked herself vigorously as her right continued groping and swatting at Micah's ass. It wasn't long before Mad Moxxi's cock was back at full, rigid attention.

“Now, it's time to put on a show!”

Jessica leaned in and Micah felt the engorged tip of her meat missile pressed against his pucker. He knew from experience that Jessica was over a foot long and extremely thick when fully aroused. That wasn't uncommon for the Vixens, who ranged from *well-endowed* to *absurdly humongous*, but somehow, Jessica used her oversized bitch-breaker in a more intimidating fashion than any of the other girls.

Gwen's style of domination was cold, casual and demeaning. Roxy's was warm, affectionate and needy. Jessica's was marked by sadistic contempt. When she fucked you, she made sure it was at least somewhat uncomfortable for the bottom with regular applications of pain. Whether it was tightening the bondage, raking her fingernails, brutal spanking or particularly hard pounding, rough sex wasn't enough for her. Jessica wanted to hear you whimper.

She took a firm hold of Micah's hips and the first two thirds of her enormous length slid into his silky cavern. The overwhelmed bitch-boy let out a delirious moan. His handcuffs rattled as he yanked on them involuntarily. His legs pulled against the ropes, but were held apart inexorably. He could do nothing but accept her forceful advance as Jessica withdrew to the tip and tunneled back in harder and deeper.

“Mmmmmmm.... There we go! Take it all you **slutty little tart!** Nothing like a good rut before lunch...”

She built to a smooth fucking rhythm with lustful efficiency. Each time she pulled back and thrust home, another inch of her considerable shaft burrowed into Micah's anatomy. Her fingers grew tighter around his hips with every ferocious fuck, her fingernails digging painfully into the silk and satin of his dress as she sank ever deeper in his warm hole. Micah grumbled indecipherable gibberish as she slammed into his bottom, biting his lip in between groans of pleasure and pain.

“That's it! **LOUDER!** I want everyone in the courtyard to hear you! Tell the world how much you love Miss Moxxi's big cock in your filthy boy cunt!!!”

“I... **YES!** I love it! Harder Mistress Moxxi! **FUCK ME!!!**”

“I wonder how many are watching us right now? People wandering into the quad. Watching from the windows of the buildings around us. Seeing our newest little fuck slave get fucked down in public! Loving every minute of it!”

“**YES!!!**” Micah cried out as his eyes closed and rapture spread through his quivering body. With every impalement, her meaty schlong stroked his prostate with growing bliss. “**MORE!!!**”

Jessica drove her next insertion to the hilt and her sizable ball sack battered Micah's comparatively small scrotum. The woman growled as she shafted him with increasing vigor. Her cock was fleshy steel as it pistoned in and out of the helplessly catboy's body. Nirvana washed over the amorous cosplayer in waves as thunderous pleasure mounted with the growing need for release.

“You're nothing but a sex toy for the Vixens! A bottom bitch to dress up and fuck like a doll... A goddamn human fleshlight! I wonder how many years you'll last? Guzzling semen and getting your ass filled with Futa cum???”

“I'm yours forever, Mistress! **HARDER! PLEASE!!!**”

A fiendish grin crept across Jessica's face. Her right hand abandoned Micah's hips to reach up and grab him by the hair.

“**WITH! PLEASURE!!!**”

Her torso went into overdrive, ramming his quaking body with her hips. She buried her entire cock in his hot, gripping boy pussy with every thrust. The rhythmic slaps of flesh on flesh rang out, echoing through the courtyard as Jessica rushed toward her climax. Micah went cross-eyed as he muttered half-formed pleas for more. His begging only egged the Moxxi look-alike on. Her stylish top hat toppled to the ground as Jessica railed him into the picnic table. The pain in the slut-boy's wrists, ankles and waist was nothing compared to the orgasmic glee building deep in his ass.

“**NNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!**”

Jessica buried herself one last time as her fingers dug fiercely into his hair and side. She groaned loud and long as her cock unloaded the first of many hot, sticky strands. Her abundant girl cream hosed into Micah's depths, jetting out like streams of custard from a chef's pastry bag. Micah's own penis, only half erect, leaked with excitement. His semen drizzled to the ground, siphoning from him slowly in heavy contrast to the thick, flowing wads rushing into his insides.

At some point, Jessica's moans lowered in volume and she released his hair. Her upper body fell on Micah, her breasts pressing into his back as the woman tried to catch her breath. The powerful climax still rippled through her. Moxxi's cock still twitched, firing shorter ropes into the plugged-up slave as the deluge of cum pushed against his walls and forced itself deeper into his winding tunnel.

When her balls had drained, Jessica let out an exasperated groan and pushed herself upright. Her sticky cock exited with a gooey slurch as thick ejaculate oozed from Micah's violated sphincter. The last strand of jizzum leading to Moxxi's glans broke as she stepped back. She clapped her palms up and down while admiring her handiwork.

“A fine start, but there's still an hour till your lunch break.”

Jessica walked to her bag and extracted some more items. Micah learned what the first one was moments later when the ball gag was pulled into his mouth and secured behind his head. He never saw the second one, a sign that read '*FREE USE*.' Jessica taped to his back, just above his cuffed hands.

“Am I not generous? Sharing my slave time with the other Vixens! I bet I won't even get a 'thank you', either... Oh, well. I'm gonna go grab a shower. I'll be back later to untie you. Have fun!”

He couldn't see the sign, but Jessica's words gave him a good idea what to expect. Micah also suspected she was lying. Mad Moxxi wasn't going to clean up. She'd be watching from a distance. Perhaps across the quad or from her apartment window; jerking herself off to another powerful climax as she watched other Vixens take a turn with his already jizz-packed ass.

As he heard someone step up behind him, Micah grunted. His limbs flexed in the harsh steel and tight ropes. A stream of semen leaked from his stretched starfish, oozing down his taint and dripping from his balls to the ground. His maid costume was a disheveled, cum-splattered mess.

“Hmmm... **Free use**, huh?” A feminine voice spoke up. “Don't mind if I do...”

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Most of Micah's lunch break was spent cleaning himself up and resting after getting gang-banged in the square. After freshening up and recovering, he barely had time to eat some snacks and change before he was due for laundry duty. Since he'd already missed his first round of chores that morning, Micah was careful to be on time.

As they dropped off their loads of dirty clothes at the laundromat, many of the Vixens teased Micah and made promises of future debauchery, but none of them interrupted his work. It seemed that one of the strict rules of the organization was not interfering with the slave boys while they were doing their assigned tasks. It made sense, since nothing would ever get done otherwise.

An hour later, Micah trudged back to his room. He was already exhausted, even though the day was only half over. As he approached his dorm, he saw Gwen in the distance, waiting impatiently at the entrance. A quick peek at the schedule revealed she'd booked him for the afternoon. Thankfully she'd requested an outfit so simple that it couldn't even be called a costume. She wanted Micah in nothing but

a pair of black latex briefs.

Changing only took a couple minutes and as he did, Gwen watched him with crossed arms and an amused smile. Today she was dressed as *Midnight*, a character from *My Hero Academia* who took pride in her Dominatrix look. That wasn't a surprise, given that she'd cosplayed as Ivy and Widowmaker previously.

Gwen wore a white rubber bodysuit that was framed by a black corset and black latex trim that was dotted with red ruby costume jewelry. Black garter straps led from a red leather belt down to neon blue thigh-high boots. The color of her gleaming footwear matched the dye job in her hair. Finally, her eyes were framed by the character's signature red domino mask.

Micah studied his almost naked body in the mirror and adjusted his hair before turning and striding back to the waiting Vixen. Gwen awaited him with a wicked smile and something hidden behind her back. As Micah came within range, she produced the mystery item: a sturdy collar of black leather and steel with an equally imposing leash. The intimidating accessory had the initials 'CV' etched in several spots around its circumference, including to both sides of the heavy O-ring at the front.

"You've gone without one of these for long enough" she stated before sliding around Micah's body. Her glossy curves pressed into his weary frame as she slipped the collar around his neck. She buckled and locked it securely, making sure it was snug, but not too tight. What she did with the key, Micah never saw. "By order of Headmistress Gloria, you will wear this for as long as you stay here. If you remove it at any time, for any reason, you will be punished, and it won't be the kind of punishment you enjoy."

"I bet it's the kind you'd enjoy, though..." Micah quipped.

Gwen snickered as she circled him, checking her work. Satisfied that he was properly collared, she grabbed the leash and headed for the door. "C'mon. We've wasted enough time here."

"Where are we going?"

"Back to my room, where I can enjoy you properly" she announced.

Micah swallowed nervously as she led him from the room. He wasn't sure what Gwen meant by that, but he was sure it wouldn't be gentle.

She walked just ahead of him, her boot heels knocking across the hallway floor as they exited the BB dorm wing. From what he'd observed so far, Gwen didn't seem like the type to engage in idle chit chat, but Micah grew anxious the longer they marched along in silence. She hadn't forbidden him to speak, so he took the opportunity to speak up.

"So, are you a fan of My Hero Academia?"

"No. I don't watch much anime. Especially series with that many episodes. I have a life" she answered coldly.

"Ouch. Tell me what you really think of the fans!" he replied with sufficient snark.

"You can't really be surprised that I hold them in contempt. If you spent as much time around pervy,

smelly, awkward weirdos as I do, you'd loathe them and their silly hobbies too.”

“Touche” Micah yielded. “Do you at least like Midnight, as a character?”

“What little I know of her is based on quick Google and YouTube searches” Gwen confirmed. “She seems fun, but I don't bother with detailed character research. Mostly, I like her outfit.”

“Fair enough” he replied as they headed outside. It was still a bit of a walk to the much nicer luxury apartments that the Vixens enjoyed. “Do you dislike videogames too?”

“Not all of them. I enjoy fighting games now and then. It's fun playing as a badass woman, beating the shit out of all the burly males.”

“Ah! So you **do** have something in common with all the weeps and otakus!” Micah said with a raised finger and a grin.

Gwen scowled. “I hate that you're right. You're going to pay for that one, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress Gwen.”

“It's Madam Midnight” she corrected him with a stern tug on his leash. “Until I send you home with the sorest ass you've ever had.”

* * * * *

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Gwen's paddle blasted across Micah's cheeks with skilled precision and brutal impact. His reddened flesh shook with each blast, growing ever darker as he lay face down at the edge of her bed. His latex briefs had been discarded long ago. Surprisingly, he wasn't restrained, though his hands were locked in leather mitts that rendered them completely useless.

“How does that feel, **bitch?!?**”

“It hurts!!!”

“Good.”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

Micah bit his lip as she lashed into him for another round. The burning sensation was growing fast, but the pain wasn't completely overwhelming, yet. His tolerance for BDSM play was growing the longer he spent with the Vixens, many of whom enjoyed slapping, spanking and flogging him in between stuffing Micah with their enormous cocks. He'd always dreamt of being taken by hung Futanari, but he never realized, until now, how much more enjoyable a little pain could make the sensation of being dominated and fucked.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“**AHHHH!!!!**”

“That's it! Lap it up, piggy! I could tell from the moment I saw you you'd enjoy getting your fat little femboy ass beat! That's why I voted to keep you.”

“Th-Thank you Madam Midnight!” he exclaimed as tears ran down his cheeks.

“Oh, it's my pleasure.”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

At merciful last, the paddle dropped to the floor with a loud thud. Gwen placed her hands on her hips, admiring her efforts as Micah whimpered and breathed deep.

“Was that sixty? I lost count. It felt like sixty. That's enough for now, slave. Crawl up the bed and roll over.”

Micah did as he was ordered, hissing as he turned and his well-spanked bottom made contact with the bedding. Even the soft duvet was painful against his freshly welted butt. Gwen watched him wince, gleefully, as she pulled off her blue leather thigh-highs. She tossed the boots on the bed before grabbing the bed frame and stepping up on the surface.

Once she was standing over Micah's face, she reached down and grabbed the zipper at the bottom of her rubber suit. She pulled it down gently, opening the back bottom half and revealing her shapely, peach-toned ass. Her flesh bulged from the constricting white rubber, glossy with a thin sheen of sweat as Micah stared up at her glorious globes.

“Now that I've given your ass the treatment it deserves, you're going to do the same for mine” she stated plainly. “Since your tongue likes getting you into trouble, let's see if it can get you out!”

Without another word, Gwen lowered herself on his face and Micah was cast into warm, sweaty, fleshy darkness. She mashed him into the bedding, her entire weight lowering down on the slut-boy's brow, nose, mouth and chin. Gwen chuckled as she wiggled her rump side to side, making sure his entire face was buried in her flesh and incapable of breathing anything but her pungent scent.

Micah went to work at once, extending his tongue and lapping up and down her supple crack. He kissed, licked and sucked away in her darkness, knowing full well that if he wanted a breath of fresh air any time soon, he'd have to earn it. Gwen shimmied back and forth across his face, plowing his nose and lips up and down her increasingly saliva-smear bottom as Micah blew hot breath against her flesh and tongued away like an obedient slave.

“Mmmmm... Very nice! I think we've found something you're good at, slut. Other than taking cocks in your filthy holes, that is.”

Micah could scarcely make out every third word, but he could tell from her mirthful tone that she was pleased. He lapped, tongued and worshiped her plentifully, his lips smacking off her hot, moist with loving reverence. Every few minutes, he'd tap his mitts at Gwen's sides and she would lift

Midnight nailed. Micah licked away obediently as the still-horny loomed overhead, directing him in his task. True to her word, she did not relent until her fashionable boots were spotless and shiny again.

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After his busy day with Jessica and Gwen, Micah turned in early and slept like he hadn't in ages. Not only did it help him recover, but allowed him to get up earlier the next day with plenty of time to fulfill his obligations. A fresh look at his schedule revealed that activity number one was janitorial work.

Micah spent an hour mopping hallways and hauling trash, then returned to his room to prepare for his first appointment of the day. Unsurprisingly it was Roxy who'd booked him and she'd requested he dress as *Hayate / Ein* from the *Dead Or Alive* series. Realizing that he had nothing resembling Hayate's karate gi or Ein's bad boy clothing on hand, he headed out for the costume department. On the way, he got a call from Roxy.

"Hey, you getting ready for our date?" her sweet voice carried through the speaker.

"I'm on the way to get dressed right now."

"Awesome! Head to my room as soon as you're ready. I texted you the room number. I'm getting dressed right now as one of the Dead Or Alive girls."

"Ooooh, is it *Kasumi*?!?" Micah asked hopefully.

"I'm not gonna spoil the surprise. You'll just have to wait and see."

"You're not planning to beat me up, are you?"

Roxy giggled. "Relax. I heard what Jess and Gwen put you through yesterday. I'll go easy on you."

"Thanks." His voice oozed relief.

"In fact, I'm in such a good mood, I think we might switch things up a bit."

"Switch things up? How so?"

"Just because I'm the one with the big cock doesn't mean I have to dominate all the time."

Micah's eyes flew open in astonishment. He could hardly believe what he was hearing. So far, nothing he'd seen or heard from the Vixens indicated they did anything but top the shit out of their clients and house slaves. By all accounts, they relished in it and would have it no other way. Was it possible that something else might be on offer for a change?

Roxy had always been nice to him and the most easy going of the trio who'd brought him to this place. If anyone had a softer side to share with him, it would be her. Perhaps what a sweet ninja girl really wanted was to be manhandled and dicked down by a ninja master?

“Oh... Well then, I'll be there as soon as I can, Ms. Blight.”

“You'd better. I'm horny as fuck and I hate waiting. See you soon, lover boy.”

* * * * *

Micah strolled up to Roxy's door in full Shinobi regalia. It wasn't a perfect match for Hayate's costume, but it was darn close. He wore black robes with white trim and a white sash around his waist. His forearms were protected by shiny black vambraces and his shins were likewise hidden behind sleek, matching shin guards. He walked in sandals that weren't particularly comfortable, but looked accurate for the stage of history in feudal Japan.

When he reached the entrance, Micah planted himself firmly and summoned his best look of manly stoicism before ringing the doorbell and crossing his arms over his chest. It felt odd, wearing his collar, given that Roxy was going to let him take the lead, but at least there was no leash attached.

“Be right there!” the muffled reply came through the door. A few moments later it opened and Micah's facade of confidence and cool demeanor cracked, giving way to fresh surprise.

Roxy wasn't dressed as a ninja. No, rather a kind of gothic lolita maid stood before him in glossy black and frilly white. Her dress was half black leather with buckles and half white satin. She wore fingerless black gloves on her hands and a pair of tall, punkish leather boots with red platform heels. Her hair was dyed blonde and done up into two flowing pigtails.

Micah's mouth fell open, but he failed to form words.

“What?” Roxy looked annoyed after all the hard work she'd gone to. “You don't like my *Marie Rose*?”

“No, it's not that!” he said apologetically. “I just wasn't expecting it. I figured you'd be a ninja or maybe a cowgirl or opera singer. I never played the later DOA games, so I'm not too familiar with Marie. But, you look incredible!”

Roxy tapped his chin with one finger and offered him a smile. “Good save, Mr. ninja master. You look pretty good, yourself. C'mon in!”

She turned and strutted back into her condo with a hand on her hip. Micah entered, closed the door and followed her inside. As they moved through her foyer, hallway and past her living room, he looked around at the opulence that life as a Cosplay Vixen afforded her. He'd already gotten a taste of it at Gwen's, but it was still slightly shocking to find himself in the private domain of such rare beauties.

They entered the kitchen and Roxy motioned to the massive, modern refrigerator. “You want something to drink before we get started?”

“No, thanks” he waved her off. “I hydrated well with breakfast.”

“I meant an adult beverage” she said with a silly smile; clearly amused by his naivety. “Or maybe a puff of something to help you relax? I have some amazing kush.”

“Really, I appreciate it, but I'm good.”

Roxy shrugged. “Suit yourself, square! In that case, follow me. I'm going to show you my bedroom and you're not going to say a word about how messy it is.”

“Yes, Ma'am” Micah replied before nodding and following her out.

True to his word, he said nothing, but his eyebrows raised as they entered Roxy's extra large master bedroom. Not only were costumes all over the place, but a variety of toys, videogames and stuffed animals lent her more than a little geek cred. Unlike Jessica and Gwen, it was obvious Roxy embraced nerd culture.

They continued in, stopping just a few feet from her Queen size bed.

“Wow, this is quite a collection!”

Roxy turned and closed the distance to him. “Oh, this is nothing. You should see what I have at home. My real home, across the country. Maybe if you're a good boy, I'll take you there some day.”

Micah smiled. “I thought you wanted a bad boy, today?”

Roxy wrapped her arms around him and looked deep into his eyes. “One thing at a time.” Her hands found his bottom and groped his ass cheeks hungrily.

“Mmmpphh!” Micah couldn't avoid a grunt of residual ache.

“Ooooh, still sore after yesterday, huh? I thought you might be. Why don't you lay down on the bed and I'll see if I can't soothe you...”

A deep blush entered Micah's face as he considered the possibilities. Did she mean a massage? Or perhaps something even more intimate... Either sounded great to him. “Gladly” he replied before turning and sliding onto her luxurious bedding. He fell face first into the silky covers and kicked off his sandals without a second thought.

“That's it” she encouraged him. “Stretch yourself out toward the corners. Get comfortable. It's important that you get enough R&R between sessions, you know. You've become quite the hot commodity around here.”

“So I've noticed.”

Micah turned his body into a giant X on the bed and let out a light moan. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so at ease. His bed in the dorms certainly didn't compare to the luxury model Roxy had. He noticed his shin guards being unstrapped and his pants being pulled down. Once his bottom half was bare, he felt her gloved hand pass over his still-aching ass cheeks. Her gentle rubs felt heavenly.

“There... Isn't that nice?”

“Unnnngghh” he muttered into the mattress.

Her hand slid down and cradled his balls. She gave the him the most mild squeeze before continuing on and seizing his half-hard cock below. She stroked his manhood lavishly. The soft leather of her gloves slid back and forth, feeling wonderful on his foreskin. This wasn't what Micah had envisioned when Roxy mentioned 'switching it up', but if she wanted to pamper him, he was more than happy to undergo that kind of treatment.

“Ohhh... **fuck** yes...” he mumbled.

“You ever been rimmed before, Micah?”

“N-No...”

“There's a first time for everything. Getting your ass licked is one of the best feelings in the world. Bet you can't wait to feel that?”

“Oh, yes please...”

Roxy released him and the bed shifted as she got up. Micah heard her rummaging around in the background and turned his head to see what she was doing. He watched her take up a pair of her cat-ear headphones that she often used for gaming and streaming. She hooked them up to an audio player and walked back to the bed. Seconds later, the heavy headset was being lowered onto his head and adjusted over his ears.

“Just listen and relax” Roxy's voice cooed.

“Yes, Miss Marie.”

“Breathe deeply. In and out. In and out. In and out” her soothing voice echoed through the headphones. ***“Close your eyes. Let all the tension out of your body. You have never been more relaxed than you are right now. In and out. In and out...”***

It felt like he was melting into the bed. Micah listened to her words and followed her prompts accordingly. A light giddiness flowed through him as Roxy's hands trailed over his body. It felt like the most serene and sensual experience of his life was about to take place. He barely felt the first leather cuff as she wrapped it around his right wrist. The feat was repeated with his other three limbs, but Micah was too zoned out to care.

“Listen only to the sound of my voice. Mistress Roxy knows what's best for you. You will obey me in all things. In and out. In and out...”

Some tiny spec of Micah's remaining awareness realized that he'd been tricked, but it was an afterthought competing in vain with the perpetual tide of Roxy's lilting tones. The young man found himself in subspace purely through the power of her siren song.

“You live to serve Mistress Roxy. You exist to worship Mistress Roxy. Your purpose in life is to suck my dick. Worship my ass. Suck my tits. To take my Goddess cock in your slutty boy holes. Every day. Every hour. Without end.”

Amidst his mental haze, Micah felt a cold tube pushed into his pucker followed by a rush of thick, sticky jelly. Surprisingly, the lubricant applied a warming sensation to his insides that he'd never experienced before. Many lubes shocked you with how chilling they felt on first contact. Not so with this one. It only added to the calm acceptance floating through his mind and body.

The bed shifted again and Roxy's weight fell upon him. Micah felt her hike up her dress and bring the fat head of her mega dong to his well-lubed entrance. She eased herself into his silky pucker and each inch of her girthy unit felt divine as it sank inside him.

“You live for this. Being used like a filthy cum dump. That's what you are. Nothing but a human condom. A sleeve to deposit my sperm...”

“Oh god... **Yes!!!**” Micah's limbs pulled reflexively and he felt the tug of stern bondage for the first time. He was chained tightly to all four corners of the bed.

Her impossibly thick penis continued its advance, sliding slow but insistently into Micah's warm, gripping depths. Even though his pucker had been well-trained by dozens of Vixens, the first insertion always took a while. With rest and recovery, his back door closed into a deliciously tight portal; ready to receive fat girl dick and be stretched back into its proper submissive dimensions.

“You crave Mistress Roxy's cock. You dream of my cock. You live for this cock...”

“Yes! I need your cock! **Please Mistress!!!**”

Roxy didn't need to say anything. Her audio tape was provoking all the right responses. She was free to grope at Micah's body and mutter pleurably as her hefty cum pipe burrowed into his depths. Finally, after a long, persistent push, Roxy bottomed out in his ass. Her large scrotum pressed into the soft bedding, completely eclipsing Micah's smaller bits below.

“In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out...”

The Vixen's voice droned on, but she was no longer referring to breathing.

“In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out...”

Roxy's hips rose and fell, driving her plump phallus in and out of his strained pucker with ever longer strokes. Her moans grew in volume as she pumped him aggressively. Soon, her hips were slapping into his still-burning cheeks and reigniting the pain of Gwen's discipline. Roxy reached up with one hand and grabbed the back of Micah's collar, adding leathery strain to his throat as her fucking picked up speed.

“You want this cock. You love this cock. You crave my cum. You need my cum...”

“**Please, fill me with your cum, Mistress!!!**”

The words were music to Roxy's ears. She laughed, grinning wickedly as her thighs flexed, the leather of her costume creaked and her hips slammed into Micah's splayed out form. Every inch of her girthy fuck stick hilted in his warm, inviting tunnel without relent. Her breasts pressed into his back, her nipples grazed by the silk and leather of her costume as she fucked him like a woman possessed.

“Ohhh.... **Yes!** Tell Mommy how much you love it! That's a good boy!!! **SUCH A GOOD BOY!!!**”

With a final, brutal thrust, Roxy hilted in his ass and her body trembled. The floodgates opened and her white hot honey gushed into the deepest part of Micah that a cock could reach. Her erection seized and quaked inside of him, firing out more strands of sticky white custard with every loud moan and powerful convulsion. Micah groaned into the bedding as he felt the tide of sticky nut rush into him and force its way deeper in his intestines as Roxy's balls drained.

“In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out...”

click

When her ejaculations ceased, Roxy reached over and stopped the recording. She lifted the headset from Micah's ears, if only temporarily. With the sweaty, leathery headphones gone, he could hear Roxy cackling under her breath. She lay atop Micah, her cock still inside him, as she recovered from her exertions.

“Oh Micah. You're so adorable. So cute and silly and naive. You really thought I was going to lick your ass? Maybe suck on your cock? Until you shot your sad little wad?”

“Mistress, I-”

“You did. Don't deny it. That will **never** happen, slave. **Licking ass** is your job. **Sucking cock** is your job! But not this morning...”

Roxy peeled her sweaty form from his body and her cock excited Micah's ass with a wet pop. Semen ran from his pucker as Roxy slid off the bed, stood back and straightened her goth lolita attire.

“Today, I'm going to fill that lovely boy cunt of yours with so much spunk, you'll have a cum baby in your stomach by the time you leave for lunch. You won't be hungry at all, I promise. And Headmistress Gladstone will thank me when I've stretched you out so good for her.”

Through his bliss-wracked and cum-filled daze, Micah remembered. Yes, the leader of Cosplay Vixens had reserved him for later. She'd even texted and said she had a special surprise for him. It was going to be a long day. Longer than usual, since Gloria had warned him she would keep him much later than his appointment time. His afternoon with the Headmistress would likely stretch into a long night of untold debauchery.

“You have ten minutes to rest” she informed him. “I'm going to freshen up, then I'll be back for round two. It's important for us Vixens to stay hydrated! Maybe some volume enhancer tablets and a little nose candy...” she thought out loud. “I wanna feel like I'm flooding the fuckin cosmos with my seed.”

Roxy picked up the headset and restarted the audio player. “Be back in a bit, slut!” She slid the headphones back over Micah's ears and he was left alone, chained to her bed, as Roxy's words resumed their assault on his mind.

“You will worship my cock and beg for my cum. You will dream of nothing but serving Mistress Roxy...”

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