

No Escape (Tales Of Emasculation)

Chapter 1 - The New Paradigm

It was early summer, just a few weeks after the spring semester ended. Life was good for young, horny college juniors with three months to do whatever they damn well pleased. Merrick cruised down the highway, the top down in his 2020 Ford Mustang convertible. The car was a high school graduation present from his parents; one he probably wouldn't have received had he not gotten a track and field scholarship to attend university. He was studying Communications, the major infamously chosen by those who had no idea what they wanted to do with their lives.

Merrick's studies were the furthest thing from his mind as the wind coursed through his short, blonde hair. The light of a beautiful sunset reflected off his shades. The once blue sky was fading into passionate shades of yellow, orange and red. Merrick's athletic, 5'10 body was best at running and jumping sports, but it was his summer job as a lifeguard that paid the bills. That's how he kept gas in his tank, fueled his blistering metabolism and furnished his new apartment; the first he'd ever had.

It was at the beach, under one of those brilliant cerulean skies with a just a few wispy patches of white cloud, that he'd met his new girlfriend, Keiko. He'd spotted the Asian beauty working at one of the snack bars by the shore. His guesses about her predicament would eventually be confirmed; that she was a few years older than him, already out of school and worked at the bar as a side hustle to help make ends meet.

Merrick flirted with her a few times and the dutiful clerk seemed amused, if not outright interested. She replied with the requisite polite smiles and brief banter, hurrying their transactions along. That kind of response would be enough to make some give up, but not Merrick. He was determined. The smitten young man kept going back for more snacks and drinks every chance he got. He watched closely and noted the time that Keiko started and ended her shifts.

One day, he waited along the path to the parking lot in the least convincing ambush ever. When she came plodding up the trail in her flip flops, exhausted from a long day of work, Merrick lowered the book he was pretending to read and fired up the small talk. Keiko rolled her eyes and walked right past him, seemingly annoyed. Still, Merrick persisted.

He chatted her up all the way back to her car as Keiko gave only curt, sometimes mocking, responses. At that point, he mentally prepared himself to get shot down, but Merrick wasn't about to waste this unique opportunity. Even though it didn't seem to be going well, he asked her out. The aggravated Asian whirled around, placed her hands on her hips and stared daggers at him. Her mouth opened and, just when it looked like she was about to tell him off, her demeanor shifted.

Keiko's lips drew to a close as she studied him earnestly. It was as if she'd suddenly remembered or realized something. She reconsidered her response. Merrick didn't understand her sudden change of heart, but he didn't care why it was happening. It was a ray of hope in the darkness. Then, with a more pleasant smile than she'd ever flashed him at the snack bar, she accepted his invitation.

Since then, they'd been on two dates. The first took place at one of those adult arcade spots where you could eat dinner, drink beer and spend a hundred dollars winning your loved one a three dollar stuffed animal. The second was at an indoor rock climbing facility where Merrick could show off his well-toned body. To her credit, Keiko did surprisingly well. The thin young woman was stronger than she looked.

During these outings, Merrick didn't exactly feel sparks fly. So far, it felt more like an awkward friendship than a romance. There weren't any longing gazes on Keiko's part. In terms of affection, she'd offered him only a peck on the cheek at the end of their second date. It wasn't much, but it was enough to keep Merrick pursuing her a little while longer. She'd mentioned growing up in a highly religious family, so it was possible she was a slow starter when it came to intimate matters.

Would tonight be any different? They had a classic '*dinner and a movie*' date planned for this evening. Perhaps Keiko would lower her inhibitions in the theater, a setting famous for couples necking and groping each other. Merrick intended to pick the most boring movie on offer and hope for the best.

That was all on Merrick's one-track mind as he coasted down the freeway. Classic rock flowed from the speakers of his sports car, competing with the gusting wind around him. The first hints of chill entered the air as the sun dipped lower in the distance. Merrick stepped on the accelerator and the engine roared, propelling him toward an exciting and uncertain future.

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"Thank you" Keiko said as she handed her menu to the waiter.

"Thanks" Merrick said with a nod, doing the same.

He turned back to the elegant woman sitting across from him and smiled. Merrick took a sip of his ice water as he studied her up and down. Keiko looked amazing in the form fitting red satin dress. It showed off her slim curves wonderfully while leaving her arms bare at her sides.

The deep crimson garment made her wavy, jet black hair stand out even more as it tumbled halfway down her back. It didn't expose any cleavage, but the tight piece of eveningwear was far less modest than the outfits she'd worn on their previous dates. By contrast, Merrick almost felt underdressed in his simple button-down and slacks.

He was about to ask Keiko about her day when she beat him to the punch.

"Hey. There's something I want to talk to you about" she said, breaking the ice. "Something important."

"Sure" he replied. Merrick folded his hands together and sat with rapt attention.

"I'm going on vacation in a couple weeks. I was wondering if you wanted to come with me?"

"Oh! Yeah, I'd love to. Not sure if I can get the time off, since the season just started, but I'll definitely try. Where are you going?"

“To a camp, upstate, that my friend runs. It's a beautiful spot, but it's also a business for her. The whole trip is kind of a package deal.”

“A package deal? What do you mean?” Merrick asked with a scrunched brow.

Keiko's face shifted into a silly grin. “Have you ever heard of those *self improvement camps* for men?”

“Wait. You don't mean those *Alpha Male Bootcamps*, do you?” he responded with sardonic ridicule in his voice. “I saw some clips of that stuff on TikTok. That shit's for idiots with too much money. Or losers who didn't get enough love from their parents.”

“No, not like that!” Keiko waved her hands in rebuke. “Well, I suppose the basic idea is the same, but the place my friend runs is nothing like those '*back to tradition*' guys. It's very progressive! The counselors and trainers are all women.”

“Oh. So it's not just a bunch of burly guys yelling at you and ordering you around like some weird conversion camp for closeted gay men?”

“Not at all. Quite the opposite, in fact. It's about women training men into better partners for other women. They promote exercise, meditation, etiquette and getting in touch with your feminine side.”

“Hmmm... that doesn't sound **too** bad. A little cringe, maybe. Let me guess. You want me to take part?”

Keiko smiled innocently. “It would be a **big** help for my friend. She's trying to drum up business and could use a few more smiling faces and testimonials for her website. It wouldn't cost you anything and since you're already in great shape, the course would be easy for you.”

“In other words, this a free vacation for you as long as you can rope a guy into coming along and jumping through the hoops. Is that about right?”

“**Hey!**” Keiko looked indignant. “I wouldn't offer this to just anyone, you know! I'm asking you because I think it would be nice, for both of us. When you're not taking part in camp activities, we'll get some quality time together. We get our own little cabin. Think of it as... *playing house*.”

“Playing house, huh? Does our *role play* continue in the bedroom?”

Keiko looked away coyly before her eyes returned to Merrick. “Maybe.”

Her response was non-committal, but the wicked smile on her face was making all kinds of promises. Keiko lifted her water glass and took a sip. At no point did the impish grin leave her face.

“Interesting...” Merrick said with a nod. “With a sales pitch like that, you should be selling vacations, not snacks.”

Keiko's eyes lit up. “So, you'll come?”

“You talked me into it. If they won't give me the time off, they can find another lifeguard.”

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It was almost four o'clock as Keiko pulled her Kia Forte LX off the highway. They passed a single gas station, diner and convenience store before heading into the vast wilderness. It had been almost two hours since they left the bustling beach community for the trip up north. Both of them were eager to reach their destination and stretch their legs.

They'd chatted a fair amount along the way and Merrick had scrolled various apps on his phone until there was no longer a reliable signal. The beautiful day and inspiring scenery made up for the loss of internet in the final leg of the journey.

Just as she had in the theater two weeks ago, Keiko occasionally reached over and distracted Merrick with a squeeze of his thigh and grope of his groin. When he looked to her, he saw the first signs of sexual arousal in the raven-haired siren. Her eyes brimmed with excitement and lurid desire.

On the surface, she was demure, but deep down there was something lurking. A wanton appetite that Merrick could practically feel and wanted desperately to tap into. They'd both put in extra hours at work before the trip, so there hadn't been time for a fourth date, but Keiko had teased him with flirtatious texts during the entire buildup to their getaway. For a woman so seemingly shy, she was a remarkably effective temptress.

"I'm sure you're starving by now. They serve dinner around five, so you won't have to wait long. Once we unload our stuff, I'll introduce you to Vanya. She'll give you the grand tour before we eat."

"She's your friend who runs the place?"

"Yup. I met Vanya a few years ago, when I was still in school. She used to hang out in night clubs close to campus. She's an amazing woman. Changed my life, to tell you the truth."

"Wow! That's high praise. What exactly did she do?"

"It's difficult to explain. I guess you could say, she opened my eyes. Gave me hope for the future again. Gave me hope for **you guys**, too."

Merrick chuckled. "What? You mean **men**?"

"Exactly. I know it sounds silly, but you'll see. She's going to change your life too."

"Oh, yeah. I'm sure I'll be different person after she opens my third eye and aligns my vaginal chakras" he said dismissively.

Keiko's warm disposition turned to stone and she shot him a death glare.

"Whoa! **Kidding!** Just kidding!" he spoke up, raising his hands in protest. "I'm sorry! I promise I'll go into it with an open mind."

The tension and anger drained from the young woman's face. "Good. That's all I ask."

What was left of the drive passed in silence until the woods opened up into a clearing. A long tract of gravel road led up to the exterior of a walled compound with a guard station and an automated barrier arm. The walls stretched out as far as the eye could see until they disappeared back into the forest on either side.

Keiko came to a stop at the barrier and reached for her purse, presumably to get her ID or some kind of badge to flash at the scanner. Before she could find it, the solitary woman manning the guard station recognized her and waved them through. The barrier arm lifted, admitting them entry. Keiko waved back in thanks before driving in.

“Damn. I wasn't expecting this place to have security” Merrick remarked.

“It's a first class operation. You're getting the deal of century by being one of the guys who get to do this for free. The ones who come later will pay out the nose.”

“Shit. Well, when you put it like that...”

After a short drive through another wooded area, they emerged once again. Merrick's eyes went wide as they approached what could only be described as a massive, luxurious estate.

“That's the main lodge” Keiko noted.

“**Lodge?!?** That's a fucking mansion!” he retorted.

“I suppose calling it a lodge is underselling it. Wait till you see the guest houses!”

They broke off to the right rather than proceeding around the circular driveway that led to the main building. In the distance was a parking lot and a series of renovated cabins. They parked in front of one of the unclaimed dwellings and unloaded their gear in the living room before heading back out. As they walked down the gravel path back to the manor's entrance, Merrick grew curious.

“Where is everybody? I thought we'd see someone else by now?”

“The training yards and other facilities are behind the lodge, deeper in the estate” Keiko answered. “It's a large camp and many of the buildings are spread out. Those already enrolled in the program are finishing up their activities before dinner. Anyone joining today, like you, is probably already at the main building, going through orientation.”

“Oh... I guess that makes sense.”

After traversing the other half of the long, paved oval they climbed a few short sets of marble steps and reached the entrance to the so-called *lodge*. Its large double doors opened freely and they slipped inside. Their footsteps echoed as they entered. The largesse Merrick witnessed could only be compared to the Spencer Mansion in *Resident Evil*. He began to realize this place was almost definitely a former country club that had been retrofitted for the group's purposes. But what kind of small business startup could possibly afford a property like this?

Keiko led him into a parlor adjacent to the foyer. Aside from the ticking of a grandfather clock, the

room of fine furnishings and framed renaissance art was dead silent.

“Wait here” she said while pointing back at the hallway. “I’ll go find Vanya. Make yourself comfortable.”

“Sure. Thanks.”

Merrick chose not to sit as he waited. Two hours in the car had been more than enough time on his butt for someone who was normally very active. He strolled around the gaudy room and studied his surroundings. The longer he did, he began to notice that certain smells seemed out of place. There was a lingering chemical odor in the air that definitely wasn’t furniture polish or any other cleaning agent. It seemed almost rubbery in nature. Below that scent were other hints of filth. The kind of pungent smell that only emerged after a roll in the hay with a co-ed, slathering the bedding in your mutual fluids. Or after a marathon edging session and filling a sock or condom with abundant ejaculate.

A door opened at the other side of the room, snapping the young man out of his musings. Keiko re-emerged. What followed behind her perplexed Merrick at first, but as its form became clear, confusion gave way to shock. She was a giant of a woman; so tall that she had to duck her head to enter. So massive that her curves barely fit through the door frame.

There was no trace of hair on the mystery giantess. Instead, her bald head was covered by a shiny helm of cone-like black spikes. From her broad shoulders, a massive cape flowed down, red satin on the inside and leathery black on the outside. Her behemoth curves were surrounded in a web of black leather straps that bit into her skin lightly, creating small bulges in her flesh that sent the mind reeling. The body harness and a thick, leathery bra were all that covered her torso and upper legs until black, glossy thigh-high boots took over.

In her hands she carried a golden scepter adorned with red jewels. It appeared to have various buttons and compartments installed along its length. In case the *Dominatrix-from-Space* vibe wasn’t shocking enough, her final surprise was enough to make any jaw drop. Hanging from her crotch was a massive pipe of girthy fuck-meat, secured snugly in its own leathery cock sleeve. Directly below it, also straining to be free, was a mammoth scrotum. Its peach complexion overflowed the black leather ball hammock that cradled them like a second bra.

As Keiko stepped aside, Vanya marched forward; her boot heels stomping across the floor. Such was her size and heft, the thick oriental rug barely dulled her footsteps as she proceeded.

Merrick froze at first, but as she drew closer, he backed up in reflexive terror. The otherworldly woman towered over him by a foot. She was at least 6’10 and the tallest rubber spike stuck straight up from her helm, adding to her already imposing stature. Merrick felt chills the likes of which nothing else in his twenty one years of life had ever instilled.

“Hello, young man” she spoke in a deep, haughty voice. The advancing hellion tapped the end of her scepter in her free hand. It smacked into her shiny glove with supple impact. “Welcome to your new home.”

“Wha... **What the hell?!?**” Merrick finally spoke up. He continued to backpedal as Vanya continued her advance. “**Keiko?!?**” he called out to his girlfriend. “**What is this?!?**” His gaze sought her out, only to find the skilled seductress staring back with a knowing grin.

Realizing that any pleading with her would be fruitless, he turned back to the monstrous femme bearing down on him. Merrick panicked and held up his hands in desperate appeal.

“I'm- **I'm gonna go now!** I'm sure your program is great, but I don't think this is my kind of- **AHHH!**”

The former student was caught off guard as he backed directly into a wall of latex and flesh. Two powerful hands seized his body in tight grips. Merrick felt another sleeve of thick, bulging cock press between his ass cheeks and brush up against his legs. It seemed the woman behind him was much like the amazon approaching him. If her prodigious prick wasn't warning enough, her gargantuan breasts pushed into the back of his head and smothered his hair. Her giant, leather-wrapped rack weighed his head down with their stupendous bulk.

“It's pointless to resist, little one” he heard Vanya's voice boom again. “You belong to *The Dominae* now.”

Merrick strained his neck, fighting against the avalanche of tit flesh that encumbered his restrained form. The woman behind him laughed and allowed him to struggle for a short while, but she eventually grew bored. She released his right arm just long enough to grab an implement from her belt and bring it to Merrick's neck.

“Nighty night, **bitch!**”

The snapping, gas expulsion sound of some kind of chemical gun discharged as Merrick felt a fierce pinch at his neck. He struggled to escape her grasp, but it was no use. The Dominae guard took his right arm back into custody within seconds. Merrick's vision began to swim as his body went fuzzy and his muscle coordination fled. He watched with growing haziness as his treacherous girlfriend walked forward and took her place beside Vanya. The Femdom warlord turned to greet her.

“You did well, Keiko. He'll be a fine addition to the project.”

“Thank you. It was my pleasure, Commandress. May I go prepare for the festivities?”

“Of course. You've earned your place in the gallery tonight. You'll have two pets at your disposal. Enjoy the show, my dear.”

“I will, Lady Vanya.”

Merrick's consciousness slipped away, but before the darkness claimed him, he was witness to one more astonishing moment. Vanya looked to the guard holding their new captive and spoke once more, but the sounds that spiraled from her mouth weren't words; or at least nothing that a human would interpret as such. They were a combination of static, metallic reverberation and growling which could only be an alien language.

As soon as the ear-splitting sounds ceased, the guard hefted Merrick over her shoulder and carried him off. The helpless young man passed out just as they exited the parlor.

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“Uhhhhhhnnnnn..... **fuck.**”

Merrick awoke slowly as his skull pounded with a powerful headache. Chains and metal fittings clanked all around him as he sat up on a plain, heavily stained mattress with no blankets or sheets. The soiled pallet reeked of sweat and cum. Surprisingly, he wasn't shackled to the O-rings along the wall of his dingy cell, but he was restrained in other ways.

A thick metal collar with a plush leather interior ringed his throat, giving his neck just enough wiggle room to easily breathe and swallow. His dick was locked in a brutally small cage of gray steel that would never allow him to achieve full erection. His balls, likewise, were secured in a mini harness. Small metal diodes pressed into his sensitive flesh at multiple points along its leather straps. Aside from his new adornments, the freshly minted slave was completely nude.

On the floor not far away, Merrick spotted an unopened bottled water and a small cup with two medicinal capsules in it. Next to them was a note that read: *'Painkillers. Take them if you wish.'* He grabbed the cup and swallowed the meds eagerly, gulping them down with the still cool spring water. The rest of the refreshing liquid flowed into his gullet before he sighed in relief and tossed the empty container aside.

Even when the painkillers kicked in, he could still feel a dull ache at the side of his head. Merrick reached up and felt across the aching area, searching for a bandage, scar or stitches. Ultimately, he found nothing. He wasn't sure what they'd done, but some kind of procedure had definitely been performed there.

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The cell door opened and in strode the leather-decked Commandress. She ducked down upon entry just as she had earlier that day. The giantess placed her hands on her hips, which served to spread out the cape ever further and make her outline more imposing. She surveyed her new plaything with amusement, reveling in the unexpected and instantaneous nature of his transformation. Little did Merrick know, his transformation had only begun.

“Alright, **fuck toy**. Listen well, because if I have to explain any of this a second time, it will be accompanied by **severe pain!** As I said, this is your new home. Your sole concern from this day forward will be to obey and serve whichever members of The Dominae currently have claim to you. Disobedience is punished swiftly, in a variety of ways, but the most common is...”

Vanya held up her scepter. She turned the base to her free hand where she pushed two small buttons in rapid succession.

Surges of blistering, electrical pain erupted in Merrick's body. He flailed on the sticky, smelly mattress as the muscles in his neck and the nerves in his scrotum stretched and convulsed. The zapping sensation coursed up and down his spine as the former student grunted and exhaled pitiful cries and half-yelps. The sensation of pure, immobilizing agony ceased after five too-long seconds.

“That was **mild** pain. If don't want to know what moderate, severe and crippling pain are like, you will do what you're told.”

Vanya paced back and forth in the cell, giving him a few moments to recover. She watched him like a hawk as she swept her cape aside and held the torture rod behind her back in both fists. This gave Merrick a magnificent view of her fulsome curves, straining against the straps of her body harness as she strutted back and forth.

“If you attempt to flee, at any point, the first perimeter fence will trigger the shock mechanism in your collar. If, by some miracle, you made it all the way to the outer fence, that triggers the needle in your collar, delivering a paralyzing agent into your bloodstream. So, you see.. and I want to be very clear on this, there is **no escape**.”

Merrick's heart sank. He'd barely had time to think about escaping before his hopes were utterly dashed. Unless he found a way to remove the impressive piece of technology, it sounded like getting away was truly a non-starter.

“As for the discomfort you're feeling on the side of your head, you've been chipped. The sensation will pass, in time.”

“**Chip**?!? What's it do?”

Vanya stopped in her tracks and looked at him incredulously. Merrick realized his mistake as she raised her scepter and pressed the shock buttons a second time. He groaned, gasped and grunted in quivering torment. Merrick collapsed on his side and suffered five more seconds of horrendous, debilitating shock.

“You will speak only when prompted or when it's necessary to properly serve your betters. If unprompted speech is deemed unnecessary, unhelpful or disrespectful, you will be punished! You will address your betters by their proper title. My name is Vanya. My title is Commandress. So you will call me Commandress, Lady Vanya, or, to borrow the title your kind associates with superior females, **Mistress Vanya**. Understood?”

Merrick nodded hastily. “Yes, Commandress.”

“Good. The rest you will learn as you go. And speaking of **going**, that's what we need to do. The *orientation orgy* is in full swing, and we're late.” Vanya reached into an inner pocket of her cape and retrieved a chain leash with a looped leather handle. “On your feet, whore! **MOVE!**”

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The pungent scents of cum, sweat and other bodily fluids were like punches to the face as Merrick followed Lady Vanya into the banquet hall of sin. As jarring as the smells were, they were nothing compared to the visuals that awaited. In all his travels on the web since discovering the darker side of the internet, the young man had never imagined depravity on this scale.

There were at least forty of the Dominae present and they were all giants like Vanya. The shortest of them looked about 6'7, while the tallest reached seven and a half feet. Some were more muscular, with bodybuilder biceps, tree-trunk thighs and gleaming six-pack abs. Others were BBWs with considerably

more pudge on their curves and stomachs. Many were super sized women with ordinary physiques to go with their extraordinary erections and bloated ball-sacks.

Their attire ranged as vastly as their body types, with many wearing shiny fetishwear, others donning clingy silk or satin, and several all but naked aside from their boots and bras. A few even went completely naked, save for the multiple piercings and tattoos that decorated their glistening skin.

To a woman, they were thrusting their fat, fleshy spears into the nearest boyhole. The hall was a symphony of moans, grunts and rapid meaty slapping as mega-cocks pounded the mouths and asses of newly collared bottom sluts. With only a dozen newcomers on hand, virtually all of the men were contending with two thrusting Dominae shafts at once, gagging and wincing as both their tight orifices were slammed with sultry fuck-logs. Whenever one of the titanic women finished and withdrew, another tagged in to take her place with feverish lust.

There was only one exception to this rule; a single unfortunate male situated just outside the hall's restrooms. He knelt in a small, inflatable swimming pool with his arms bound behind his back. A sign just above his head read '*URINAL*' with a single downward pointing arrow. Fittingly, the poor chap was clad in a yellow, full body latex suit. There were no holes in the rubber hood for his eyes; only for his nose and forced-open mouth. Merrick couldn't help but think of Bruce Lee's yellow track suit in *Game of Death*, and how the martial arts icon would've been horrified at this perversion of the attire he made famous.

The piss-slave's jaw was pried open with odd kind of gag; a head harness with a circular contraption Merrick had never seen before. It offered permanent access to his maw, so the Dominae could fire into his mouth or insert their cocks and make him drink directly. His yellow second skin glistened with what Merrick assumed was urine, though he had no wish to get close enough to confirm it with his nostrils.

Oddly, the piss-spattered prisoner had breasts jutting from his latex-clad chest. Whether it was the result of prosthetics or long term hormone treatment, he couldn't say, but the outline of a small, caged cock in the bottom of his rubber suit confirmed the human toilet was male. It was a safe bet this pet wasn't a new recruit, but had been brought to the ceremony for special duty. Though, it was possible one of the newbies had behaved so poorly the Dominae decided to make an example of him.

Merrick's mind spun as they walked further into the festival of debauchery. When he slowed down to gawk at one obscene display or another, Vanya huffed and tugged on his leash sternly. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a towering, sweaty Gladiatrix swagger up to the piss pool and level her bulbous bitch breaker at the potty gimp's mouth. Merrick quickly turned away, not wishing to witness what followed.

As they strolled down the central corridor, he studied the suffering submissives and a theme emerged. Aside from the occasional bitchboy who was naked like himself, or a few that were fully concealed in latex or leather, the rest were in various forms of forced feminization. About half of the newly collared males wore a dress, a maid uniform, or had boy shorts stuck around their splayed ankles as they were fucked into oblivion.

Their female garb, fetishwear and naked bodies dripped with abundant semen as they were mercilessly spitroasted by the two nearest Futadom overlords. The males groaned and muttered gibberish around thrusting erections, tasting the ass of whichever pet the Dominae had previously fucked. They were bent over furniture, locked in pillories and secured in suspension harnesses as the insatiable Amazons pumped, pulled and smacked their asses without end.

As they passed each small gathering, usually consisting of one slave, two rutting Dominae, and a couple more Futazons waiting their turn, Merrick made another discovery. When the Amazons talked, their vocalizations began in the grating, metallic screech of their native tongue, but their haunting speech didn't assault his ears painfully like it did back in the parlor. The original sound was dulled and their voices were instantaneously dubbed into a more pleasant female vocalization of English.

'It's the chip. It's gotta be. It's... translating their language?'

With that deduction, Merrick knew at least one role the implanted chip played. It seemed likely there were numerous other functions. It almost definitely served as an additional form of tracking, beyond what his collar provided. But what else could their technological implants do?

'If I somehow got the collar off... could the chip still incapacitate me?'

It was something to ponder, later, when he wasn't being led to the heart of a depraved alien orgy.

Along the center of the hall were small rooms, situated in the background on either side. They were dimly lit spaces where smaller femme figures sat in comfort, enjoying the doting attentions of collared gimps, feminized maids and other servants. Merrick suspected these weren't Dominae, but the human women who'd lured men to their doom. His hypothesis was confirmed moments later when Vanya pulled him towards one such room and they slowed to a stop.

Lounging not far away on a plush Victorian sofa was Keiko, her legs wide open as she stroked herself below. His girlfriend's slim form was surrounded in purple latex below the neck, the catsuit stretched around her body sumptuously. Merrick got his first and only view of her sopping wet pussy, the only bit of her flesh visible aside from her flushed face.

One gimp slave, sheathed in shiny black, knelt before her. His head bobbed down intermittently to lap at her dripping sex. Keiko directed his efforts in between circular motions at her clit and deep, blissful moans. A second gimp knelt close by, a drink tray strapped to his back. He stayed still as humanly possible, careful not to spill Keiko's beverage and incur her wrath or that of the Dominae.

Merrick stared at his sex-crazed girlfriend in disbelief. She was the central figure in a portrait of BDSM sin, the exact opposite of the woman he'd come to know. Or rather, the woman he *thought* he knew. Between waves of giddy pleasure, Keiko finally noticed Vanya and the silly fuckboi she'd led into the Dominae's trap. She giggled and raised her hand to offer Merrick a little wave. Her rubbery, purple digits gleamed with her own juices.

“Excellent” Vanya spoke as she grabbed Merrick's shoulders and forced him to his knees. “I hoped this space would be free so we could put on a show for your friend.”

“With all due respect, Commandress, she's not my friend.”

Vanya chuckled as she extracted handcuffs from another inner pocket of her cape. “Fair enough. I won't even punish you for that one.”

The head Dominae set her scepter aside and stepped behind Merrick. She wrenched his arms behind his back and snapped the cuffs around his wrists tightly.

“Such primitive restraints. I prefer something more elegant, but my patience is at an end.”

She returned to his front and Vanya hefted her massive cum pipe. The libidinous villainess pulled the leathery sheath from her weighty length and tossed it aside. Vanya seized her fleshy hose and brought the fat, gleaming glans straight to Merrick's waiting lips. She stroked her shaft back and forth, its girth expanding in her grasp as her tip leaked thick pre in abundance.

Keiko had a perfect view of his subjugation. She saw the pair from the side as Vanya wiped her weeping cockhead all over Merrick's face. The more she masturbated, the more glue-like pre spat on her new cum dump. The milky ropes sputtered across Merrick's nose, cheeks and pursed lips in sticky strands that rivaled a man's full ejaculation.

“By now, you should understand your new role” Vanya began. “But if you harbor any thoughts of resistance, I will dispel them. If I feel anything but pleasure from your mouth, you will suffer a **great deal more** than when you choke on my cock. Your teeth can't even break my skin, but if you try, I will have them **ripped** from your mouth! I may have them removed, eventually, regardless. The only question is if you'll receive anesthesia while it's done. Have I made myself perfectly clear, my pet?”

Merrick's lips trembled against the gooey, warm tip of her throbbing missile. “Y-Yes, Mistress Van-”

Vanya seized his hair and thrust the first six inches of her pork sword deep, silencing him before he could finish the simple, yielding reply. She uttered her first light moan as Merrick's tongue bathed her supple undercarriage. The caped face-fucker pulled out, only to thrust back into his mouth two inches deeper and plow through the dangling stop sign of his uvula. Her girth expanded as she slid home, stretching his lips wide and eliciting the first of many moist gags.

With her fists locked in his blonde hair and Merrick's hands cuffed behind him, his vision was zeroed in on Vanya's pubis. For the first time, he took notice of the words printed just above her cock. '**BUSSY BUSTER**' was spelled out neatly in dark black ink. The moniker for her pungent pole was accented above and on both sides with carefully drawn black spikes, just like the helmet that crowned her head.

Merrick coughed and sputtered as his Mistress entered a slow rhythm; sawing her column of piping hot penis deeper in his mouth with every thrust. She pushed through his gag reflex and entered his throat with astonishing ease. Merrick's face went red as she stuffed a foot of steaming schlong between his lips with plenty left to go. Bile charged up his esophagus as the young man deep-throated phlegm soaked dick for the first time, but that only egged Vanya on. She loved the warm, slimy sensation of throat lava caressing her shaft.

The name of her fleshy rod teased Merrick as it zoomed back and forth in his field of vision. But no matter how far his lips advanced down her rock hard staff, it felt like a highway of thick, spongy flesh remained. Vanya cooed above him, her fat scrotum swinging in its leather harness below. She wanted so badly to go balls-deep in her new cum bucket and feel his chin buried in her balls as she pumped her first load into his gullet. Vanya would hold out for as long as she could, but she knew that was likely an unrealistic goal.

“Hmmm... What to call you?” She wondered out loud, looking down at her new cocksucker between sweaty, leather-harnessed breasts. Vanya withdrew one hand from his mussed hair, needing only a single strong grip to shove her mighty schwanz deep in his maw and make Merrick retch.

“*Sugar* is a common term of endearment on this world, isn't it? And you **suck cock** like you were born to! I haven't even ordered you to suck and I can feel the walls of your mouth caressing my shaft! A true, natural, gifted cock smoker! I think I'll call you ***Sugar Lips***.”

Merrick's watering eyes went wide with incredulity. He hadn't internalized the reality of his enthusiasm until she pointed it out, but the cruel Domina was right. He was sucking and slurping on her greasy, thrusting erection for all he was worth. Surely it was to bring the lustful Commandress to orgasm as quickly as possible and get the vile act over with. At least, that's what Merrick would tell himself, until the truth became clear.

As the forced deep-throating continued, their oral copulation grew louder and more sloppy. A gruel-like mixture of phlegm and sticky pre leaked from Merrick's lips upon every partial withdrawal of her pulsating penis. Vanya returned to her dual-grip posture and increased the pace of her fucking. The sound of rattling steel emerged as the young man pulled pointlessly against his bonds. Every aggressive thrust elicited a deep, gurgling gag as Vanya sank two thirds of her musty fuck wand between his accommodating cock pillows.

In the background, a long, guttural moan went up. Even over the steady, swampy sounds of being fucked in the mouth, Merrick recognized Keiko's voice. Her pleasure hit its zenith as she watched Vanya mold the clueless male into another compliant cock sleeve.

“Hear that, **slut?**” the Commandress asked between breathy grunts. “Your so-called girlfriend is enjoying this! Which do you think she likes more? That gimp slut's tongue in her pussy, or watching you gag on *Bee-Bee*? I can tell you, beyond the shadow of a doubt, it's the latter. She's getting off on **your** suffering, **BITCH!** And so am I!”

Vanya's long, mushy thrusts picked up speed for several minutes. Merrick slobbered along her increasingly sticky length for all he was worth. Just when he thought the devious Dominatrix was finally about to come, she took a deep breath and steadied herself, slowing to a medium pace of hard, continuous face-fucking. Keiko continued to wail in the distance as she watched the decadent display. Vanya smiled down at him, reveling in the distress of her tiring gravy gobbler.

“You thought it would be that easy to make me come? Oh no, **bitch!** You have a **lot** to learn about us. I can do this for hours. Or, I could come right now and still keep fucking your mouth into the night. You have **no control** over how long this goes on. But you **WILL** keep sucking and slurping like a good boy and give your Mistress maximum pleasure! Because if you don't, you'll find out just how much pain my scepter can dish out! With and without the shocks!”

Whatever bit of light or hope may have lingered in Merrick's eyes faded as the words '**BUSSY BUSTER**' grew ever closer to his straining face. His gurgling mouth slid back and forth on her cum cannon as trails of sticky slop escaped from the seal of his lips. Even when she was done breaking in his mouth and throat, the first-time deep-throater knew where her titanic schlong was going next. The answer was staring him in the face.

“Maybe I'll save you for Keiko. She'll be one of us, eventually, and you could be her first **personal pet!** Wouldn't that be nice? Or... maybe I'll send you to the other side of the world where you'll be a **pleasure bimbo** for an entire platoon of our ground forces. We'll need lots of those, once the full invasion begins. So many possibilities...”

The oral ordeal went on for another twenty five minutes as Vanya moaned, grunted and worked her bulging, leather-strapped curves into a flush, sweaty mess. Merrick's mouth never left her cock, or even slid further than halfway down her bloated shaft as she pumped, thrust and pulled on his hair and ears. At some point, the former lifeguard simply accepted that he would be sucking on her bloated erection for the rest of his cursed existence.

“Get ready, *Sugar Lips!*”

Finally, Mistress Vanya's need for the ultimate pleasure surpassed her restraint and the desire to draw out the bitch boy's inaugural throat-fucking. She yanked his reddened, slime-splattered face as far down her shaft as she could manage. Vanya's head dipped back and her statuesque body tensed.

“MMMMPPPHHHHH!!! **HERE IT COMES, YOU FUCKING SLUT!!!**”

Her cum factories heaved in their glossy holster and Vanya's coke-can sausage swelled in Merrick's packed mouth. A steaming torrent of rippling, creamy Dominae jizzum erupted from her glans, overflowing his lips and funneling down his exhausted throat. Vanya screamed in climax, her wails of ecstasy joining the many other orgasmic screeches in the hall. Her giantess body shuddered and out came the second, third and fourth blasts of sticky nut, sliding like warm, gelatinous avalanches into Merrick's waiting stomach.

To their side, Keiko groaned in climax for the third time that night. Her eyes rolled back as she convulsed in uncontrollable bliss. The Domina-in-training covered one gimp in her gushing fluids while kicking the other rubber servant and knocking him over. Keiko's drink spilled to the floor, an infraction the slave would be punished for later, despite it being no fault of his own.

Merrick drank spurt after spurt of Vanya's viscous filth. His wrists grew sore and his knees screamed in pain as his stomach filled with clingy Dominae custard. Sensing that he'd reached his physical limit, the Commandress pulled out of his clogged anatomy with a wet slurch. She seized her yogurt slinger and stroked out the last of her emissions; fat ropes of succulent sludge that decorated Merrick's disheveled form like a human pastry.

As her disgusting essence bathed Merrick and seeped into his very pores, a pleasant, yet entirely inappropriate sensation washed over him. It was a warm feeling of satisfaction. A sense that he'd served his purpose. An unwelcome aura of pride and accomplishment. He didn't know what to make of it. Merrick's thoughts and feelings were a ball of conflicted frustration.

He despised Keiko for what she'd done to him for her own selfish reasons. He was terrified of the Dominae and of what their arrival meant for humanity. Most of all, he hated the effects the smug, self-satisfied she-hulk standing over him had imprinted effortlessly on his physiology. How her pungent scent, at first repulsive to his senses, was beginning to entice him. How the taste and feel of her oversized organ and thick seed were utterly revolting, but fed his brain the happy chemicals that would normally only arise with sexual fulfillment.

Vanya's devious smile said it all. No words were needed to drive home the inevitability of her victory. She'd done this to a thousand men. Or, if not men specifically, the males of some other humanoid species. No man, anywhere, was safe. The Dominae were coming for them all.

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