

## Cosplay Cumdump

### Chapter 2 – Pleasing All The Members

FROM: [mcushing@qlsoft.com](mailto:mcushing@qlsoft.com)

TO: [bhalladay@qlsoft.com](mailto:bhalladay@qlsoft.com)

Subject: Resignation

Dear Mr. Halladay,

Please accept this letter as formal notification that I am resigning from my position as Jr. Developer at Quantum Leap Software. Due to the circumstances I find myself in, this resignation will be effective immediately. I'm truly sorry to leave on such short notice, but I've been offered the opportunity of a lifetime and the demands of the new position are urgent. I simply can't turn it down.

I won't be returning to claim my personal effects, so I'm sending a separate letter to Andrea in HR and my buddy Dan on the development team. We've been good friends since college so I'm confident he'll get my things mailed to my new location.

Also, to assuage any fears you may have, let me make it clear that I am no longer working in software or any adjacent field. I have not been poached by a rival company and none of Quantum Leap's project secrets are in jeopardy. Not that I was party to many, in my position, but I wanted to assure you there will be no violation of the non-compete clause in our employment agreement.

I'll be working in another field entirely. It's actually more of a performance role than anything technical. It's a dream job I never imagined I'd be qualified for or take with such relish and ease. I'm still a little in disbelief.

My favorite professor once told me that when you've got something good staring you in the face, you have to grab hold of it and never let go! Even if it threatens to make a mess of your life, you need to hang on and give it all you got. Those were wise words that I intend to follow to the letter.

Thank you so much for the opportunity to work at Quantum Leap Software. You were far from the best boss I've ever had, but you weren't the worst either. At least you're not a giant fucking douche canoe, like our CEO. You can tell Mr. Erickson I said that, by the way! The guy was a condescending cunt every time I had the misfortune to cross his path.

I wish you and everyone else at the company (except for the Douchebag-in-Chief) continued success. I'm off to greener pastures where a more hands-on role awaits me and many eager colleagues wish to see me filled with love and purpose. Happy trails!

Sincerely,

Micah Gabriel Cushing

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**\*GLURM GLORM SHLUUCK GLURP SLERM GLORP SHLLORRK SHLURRP\***

Micah's head zoomed in and out of Jessica sticky crotch as his packed lips flew up and down her hot, throbbing erection. Phlegm and pre-cum slid from his sucking lips, drizzling down on her glistening pelvis each time she pulled his head to the tip of her weighty appendage. Each slide down her meaty poll meant he got a taste of his own lathery spit mixed with her heavy pre. Jessica had both hands wound tightly in Micah's hair, making sure he throated her to the balls with each enthusiastic plunge.

**\*SMACK\***

A heavy hand blasted across his bare ass, sending the flesh of Micah's cheeks jiggling. Gwen had hastily removed his pants while he pleased the other girl and was set on reminding him that he had more than one crazed Futa to please. No doubt she'd be fucking his ass, if she could, but that was difficult in their current circumstances.

“Hurry up **cocksucker!** **GET HER OFF!** I'm tired of waiting!” the haughtiest of the three called out.

“Patience, Gwen” Jessica chided as she pressed Micah's face back down her steaming pole of flesh. She bottomed out in his throat again and let out a light moan as she held him fast in a vice grip. Micah's wet lips applied loving suction to the base of her cock as his tongue danced along the bottom of her fat sperm channel. Moist, squelching murmurs reverberated from his packed throat as he contended with her length. Pockets of stale air escaped the sides of his mouth as she held him down on her cock.

Jessica was close, but wasn't ready to cum just yet. She was enjoying it too much. The sloppy sounds and exquisite sensations of sustained deep throating were heaven to her ears and nerve endings. “The best things come to those who wait” the cruel woman cooed as she finally released Micah's face and let him slide most of the way back up her steamy tool.

Micah gasped, his nostrils filling with fresh air as his mouth remained sealed over the top third of her slimy schlong. He never stopped sucking and attempting to please her to the best of his ability, knowing that Gwen was more than ready to dole out more painful spankings on a moment's notice.

He looked down at Jessica's shiny, black leather pants, sculpted to her curves so deliciously. They were open at the front; her fly down to allow her thick cock to ascend and heavy balls to flop out freely. Her crotch was growing more messy by the minute as syrupy fluids leaked from his mouth onto her lovely peach-toned flesh. Micah wondered if he would be expected to clean her with a loving tongue bath. That was the usual expectation, but Gwen seemed very determined to have her way with him as soon as possible.

“Patience, **my ass!** If you believe in patience so much, let **me** go first next time! Practice what you

preach!”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Another round of fierce spansks slapped into Micah's flesh loudly. Gwen was taking her annoyance with her coworker out on his quickly reddening buttocks. It hardly seemed fair, but fairness was never the point in the relationship they'd formed.

Domination wasn't about fairness, it was about the inherent sensuality of imposing one's will on a willing subject. A submissive was eager to experience the unfairness, and in the last few days, Micah had learned just how much of a submissive he really was. He would do anything to subordinate himself to these gorgeous Goddesses.

He held on for dear life as Gwen swatted his backside without relent. His right hand gripped Jessica's sleek, leather-encased thigh while his left steadied himself against the backseat of the van. It wasn't easy, sucking cock and taking harsh discipline in a moving vehicle, but that was Micah's role now. The **Cosplay Vixens** were constantly horny and they weren't going to wait, even during a one hour drive, for the chance to abuse his boy holes again.

“Ugh... this is so unfair!” Roxy bemoaned from the driver's seat. “If we have to stop for gas or any other reason, one of **you** is driving the rest of the way!”

Gwen cackled, amused by her frustration. “Relax, Rox. It'll be your turn when we get back to base. You can have him all to yourself for a while.”

That did little to placate the short, Russian beauty with the massive cock. It tented viciously in her shorts as Roxy slammed down on the accelerator and rushed them towards their destination. The horny Futa bit her lip, her libido surging as she listened to the sounds of sloppy face fucking and energetic spanking in the back.

The four of them had landed yesterday and spent the night in a hotel before heading out this morning. Micah had been surprised to learn that their headquarters was in the mid west rather than a coastal city; though, in retrospect, it made sense. If you were going to tour the country a lot, you wanted to start from a central location.

Even more surprising was that their headquarters was seemingly out in the middle of nowhere. It probably had something to do with cheap real estate. At least, Micah couldn't think of a better reason off hand.

“Hey! Pay attention!”

**\*SLAP\***

Jessica removed one of her hands from his tufts of brown hair just long enough to give him a stern smack on the cheek.

“Stop daydreaming and focus on pleasuring my cock you **little slut!**”

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

A round of especially strong blows laced into his bottom as Gwen punished him for the infraction.

Against all conventional logic, their severe treatment only caused Micah's already hardening cock to grow to full, raging erection. As Jessica fucked his throat and Gwen doled out ass beatings between hearty laughs, his dick ballooned into steely flesh. Micah was so fucking hard it felt like his penis was going to burst with the force of a supernova.

He'd known for many years that he was especially attracted to women with *something extra*. Gorgeous girls with a cock to match. Futanari, as they were infamously termed in the x-rated artist community. What he hadn't known until he'd lucked into the Cosplay Vixen's hotel room was how much he enjoyed being ordered around and degraded by such well hung beauties. Even now, as his cock-packed cheeks turned red with embarrassed desire and his inflamed ass caused him to tingle with lust, he was astonished to realize how much he loved being abused.

Roxy, by far the nicest of the three, was still his favorite, and he hoped more than anything to spend more time with her one on one. But Jessica and Gwen had been key to awakening his true submissive nature. Gwen's savagery and Jessica's cruel indifference to his comfort or readiness were undeniably **HOT**. It made him wonder how many of the other Cosplay Vixens were like Roxy and how many were like Jessica and Gwen. It seemed he'd find out soon enough.

Gwen suddenly paused in her spanking and looked down. She felt Micah's warm cock going hard and straight as an arrow. It pushed down between her thighs as his arousal reached its peak.

“Oh. My. God... You filthy little pig! **YOU'RE GETTING OFF** on being spanked and throat fucked in the back of a van! You really are perfect for our little harem, aren't you Micah?!? Don't you **dare** cum on my pants or I'll make sure you're fucking sorry!”

Gwen's severe words pushed Jessica the final distance past her pleasure threshold. She moaned loud and pulled Micah's face down her sticky, bulging length and locked his lips around the base of her shaft. Her head shot back as her scrotum tightened, her body convulsed and she erupted in hot, voluminous climax.

“UUUUUUUNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Jessica's cock quivered in his packed mouth as it spat gob after gob of luscious nut into Micah's warm tunnel. He sucked, slurped and chugged as her river of glue-like lava jettisoned into his throat and mouth. Trails of clingy semen ran from his slippery lips as she fired load after load in his snug depths. The longer she held his face down, the more red and cracked his eyes grew.

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

After the tenth harsh spank, Micah's cock blew. His own sticky load fired all over Gwen's legs and plastered the pleather seat below. It was nothing compared to Jessica's copious ejections, but it was more cum than Micah had ever shot while jerking himself off to hentai. The vicious Vixens always seemed to coax every last drop from his modest sack on the rare occasion he was allowed to cum. This orgasm had been specifically disallowed and that only made the act even hotter.

Micah smiled internally as the final shots of Jessica's semen siphoned into his gullet and his ass

received several more beatings. He couldn't wait for Gwen's *punishment* as she ravaged his mouth with her cock and fed him his fifth liquid meal of the still-young day.

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“Here ya go” Jessica said while setting another suitcase in front of Micah.

He already had two suitcases and two overnight bags in his hands with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. Micah watched in astonishment, realizing the girls weren't even close to emptying the van yet.

Jessica and Gwen continued piling luggage in front of him. Only Roxy seemed content to carry a couple of her own things. She smiled at him and giggled as the young man was continually loaded up with more gear like a pack mule.

Realizing he was about to collapse from being overloaded, Jessica and Gwen reluctantly picked up some of their own luggage and headed up the path to the large facility. Micah trudged behind the three women, grunting and trying not to tip over as they ascended the stonework stairs. Lawn sprinklers chugged away, spitting jets of water across the vast expanse of freshly cut lawn. A few trees, benches and flowerbeds dotted the landscape.

As they grew closer, a sizable monument sign came into focus, sticking up from one such flowerbed. The words **CV INDUSTRIES** were spelled out in a simple, nondescript corporate font. Suddenly, Micah had an idea why the Vixens headquarters was all the way out here.

“CV Industries, huh? You guys are keeping a low profile, I guess?”

“Yes” Roxy answered as she turned and nodded in confirmation. “Our first headquarters was much easier to find and proudly labeled with our full name. We quickly realized the error of our ways.”

“Too many fanboys stopping by uninvited. The kind we don't like.” Jessica stated.

“I'm so glad we moved out here” Gwen added. “The facilities are much nicer too.”

“What kind of facilities?” Micah queried, looking up at the large, two story building.

“Everything we need” Roxy replied. “Conference rooms, cafeteria, dorms and private suites, a theater for practice, dressing rooms, a laundry room, dry cleaning and a massive gym.”

“Wow!” Micah was genuinely taken aback. He figured the Vixens lived well, but this was next level. “So, you basically live here?”

“Yes and no. We're on the road a lot” Jessica retorted. “And when we're on vacation, we leave for our own homes. But this is where we spend a lot of our time between gigs. You will be too, from now on.”

Micah was lightly sweating by the time they made it to the shade of the building's front outcropping. Gwen flashed her badge at the door's censor and the entrance was unlocked. They slipped from the

increasingly warm day into the climate controlled lobby of the Cosplay Vixens headquarters. Micah was wide-eyed with a beaming smile as he got the express tour of his new digs.

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The starry-eyed newcomer was bent over his open suitcase, unpacking and settling into his new room when he heard a gentle knock at the open door.

“Hey. You're the new guy, huh?”

He turned to find someone in lustrous blue, white and yellow standing in the entrance to his dorm. At first, their slight curves and soft, feminine features made him think he was looking at another of the Vixens, but within seconds he realized that wasn't the case. He knew the character this person was dressed as. It was one of the most famous femboys in videogame fandom.

“Yeah, I'm Micah” he said turning and extending his hand. “Nice to meet you.”

The slight male reached out and shook his hand daintily. The blue veil of his unconventional nun attire flowed around his shoulder-length blonde hair. The fingerless, black satin glove adorning his hand was silky smooth. A warm smile spread across his face. “I'm Jamie, but you can call me *Bridget* if you like.”

“Hah! Nice costume!” Micah complimented. “Better than any of the Bridgets I saw at **UwU Con.**”

“Thanks. We don't always dress in costumes around here, but I try to as much as possible. The girls love it, and so do I.”

“That's awesome” he responded with a nod. “Yeah, I'm the new guy. Still can't believe I'm here. Feels like a dream.”

“I'm glad to hear that. I hope you'll stick around for a while.”

“Stick around?” Micah asked, putting his hands on his hips. “Sure. Why wouldn't I?”

Jamie folded his arms over his silky blue and white habit. “Oh, you'd be surprised how many guys come and go. Not everyone is cut out for this life. Every mildly subby guy into cosplay girls thinks they want to be a 24/7 bottom until they get woken up in the middle of the night with a big dick in their ass.”

Micah blushed, surprised by how openly someone he'd just met would talk about something so overtly sexual. “Oh... Yeah, I suppose. But Jessica, Roxy and Gwen already put me through the ringer. I don't know if I can be surprised by much at this point.”

“We'll see” the coy femboy said with a knowing grin.

“Speaking of which, the girls had to go to some big meeting, so maybe you can fill me in? How do things work around here? For us guys, I mean.”

“You'll be sitting down with someone from HR before long. They'll spell everything out and you'll have contracts to sign, but I don't mind telling you the basics.”

“Thanks” Micah said with a grateful nod.

“You'll be hired and become an employee of the company. This comes with a stipend as well as having your room and board covered.”

“**We get paid?!?**” Micah interrupted.

“Yes, we're hired as caretakers and personal assistants, officially.”

“And unofficially?”

Jamie's grin grew broader. “You can guess, I'm sure. We serve the Vixens. We do whatever we're told. When we're here, we clean the facilities, do the laundry and look after the girls. Whatever they need. When we're on the road with them, we perform much the same function. Sometimes our role is... expanded, depending on the clients they're entertaining.”

Micah's head swam. His life was changing rapidly and it was all so exciting. Getting to live among some of the hottest cosplayers in the world was a dream come true. He couldn't wait to explore the compound further and meet some of the other Vixens. Thinking about it brought other questions to the forefront.

“So, basically, we're full time servants and bottom slaves.”

“Yep. Unless we're given free reign to do otherwise, we do what we're told at all times.”

Micah put on a silly smile. “Intense... I can see why a lot of guys would pass on it. Not everyone can just drop what they're doing in life and sign on for something like this.”

“A lot of them simply don't want to, once they see the full scope of the deal.”

“Chickens!”

Jamie laughed. He seemed encouraged by Micah's enthusiasm.

“Speaking of which, where are the other guys? I've only seen you since I got here.”

“The other subs are all away right now. On tour with some of the Vixens. We only had five full timers until now. You'll make six, if you hang around.”

“Damn, you weren't kidding. That's not many.”

“It's a pretty exclusive club. First, the Vixens have to take a liking to you. Then the newbie needs to be convinced to come all the way out here and give the arrangement a shot. Those stars don't align too often.”

That prompted another question. “How many Vixens are there, currently?” Micah hadn't bothered to count them the last time he visited the website. Why would he?

“CV Industries currently promotes thirty six Vixens.”

“Wow! And they're all like Gwen, Jessica and Roxy?”

“You mean, down there?” Jamie asked, pointing to his crotch. “Yup.”

Micah's mouth hung open.

Six to one ratio. He was going to be a busy slut boy, indeed.

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The main conference room was abuzz with chatter when the side door opened and in strode Headmistress Gladstone. The gathered Vixens were all adults, but when Miss Gloria entered, the room took on the undeniable dynamic of a professor entering her lecture hall. The voluptuous six foot woman commanded immediate respect both with her stature and demeanor. She even looked the part of a stern instructor in her navy blue blazer and skirt.

Her long, golden hair was drawn up in a tight bun with two elegant silver hair pins holding it in place. Chic glasses with a leopard print frame lent her the classic naughty librarian / teacher look that drew the eyes of men like moths to the flame. Her giant G-cups breasts protruded, barely held in place by a lacy black bra and the tight white dress shirt that flowed up the center of her ensemble. Matching blue heels clicked off the floor; raising her to an impressive 6'3. The prominent, proudly displayed bulge in the front of her skirt reminded all that she was among the biggest in a company full of dominant Futanari.

Behind her crawled a man entirely covered by black leather and latex. A long length of chain ran from his spiked collar to Miss Gladstone's right hand. It jingled as he hobbled forth on mitted hands and padded knees. His face was covered by a thick rubber dog mask and a gag-packed muzzle. A fuzzy black tail drooped from his bottom, sticking out from the fat plug lodged in his ass.

The Vixens only got occasional glimpses of the rubberized slave. Unlike the other houseboys, which any Vixen could enjoy, Brent was Mistress Gladstone's personal property and off limits to the other girls. Most of them had never even seen his face, as he was perpetually locked in various fetish attire in accordance with Gloria's wishes.

Until Headmistress Gladstone came along, the Vixens had been scattered and unorganized. Most of them were trying to carve out a piece of fame and fortune on their own, using various crowdfunding platforms, doing *Only Fans* and taking much smaller appearance and commission fees than they should have. Gloria was the one who brought them together.

She'd recognized their true value, raised the capital to build them a headquarters and turned them into a brand name desired by every convention, industry player and event hosted by nerds with too much money. It was thanks to her that the Cosplay Vixens now enjoyed the lifestyle they did. The Vixens



were finally getting paid what they were worth and were free to focus on cosplay and sowing their wild oats without having to worry about the business end of things.

The absurdly stacked and well hung Headmistress sauntered to the podium and chained Brent to its base. She set her bag aside and her clipboard on the lectern before looking out and smiling at the sixteen gathered Vixens.

“Good morning, girls! A special thanks to Jessica, Gwen and Roxy for rushing back. I'm glad you made it in time.”

“No problem!” Roxy said cheerfully.

Jessica chewed her bubblegum while offering a thumbs up.

Gwen nodded silently and flipped her hair.

It wasn't a surprise that Gloria wanted them back so soon. Jessica Natiri, Gwen Hellsong and Roxy Blight were among the most sought after cosplayers in the world. Yet, they were far from the only famous ones who'd joined Cosplay Vixens. There were many other stars in the room including the well muscled Blair Dunnissett, the adorable Maemaekun, the luscious Lady Melina and the sultry Summer Thorns.

“I have excellent news my dears! We have a new contract and its a doozy! A private party being hosted by someone with very deep pockets.”

“What's the theme?” one of the Vixens called out from the back.

“Overwatch” Gloria answered. “A little bash to celebrate the upcoming launch of the sequel. They want a full compliment of female characters, so we should have spots for all of you.”

“Nice!” one woman in the middle row shouted.

“Sounds like fun” another announced.

“Better question” Jessica spoke up. “What's the take?”

Mistress Gladstone grinned. “Five thousand each. For one night's work.”

“Whoa!”

Even Gwen's eyebrows lifted as her eyes went wide. The Vixens looked at each other excitedly.

“That's on top of our group fee along with transportation and hotel costs. But it gets better!” Gloria said with a raised finger. “Since this is a private event, the host and his friends are very eager for *extracurricular activities* after you put on our regular show. That means you can negotiate with them individually for anything extra. Whatever services you wish to offer and fees you want to collect are completely up to you. Just keep them on the DL, as always.”

That meant the party would basically turn into an orgy by the end of it. Every Vixen would have the

opportunity to make even more money. The Paypal, Venmo and CashApp transactions would fly, all under the generic labels of “*Special Entertainment fee*” or “*Extra Cosplay performance.*”

“**HELL YES!**”

“I’m in!”

“Sign me up!!!”

“I call Roadhog” Jessica insisted. “I’ve been working on the costume for weeks and it’s just about ready.”

“I’ll be D-Va” Roxy was right behind her friend.

“Widowmaker” Gwen spoke up before any of the other girls could call dibs on the fan favorite.

One by one, the Vixens put in their bid for the role they’d play at the upcoming event.

“I’m Mei, obviously” Maemaekun added.

“My Brigitte is second to none!” Blair declared with a smile.

“Ashe” Lady Melina claimed with quiet confidence.

“Like anyone could play Zarya but me!” Summer shouted with hands on hips.

Voices quickly raised as the Vixens yelled over each other, competing for the remaining roles.

Mistress Gladstone, rarely one to look flustered, scribbled down their designations as fast as her pen could move. “Wait! **Girls!** One at a time!”

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“So, you’re the new boy?”

Micah felt the cool touch of leather on his face as Gloria’s crop reached across the desk and pressed into his cheek. She pushed his face to one side as she studied him, then prodded him in the other direction with a stern tap and another push.

“Hmmm... you’re cute enough, I suppose. A bit handsome too, actually.”

Her wand pulled back and she set it on the desk. The big woman formed a bridge with her hands and set her grinning face in it as she continued looking Micah up and down.

“Yes, you’ll do. If Jessica, Roxy and Gwen brought you back, you must have some skill as well. And you bring something unique to the table.”

“Something unique?” Micah asked.

Mistress Gladstone was about to answer when a loud bump was heard from the side of the room. Micah turned to the large leather and metal chest along the wall that the noise had emanated from. The sizable container had large holes dotting its length. He'd wondered about the strange furnishing when he entered the room, but now he understood. There was someone inside and the holes were for breathing.

Gloria rolled her eyes. “Don't mind Brent. He's fine in there.” She lifted a remote control from the desktop and pressed a button on it.

Within seconds, the buzzing sounds of intense vibration could be heard from the chest and the gimp inside began moaning into his gag uncontrollably.

“If you're going to be noisy, I'll give you something to groan about!” Mistress Gladstone shouted in Brent's direction. She set the remote down and turned back to Micah. “As I was saying... Yes, you might just fulfill a need we have. I assume you've met Jamie?”

“Yeah, we met earlier today. He seems really nice.”

“He's a darling. Him and the other two femboys in our employ. We also have two bigger gentleman, fit submissives who are good at playing masculine roles. What we don't have... is someone like you.”

Mistress Gladstone held up her fingers in the form of a picture frame. They centered on Micah.

“Someone in the middle. You look like you could play masculine and feminine roles with the right costumes and makeup. That's valuable.”

Micah swallowed. Gloria was talking about him like he was some kind of dress-up doll. A slutty tart to be attired however she wanted and used at her whim. Another slaveboy for her company's private harem. Some would call that objectification, but he found it incredibly affirming. The young man's body temperature surged. His face went flush. Micah's dick stiffened, poking into the front of his jeans. The longer she looked at him with hungry eyes, the more turned on he was.

Gloria seized her crop and rose from her executive chair. The bulge in her silky skirt was much larger than Micah had noticed when she first walked in. She strode around the desk and pointed her instrument of discipline at him.

“Stand.”

Micah rose from his seat and she kicked the chair aside. Mistress Gladstone moved just behind him and the sizable swell in her crotch pressed against Micah's ass. Her weighty breasts pushed into his back as her left hand reached around and stroked across his chest.

“I think it's time I sample the goods. Not that I don't trust Roxy and the others... but just to be on the safe side. I see it as my responsibility before we formally sign you on. What do you say to that, Micah?”

His breath came ragged as she pushed her tall, curvy body on him more insistently. “Yes, Ma'am...”

**\*SNAP\***

Her crop slammed into the desktop and Mistress Gladstone's left hand reached up and took him by the throat. “**Ma'am**?!? You should know better than that Micah! **Never** call a woman under fifty Ma'am! It just makes them feel old. That's the first lesson I'll teach you. One of many. Now, what would be a more proper way to address me?”

“Yes... Mistress Gladstone...” he spat out around the moderate pressure her strong fingers applied to his neck.

“Better. Mistress Gloria is fine too” she spoke into his ear. “Or simply **Goddess**. I like that one especially.”

“Yes, Goddess!” he replied swiftly. Her fingers slid from his throat.

“Get those pants off **right fucking now**” she hissed into his ear. Her blonde hair felt like silk on his skin. The scents of orange blossoms and sandalwood flowed into his nostrils. Her perfumed scent was intoxicating.

Micah hurriedly undid his belt and pulled down his jeans and boxers. As he disrobed, he heard the man in the box pound against the sides of the large chest and mutter even louder into his gag. The sounds of clanking metal and stretching leather made it evident he was heavily bound. He could do nothing as the toy in his ass thrummed away at his prostate.

Gloria set her crop aside before grabbing Micah's shoulder and shoving him down on the desk.

**\*THUD\***

“See what I do to naughty boys, like Brent? You don't want to be naughty, do you?”

“No, Mistress! I'm a good boy.”

**\*RIIPPP\***

Gloria's nylons tore apart as she freed her cock below.

“I'm sure you are. Let's see **how** good.”

Micah felt an absolutely enormous cockhead press against his spongy pucker. It made a few brief circles around his fleshy starfish before Mistress Gladstone thrust her hips forward firmly.

**“AHHHHHHH!!!”**

Micah bit his tongue, cutting off his own squeal. His eyes bugged as a telephone pole of rigid cock began the long journey of sinking into his soft backdoor. Gloria was at least as big as Roxy. Probably bigger. Every inch that proceeded brought fresh yelps and gasps for air from Micah. Gloria shifted her hips from side to side and tunneled deeper.

Mistress Gladstone grinned as her thick shaft sank to the halfway point with little resistance. She let out

a short moan before grabbing his midsection tightly and continuing her advance.

“Oh yes... I think this is going to work out splendidly.”

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Micah walked into the male dorm wing with a limp in his step. He shuffled down the hallway until he came to his own room and turned into the open door. One look into his room made Micah stop in his tracks. His eyes lit up as he found Roxy sitting on his bed, waiting for him.

“Hey there! I was wondering how much longer you'd be. How'd it go?”

The hurting, brown-haired slave boy shambled forward and winced. “It went well. I'm pretty sore, though...”

Roxy raised a hand to her mouth and giggled. “Yeah, that's not uncommon for any of our new guys first encounter with Miss Gloria. She might be the most fierce among us.”

“Might be?” he asked incredulously. Micah was puzzled how anyone could be more rough and demanding than the domineering Futa he'd just encountered. “I sure hope so” he followed up before leaning forward and falling into the bedding beside the beautiful cosplayer.

Roxy said nothing for a spell, sitting with one leg crossed over the other and her hands clasped on one knee. She studied the young man as he started to drift off. Finally, she reached out a finger and poked him in the cheek. “Earth to Micah. Are you there? Are you receiving? This is Futa command! You've got company!”

“Errrrmmmm...” he mumbled into the bedding without moving.

The short, slender stunner laughed again. She lowered her gaze down to his level. Her cute expression exuded playful sympathy. “Awww... poor Micah. I get it. You've had enough for now. I was hoping to even the score with Gwen and Jess from this morning, but that can wait for another time. You rest up.”

“Thanks” he mumbled out as his eyes fluttered. “I appreciate it...”

“You're gonna need that rest. You got a busy few days ahead before we leave for our next gig.”

“Next gig?” he asked, half conscious.

“An Overwatch party we're doing soon. It's gonna be a lot of fun! We've decided to bring you along. You're gonna dress as McCree. Can't wait to see you in chaps!”

The last thing Micah witnessed before the darkness claimed him was Roxy's playful wink. He drifted off to dreams of elaborate cosplay and wild, kinky sex that would pale in comparison to the reality that lay ahead.

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After several busy days of settling into his new role at CV HQ, getting fitted for his new costume, becoming intimately familiar with many of the other Vixens and a flight out to the west coast, Micah found himself in a stranger's bathroom. The host's estate was grand, no doubt, but it wasn't the same as a convention hall or theater. There were no dressing rooms. What the manor did have was lots of guests rooms, each with a private bath. Micah, being the only male on the trip, had been granted his own.

Micah struggled with the tight, leather pants as he pulled them up his legs. They were assless chaps, of course. What else would they use for the kind of raunchy burlesque show the Vixens were about to put on? Once the pants were all the way up and cinched around his waist, his cock and ass hung out at both ends. His naughty bits were as chipper in the cool air as they would be if he were naked.

He sighed, grabbed the leather thong that would cradle his junk and fixed it in place. The shiny, slingshot of hide that could only jokingly be called underwear ended with a long leather strap. He passed it below his crotch and drew it up against his taint. Micah pulled it up behind him, the strip of leather settling into his ass crack. He yanked it into place on the back seam of the chaps with the click of a few metal buttons.

The reluctant first-timer smirked and turned his body from side to side, trying to get a good view of his ass. It wasn't easy with a standard mirror. How secure even was this thing? It felt like it might jolt loose at the slightest provocation and reveal his pucker, twig and berries for the entire audience.

Micah shook his head and cast aside his fears. He had to finish getting dressed quickly. The show would be starting soon. The rest of his costume was fairly easy. They didn't have time to fashion a proper looking suit of chest armor, but a black see-through mesh shirt was perfect for the kind of show they were doing and matched his glossy pants nicely.

Next came the brown leather gun-belt and a couple realistic looking toy six-shooters to holster in them. Then the cowboy boots, a pair of metallic colored arm gloves that flowed up to his elbows and a flowing red cape around his shoulders. The final piece was the duster hat. Once it was on his head, Micah smiled. It was a solid costume. Miles better than the sad excuse for a *Link* outfit he'd been wearing when he met the girls. He made a fine *McCree*; or, as the character was currently being re-branded in the game, *Cassidy*.

Micah packed his normal clothes away, turned out the lights and headed out. The chatter and laughter of the Vixens filled his ears the second he stepped into the hallway.

The first one that drew his eye was Gwen. She was leaning against the wall, looking just as drop-dead gorgeous in her perfect Widowmaker costume as she had dressed as Ivy. Light blue lycra clung to her arms and legs. It was separated by the shine of pink latex that trailed up the center of her body, covering her bust, torso and curvy ass. Her futuristic looking sniper visor was dotted with glowing red spheres and hovered over her brow like a sci-fi tiara.

She held an amazing replica of the character's signature sniper rifle in her right hand, colored in metallic gray and matching light blue. Her hair was dyed purple and pulled up into a high ponytail that flowed down and trailed behind her. Her eyes were ringed with black liner and shadowed with smokey light blue mascara.

Standing just beside her and chatting away was Jessica. Her gender-swapped Roadhog costume was perhaps the most detailed of all, even if it didn't cover a lot of skin. The big piece of spiked, metallic shoulder armor draped over her right shoulder was the most substantial piece of her ensemble. Below that, a heavy duty goretex bra with many leather straps held up her sizable rack, pushing it into an ample cleft of cleavage. The odd brassiere was dotted with skull badges and other pieces of wasteland flair that made it look like she just stepped off the set of *Mad Max*.

Her camo pants and combat boots were fairly unremarkable, but the accessories on her face really made the costume pop. A thick, black gas mask covered the bottom half of her face, extending into a shiny, leathery snout at the bottom. Color contacts were inserted in her eyes, giving her a crazed, berserker look that glowed orange around black pupils. The final and most impressive detail was the giant temporary tattoo covering her midsection that said '*WILD HOG POWER*' with a fountain of fire spraying from the top of an innocent looking pig.

“Hey, look who's ready! Our *Chippendale* Cowboy has arrived!” a voice called from not far away.

Micah turned to find Lady Melina closing in on him. His eyes lit up as she approached. Aside from her upper thighs, midriff and upper chest where her milky white flesh was exposed, the platinum blonde stunner was wrapped in black and brown leather. She also bore small, metal gauntlets on her hands and a fancy looking duster hat similar to Micah's. The deep red painting her lips matched the thin, silky tie flowing down between her leather clad breasts.

Melina was playing Ashe, who was sort of the female counterpart to the McCree character. A no-nonsense riflewoman who always found her mark. Although the game lore didn't suggest it, the implication that they were supposed to be a couple was immediate and intuitive. They could've been heading out for a date to some saloon in the old west.

“Looking good, Micah!” she exclaimed as she slowed to a stop and tapped him on the chin. Melina lifted her replica rifle and rested it over her shoulder. With her free hand, she reached around and gave his bare ass cheek a squeeze. “Every good cowboy needs a cowgirl, right? Maybe you and I can have some fun after the show...”

She winked at him before continuing on her way. She'd already taken a few steps when Micah got his breath back and untied his tongue to respond.

“Yeah, that'd be great! Love your costume, Melina!”

Micah still sounded like a dorky con-goer, but he couldn't help it. He was fanboying out. How could he not? Maybe it would wear off in a few weeks, but for now, he was still enraptured.

“Hey Micah! Break a leg out there!” said the cute Kaya Daring, flashing him the peace sign as she sauntered by in her perfect Tracer outfit.

“Hah! Hard to break anything when you're locked in a stockade!” the voice of Summer Thorns boomed from the other end of the hallway. Micah looked in her direction and found her ready to go as Zarya. Her bright pink hair, blue bodysuit and replica particle cannon were a picture perfect representation of the character in the game.

“We're not going to break anything but his pride” Roxy spoke up. Micah turned again and found the D-VA look-alike strutting toward him. Her silky bodysuit, pink satin arm-gloves and pure white stockings made her look like she was a hostess at a maid cafe. But the bright red face paint markings, bunny emblem on her chest and the black and pink headset over her ears clearly identified her as the Overwatch mech pilot. “And that'll be fun for all of us. Won't it, **slut?**”

She asked the question with a wicked grin and Micah smile backed. “Absolutely.”

Before he could think of something clever to say, another door opened and Blair emerged into the hallway. She was clad from neck to toe in the gray and orange futuristic armor that her character was known for. Overwatch's Brigitte was the opposite of the femboy Guilty Gear Bridget. The hulking redhead was a cybernetic knight. She raised her impressive prop hammer and banged it against her large, lion crest shield.

“Alright! Let's get this show on the road!!!”

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It lacked the splendor of a theater, but a temporary stage had been erected in what could only be described as a large dining hall. Spotlights had been rented and were shining brightly on the stage. From backstage where Micah was observing, he couldn't make out the audience in the darkness. Just the shapes of twenty or so guys who were sitting in rows of neatly arranged chairs and chatting with each other as they waited for the show to begin.

Was it a bachelor party? It easily could be, but that detail had been withheld. It was utterly bizarre to Micah that he was about to be part of a burlesque show for a bunch of horny men. He would be the only male in an otherwise all-female cast. But no matter how much it weirded him out, it was worth it to solidify his role as one of the Vixens new house slaves. He was expanding his horizons while bathing in the lustful attention of the well hung beauties he admired so much.

Dance music started pumping through the room's speakers and the spectacle began before he knew what was happening. Gwen lunged onto the stage, raising her sniper rifle and pointing it out at the audience. Widowmaker posed and flourished her weapon in a dozen graceful motions. Cameras flashed and recorded as she made eyes at the horny geeks in the small crowd. Gwen contorted her body in the most generous ways, giving them a performance to remember as her latex costume rippled around her sensual curves.

Just as quickly, the assassin shuffled off stage and Jessica leapt into the fray. She swung her prop melee weapon around in wild fashion as she entered a display that was equal parts runway strutting and belly dance. One by one, the costumed beauties advanced onto the make-shift stage and did their individual routine; making the lucky patrons gawk and gasp as they got to enjoy their favorite cosplayers up close and personal.

Micah waited apprehensively as a half hour ticked by. Finally, when the last of the girls had put on her individual portion of the show, the music changed. The dance tunes ended and the whistles, guitar strums and pounding native drums began. It was Ennio Morricone's theme to *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*. That was Micah's cue.



He stepped into the spotlight just as the wailing '*Ayayayaya!*' began. He drew his guns from their holsters and began posing with them. He pointed to his left, right and forward, trying to time his simulated gun blasts with the wailing sounds when he could. Micah twirled around, showing off his cape and the rest of his leathery outfit to the lackluster crowd. Clearly, they weren't here to see him.

The music faded away and Micah raised his guns. He looked from side to side. "It's **high noon** and justice ain't gonna dispense itself" he said in his loudest voice. It was a combination of two of McCree's most famous lines.

"**FREEZE!**" came Melina's voice as she walked in behind him, pointing her rifle at his back.

"Don't move, worm!" Gwen shouted as she snuck in from the side, rifle aimed at his head.

One by the one, all the other women stepped back onto the stage, brandishing their weapons and closing in on Micah. He put on a look of mock surprise and dropped his prop guns to the ground. As the fearsome Vixens drew closer, he raised his hands in the air.

"**Take him down!**"

"This fiend will pay!"

"Tie him up!"

"Yeah, **get him!**"

As six of the Vixens seized Micah by the arms and shoulders. The rest either posed for the crowd or helped move the stockade onto the stage. Tracer, Mei, Mercy and D-Va opened its slots and bindings as Ashe, Widowmaker, Zarya and Sombra pulled and pushed McCree to his doom. Micah put up a decent fight against them, knowing that even if he tried his hardest, there's no way he could stop the four of them. Making them use real force would only make it more realistic and the show more fun.

His hat and cape were unceremoniously removed and tossed aside. Within thirty seconds, they had him pushed down into the sturdy structure of wood and metal. The Vixens laughed wickedly as they went about their work, closing the slats over his head and arms and binding his limbs in place. Soon, Micah's wrists were shackled at the front and his legs were pulled apart and cuffed to a spreader bar below.

Then, the music restarted and the show shifted into its second phase. Club music pounded through the hall as the girls briefly disappeared and the bent-over Micah struggled in the stocks. His bare ass cheeks bulged from his chaps as his bindings rattled uselessly.

The Vixens began reappearing on the stage in groups of four at a time. Two of them advanced to the corners of the stage to perform their second set of individual feats while the other two would circle around McCree and begin a round of torments.

Jessica brought a thick leather paddle to bare and began lacing into Micah's ass with loud slaps. Ashe grabbed him by the hair, spit in his face and then thrust her crotch into him, smothering the helpless cowboy. Micah could smell the musk and feel the heat of her quickly stiffening cock even through the leather short skirt that adorned her hips.

Tracer began a sexy dance around the stripper pole erected at stage right. Kaya's nimble body and the simplicity of the Tracer costume allowed her pole dancing skills to shine. Meanwhile, Blair tossed her mace and shield aside. She lowered to the floor and started doing push-ups, banging out forty in a row with ease despite the bulky costume adorning her body. The guys in the audience looked on in wonder, watching the simultaneous displays of Femdom and the individual feats of strength and grace.

When the four were done, they walked off stage and the next team of four strutted out to begin their fun. Micah heard a whipcrack behind him and saw Roxy approaching his front with a ball gag. Truly, the show was now in full swing.

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When the extensive display of burlesque was over, Micah was freed and allowed to rest behind the stage while the Vixens went out and mingled with their patrons. He looked out and saw Jessica talking with the owner of the manor and host of the event. He was a portly fellow wearing a decent Hanzo costume, though it didn't particularly fit him well.

Some of the host's guests also wore costumes of male Overwatch characters, but the majority of them were garbed in formal wear or typical business casual. Each of them was chatting up one of the Vixens and making arrangements for whatever came next.

The negotiations stretched on for a while, but one by one the men started leaving the room. Once the host took his leave, Jessica walked around the stage to retrieve Micah.

“Hey! You're up again! Follow me.”

Micah rose from the metal folding chair he'd been resting on and followed her out to the main floor. Many of the Vixens chatted excitedly as the last of the guys left the room, leaving the professional cosplayers alone to prepare.

As they returned to the group, Jessica snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor. “On your knees, slave” she instructed Micah curtly.

“What did *Piggy the Samurai* offer you?” Gwen asked with hands on hips.

“An extra five thousand to fill his ass with cum” Jessica answered nonchalantly. She reached below and unbuckled her pants.

“**What?!?** Seriously?”

“Whoa!”

“Lucky...”

“Nice.”

“Yeah. He's probably lubing up his filthy hole right now. Not sure I'll get hard staring at that. Thankfully, we brought a house slave.” Jessica stepped forward and brought the head of her thick, flaccid tool to Micah's mouth. “Get to work, **fluffer bitch!**”

As she fed her cock into Micah's obedient mouth, the others compared their offers.

“How bout you, Gwen?”

“Two thousand to suck me off” the Widowmaker clone said proudly.

“Not bad.”

“I'm getting fifteen hundred just to pee on a guy!” Zarya spoke up enthusiastically.

“Hahahahaha!”

“Seventeen fifty for anal” Mercy imparted.

“A thousand for face sitting” Brigitte called out.

“Two thousand to deep dick some nerd's scrawny ass” Sombra said coldly.

“Twelve hundred to worship my feet” Roxy added with a laugh. It was a hardly a surprise someone wanted to suck D-Va's toes, but a person willing to pay that much had it **bad**.

“Wow...”

“Hey Jess! If ninja boy wants seconds, you send him my way!” Mei shouted.

Jessica ignored her and focused on the warm, sucking pleasure being delivered by Micah's mouth. She grabbed a fistful of his brown hair and pumped her hips back and forth.

“That's it, cowboy. Get me nice and hard...”

“Hurry up, slut! You got more dicks to suck!” someone yelled from the background.

“Yeah, let's get moving!”

Just as Jessica's fat phallus reached its full succulent circumference and starting squirting pre-cum in Micah's mouth, she pulled back and it exited his lips with a slurp.

“Make it hurt” Gwen said with a sadistic grin.

“Oh, I plan to” Jessica replied as she strutted off to impale the party's host with her turgid cum pipe.

Micah barely got two fresh breathes before Sombra stepped to his kneeling form and shoved her cock in his mouth. She grabbed the back of his head and pushed as much of her thick, floppy member into his sucking walls as she could.

The Vixens who didn't need his services at the moment sauntered off to attend to their geeky Johns. The rest pulled their cocks out and began stroking as they watched Sombra fuck Micah's mouth and awaited their turn.

The first dozen or so cocks Micah sucked were a form of exquisite torture. He readied them for other men, unable to enjoy the sweet nectar that his diligent oral efforts normally yielded. But after the first forty five minutes or so, that changed.

Most of the party's guests emptied their wallets on the first act of debauchery. Others simply didn't have the stamina to continue after being railed into a guestroom bed by one of the fearsome Futas. In between attempts to sweet-talk the floundering cosplay fans into another round of Futa fun, the Vixens circled back and used Micah to their hearts delight. Unlike the men, their stamina was endless.

Every cock that entered Micah's mouth was eager to cum again. Freed from the stifling cling of latex while ass-fucking a stranger, the Vixens wanted nothing but to throatfuck their new slave and deposit their fat, virile loads into his cumdump stomach.

Eventually, Micah was pushed over on hands and knees so he could service more than one Vixen at a time. The leather strap protecting his taint and sphincter was ripped away before Brigitte plowed her girthy schlong into his rectum. Micah's eyes bulged as he contended with Zarya's thick python in his mouth, cleaning it after the golden shower she'd gladly performed on some pervy otaku.

Mercy, Mei, Tracer and Sombra formed two lines, stroking their cocks as they waited their turns. The lines continued to grow as frustrated Vixens returned and complained how quickly their new bend-over boyfriends had tapped out. Micah side-eyed the growing queues incredulously before Zarya grabbed his face and redirected his attention.

Fingers sunk into his hair aggressively as strong hands gripped his hips like iron. Micah's lips were stretched to the fullest and his asshole was split wide viciously as the two biggest Vixens railed him in front of the growing group of masturbating Futas. Fat scrotums smacked into Micah's chin and bottom as the girthy Goddesses moaned in impending climax.

As the night wore on, more articles of his costume were ripped away until only the tight, assless chaps remained. They were the only thing the girls could grab onto, aside from his head, as they filled his holes with load after load of sticky semen. Some Vixens, not content to wait their turn, simply ejaculated on his bare back or shot their seed all over his sweaty hair and glossy leather pants.

Soon, there was no sign that Micah had ever been a member of the cosplay production. He was nothing but a sticky, cum glazed slut with an inflated stomach and an unquenchable thirst for more. The constant high of subspace pulsed through his dominated form and every fresh invasion of his holes reminded him that this was where he belonged.