

Transcendent

Chapter 4 – Pupa

The steady thrum of pouring rain slogged against the roof and the ground outside. It fell in sheets, creating a sound that permeated the walls and filled Delilah's bedroom. Sean marveled at its force. He glanced out the window occasionally as he packed his things. There wasn't much to pack, really. He hadn't acquired many possessions during his time in Chrysalis. Like any good trip, it was about the experiences you had, not the souvenirs you collected.

The town still felt like a foreign place to him, though he was growing more used to calling it home. Just as his life had achieved some semblance of routine and predictability, Chrysalis threw him another curve ball. Sybil had swooped down like a latex Goddess and pulled the rug of contentment out from under him.

The well-endowed Domina's garment of choice already clung to Sean's skin. He'd dressed in the thick rubber gimp suit immediately upon finding his latest chest of gifts. He never thought of himself as a fetishist until coming to this place, but he couldn't deny the reality now. Being dressed in the tight, constricting, black latex thrilled him. The frequency of his erections had practically doubled since he put it on.

A couple days ago, that would've been a bad thing, since he was still locked in Delilah's chastity, but now his manhood was free. She'd removed the cock cage in preparation for his departure. Sean had left behind the leather vest and pants, but he was still wearing his old collar. Delilah's collar of black leather and silver hearts. It wouldn't be fair, returning to her home for their final days as Mistress and slave bearing the symbol of another woman's custody.

He sealed the last few items in his duffel bag and sighed. His hands trailed up, grasping his first collar and tracing its metal studs all the way around. It would be time to remove it soon. Sean knew it was necessary, but he didn't feel good about doing it. The last thing he wanted was to hurt the woman who'd been his gracious host since stumbling upon this ethereal realm. He took a last look around the bedroom, the place where so many intense and happy memories had been made between them. Sean hoisted his pack and exited to the hallway.

A quick walk through the darkened corridor brought him to the living room. Delilah was enjoying a vape and staring out the window, watching the torrential rains in the waning light of day. The apartment felt cold and indifferent. Not the warm, inviting place he'd entered that first night, with every candle lit. Sean lowered his bag to the floor and moved to her side.

“I'm all packed, but it doesn't look like I'll be going anywhere right now.”

She took a long drag and exhaled a cloud of raspberry fumes before turning to greet him. “This is Chrysalis' way of saying we get a little more time together.”

“Delilah... I'm really sorr--”

“Don't” she implored, stepping closer and raising a finger to his lips. “You don't need to apologize.”

Her nose ring gleamed in the low light. The black tear drop on her cheek was visible with her hair drawn to the right. Her dark eyes were full of resignation.

“I feel bad, ending this so suddenly.”

“You don't need to. Do you remember what I told you on the night we met?”

“You told me a lot of things that night.”

Delilah smirked. “Chrysalis has a way of bringing people together. People who need each other. But needs can change with time. Now it's Sybil's job to show you the way.”

“But what about you?” Sean asked with genuine concern in his voice.

She set her hands on her hips and her expression grew serious. “Sean, this isn't my first rodeo. You weren't the first and you won't be the last. You're off for new adventures and so am I. The next unassuming young man will stroll into town any night now. He'll be a stranger at first, just like you were, but it will blossom into something wonderful. Chrysalis has yet to pair me with someone who I didn't have a fantastic time with.”

Sean took a moment to let it all sink in. He nodded sullenly. There were a thousand questions begging to be asked, but he didn't want to mire their final moments in doubt and insecurity. Besides, in the many times he'd asked her about this place, it didn't seem like Delilah had the answers anymore than he did; despite how much longer she'd been there.

“Well, I'm glad to hear I didn't break the streak. What shall we do until the weather clears?”

Delilah nodded to the couch by the wall. “Let's chill.”

Sean moved to the old, lumpy sofa and sank into it. Delilah set her vape aside and slid in next to him. Her leather corset and fishnet leggings rubbed up against his rubber-hugged frame. Sean lay his arms across the top of the couch as Delilah wormed a hand around his back. She massaged him up and down with the other. Delilah lay her head on his shoulder, relaxing as the sound of pouring rain filled the background. After many sweeps up and down his torso, her palm caressed the straining member in the bottom of his suit.

“Mmmmm... If I'd known you were this into latex, I would've dressed you in it myself.”

“I promise, I had no idea until now. I'm starting to wonder if this place reveals our kinks or embeds in us the ones it thinks we should have.”

“You worry too much.”

“You don't worry enough.”

Delilah chuckled. “But seriously... You had a good time, right? No regrets since coming to Chrysalis?”

“Regrets? I've had a few. But then again... too few to mention” he replied with a playful grin.

The goth girl snickered. “See, right there! Proof that we weren't meant to stay together.”

“What?!?” Sean asked with mock incredulity, his cheeky smile remaining.

“I **hate** Frank Sinatra” Delilah said emphatically with a stern look.

“You hate *Old Blue Eyes*? How?!? He's got the voice of an angel!”

“It's not the voice. It's that he always came off so arrogant and conceited. I mean c'mon... '*My Way*'?”

“I'd be conceited too if I was one of the world's best singers.”

“No, I don't think you would. That's why you got to wear my collar. And still are... for a little while longer.”

* * * * *

The cool, early morning air whipped past Sean as he cruised down the sidewalk. The gentle whisking sound of well maintained wheels slid from the hubs of the bike as he sailed along the pavement, dodging trash and debris. The rectangular duffel hung behind his back, secured around his shoulder by a heavy sling. In combination with the occasional lamppost that still worked, the early morning provided just enough light to see.

Sean made it to the center of town without encountering another soul. Birdsong was his only companion as he turned his bike onto the main drag heading north. He stopped at the corner and peered up the road, gazing into the misty, half-dark gloom of nautical dawn. Delilah had said it was a straight shot from here to his destination. Sean had thought about taking a less direct route, but ultimately decided against it. Given what he knew of this place, there was no point in trying to elude the stalker. Chrysalis operated on dream logic and the fearsome thing would be on whatever road he took.

He swiveled his bag around and opened a pouch on its side. Sean pulled out the extravagant collar adorned with golden butterflies and brought it to his neck. Within seconds, the token of his subservience to Sybil was secure around his rubberized throat.

“Alright, monster. Catch me if you can.”

Sean had dreaded this moment since his first encounter with the creature, but that fear had faded as his determination grew and his plan came to fruition. It was unlikely he could avoid the chilling specter forever, so he'd prepared for their next meeting. The stalker was slow, which meant speed was his best weapon. The bike had taken considerable time and effort to fix up, but now it was good as new. It would be useful for errands and exploring the town, but it's primary purpose was leaving the mace-wielding reaper in the dust.

He inhaled deeply and pushed himself off. The bike glided forth as he turned the pedals and stared

ahead. He plowed through thin clouds of low hanging moisture and chilly air. Sean looked from side to side, never taking his eyes off the road for long. His glances were just long enough to take stock of the alleyways he passed by. Any of them could hold an ambush.

It was unusual to hear the chirping of birds so distinctly in an environment like this. On a typical, busy city street, they would be drowned out by traffic, pedestrians and the humming sounds of industry. Not in Chrysalis. Here the streets were empty and impersonal. This town was the dominion of wildlife as much as man. It was almost comforting. That is, until the birdsong suddenly stopped.

Dead silence. Nothing but the sound of the bike's spokes turning as Sean cruised ahead.

'Fuck. That can't be good...'

Sean looked to the right. An empty alley.

He looked to the left. A mist shrouded alley.

His gaze returned forward. There was nothing ahead of him. Just the growing light of dawn and various litter on the street.

He checked his right again.

SCCCCCRRRRRRRREEEEEEEECSCCCCCCCHHHHHHHH

Sean's heart leapt in his chest once he caught the sight of the pure white mask out of the corner of his eye. His body jumped as the creature shrieked. His adrenaline kicked in and his leg muscles pushed on the pedals harder, giving him an extra burst of speed.

The massive, black robed phantom had already reached back, positioned to hurl its massive weapon. With giant hands wrapped in thick, black gloves, it threw the spiked hammer with a force that should've been impossible. The weapon shot through the air, spinning just behind Sean as he powered forth. If he hadn't reacted so quickly, it would've caught his back tire and sent him crashing to the ground. Instead it passed through the air just behind him.

With a loud crash of glass and steel, the monstrous mace embedded itself in an abandoned car by the side of the road. Sean stood up on the bike, jamming his feet down and giving himself as much speed as he could. He turned his head only briefly to see the tall, grim apparition step into the street and rear back its hand again. It raised a long, sharp knife, seemingly summoned from the void itself, and threw it with as much precision and strength as it had hurled the spiked hammer.

Sean felt the impact on his back tire. A loud popping sound erupted behind him, followed by the grinding of metal on metal as the knife became tangled in the spokes and seized the bike. Before he knew it, the wheel jammed, the bike seized and his body was thrown forth. It was all he could do to raise his hands and cushion the blow before he was tossed to the ground and his unprepared frame ate the pavement.

“UUNNNNNNFFFFFF!!!”

The bike clattered to the ground behind him and the front wheel spun to a stop. Sean's vision cracked as

the air was sucked from his lungs. After a few seconds of struggling to refill them, he pushed himself up, contending with sore limbs and the long pack slung across his back. His new gimp suit had done little to cushion the fall, though it was better than having scraped skin. The adrenaline flowing through his body aided his rise, his fear overriding any concern for minor injuries or his difficulty drawing breath.

The sound of rasping metal creaked behind him. Sean turned to see the massive creature trying to free its primary weapon from the enormous dent it put in the husk of a car. It tugged at the handle, the task proving difficult even for the otherworldly brute. Its black robe, extending all the way to the ground, shook as it yanked at the embedded melee weapon. It turned its head, the expressionless *Noh* mask unable to hide its frustration as it stared him down.

ScCcCcRrRrRrRrRrReEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeCcCcCcCcCcCcCcChHhHhHhH

Sean didn't waste the opportunity. He started off, walking as quickly as he could muster. Before long, he transitioned into a light jog. When his ability to breathe fully returned, he broke into an all-out run. Sean continued until he'd put a fair amount of distance between him and the stalker. He slowed to a stop and turned back to peer into the mist.

KA-CHINK

He heard the weapon break free of its steely prison in the fog-filled distance.

SCCCCCRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEECCCCCCCCCHHHHHHHH

Breathing hard, Sean pulled his duffel bag to the front and unzipped it at the top. Thankfully, his secret weapon hadn't been damaged in the fall. He pulled it free and lowered it to the ground. The skateboard's wheels met the asphalt and he stepped onto the deck.

*'Bet you weren't expecting **two** tricks up my sleeve, huh?'*

His gaze returned forward and he took off at top speed. With three mighty pushes from his right leg, the wheels ground against the street and Sean resumed his journey to the north. Even though he'd just had a brush with death, he felt like a kid again. Sean hadn't been on a skateboard since high school, but just like riding a bike, you never forgot how.

The sunlight grew, filling the horizon with orange and yellow hues. The air slowly warmed as he cruised down the desolate street. The chirps and tweets of birds returned. The rest of the morning passed uneventfully. Sean's destination was in sight.

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There were no signs that read *'Welcome To Uptown!'* Or *'Now Entering The North Side'* but the change became evident as Sean progressed. It was like passing from the Bronx into Manhattan. It was obvious the property values were going up. The storefronts were fancier. The cars, whether hollowed out or still operational, were more expensive. The area was still rundown and the streets were smeared with litter and filth, just like the south side, but the entire area had the patina of wealth and luxury lying just under

its layer of grime.

There were also more people who lived here, by the looks of it. Every now and then, Sean would pass by a woman in a rubber dress, a latex bodysuit or PVC corset marching down the sidewalk. With few exceptions, they led rubberized men on leashes. Men who looked much like Sean did. He would smile and nod to them, usually receiving a stern look from the Domina and a cheerful wave of greeting from the submissive, if their hands were free to do so.

Sean nearly did a double take when he noticed what seemed to be **a first** during his entire time in Chrysalis. One of the rubber-bound slaves being led by a chain appeared to be a woman. Her curves puffed through the constricting red rubber and her plump lips were stretched around a thick, matching ball-gag. However, the closer he got, Sean realized he was mistaken.

Clearly emblazoned on the forehead of the slave's latex costume was the *male gender symbol*. The familiar circle with the arrow exiting its perimeter and pointing to the top right was highlighted in white rubber for all to see. It seemed some of the Uptown Girls enjoyed dressing their male slaves as the fairer sex. The woman leading the feminized slave bit deeply into a fresh apple, barely giving Sean a sideways glance before returning her attention to the crisp snack.

The further he proceeded into town, the more Sean wondered what his next move should be. Sybil had told him to come, but not given him any clear instructions once he arrived. At some point he was going to need to stop and ask if any of these women knew who Sybil was and where she resided.

After another ten minutes of gliding down the avenue, his worries were nullified. He sailed into what was clearly the town square and the road split left and right, forming a circle that stretched around its central park. Not far from the front of the picturesque setting sat the dark beauty he'd encountered twice before. She was lounging on a park bench by a water fountain, garbed in bright orange latex from the top of her head to her thigh-high boots.

Sybil stood and smiled as he approached. Sean cruised past the entrance gate and skidded to a stop about fifty feet away. He kick-flipped the board into his lowered hand and tucked it under his arm, walking the remaining distance to the gleaming Goddess.

“I knew today was the day! Good thing you didn't keep me waiting.”

“Mistress Sybil” Sean said with a respectful bow.

The curvy beauty pulled a leash from her shiny, brown leather bag. She clipped it around the O-ring hanging from Sean's neck and gave it hearty tug. “Hello **Cock Sucker**” she said, reading the words etched on his new collar. “Welcome to your new home.”

“Thanks. It's good to be here” he replied with a grin.

Sybil wrapped the leash around her wrist and pulled him the remaining distance to her. Their lips met and the Domina's tongue invaded his mouth aggressively.

Sean's body, weary from the fall and the long ride, was instantly reinvigorated. Her sweet perfume flooded his nostrils as their tongues slide back and forth. Sybil's free hand found his body and began roaming up and down. She applied gentle squeezes, groping him through the thick gimp suit. The

hungry Domme eventually found his ass and she stopped being gentle.

She gripped his right ass cheek tightly. Sean couldn't see her erection straining through the shiny orange bodysuit, but he felt it prominently below. It pressed against his own turgid member. Her massive column of bulging flesh dwarfed the growing lump in his glossy, black trousers.

Sybil broke the kiss and stepped back, letting out the slack on his leash. She studied him up and down before smiling anew. "You look like a proper slave, now. **My slave**. I'm going to take such good care of you. And all you have to do... is everything I say."

The desire to submit swelled in Sean. It wasn't just her beauty. It was everything about her. Her graceful mannerisms. The way she looked at him; her big brown orbs peering through the web of orange latex and commanding him with her very gaze. A low, husky voice that melted Sean into a state of blissful relaxation. There was something about her that was so familiar, though he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"With pleasure, Mistress" he replied eagerly.

Sybil cocked her head back and to the side, indicating the seat she'd just risen from. "So, if I wanted to bend you over that bench and take you right now, in full view of the public, you'd have no problem, right?"

"If that's what my Uptown Goddess desires."

Her smile extended into a toothy grin. "Good answer. Thankfully, for you, I'm hungrier than I am horny right now. You must be famished as well?"

"I could definitely eat something."

"Perfect. Then we'll head back to my place. There'll be plenty of time for naughty fun after I give you the tour and we get some refreshment."

Sean opened his duffel and tucked away the board. Sybil shouldered her bag, tugged on Sean's leash and led him out of the park. They passed through the large metal archway, crossed the street and marched down the sidewalk. Sybil's heeled boots clacked across the cracked pavement as they made their way. Sean and his new Domme chatted amicably as they strolled at a leisurely pace.

As it turned out, Sybil didn't live far from the town square. The park was surrounded by high rise buildings stacked with luxury apartments. They were covered in graffiti, cracks and weather damage, but from what Sean could tell, they were much nicer homes than anything he'd seen on the south side of Chrysalis.

After a ten minute jaunt, they exited the sidewalk and entered the portico of a building appropriately named the '*Creme De La Creme*.' They passed through the large revolving door at the front and entered a well-lit lobby. Along with the glossy marble floors, chic furniture and tall potted plants was a dark-haired woman sitting behind the front desk.

Upon hearing them enter, the Domina in tight, purple PVC placed a bookmark and set her novel aside. She rose to her feet and Sean was astonished by how tall she was in her black leather thigh-highs. The

mystery woman grinned as she watched Sybil lead her new slave into the lavish home of the *Uptown Girls* dance troupe.

“So, today was the day after all?”

“Told you it would be. I could feel it” Sybil responded as they slowed to a stop at the desk.

“Awesome! We certainly could use a few more subs around here!” The raven-haired Domme said with a clap of her gloved hands. She sized up Sean, practically beaming as she traced his rubberized body up and down. She wasn't erect, but the outline of the woman's sizable cock was still perfectly visible in the clingy purple of her costume.

She pushed her long, black hair to the side before turning back to Sybil. “The girls will be excited to hear you're bringing in a new one. I'll let em know.”

“By all means” Sybil said with a nod. “But tell them to give us an hour before sending over any welcome parties. Sean literally just got here.”

The excited woman turned back to the gimp with the duffel bag slung over his shoulder.

“Oh! Sean! Is that your name, young man?”

“Yeah. Pleased to meet you, Miss...?”

“Mistress Kelli” Sybil answered for her.

Kelli offered him a little wave and a seductive wink. “I'm sure we'll get to know each other better real soon.”

“No doubt” Sybil said with a roll of her eyes and a yank on Sean's leash. “Bye Kelli! See you later.”

“See you soon!” she called after them as Sean followed Sybil to the elevators.

Risking a bit of presumption, Sean decided to be a gentleman. As they closed in on the elevators, he trotted forth and hit the call button for Sybil. He bowed and arced his arms toward the door, waiting for them to open. Long seconds elapsed and nothing happened. He looked up, puzzled.

Sybil snickered. “Sorry Casanova, that won't work. They won't respond for you, or any other slave.”

She reached out and hit the button.

DING

The doors slid open and she proceeded inside. Sean followed her in, perplexed.

“Is that fingerprint ID?”

“Something like that” she answered, folding her arms below her bust.

The elevator lurched upward, humming gently as they ascended. Sean thought about it some more as they floated up the tower of grimy opulence.

'Wait a minute. It can't be a fingerprint match! It wouldn't be able to read them through...'

He gazed over at Sybil's long, latex arm-gloves. They were the same bright orange color as her bodysuit and boots.

'Why am I still trying to make sense of this place? I must be out of my mind.'

DING

They reached the twelfth floor and Sybil exited. Her curvy body strutted; her leather bag swinging by her side as she turned the corner and led Sean down an elegant, carpeted hallway.

They passed several suites along the way. By the amount of distance between each door, Sean could tell the apartments weren't small. Fixtures of white light were placed symmetrically along the walls between each unit. Unlike the buildings and lampposts in South Side, they were all in working order.

Sean could hear commotion in the distance from the second they stepped off the lift. The further they proceeded down the hallway, the louder it became. Moans, panting and the slapping sounds of leather on flesh grew more distinct with every step.

The corridor opened up and they arrived at a common area for the floor. Sean's mouth fell open at the site he beheld. There were several men, all dressed in various gimp attire, locked in stockades, fuck horses and various bondage furniture he didn't even have a name for. Also present were twice as many women, making enthusiastic use of the bound submissives. Each was clad in a different style of Dominatrix dress. Latex and leather shined in the light of the chandelier overhead.

Two of the men were being outright spit-roasted; the double teaming Dommies moaning as they sank their cocks deep at both ends. The rest of the captive males were being spanked, whipped, face-fucked or pounded in the ass while a gag or buttplug filled their unused holes. The smell of semen was thick in the air and long strands of clingy spunk decorated the slaves, the equipment and the floor. The level of debauchery already met or exceeded the craziest Femdom orgies Sean had taken part in on the south side, but this was no sex club. It was a residential building.

Sybil turned, smiling at her leashed submissive as he got the first glimpse of his new life.

“We enjoy communal living in Uptown” she explained, raising her voice above the lilting sounds of sexual excess. “As sisters, we share everything. Food, clothing, shelter and most of all, slaves.”

“That sounds idyllic” Sean noted. “Almost utopian.”

The Goddess in orange latex snickered. “Our arrangement works perfectly, because everyone knows their place and does their part. By focusing on the basics, the need for work has been minimized. Each sister and slave only needs to put in a handful of hours a week. The rest of our time is spent how it should be. Doing that which makes us feel most alive. **Fucking and being fucked.**”

Sean swallowed. Her commanding voice was a massive turn-on by itself, but when she emphasized the

word '*fucking*' it magnified the effect. His cock grew stiff in the tight confines of his suit.

“I guess that explains why Uptown is so nice? I didn't get the impression much work was being done down south.”

“Very little **discipline** down there” Sybil responded, her grip tightening on his leash. “You'll receive much more, here.”

Sean's cheeks grew red below his shiny hood. His eyes relaxed as he gazed back at Sybil. He grew ever more intoxicated by her aura, words and scent. “Yes, Mistress.”

She swept her arm to the side, highlighting the orgy playing out before them. “You'll be spending considerable time here. Other floors too, when I lend you out to my girlfriends. Something to look forward to. But for now, let's get you settled in.”

Sybil started off again. She strode so quickly that the leash yanked on Sean's neck, tearing his view from the plethora of loud, enthusiastic rutting and impact play.

He fell in line, his gaze homing in on Sybil's ample ass. Her weighty cheeks rose and fell in the supple, orange rubber suit; bounding as her booted legs sauntered further down the hall. After another minute of marching, they arrived at a door and Sybil led him in. Sean noted that the door wasn't even locked. Apparently, that was unnecessary in Uptown.

She closed the door behind them as Sean got his first look at Sybil's digs. It was a magnificent living space with white walls and lots of open space. From the door, you could see the light flooding in from the large windows and a sliding glass door that led to an outer deck. There was a large kitchen and dining area, a massive living room, a full bath, some kind of study or storage room and a set of stairs leading up to the second floor.

Sybil set her bag on the counter and marched forth, leading Sean right up to the large, crystal panels that provided an amazing view of the city. Sean gazed down at the square where they'd met. He watched Dommies lead slaves around below, the size of ants from their perspective.

“Not bad, huh?”

Sean turned back to her. “It's gorgeous. Just like you.”

Sybil grabbed his chin and uttered a throaty chuckle. “They won't earn you much leniency, but keep those compliments coming.”

“I wouldn't expect them to, Mistress. I merely speak the truth.”

Her smile grew and Sybil's eyelids lowered. He could tell she was blushing below her latex mask. Her gaze was warm and inviting. Sean hadn't felt so *at home* in a long time.

“Set down your bag and follow me.”

He dropped the duffel and Sybil led him to the kitchen. She walked right up to the large, metallic fridge and turned, putting her free hand on her hip. Sybil reigned him in with a few graceful pulls of the leash

and quizzed him.

“Let's see how good your short term memory is. What's your number one commandment?”

“To do whatever you tell me.”

“Excellent. And what do you think your second one is?”

“Uhhh...” Sean didn't even have a guess.

“In lieu of direct orders from me, you will obey every other woman in Uptown in the same manner. We place the well being of our submissives as a sacrosanct priority. You are our property, and we treat our property well. While you will have only one **true** owner and Mistress, every woman here exercises the same authority over you in my absence.”

Sean nodded. “I understand, Mistress.”

“Good. Now for your third commandment.”

She opened the refrigerator door and wisps of chilly air roiled into the otherwise warm apartment. It was a truly massive fridge stocked top to bottom with abundant food. Fruit, vegetables, cheese, bread, wines and other alcoholic beverages. Sean could hardly believe it. He'd grown used to Delilah's half empty one.

Sybil pointed to the most prominent item displayed in the large case. Directly in the middle of the center shelf lay a large glass bowl of apples. Their hue was a perfect shade of red. Not one of them bore a single blemish or dent. They sat in the chilly air, looking crisp and inviting. Sean's mouth watered at the very sight.

The tone of his Domina grew deadly serious.

“Those are **NOT** for you. Our apples are grown in the north country, nurtured and harvested through a special process for the women of Uptown. You are forbidden from tasting one without our permission. The penalty for doing so is **banishment**. Understood?”

“No apples. Got it.” Sean responded, his eyes wide with bewilderment.

Sybil reached in and grabbed one of the shiny, red treats. She pulled it out before releasing the door handle.

ker-clack

The self-closing door latched shut. Her smile returned. “Help yourself to anything else any time you're hungry.”

“Thanks.” He was unable to take his eye off the luscious fruit, now that it had been expressly disallowed.

CRUNCH

Sybil bit into the apple and leaned against the kitchen counter. She released his leash and uttered a light moan as she chewed the sweet, cold produce. Light syrup leaked from her lips. She licked around them, not wasting a drop of apple honey. The delighted noises she made while devouring the red skin and sugary white fiber could easily have been mistaken for arousal.

She took another big bite with her right hand and pointed to the ground with her left.

“On your knees.”

Sean lowered himself, obeying her edict with all speed. He was confronted, at once, with the growing erection in her shiny orange bodysuit. He scanned upward, admiring the curvy tower of latex before him. Her arms, breasts, thighs and cock bulged through the clingy material wonderfully. Sybil's eyes were smokey, her dark hair bobbing in the high ponytail behind her mask as she chomped away at her snack.

“Unzip me” she ordered casually.

He reached up and took hold of the zipper, beginning at the top of her pelvis. Sean pulled it down, gently, the cool metal rippling as her suit parted and her creamy mocha flesh was exposed. Her hairless anatomy was unveiled for him a second time. Sean could hardly believe he got his mouth around a monster that big at the *Ball Buster*.

It was so long that even unzipping her didn't free it completely. Her cock was still tucked into the rubber sleeve barely containing her right thigh. A massive, fleshy sack hung at the bottom of her suit's opening, one fat, brown globe hanging slightly lower than the other.

“Hands behind your back” the next instruction came.

Sean straightened himself. He folded his arms behind him and locked one hand around the other's wrist. He looked up, his eyes pleading for the next command.

Sybil reached down and pulled her fat phallus free. She stroked herself up and down, her shiny orange palm gliding the full, ridiculous length from base to tip. She masturbated lewdly, her great shaft of thick, dark meat hardening to full mast in no time at all. Sybil took another bite, the apple half gone by the time her giant weapon pointed its head directly at Sean's mouth.

“Commandment number four! A slave never uses his hands unless specifically ordered to. Not on a woman and never on himself. A slave's hands should be **BOUND**. I would go fetch some cuffs right now, but I **did** promise you a snack. *Refreshment* comes first.”

Sybil reached out and grabbed the back of his head. She gripped him tightly and guided his face onto her hot, pulsing length. Her soft glans plowed open his lips, followed by an ever-thickening length of dark, pungent cock. She sighed in pleasure as Sean's face pressed forward and inch after inch of her girthy tool sank into his wet, velvety maw.

Her taste was incredible. A strong, thick musk mingled with rubbery sweat. It was obvious her cock had been stewing in the bottom of her suit all day, just waiting for him to arrive in Uptown and take his place at her feet. Sean moaned as her rod plunged all the way to the back of his throat, her cockhead

sliding right into his dangling uvula. He slurped, sucked and wagged his tongue along the bottom of her wondrous weapons, inhaling full breaths filled with her heavy aroma.

“Mmmmmmmmm....”

Sybil's eyes half-closed as she peered down at her newly collared cock sucker. The pleasure was already overwhelming and there was so far left to go. She pulled back her hips, exiting his mouth a few inches, only to push forward again and sink deeper between his sucking lips. She took a final bite of her apple before setting the rest aside on the counter. Her other hand found the back of Sean's head and she pulled on firmly with two strong grips. Her fat length tunneled through his moist walls and entered the even tighter, warmer entrance to his throat.

“Yes... That's it! **Deeper, slut!**”

She pulled back again, gliding out halfway before thrusting into his mouth with more insistence and need. Sybil built a steady rhythm, fucking his face slowly at first. She crammed a little more of her fleshy hose into his mouth with each smooth insertion. Her lips parted and she took deep breaths as her excitement grew. Her plump balls swung back and forth, swelling with a volume of seed that no male could hope to generate.

“Got one taste of me and you just had to have more. Isn't that right, bitch?”

“MMMPPPPHHHH!” Sean muttered around her pistoning length.

“Tale as old as time for a cock sucker like you. Rubber dicks weren't going to cut it anymore. You want a tummy full of nut and an ass full of **HOT JIZZ**. Don't you, you **filthy fuck?!?**”

With her increased force and the frequency of her thrusts, Sean was finding it more difficult to admit air through his nose. His eyes began to water as she gripped his head tighter and fucked his mouth with abandon. Her scent and taste filled his very being. He felt slimy, spit coated penis plowing through his mouth, surging down his throat and retracting in quick, fluid motions.

Sean slobbered on her shaft, his lips suckling along her thick flesh. His wet walls caressed her erection lovingly, his cheeks packed to bursting even though she'd only buried the first two thirds of her mighty cock in his willing hole.

“**MMPPGGHHGGLLLMMMM!!!**” His answer was gibberish, but they both knew it meant 'yes.'

“Some of the Uptown Girls like fucking slave's asses best. Not me. For my money, nothing beats a nice, long **deep throating**. That's your primary role from this day forward. **SUCKING MY COCK!** You will suck my cock first thing in the morning. The last thing you do before bed will be to suck me off. You'll drain my balls before I enter the shower. You'll depthroat me as soon as I towel off. There's not a piece of furniture in this house that I will not bend you over and **fuck your ass** at a moment's notice! And when I'm done, **guess what?** You're going to **suck my cock clean**. Are we clear, slave?”

She punctuated her last question by pulling his head even further onto her steely pipe of flesh. Sean's eyes opened even wider as she sunk to unfathomable depths in his stretched maw. His view zoomed in on her sweaty pelvis as her enormous balls grazed his chin. He gagged and sputtered around her twitching shaft as she slid balls deep in his mouth. Sean struggled to maintain the hold behind his back,

wanting desperately to reach forward and push at her legs. Squelching noises puffed from his lips as his nose slid into her moist flesh and her pendulous sack engulfed his chin.

“PFFFMMPPLLLFFPPHHHHH!!!”

Sybil let out a pleasurable sigh before shifting her gaze back down to her living, breathing cock holster.

“Lucky for you, I speak fluent **cock sucker**. I know you just said *'I can't wait, Mistress!'*”

She weakened her grip on his face, letting Sean's mouth slide halfway down her cock. Sean gazed along her highway of wet flesh, covered in his glistening phlegm. He relaxed, taking deep breaths through pre-cum clogged nostrils. He slid his tongue back and forth across her sperm channel, thanking Mistress for the ability to move his tongue again. Her glue-like *pre*, only a small sample of the deluge to come, funneled from his packed cheeks down into his gullet.

Sybil looked down at him haughtily, waiting for the right moment to complete her conquest.

“Mmmhmm... Deep breaths slut. Take em while you can.”

Once he looked sufficiently oxygenated, she grabbed the back of his hood anew and plunged back into his warm, slippery mouth. This time, there was no gentleness or slow buildup. She went balls deep in his mouth again and immediately began pumping his face full force with her hips. Her cock plunged down into the depths of his throat, her entire supple column of cock throttling back and forth in his desperately sucking maw.

Sybil fucked him with dire need, her pulsating sack slapping his chin wetly as bubbles of spit and pre-cum dripped from his lips and nose. Her subdued moans turned guttural and loud, filling the air above them as she horse-piped her new cumdump slave with reckless lust. Her throat fucking stretched on for long minutes as the pleasure steadily built in the base of her cock. Her balls bulged as they slapped into the bottom of his face, twitching with the need for release.

“Here it comes! Gonna fill you up, slave! Ahhhhhhhh! AAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

She buried herself deep in one final thrust and Sean's eyes flew open. His neck visibly bulged. Her sheer girth would've snapped his new slave collar were it not made of such sturdy leather and metal. Sean's face was plastered into her sticky pelvis as his chin disappeared in her doughy scrotum. It heaved repeatedly, sending heaping loads of gelatinous sperm down her godlike member and unleashing them in his tightly packed tunnels.

Sean's hands flew apart for the first time. He knew better than to grab her legs without permission. They hovered in the air, a mistake he would likely pay for later, as rope after creamy rope of thick semen discharged in his throat and backed up into his mouth. The steaming nougat filth flowed into his stomach, but it could only funnel down so fast. Slippery paste flowed back up around her pulsing length, coating his cheeks and tongue.

The volume of her rippling load was impossible to overstate. Sean had managed, at best, a few decent sprays of thick semen the equivalent of a few teaspoons in his life. Sybil's was measured in overflowing cups. Sean swallowed it down aggressively, as much out of necessity as burning lust. He savored her thick, pungent taste as the Goddess above him wailed in ecstasy.

His stomach filled as he coughed and sputtered around her cum cannon. Sloppy trails of thick semen oozed from his mouth and nose, splattering on Sybil's exposed flesh and sliding down their bodies to the shiny black latex of Sean's suit. It continued drizzling, pooling and sliding onto the floor on either side of his legs until Sybil's crazed moans dissipated and the last of her clingy spurts spat from the head of her cock.

She pushed his face off her fleshy hose, a thick web of stringy cum connecting her glans to his abused mouth. Sean sat back on his haunches and the trails of filth broke, sliding down his torso and slapping to the tile floor. He swallowed and breathed heavily, his hands finding the semen-greased ground to steady himself. Sybil grasped her left breast with one hand and jerked herself off with the other. She milked the last few surges of pleasure from her cock as waves of heavenly orgasm began to ebb and fade away.

As Sean recovered, she reached over and picked up the remnants of her apple. Sybil ate the last few bites until there was nothing left but the center stem and seeds. She sauntered over to the trash can, flipped it open with the press of her boot and disposed of the core. Her heels clicked across the floor as she returned to her cum-slathered slave. Her half-erect cock bobbed before her imposingly. Sybil looked down at the mess she'd made with pride.

“Still want something to eat?”

“Thank you, Mistress, but I'm quite full for now.”

She laughed. “I thought as much. Which brings me to Commandment number five...”

'Uh oh.'

“Waste of our seed is a crime, punishable by immediate disciplinary action. Look at all my nectar you failed to swallow.” Sybil gestured to his gunked up suit and the floor, covered in sticky filth.

“My apologies, Mistress. I'll do better next time.”

“I doubt it” she said with a grin. Sybil reached down and grabbed the end of his now-sticky leash. She tugged on his collar, pulling him up. “On your feet, slave. It's time I introduce you to my punishment room.”

* * * * *

Life in Uptown Chrysalis proceeded much as Sean expected based on Sybil's hard and fast introduction. Every day was a long chain of sexual depravity interrupted only by brief bouts of chores, sleep and the occasional service to the community.

For the first week he was there, Sean didn't leave the twelfth floor as he grew accustomed to life at *Creme De La Creme*. The frequency with which he was completely filled with semen at both ends put the building's name into sharp focus.

After the first week, Sean started getting out more. Sybil would often take him with her when she attended one of the Uptown Girl's big events. Some were dance performances like the one she'd done at the *Ball Buster* to drum up business and get new prospects interested in their home. Others were wild parties held solely for the enjoyment of Sybil and her sister Dommies. Whenever they were out, he was leashed and attended to without exception.

Other times, Sybil would head out on her own and leave Sean behind in the care of her fellow Futadoms. Sometimes she would lend him to one girlfriend in particular to use for a day or two. More often, he would be bound in one of the community common areas, his holes freely available for all women in the building to use. His body became an open canvas for them to paint with their abundant seed and mark with their instruments of pain.

For three four-hour shifts each week, Sean was responsible for cleaning various floors of the complex. That was how he earned his keep in the Futadom commune. Sweeping and dusting the halls was the easy part. It was cleaning up the disgusting messes in the common areas that took up most of his time. Wet-vaccing jizz slathered floors and cleansing semen crusted equipment became a staple of his existence.

Even when he was working, it was common for one of the horny Dommies to come along and make use of him. They would stop him in the middle of his task and either bend him over and fuck him or demand lengthy oral worship. In either case, it created another mess to clean, which not only got him in *fifth commandment* trouble, but extra disciplinary penalties when he failed to perform all his tasks in the assigned time. It didn't take Sean long to figure out that this was all completely intentional. It was simply another way for the Uptown Girls to regularly mock, punish and enjoy their slaves.

As it turned out, the sixth commandment was that slaves would remain in perpetual chastity unless permitted otherwise by their Dommies. Sean was free of Delilah's cock cage for a mere two days before being put in Sybil's even smaller and tighter metal housing.

He enjoyed only one orgasm during that period of penile freedom, which prompted the seventh commandment. Any time a slave achieved climax, they owed the Domme responsible anilingus to the point of reciprocal orgasm. Over the course of many weeks, dozens of Uptown Girls had fucked Sean in the ass until he blissfully spurted his pitifully small load through the metal bars of his chastity cage. Since they were usually enthralled with rutting, the libidinous women rarely collected their ass licking immediately. Sean figured he owed each of them two or three rimjobs by now.

Sean hadn't learned what the eight, ninth and tenth commandments were yet, but he expected he would in time. He'd never considered himself a religious man, but this was one system that he was glad to devote himself to. Uptown was a temple of debauchery and Sean had become its newest and most eager acolyte.

Much as it had been on the south side of town, time became increasingly difficult to track the longer he stayed. Days, weeks and perhaps even months passed as Sean's sexual servitude stretched on into an endless blur of bondage, asses and cocks. Through it all, he was pleasantly surprised by how affectionate Sybil was.

In her quieter moments, between explosive bouts of lustful fury and cravings to see Sean squeal under her whip or paddle, she was really quite loving. She always pushed his boundaries within limits, attended to his wounds and smothered him in aftercare. Their latex clad bodies spent as much time

snuggled as they did slapping together. Sean found that he enjoyed both in equal measure. The longer he spent in Uptown, the more it felt like heaven on Earth.

* * * * *

“Wake up, silly.”

Sean felt a light slap on his cheek. Then the hand traced down and caressed him through the metal cage around his manhood. He inhaled deeply as his eyes fluttered open and Sybil's scent flooded his nose. For once, it was only her scent, mingled with the flowery smell of clean the linens. No smell of rubber or latex, for a change.

That's right... They'd removed their suits last night. Something they rarely did.

He turned in her grasp and looked up at his smiling Goddess. The sun was pouring in through the window, giving her an angelic glow. She was humming softly as she massaged him, waking her slave up gently. It was so unusual to see her without the web of latex over her face and her hair tied up. Even when she let her hair down, she would wear a Venetian mask instead of the hood. This was the first time he was seeing her *au naturel*.

And then it hit him.

'...*Oh my god!*'

Her voice. Her hair. Her skin. But especially her face. Suddenly so familiar. He'd felt hints of it before, but never fully until now. Sean knew her. He'd been with her, long ago. Or someone so much like her.

'*Samara?!?*'

An image flashed through his mind from long ago. A heart shape carved into the bark of a tree. At the center was the letter 'S', a plus symbol and another 'S'.

Sybil could've been a body double for his ex-wife. Sean felt stupid for not seeing it until now. She looked back at him with a furrowed brow, perplexed by his confused expression.

“Hey, sleepy. What's the matter? You're looking at me like I have two heads.”

“Sorry, Mistress. I've just... never seen you in this light before.”

“You telling me I need to put my face on?” she asked with raised eyebrows and an annoyed tone.

“No, no! I just meant... Well, you remind me of someone.”

Her demeanor shifted to immediate curiosity. “Ooooooh! Someone from your past?”

“Yeah, someone I spent a lot of time with.”

“Well, you're obviously not talking about Delilah. You gonna tell me who it is?”

Sean ran a hand through his short, brown hair for the first time in what felt like years. “I'd rather not go into it. It's ancient history.”

“You're not old enough to have ancient history.”

“Relatively speaking.”

“Fine, keep your secret. Whoever she was, I hope she treated you right. I'd hate to remind you of someone who didn't.”

“Better than I deserved, if I'm honest.”

“Hah! I bet.”

And then a second realization cleared through the fog of sleep. He had an appointment today.

“Ummm, Mistress. Is there any chance you could drive me to south town?”

“What? Today? Why?!?”

“I have an appointment with Dr. Solomon.”

Sybil's expression softened. “Ah, yes. That's right. You mentioned you'd been seeing her before. Finally time for a checkup, huh?”

“Yeah. It's been a while.”

“I have good news. There's no need for you to go back. She has an office right here.”

“In Uptown?”

“Yup. And I know where it is. I can drop you off, no problem.”

Sean exhaled. “That's a relief. I really didn't want to walk or board that far again, unless I had to.”

“You're all set, sugar. Now why don't you focus on **my relief** before I give you the spanking of a lifetime.”

Sybil pointed down to the growing bump in the bedding where her erection was pressed up against the silky duvet.

Sean smiled and nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

As she leaned back and got comfortable, Sean repositioned himself and lifted the blanket from her body. He settled down on her thick mocha curves and brought his lips to her waiting glans. Sean sucked her into his mouth and pressed his face down smoothly. Sybil dug her fingers into her thick brunette locks and let out a long, low moan.

* * * * *

tap tap tap tap

From the tranquil peace of the void, he felt the rapping of an object against his cock cage.

“C'mon now, Sean. We don't have all day.”

WHAP

The business end of Lena's wand lashed into the bottom of his exposed scrotum.

“**ARRRGGGHHH!!!**”

Sean's eyes flew open as the paralyzing jolt of pain ripped through his nervous system. He pulled on his arms reflexively, but they were trapped below him, shackled to something. He looked around as his vision cleared and took stock of his surroundings.

He was lying on his back on some kind of bench. Dr. Solomon stood over him, gazing down with crop in hand. She looked like she'd reached the final phase of her transformation into a full Dominatrix. Gone was any hint of professional attire. She wore all black leather from her neck to the heels of her stiletto boots, with a tight corset cinched at the waist. Only her hair, still tied back in the tight brunette bun, hadn't changed.

Even her glasses had been removed and left on a industrial grade metal desk thirty feet away. There was a nameplate that read '*Dr. Lena Solomon*', but little else. There were no books or papers on it. It seemed to be the only piece of furniture in the large chamber that wasn't designed for restraining human beings.

The walls were composed of large gray bricks and lines of mortar. There were no windows; only shelves holding an endless assortment of bondage equipment and racks with every toy and implement of pain imaginable. Abundant lighting shined from the ceiling, in addition to many crimson tinted glass globes lining the walls. They each contained a lit candle that produced an eerie red glow across the well stocked dungeon.

“Welcome back” she said with a wink.

Sean inhaled deeply. His leather and metal bonds rattled below the bench as his hands tugged. He tried to move his legs, but they were held firm as well. A combination of leather straps and metal ankle cuffs locked them to the bench. His suit was unzipped at the bottom, his trapped cock and sore balls hanging out; completely exposed for Dr. Lena. On top of that, there was a massive buttplug lodged up his ass. The brutal soreness in his stretched pucker was becoming more noticeable by the second. She must've used a truly colossal toy to outdo the Uptown Girls coke-can monsters.

“So, this is your *office* in Uptown?”

“Yes. Do you like it?”

“It's definitely you.”

Dr. Lena cackled. “I admit, I prefer to work up here. There are so many more... possibilities, in this space.”

“Why is it whenever I wake up during our sessions, I never remember the first half?”

The leather wrapped psychologist stalked closer. She reached down and stroked Sean's shiny, latex covered chest as she explained. “Selective memory loss. A state only a skilled psychotherapist can induce. I make sure to apply it each time I put you under.”

“Why?”

“Because it makes you feel vulnerable. And **vulnerable** is what you need to be, if you're going to get anywhere.”

“I feel like I've done ok so far.”

SMACK

Lena reached aside and cuffed his face with her open palm. Sean felt the sting of her leather glove and his vision blurred. The doctor looked thoroughly annoyed. She reached down and grabbed the bottom of his face, squeezing his cheeks in a tight grip.

“Have I not been seeing you since the day you arrived? **Whose** care have you been under this **whole time?!?**”

Sean signed internally. “Yours...” he admitted through gritted teeth.

“That's right, **cock sucker**” she said mockingly before releasing him. “Love the new collar. The butterflies are **definitely you.**” A smug smile returned to her lips, having thrown his own words back in his face.

“Thanks” Sean replied curtly. He silently reminded himself to choose his words more carefully around the woman who put the *psycho* in psychoanalyst.

“Are you thanking me for the compliment or for our sessions?”

“Both” he lied.

WHAP

The thick end of her leather rod rattled off his chastity cage.

“AHHHHH! **FUCK!!!**”

THWIP

The punishing head of the crop laced into his balls, sending his dangling flesh swinging and turning a new shade of red. Sean grunted and coughed. His arms and legs pulled furiously on their bonds, but found no give.

“Negative reinforcement...” Dr. Solomon began. She reached into her pocket and produced a small, black remote control. “Positive reinforcement.”

She pressed the switch at the top of the small device and the fat toy in Sean's ass jumped to life. It buzzed away, sending powerful vibrations through his sensitive anal walls. The pain flowing through his limbs from her two formidable strikes began to fade, replaced by something wonderful. A soothing balm flowed through his nervous system. Giddy pleasure overtook the ache and banished all discontent. His prostate hummed with bliss, the sensation growing stronger by the second.

“Pain and pleasure. Both necessary to guide one's personal development” Lena finished as she leaned over her prone submissive. She drank in his writhing, gimp suited body; helpless to do anything but swim in whatever sensations she chose to inflict.

Sean's eyes closed as he bathed in the enforced euphoria. His medium build body flexed and squirmed in the prison of black rubber that was his second skin. Dr. Lena watched him, her eyes filled with wonder and delight.

“You know, by this point in the process, I usually know what's going to happen. It's normally very clear to me. But not with you. You're one of my special cases, Sean. For you, there are still a few ways this could end. Different paths that you could take. I wonder which you'll choose? And how long I'll get to play with you until you decide? Just thinking about it makes me **fucking wet.**”

Dr. Lena righted herself and walked off. She marched to her desk and tossed her crop aside before moving to one of the toy racks. Lena placed her hands on her hips as she studied her options and decided on the next weapon.

Sean's cock hardened rapidly, pressing against the rigid confines of his chastity device. His warm, bulging flesh mashed painfully into the cool, steel rods. His breathing grew labored as his arms and legs yanked in futility against his bindings. The fat invader packed in his ass vibrated with the speed and steadiness of an electric razor. Its nonstop buzzing turned his insides to quivering jelly.

“**Oh fuck!** Please.... Too much! **Please, turn it off!**”

Lena ignored him as she selected a leather cat-o-nine-tails from the wall. She moved to a nearby shelf and grabbed a black, double-ended dildo gag. The cocky doc flashed a devilish grin, sauntering back to the bench with hew new toys in hand.

“You really don't know how lucky you are, do you, Sean?” Lena set the flogger on his chest, then unbuckled the straps on the gag. She brought the shorter end of the toy to his mouth and pressed its fat tip into his lips. “**Open**” she insisted.

Sean obeyed, knowing he would only get more *love taps* to his cock and balls if he didn't cooperate. Four inches of rubbery, silicone penis slid into his mouth with another seven inches sticking straight up from his gagged face. Lena wrapped the straps around his head and pulled it tight around his hooded

face.

She retrieved her flogger and tapped its long, thick handle in her hand a few times for dramatic effect. Her eyes blazed with a combination of contempt and lust.

“Do you know what it's like to be a woman living in a city like this? Full of horny Dominas waiting for the next submissive to come along?!?”

Sean was wide-eyed, staring up at her with growing trepidation.

'Jesus, lady! Is this therapy for me, or you?!?'

In a quick, elegant flourish, Lena raised the toy above her head. Its leather tassels dangled behind her menacingly.

“It's a **LITTLE!**”

WHAP

“**FUCKING!**”

WHAP

“**FRUSTRATING!!!**”

WHHAAAAPPPP

The leather cords lashed into his midsection twice, followed by a third wallop into his straining, caged erection and defenseless balls. The luscious lengths of leather snapped into his bulging, reddened flesh. Sean groaned loudly into the cock gag sealed in his mouth. His body writhed the scant centimeters it could as anguish and angelic vibrations mingled in his bound form, beyond his control.

Dr. Lena scanned him up and down and her mouth fell open in breathless glee. Her bosom heaved and her breathing grew heavy. Her eyes glimmered with anticipation as she reached below and pulled down the zipper at the crotch of her cat-suit. Her excitement was announced in full as Sean beheld her glistening sex. She reached below with her other hand and pulled the zipper up the other side, exposing her ass to the cool dungeon air.

Without another word, she turned, straddled the bench and lowered down, impaling herself on the long, slick rubber cock protruding from her client's mouth. Lena moaned deeply as she bottomed out. Her ample ass cheeks slid down, an avalanche of creamy flesh that first covered his nose and finally glided down far enough to bury his eyes and cast him into darkness.

She wiggled her ass into his face, cork screwing the dildo as deep as it would go. She repeated the motion, forcing her full weight onto him. Sean's head was plastered into the padded bench, her ass flesh smothering him as he grew intimately familiar with the doctor's warm crack. Her leather clad legs flexed as she got comfortable and prepared herself for a thrilling ride.

After a few moments, she raised herself a few inches, allowing light and air to touch Sean's face again.

This was short lived, as it would be every time she slid her cheeks down, moaning as she sealed him back in her bottom.

The squelching of the rubber cock in and out of her pussy grew loud. Her juices dripped down and ran all over Sean's muzzled face. The musk of her warm ass mingled with the scent of her fluids. They flooded his face, overwhelming Sean as the buttplug buzzed away. Together, they sent his mind spinning.

WHAP WHAP WHAP

The leather tassels ripped into the helpless gimp relentlessly. She flayed his torso, legs and crotch repeatedly and without reprieve. Dr. Lena savaged him with her toy, riding the wave of power and control as steadily as she rode his face. She bathed in the high of domination, unleashing pain and taking pleasure in one long, continuous act of female divinity.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

“OH YEAH! MORE! TAKE IT!!!”

* * * * *

Sean's eyes opened and his senses were assaulted. The thick scent of fem cum filled his nose. The ache in his brutally sore limbs filled him with dead weight. He could feel the clammy remnants of his own sweat and emissions, sticky within his suit. The outside of his second skin was literally glued to the leather sofa with thick strands of futa ejaculate. The light of morning flashed through a far away window panel, its beams playing upon his soiled face.

It had been another long night in one of the common areas of *Creme De La Creme*. Sean lost count of how many Uptown Girls had fucked him that night. And that was after his lengthy session with Dr. Lena. It had been one of the most exhausting days of his life. Sean pulled his sticky body from the leather cushions and looked around. He didn't even know what floor he was on.

The unusual thing was the lack of activity. In his experience, the common areas on any floor were almost never empty. Not even this early in the morning. There was usually at least one or two slaves available for the women to use at their leisure. All he saw was equipment slathered in spunk, a jizz stained floor and a dozen condoms laying about with fat lumps of weighty seed still lodged in their tips. Whoever had to clean this up had quite a day ahead of them.

Sean got to his feet, flexed his limbs and headed down the hallway. As he proceeded down the corridor, there wasn't another soul in sight. Knowing the elevators wouldn't work for him, he bypassed them and headed for the stairwell. The sign indicated he was on the fifteenth floor. Sean shuffled down three sets of stairs hastily. He emerged on the twelfth floor and marched back to Sybil's place. He entered and found the apartment just as quiet as the rest of the building.

“Hello?!? Mistress Sybil?”

A quick check of each room revealed she wasn't there. The door leading to the outside deck was open.

The curtains on the adjacent windows fluttered in the twelfth story breeze. Sean walked onto the deck, leaned on the railing and looked upon the town square. It was a gorgeous day, but there was no one down there, either.

'Ah... It's that time again, is it?'

Sean left the apartment and headed back to the stairwell. He resumed his downward journey and this time he didn't stop until he was on the ground floor. He walked into a vacant hallway which led to an unattended service desk and an empty lobby. Empty of people, at least.

There it was. Sitting in the center of the abandoned space that would normally be full of foot traffic. The biggest and most gaudy one yet. A long, thick, mango wood storage trunk covered in golden blossoms, sparkling rubies and brass inlay.

As Sean approached it, the familiar cocoon emblem appeared. The decorative icon served as the latch, shining in its golden splendor. His body surged with raw, nervous energy and his mouth ran dry. Sean came to a stop and knelt before the opulent case. He lifted the latch and pulled it down, breaking the cocoon seal. He pushed up the lid, eager to see what fate awaited him. To what level had he graduated this time?

The trunk creaked open and the ever present smells of rubber, latex and PVC washed over him, stronger than ever. There were many articles layered in the container. It was a heaping pile of fetish clothing and matching accessories.

Sean pulled out a glossy, purple, full latex body suit. The hood of the suit had the same male gender marking that he'd seen on other feminized slaves, only his was highlighted in bright yellow. Not only was the bimbo suit thicker than his current gimp attire, it had much more room in the chest, thighs and ass. The rubber breast forms, thigh sleeves, and ass pads that followed explained why with crystal clarity.

A pair of long, matching purple *'fuck me'* boots came next, but they weren't the last surprise. The final gift lay at the very bottom, a comprehensive kit of the finest cosmetics presented in an elegant silver case. Perfume, lipstick, gloss, blush, shadow, mascara, liner and everything else a human fuck doll could possibly need.

Sean trembled in fresh excitement. His sore body suddenly felt light as a feather. His soul soared through the heavens, impossible to contain. If someone had told him, even just a few months ago, that he would take this path willingly, he never would've believed them. Now, he was certain he'd never wanted anything more in his entire life.