

Transcendent

Chapter 2 – Egg

It was a gorgeous day as Sean strolled down the main drag of Chrysalis. The town felt considerably less ominous when the sun was shining. The silence was remarkable. There were no cars driving along the junk scattered road. He'd encountered no other people thus far. There was no birdsong or even a dog barking in the distance. It was so quiet. A light breeze made the trees along the boulevard rustle, but when there was no wind, you could hear a pin drop.

Sean wasn't used to the quiet. Silence was no longer a part of modern life. Most people were surrounded by noise while at work. Whether they were employed in some field that required constant verbal communication or they were simply besieged by the dings and alerts of computers all day, the assault on the senses was constant. While commuting, the radio, podcasts or audio books were your constant companion. At home, it was the TV or YouTube always on in the background. Even when he went out for walks, Sean always had his earbuds in.

Now he was alone in this strange town with no technology. The quiet was discomfoting at first. It forced you to be alone with your thoughts. It demanded your focus be on the here and now. The longer Sean bathed in it, the more he realized it was a good thing.

What were we losing by constantly allowing ourselves to be bombarded by other people's voices and opinions? How many great ideas were failing to be born, because they never got the opportunity to arise from contemplation? How much self reflection was being missed, consigning people to old patterns of behavior and stalling their personal growth?

The silence had him thinking and now he couldn't stop. Walking down the cracked, garbage strewn sidewalk, his mind was in perpetual motion. Sean had deliberated on how he felt about the night before, yet he'd arrived at few conclusions. It had been such an odd series of events that brought him into the orbit of Delilah. *Mistress Delilah*, the snug feeling of leather around his neck reminded him.

She'd been absolutely right. Sean felt a million times better the second he put the collar on. Why was that? Was it because he felt so alone in this unbelievably odd place? Or was it something else? Delilah was drop dead sexy, amazingly confident, yet undeniably warm and disarming. He'd never met anyone like her. Sean had never thought of himself as a bottom or submissive, yet in her presence, he'd fallen into the role so easily.

He approached another storefront and turned to inspect the windows. That was another odd thing about Chrysalis. Although most of the shops were abandoned, they all seemed to be well stocked. When a business had to close, the owner would usually liquidate the merchandise. If the business moved, the items moved with it.

In this town, it was almost like the people who owned these establishments had disappeared overnight. The stores were frozen in time, their wares available freely to anyone who chose to wander through the front door. The windows, doors and signs were almost uniformly filthy. Even from the outside, he

could see a layer of dust on most items in each display.

Sean turned his gaze to the next business and his walk slowed to a stop. A gaudy looking storefront called *Leather Larry's Pleasure Palace* presented itself. The young man chuckled, noting that it was definitely no palace. Just an ordinary looking shop with lots of kink themed leather gear featured prominently in the front.

The store looked somewhat less dirty and disheveled than the other businesses surrounding it. It was almost like it had been abandoned more recently. Its cleaner look and bizarre wares enticed Sean, inviting him in for a look around.

'Hmmm... Maybe I can find something that would put a smile on Delilah's face. It would be nice to surprise her.'

He turned and walked to the front door, pulling it open with no resistance and stepping inside. There were no lights on, but with the sun pouring through the front windows, he could see well enough in the darkened show room. The thick smell of leather descended on him like an ocean wave as he entered.

“Hello? Anyone home?”

No answer. He hadn't expected one, but it would've been rude not to check. Sean moved in slowly, studying his surroundings as he made his way deeper into the “*palace*” of leather.

There were dummies setup near the front sporting all kinds of crazy looking harnesses, belts and interlocking bondage fixtures. The walls to either side were lined with racks of leather pants, coats, shirts and undergarments. The tables near the center were stacked with boxes of leather boots and smaller display stands showing off jewelry and other adornments. He saw no dresses or feminine apparel anywhere. It seemed this store catered exclusively to men.

Sean smiled as he zeroed in on one table with a large assortment of leather wrist and ankle cuffs. Each one had an O-ring or D-ring attached, giving them utility for kinky play in addition to whatever fashion statement they were making. He'd seen the punk and goth kids in school wearing bracelets and anklets like these all the time. It seemed like the kind of thing Delilah would appreciate.

He wasted no time, taking up two of the thick leather cuffs and wrapping them around his wrists. A belt-like strap around the center secured them both firmly. He grabbed a pair of ankle cuffs and took a seat on one of the fitting couches in the center of the room. After rolling up his pant legs, he repeated the feat, attaching the strong strips of shiny black and metal to his lower legs.

DONG DONG DONG DONG

Sean jumped, startled by the grandfather clock on the wall. It wasn't far away; nestled just between the racks of leather clothing not far from where he was sitting. His gaze found it and the clock continued to chime, alerting him to the fact that it was noon.

'Wow, noon already! I guess time flies when you're exploring a ghost town. Noon... Wait a minute. I'm supposed to be somewhere, aren't I? ...An hour from now, I think?'

Sean's body buzzed with fatigue and his eyelids grew heavy. The sensation came on strong and fast. He

leaned over and stretched out on the fitting couch. It was leather, like virtually everything in the store. He never would've guessed one of these simple guest sofas, the kind you saw scattered all around shoe stores, could be so comfortable. Yet there he was, relaxing contently and about to doze off.

'Yeah, I'll get going... Right after I have a quick nap.'

As the darkness closed in, Sean's nostrils were filled with the scent of leather. It was so overwhelming, he could practically taste it on his tongue.

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He felt the tip of something rubbery gliding along his back. It traced his spine up and down, making winding turns and sudden reversals over his lats and traps in slow, smooth arcs. It felt like some kind of wand and the massage it delivered was almost pleasant.

"C'mon Sean... Time to wake up!" a familiar voice said softly from behind him.

As he awoke, Sean realized he was nude and standing, though not strictly under his own power. His limbs were supported by large, leather padded planks. The bondage rings on his neck, wrists and ankles were connected to the the large cross, holding his arms and legs out at forty five degrees angles. He was staring straight at a wall. Based on the color and decor, he recognized where he was immediately.

"The first half our session is over. It's time for the real fun to begin!"

"Lena? Is that you?"

WHAP WHAP

Her crop whistled through the air and stung his ass cheeks in rapid succession.

"Ahhhhh!!!"

"That's Miss Lena or Dr. Lena to you, young man."

If he wasn't fully awake before, he sure as hell was now. Sean attempted to look from side to side, but the short restraint connecting his collar to the center of the St. Andrew's Cross allowed scarcely any movement at all.

"Why am I naked?"

WHAP

A third painful swat whipped across his exposed buttocks. Sean grunted as the ache set in.

"You're not naked. You're wearing that lovely collar and some nice leather cuffs! Cuffs you picked out yourself, for that matter! You're really jumping in with both feet, aren't you?"

“How did I get here?”

SMACK

The fiercest blow yet lacerated his quickly reddening cheeks and Sean whimpered.

“**Wow.** Ignoring my question and asking one of your own. You don't seem to know how this works.”

“I'm sorry, Dr. Lena!”

“Don't be. I love slow learners! To answer your question, you walked through the door. You were seven minutes late, by the way. Thank you for reminding me.”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Sean gritted his teeth as blow after blow ripped into his soft ass flesh with ever increasing strength. He heard Lena cackle behind him as she went about her work. There was no doubt she was enjoying herself. The loud snap of the seventh blow pierced the air and Sean was left shuddering in his bonds.

“Mmmmm, very nice! Now your ass is starting to look like a proper submissive's should.”

Lena stalked around the room, her heels knocking across the floor as she waited for him to ask another impertinent question. When he didn't, the footfalls of her boots grew closer, zeroing back in on him.

“That's more like it. I ask the questions and you answer.”

Sean breathed a sigh of relief, glad that he'd earned a temporary reprieve.

“How did you like your first night in Chrysalis?”

“It was good! **Very good!**”

“What was good about it? Meeting some asshole at the town hall? Being terrified in the middle of the night? Passing out? Being attacked by birds?”

“Delilah! Meeting Delilah was nice.”

“Ah, I see...” Her crop began tracing the naked flesh of his back once again. “So you enjoyed your first night of being dominated by a woman?”

“It was... a new experience.”

WHAP

White lightning flayed across his wounded ass.

“When you're less than truthful, you'll feel the sting!”

“Okay! Okay! **Yes!** I enjoyed it!”

“What was your favorite part?”

“Ummm, I don't know... When she tossed my salad?”

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Three especially hard blows laced his bottom and Sean's eyes bulged. He grunted and writhed on the cross, his body jolting in agony as the depth of her strikes registered searing hot pain across his tender flesh.

“**DO NOT** lie to me!”

“How **the fuck** do you know if I'm lying?!?”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

After a long string of brutal swats, Lena tossed her crop aside. It clattered in the distance as the worked-up Domina closed in on Sean and pressed her curves into his back. Her body was clad in thick latex. Sean could feel the cool rubber as Lena pressed herself on him. Her latex gloved hands flowed up and down his body, tracing his naked form and groping him all over.

“I know” she spoke into his ear. “Because you answered these questions when you were under. You already told me the truth. The subconscious doesn't lie. You can't hide anything from me!”

She pressed her hips into his battered ass, re-igniting the brutal ache that her two dozen lashes had instilled. The cool rubber of her outfit acted as a soothing balm, her rubberized crotch massaging his savaged bottom smoothly. Somehow, she was making it both painful and pleasant at the same time.

Lena reached up, grasped his nipples and began twisting them gently. Her breath was hot against Sean's ear. “That's how this works. I extract the truth, then interrogate your conscious mind. That's the version of you that will attempt to lie, deceive and obfuscate. Eventually, we'll bring you and your true desires into alignment. Won't that be nice?”

Sean stood in stunned silence, unsure of what to say. He was still trying to process the bizarre combination of sensations he was experiencing. His first visit to this office had indicated Lena was slightly unhinged, but even after that initial realization, he'd never expected *treatments* like these. She was viciously demanding and completely overwhelming, yet he couldn't deny the truth in the doctor's words.

“Y-Yes Dr. Lena...”

She chuckled and began twisting his nipples harder. “You're enjoying this, aren't you?”

Sean took a deep breath. His entire body buzzed with electric giddiness as the pain gave way to something wonderful.

“Yes, Miss Lena!”

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The sound of nonstop ringing in the background greeted Sean as his eyes slowly opened. His clothes were back on and he was lying on a bench. Sean righted himself, his mind groggy and his body stiff as he scanned the new surroundings. It looked like he was sitting in the lobby of a... theater?

The harsh metallic ringing of the old-school rotary telephone continued. There was no one at the front desk to answer it. Sean rose from the bench and crossed to the counter. He reached over the side and picked up the receiver.

“Hello?”

“Sean! There you are! I've been trying everywhere!”

“Delilah! You were gone when I woke up, so I...”

“Decided to take in the naughty flicks?”

“Naughty flicks? No, I was looking for you and exploring the town. Then I remembered I had an appointment with Dr. Lena.”

“Oh, you've been seeing her, have you? That's good. She's excellent at what she does.”

Sean winced, his free hand massaging his bruised rear. “I can't argue with that. My ass is still smarting.”

“Hahahaha! I meant helping people find themselves, but her *other* skills are certainly useful in that regard.”

“Are you back home?”

“I am, but not for long. I need to pick up a few things before our little bash tonight.”

“Bash? I hope I'm invited.”

“Don't be silly. You're not invited, you're **required** to attend. My friend Kiera is having us over for dinner and some fun. A little shindig to celebrate the collaring of my new slave! It wouldn't be much of a party without the star **slut**.”

Sean's heart rate ticked up. He couldn't see her, but he knew Delilah was wearing that wicked smile and her glossy black eyes were burning coals of lust. He swallowed before answering. “Yes, Mistress! Just tell me where to go.”

“We'll meet at her place. She lives in Hackman Hills. Twenty six Walton Street. Quickest way to get there is the shortcut through the alley next to the bank on Main. After that it's a straight shot to the development. You can't miss it.”

“Alright. Should I head there now?”

“Yes. The day is slipping away. You don't want to get caught out at dusk again, do you? I don't need to remind you what happened last night.”

“Definitely not. I'll hightail it there.”

“Good boy! See you soon, slave.”

Sean hung up the phone. The rattling of the heavy receiver into the sturdy base echoed through the empty lobby. One of the fluorescent lights illuminating the hall blinked above, the end of its life encroaching. The floor was littered with discarded ticket stubs, food wrappers and empty bottles. The concessions counter stood in the distance, half stocked with snacks. Like every other venue in town, no one was around to sell them.

'What is your deal, Chrysalis?'

He turned and strode toward the exit. As he approached the row of glass doors, the faint glow of late afternoon grew closer. On either side of him, rows of large, framed movie posters were hung with **NOW SHOWING** displayed prominently above each one.

Domina Film – Mistress Valeri's Monster Cock

Carmen Rivera Submissive Training – Pounded In The Garage

The English Mansion – Arse Licking Slave

Each poster featured a gorgeous woman in leather standing above a male submissive in some form of bondage. Most of the imposing Dommies were sporting massive strapon cocks around their curvy hips.

Sean chuckled and shook his head.

'I think it's safe to say a theme is emerging.'

Had he entered this place of his own accord? Or had Dr. Lena implanted the *suggestion* in his mind to visit this place after their session? If so, what else had she implanted? There was no way of knowing, but he was confident she was doing something along those lines. How else would he recall, so suddenly, an appointment he had no memory of making?

The lack of clarity should have bothered him, but it didn't. As he hit the door release and walked outside, Sean brimmed with excitement.

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The bright morning sun had disappeared behind an overcast sky hours ago. As he proceeded down

Main Street, a light fog rolled in. The air grew cooler and the low lying clouds blanketed the streets in wispy obfuscation. The further he walked, the shorter his field of vision grew. Soon, he could only see ten to fifteen yards ahead.

The weather was portentous, but there was good news. Sean was fairly confident he was going in the right direction. Even in the darkness of his first walk through town, he'd clearly identified the First National Bank. It was one of the few buildings that still had exterior lighting that worked. He turned his eyes upward, spotting a faint glow through the fog in the distance.

Sean kept his eyes trained on the electric illumination as he continued down the crumbling, debris dotted sidewalk. He was close, and once he found the bank it would be a simple matter of--

His gaze shot back down to its normal level and Sean froze in place. A dark silhouette was outlined in the fog just ahead. A fiery red dot blazed to life, fighting its way through the cool bleakness. Whoever it was standing on the corner was having a smoke.

“Don't be scared, hun. I won't bite.” A low pitched, husky feminine voiced pierced through the gloom. She took another drag of her cigarette before speaking again. “Unless you want me to.”

Sean resumed walking and the fog slowly parted. The mystery woman came into focus and Sean's eyes widened the closer he got. A latex Goddess stood on the corner, her ample curves shining in the dim light of waning day. Her entire body was covered in glossy dark magenta. The hue of her bodysuit, trapped somewhere between purple and red, gave a radiant luster to her heavy breasts, thick thighs and well toned arms and calves.

She was a couple inches taller than Sean in her thigh high boots, the color of which matched her catsuit perfectly. Even her face was covered by clinging latex. In the outlines of the openings for her mouth, ears and eyes, Sean discerned the light mocha tone of her skin.

A rubbery stem pointed up from the back of her hood. From there, luxurious hair flowed down in elegant waves. She'd dyed her dark locks with a shade of red so the resulting color came close to matching her fetish attire.

Shimmering orbs of warmest brown peered out from her latex headdress. Her stare was magnetic; as compelling as *the Afghan girl* from that famous cover of Time magazine. But instead of haunted sadness, these eyes glowed with eager mischief.

“Hey, handsome. You the new guy in town?”

“Hi” he responded with a nod. “Yeah, I'm Sean. You've heard about me?”

“Word gets around fast in this place.” She took another drag and exhaled a thick cloud of smoke. “Sean... That's a lovely name for a man. Or a woman, for that matter.” She shouldered her leather bag, knocked the ash off her stick and crossed her arms below her massive, shiny breasts. “I'm Sybil.”

“Nice to meet you, Sybil.”

“Likewise, sugar” she responded with a knowing smile.

“There's an alley just down this way, right?”

“Yeah. It's not far.”

“Thanks, that's where I'm headed.” Sean tore his eyes from the dark beauty reluctantly and started off down the street.

Sybil turned, her gaze following him. “Hold on, now. What's the rush?”

Sean stopped in his tracks. He looked back in her direction and those gleaming eyes drew him in like tractor beams. “Sorry, I don't mean to be rude. I just don't wanna get attacked by birds again.”

“Birds?” she asked incredulously, followed by a light laugh. “I don't see any birds around here. All I see is a young man wearing a collar and wrist shackles. Someone who's obviously looking for a good time.”

His face turned a light shade of red as her teasing wore on. “Oh this?” he replied, reaching up and grasping his collar. “It was a gift from Delilah. I'm on my way to meet her and one of her friends. Do you know her?”

“Ah, Delilah. So she's the lucky winner of round one. Good for her! But still, I have to ask...” She flicked the remnant of her smoke away and set her latex clad hands on her wide hips. “Do you like what you see?”

His eyes traced her supple, shiny form up and down. For whatever crazy reason, Sean was only slightly surprised when he noticed a growing bulge in the front of Sybil's suit. It started in her crotch and traced down into the tight latex of her left thigh. Her thick pipe of flesh was stiffening more by the second, straining against the slick confines of her second skin.

“Um...” Was all he could summon for a response. He stared at her like an idiot, his mouth as dry as a box of matches. “I...”

“No” Sybil announced with a tantalizing grin. “You're not ready to come to my part of town yet.” She stalked toward Sean, her boots clacking on the pavement. She continued until only a few feet separated their locked eyes. Her sweet perfume and the scent of rubber washed over him. She raised a latex finger and set it on his lips. “But I hope to see you soon, if that's where your journey takes you.”

Sybil gave him a wink before shouldering her bag a second time and walking off in the opposite direction. “Stay safe until then, lover boy!”

Sean could only watch, wordlessly, as she strutted off. Her shining curves disappeared into the all-consuming fog.

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After a solid two minutes of walking, Sean was beginning to wonder just how long this *alley* was. He passed bike racks, garbage cans, crates and other assorted junk one would expect in the narrow expanse

between businesses. The corridor stretched on between two large cement walls. Intermittently, the concrete gave way to fenced areas leading to the back yard or side door of some property. All of them were chained and latched shut. Metal overhangs filled out the space above, leading up to residential fire escapes. Even in the narrow space, the fog was fairly thick, limiting Sean's visual range as he proceeded.

CHITTER CHITTER

The gibbering and squeaking of rodents had been occasional since he started down the path, but now it was becoming more frequent. The chattering of nasty little creatures sent a shiver down his spine, causing Sean to hasten his pace.

He looked around nervously and the more he studied his surroundings the more pairs of beady little glowing eyes Sean began to notice. They were hiding behind dumpsters, sticking their heads out of little depressions in the concrete walls and laying in wait at each fenced area. They scurried away when he approached, but it seemed like they were growing more numerous by the second. More numerous and more bold.

SQUEEEAAK SQUEEEEAANK

The feistiness of one particularly loud rat behind him caught his attention. Sean whirled on a dime, his eyes going wide as he zeroed in on the fat little bastard following him. He kicked at the gray, black-eyed varmint, causing it to jump and retreat. It looked up at him angrily, baring its teeth and hissing.

"FUCK OFF! Leave me alone you little shit!"

Sean made like he was about to kick the rodent again, but turned and continued on his way. His footfalls echoed off the pavement, but they couldn't drown out the increasingly loud chittering and squeaking all around him. He looked from side to side and front to back. Soon, all Sean saw were glowing eyes and gnashing teeth.

'Shit! Not this again! To hell with this!'

He took off at top speed, opting to sprint the rest of the way through the increasingly hostile alley. The wailing and chattering of the rats grew oppressively loud the farther he ran. He didn't dare look back. Sean could hear them chasing him now, their little paws skittering across the ground as they formed a mob behind him.

His legs were a blur and blood pounded in his ears as he--

SSSSCCCCRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCCCCHHHHH

A lightning bolt of fear surged through Sean and he skidded to a stop in his tracks. The creatures behind him also paused, their chattering and scrambling fading to a rapid halt. It was the same terrible noise Sean heard in the distance the first night on the way into town, only now it was much closer. His breath was loud and sweat ran down his face as he looked ahead at the swirling mass of fog.

ScCcCRRrRrRrRrReEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeCcCcCcCcCcCcCcChHhHhHhH

A visage of pure dread emerged from the wispy air. A hulking figure in black robes presented itself. It wore a *Noh* mask. The white porcelain of the face shield was expressionless. It had ashy black eyebrows and slanted eye holes that led to nothing but darkness. Its pursed lips were painted the color of dark blood.

The abrasive, grinding sound of metal on concrete followed the hideous thing as it emerged from the fog. Sean stared in terror, frozen in place as it revealed its secret. The beastly thing pulled its heavy weapon to the front, hefting a large sledgehammer adorned with metal spikes on both ends. It set its sights squarely on Sean and sniffed the air loudly through the heavy mask.

SSSSCCCCRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCCCCHHHHH

The horrible piercing sound tore at Sean's psyche as he turned and ran for his life. The army of rats wasn't an obstacle for long. They parted in the center and fled in both directions. The terrified creatures skittered off to whatever hole or hiding place they could find, just as eager to flee the alley as their former prey.

Sean bolted down the fog choked alley, the wind flying through his hair as he ran his absolute fastest. He could hear the gruesome thing pursuing him, grunting and screeching as it tried to match his pace. Sean heard the grinding of metal spikes on stone as it dragged the heavy weapon and raced after him. The huge creature knocked aside garbage cans and bashed dumpsters out of its path, chasing him doggedly.

By the time he shot through the opening back onto Main Street he was gasping for air, but the adrenaline rush pushed him on. He rounded the corner and turned right, jetting down the sidewalk. The garbage on the walkway tripped him up, causing him to stumble several times. He only barely avoided crashing to the ground, hissing in annoyance as he continued to run.

He started looking for places to hide, eyeing establishments along the main drag as he flew past them. Sean settled on a Salon and Spa called *Classical Concepts*. He jetted up to the door, turned the handle and slipped in. He thanked his lucky stars that it hadn't been locked as he quietly closed the door behind him, locked it and slipped off to find a hiding spot.

The grinding sound of his pursuer grew louder as the specter caught up with him, dragging its makeshift spiked mace behind it.

ScCcCRRRRRRRRReEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeCcCcCcCcCcCcChHhHhHhH

Sean scrambled behind one of the salon chairs, grabbing a curling iron along the way in case he needed something to defend himself with. He dove under one of the makeup tables, hiding as best he could. Sean's heart pounded in his chest like a taiko drum.

'Please, please! Just go away!!!'

He poked his head out to look at the storefront and saw the shadow of the giant creature rising to fill the window of the front door. The emotionless, porcelain face peered inward, a loud inhale sucking air through the nose holes of the mask. The door handle rattled several times as it attempted to enter.

SSSSCCCCRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCCCCHHHHH

There was a moment of silence in which Sean dared to hope the thing would give up and be on its way. That illusion was quickly shattered, along with the front door's glass.

BASH

BASH BASH BASH

The window exploded into a million pieces, shards raining down as the wood and metal of the door began to bend inward. The loud, crashing impacts of metal spikes denting the door were indicative of the specter's fearsome strength. It continued to shriek as it assaulted the entrance and Sean's entire body shivered in fear. A final, crushing blow rang out as the door caved in. Its busted handle and broken lock hit the ground with a metallic clang as the rest of the wood and steel clattered to the floor.

The fight or flight instinct pooled in Sean in the moment of truth. He was on the verge of running for the back of the store when another loud sound pierced the gloom. The screeching of tires outside was followed by a door slamming shut and a shouting female voice.

“FREEZE!”

The creature turned and briefly studied the interloper. It then hastened down the sidewalk, its weapon creating sparks on the pavement as it hurried away. Three gunshots rang out as the woman approached the storefront and the hellish being disappeared into the fog.

She leveled her handgun and walked up to the destroyed doorway, looking into the darkened salon. The woman pointed her weapon forward as she inspected the carnage. **“ANYONE IN THERE?!?”**

“Yes! I'm here!” Sean answered. He dropped the curling iron and rose slowly from behind the salon chair. **“Please, don't shoot!”**

The officer in head-to-toe leather pointed her weapon at him as she studied Sean. Satisfied that he was no threat, she holstered her gun and nodded to the entrance. “Let's go. Unless you're planning to stick around for a manicure.”

“I'm good, thanks” Sean replied as he lowered his arms. He walked to the entrance, stepped over the remnants of the destroyed door and proceeded onto the street. The woman followed him and he finally got a good look at his leather clad savior.

She was about his height with short, dirty blonde hair and a round face. Her leather jacket, leather pants and knee high boots had her covered from top to bottom in glossy jet black. Her badge stood out from the rest of her attire, the shining emblem reading “Chrysalis Police Department.”

“You're lucky I happened along when I did. I'm Melinda.”

“Sean” he replied dryly. His gaze turned in the direction the mystery assailant had fled. “Any idea what *the hell* that thing was?”

“Pffft, who knows. I'm always chasing weirdos away. Especially when someone new shows up.”

Sean turned back to the steely eyed woman. “Really? I don't envy your job.”

Melinda smirked. “That's fine. I don't envy collared bitch boys who almost get themselves killed the first week they're here.”

“Touche.”

“C'mon” she said, nodding to the large truck with flashing red lights in the background. “I'll give you a lift.”

The unusual police vehicle was raised. It was reinforced with some kind of armor and had giant wheels that looked like they could crunch any of the junk littering the town's streets. It was the kind of thing you'd expect to see at a monster truck rally, not the duty vehicle of a beat cop.

“Thanks” Sean responded as he followed her to the truck. “I owe you one.”

“No, you owe me two” she said matter-of-factly. “One for the ride and one for saving your life.”

“Fair enough” he replied with a smile. “Not sure how I'll pay you back, though.”

“Oh, I bet we can work something out.”

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Melinda's moans were loud and frequent as Sean tongued her needy pussy. He was bent over, locked in stocks and lapping away through the opening in the officer's leather pants. As he offered Melinda lengthy oral worship, Delilah assaulted his ass. She pumped his boy pussy with a thick, one foot strapon. The black rubber missile stretched his backdoor wide with each aggressive thrust.

The leather clad cop held his hair in an iron grip, pressing her needy sex to his mouth as she yelled out commands among pleasure-wracked gibberish.

“**MORE** you slut! Get that tongue **DEEPER!**”

Sean complied to the extent he could, plowing his spongy flesh into her dripping lips and swirling it around before each slick removal. Between every few loving spears of his tongue, he would pull up slightly and lap away at her clit, bathing the demanding blonde in waves of pure ecstasy.

It wasn't easy maintaining the rhythm of his oral ministrations as Delilah fucked him like a maniac. The stocks rattled and his body jolted between the two aggressive Dommies. Heavy weights swung from his nipples and balls, attached to his sensitive anatomy by short, thin lengths of chain. Sean's cock was sealed in a metal chastity cage, leaking pre-cum and straining against its confines.

He was being fucked in the ass for the third time that night. The other two women had already taken a turn. Delilah's friend Kiera was sitting to the side, sipping Bacardi straight from the bottle and waiting for another crack at the bitch-made bottom boy.

The feisty brunette was dressed as a gothic lolita, decked out in a combination of fishnets, leather and lace. She lounged on the luscious leather sofa in her basement dungeon, fingering herself below the strapon harness with one hand and enjoying the occasional swig of rum with the other. She pleased herself as she watched Delilah's new slave eat pussy and get railed in equal measure. Watching her guests unleash their sexual fury on the collared man-whore was almost as good as participating.

Having escorted Sean to them safely, Melinda was immediately invited to stay and enjoy the proceedings. Delilah insisted that Sean repay the officer's kindness. Adding one more hungry Femdom to the mix would only speed his training. The trio put him through his paces as trippy mood lightning faded from one color to the next in the background. House music thumped and pounded throughout the dungeon, giving the women beats to sync their motions to.

The dark-haired Domina groaned in bliss as she slammed Sean's ass with her hips. The small rubber nubs built into the back of the harness were rubbing her sex just right, sending tingles of pleasure through her body with each hungry thrust of her strapon.

Sean moaned into Melinda's steamy jungle as the thick rubber cock speared into his soft, fleshy insides without end. His hands were shackled on either side of his head, locked in the metal and wood restraints. He was nothing but two holes for these libidinous women to use and they were taking full advantage.

“DON'T STOP! **DON'T STOP!!!**”

A reverberating scream and a jet of female ejaculate announced Melinda's climax. Sean's face was drenched in her juices as she trapped his mouth against her gushing pussy. She demanded more of his dutiful licking as pungent girl cream sprayed all over his already slick face.

After many moans and jolts of pleasure, Melinda released him and collapsed on the sofa. Kiera set the booze aside and gladly rose to take her place. She had a thick, cream colored ten-incher strapped to her waist and was eager to put it back to work.

She stepped up to Sean's front and grabbed him by the hair. Kiera pressed the tip of her fat rubber schlong to his lips and pushed forward urgently. It was the same cock she'd used to fuck his ass just twenty minutes ago. At least she'd been kind enough to remove the filthy condom.

“Alright bitch, open wide! I've been told you need practice **sucking cock**, so we're gonna get a head start on that tonight.”

“**LOTS** of practice!” Delilah confirmed as she hilted in his ass with an especially hard thrust.

Sean's lips parted and were immediately stretched wide as the rubber appendage invaded his mouth. The thick phallus sank deep into his wet, fleshy tunnel, filling his cheeks and pressing his obedient tongue into the bottom of his maw.

Kiera tunneled ever more of the rubbery cock to the entrance of his throat as Sean's eyes started to water. She plowed it in to the seven inch mark and he began to gag. The haughty goth reversed course, pulling the musty phallus from his mouth as she gazed down at him haughtily. She gave his face a series of light slaps as she instructed him.

“Suck it good, slut! I want to hear wet, slurping sounds every time I withdraw from your pussy of a mouth! This is cock **SUCKING** school! So **SUCK!**”

Sean slurped on the fat length loudly, the taste and smell of his ass still prominent on the rubber despite her removal of the prophylactic. For some reason, that made him intensely aroused, his penis expanding painfully against its metal housing. The weights attached to his balls and nipples jingled below, swinging from his tortured anatomy as he was fucked from both ends like the cheapest whore on the Vegas strip.

His sucking grew especially loud as phlegm built up on the strapon and Kiera began aggressively fucking his face. This sent Delilah over the edge, her moans growing louder as she pounded him relentlessly. Her climax grew closer every time she filled him with silicone cock and slammed her slave's body into the wooden stocks.

“**AHHHHHHH!!!! YEESSSSSS!!!! TAKE IT, YOU FILTHY BITCH!!!!**”

As Delilah screamed in bliss and hilted her fat strapon in Sean repeatedly, Melinda rose from her post-orgasm stupor and wandered to the toy rack. She selected a new cock for her next turn; a black, fourteen inch monster with a heavy set of rubber balls.

* * * * *

Sean woke on the basement sofa, his body still aching from a long night of being triple teamed. He peeled his naked flesh from the clinging leather, rising from the couch slowly as he worked the stiffness out of his body. Kiera's play room was a mess, covered in discarded sex toys, open bottles of lube, used condoms and abandoned harnesses. The mood lighting and fuck music had both been turned off.

His clothes were nowhere to be found. The raglan shirt and khakis they'd stripped off him were gone. All he had left was his collar, cuffs and the metal cage still locked around his flaccid dick. The weights attached to his most sensitive areas had, thankfully, been removed.

Sean headed up the stairs, emerging in the hallway on the ground floor of Kiera's home. He checked the living room and kitchen.

“Delilah? Kiera? ...Melinda?”

He was alone again. There was no trace of the devastating beauties that had dominated him so thoroughly throughout the night.

Remembering his first tryst in Chrysalis, Sean headed for the front door. Sure enough, when he arrived at the foyer, he found what he was expecting. Sitting on the floor in the middle of the carpet was a wooden chest. Its golden cocoon emblem stared up at him, waiting to be broken.

He sat down, pulled open the latch and raised the lid on the waiting cache. His nose was greeted by the scent of freshly oiled leather. Packed neatly in the spacious chest was a pair of men's leather pants, a leather vest, a leather body harness, leather cap and a pair of men's leather boots.

Sean smiled. It seemed his days of wearing regular clothes were at an end.

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