

## Insatiable

### Chapter 5 – Ascension

“**OH FUCK!!! PLEASE, MISTRESS! MORE!!!**”

Viktor grunted and moaned in a combination of brutal ache and pleasurable release. The words exited his mouth between gasps for air as his disheveled face lay flat against the bedding. Below his sweating, naked body, pillows were stacked under his stomach. His arms were tight behind his back, cuffed together as his bound form was railed repeatedly.

His legs were splayed open wide, sliding down the side of the hotel bed into the cold steel grips of a spreader bar where his ankles were locked. Viktor's sizable dick dangled below. It was an impressive specimen; bigger than most of the aggressive Domina's clients, but still nothing compared to the giant dong strapped around her waist.

**\*SMACK\***

Mistress Kitara Blackwood blasted the side of Viktor's ass with her open palm before taking a fresh grip of his hips and thrusting her big, black strapon deep in the white boy's blown out pussy. She fucked him forcefully, spearing into him deeper with every thrust. The sadistic woman cackled as she watched her biggest toy sink further into his well-lubed man cunt with every forceful fuck.

It was the biggest toy she brought with her for impromptu sessions like this one, anyway. She had larger dildos in her home dungeon; rubber mega cocks that Kitara would only use on the regulars she knew were well trained. Normally, she wouldn't use a twelve inch monster on a brand new client, but after playing with him a bit, it became obvious this wasn't Viktor's first time getting dicked down by a Dominatrix. His pucker was too pliable and eager to accept her advances for him to be a newbie.

“Yeah??? You like that cock you **filthy bitch?!?**”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“They don't call me Mistress **Blackwood** for nothin! Do they, slut?!?”

“**No, Mistress!!!**”

Viktor had paid generously for a two hour date. Kitara hadn't relented in her thorough domination since the moment he'd handed her the money. After having him strip naked, Mistress Blackwood pulled up her leather skirt and spent the first half hour smothering the man's face with her ample, black booty.

The eager submissive was a skilled ass licker. Kitara wasn't able to resist strumming her clit to two powerful orgasms as Viktor tongued her silky browneye and painted her crack with his warm saliva. In between nudges of his jutting erection with her leather boots, Kitara jetted her pungent fluids all over the man's chest, soaking the dark hairs covering his upper body.

After the initial round of Queening, she bound him on the bed. Mistress Blackwood delivered many rounds of brutal discipline and quickly learned it was the kind of play Viktor relished the most. Innumerable strikes lashed into his exposed ass while Viktor's legs shook and his lips quivered in masochistic glee. He howled and grunted as Kitara beat him with crop, whip and paddle. His pain threshold was impressive, but his skin could only take the punishment for so long.

Once his ass was painted with red lines and welts a plenty, Kitara let him rest briefly as she prepared for the final act. She strapped on the heavy length of black silicone and prepared to invade him with a foot of thick, rubbery girth. Twenty minutes later, and her meaty missile was a mere inch from sinking balls deep in his stretched wide pucker. It gripped her toy viciously, lube slurping as she fucked him long and hard with a death grip on his sides.

**“TAKE IT ALL, BITCH BOY!!!”**

Kitara jammed what was left of the massive schlong into his silky starfish. Viktor vocalized his submission with the deepest moan yet. The rubbery scrotum battered his nethers, punishing his balls as she filled him with thick cock over and over again. Kitara huffed in between giddy cackles as she filled her newest client to the brim.

Viktor wasn't just a big guy, he was well built. His bound arms and torso, spread out below her thrusting hips, formed a handsome V-shape on the bed. His buzz cut was drenched in sweat and the moans of his tenor voice were music to her ears. He was a beast of a man, yet so easily subdued with a little metal, leather and rubber dick. Kitara lived to top men like him.

**“Ahhhhhhhh! OH GOD!!! I'M... NNNGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!”**

Viktor's body quaked. His voice cracked as he screamed in release and his tortured scrotum heaved. His painfully erect penis, pointed straight at the ground, convulsed multiple times before firing its thick, white load all over the floor.

Kitara never stopped fucking his ass. Her silicone missile glided over his prostate nonstop, sending endless waves of buzzing joy through his entire body. Viktor thrashed in his metal bonds, grunting and moaning until his sputtering cock had ejected every last string of sticky seed.

When his incoherent muttering ceased, Kitara backed out and pulled her sticky length from its warm home. A trail of lube stretched from his abused hole to her toy until she moved far enough away for the strand to break and fall away. Mistress Blackwood left him to rest while she unstrapped her harness and freshened up. She returned shortly thereafter to unlock Viktor from the handcuffs and spreader bar.

“How you feelin, baby?” she asked while standing back and placing her hands on her wide hips. The leather Goddess couldn't help but admire his form one more time as the man stood and stretched his limbs.

“I feel... amazing” he said with a sigh of contentment. Viktor turned and grinned at the professional Domme. “Thank you, Mistress.”

“You're welcome, sugar. I would've gone longer with the spankings, but I didn't want to make you bleed. I'm not on great terms with the owner of this place. He'd kick me out for good if we got blood on

the linens.”

“That's alright. You did plenty” Viktor confirmed as he limped over to his pile of clothes and began dressing himself. “I'm gonna feel this for days.”

“If you thought that was good, you should schedule a full session in my dungeon, upstate. I'll give you a night to remember for real.”

Viktor chuckled as he pulled on his pants and buckled his belt around his waist. “I'll keep that in mind.”

Kitara leaned against the wall and sipped a sports drink, re-hydrating as she watched the man dress. She saw Viktor lift a necklace and fit it around his head. At the end of its chain, a silver cross hung over his chest. As he put on his shirt, Kitara's gaze shifted to his pile of remaining garments. Leather chaps, a long black leather trench coat and a matching drifter hat.

“For a religious man, you sure love leather and getting your ass beat. You a cowboy or something?”

“No” he answered while lifting the hat to his head. “And I'm not religious either, for the record.”

Kitara's eyebrows scrunched as she watched the man fit the chaps over his pants and slip back into his glossy coat. Why would someone wear a cross if they weren't religious? It made no sense to her.

“Well, in any case, I had a good time too. Believe me when I tell you, I don't say that to all my Johns. If you ever want to party again, you give me a call.”

“I will” he replied with a smile and a nod. Viktor reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet as he walked over to the beautiful ebony Domme. He withdrew three twenty dollar bills and handed her the tip.

“Aren't you a sweetie!” she remarked with a wide smile. “Thank you, hun.”

“You're welcome, Mistress” he said while tucking his wallet away. “One question, though, if you don't mind?”

“Go ahead.”

“You ever heard of a place called *The Scarlet Sanctum*?”

“Yeah. That's the fetish club down around Tumwater, right? Never been, but I've thought about checking it out.”

“Can I give you another tip?”

“Sure.”

“Don't go there. For any reason.”

Kitara's brow furrowed in confusion for the second time. “Why not? You have a bad experience there?”

“Let's just say they're not big on consent. At the Sanctum, the person who walks out is rarely the person who walked in.”

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The blood pounded in Reynauld's ears as he felt up and down Rosa's curvy sides. Her small frame was heavier than it looked, especially when her body pressed his down into the wonderfully soft bedding. They breathed heavily between long, deep kisses. Their tongues engaged in hungry skirmishes between constant nips and licks of each other's skin.

Their libidos had surged since the former hunters became members of the Chosen. The crush they once harbored for one another had blossomed into desperate longing and rapturous infatuation. The same lust that caused them to thirst for blood now demanded they spend a significant portion of their day in each other's arms, exploring the pleasures of the flesh. The irony was not lost on them that they'd never felt more alive since having the life drained from them.

Reynauld wasn't sure if it was her natural inclination, or simply a side effect of being a female Chosen, but Rosa had grown unbelievably aggressive in their interactions. She was almost always on top, in bed, controlling the pace and deciding which acts would be performed next. Aiding her was the collar that had been permanently fixed around Reynauld's neck. There was no way to remove the thick leather piece around his throat. Not without the master key that only Sadie possessed. He was now a house slave of the Scarlet Sanctum, but he wouldn't have to serve as a butler, guard or public pleasure slave. Not while Rosa claimed him as her own.

The gorgeous Latina would dote on him for long stretches, teasing his erection by rubbing her ass back on his cock. Then, when he least expected it, she would mount him, sliding herself onto his shaft and enveloping Reynauld in warm, wet nirvana. Sometimes she rode him fast and hard to a powerful mutual climax. Other times she went torturously slow, continuing her sinister teasing.

In many cases, she ignored his jutting erection altogether, opting to sit on his face and have her pussy or ass licked into the night. Reynauld had more sex in the weeks since being turned than he'd engaged in his entire adult life. Was that an indictment of his old life? It was hard not to see it that way.

The accommodations they lived in had taken a sharp turn for the better. Reynauld and Rosa found themselves in a dingy dungeon cell when they first arrived, but now existed in the lap of luxury. They had their own private suite in one of the guest wings of Sadie's vast estate. They could call for food, drink or whatever else they needed from the Sanctum's staff at any time.

During the day, Rosa spent time with Sadie, learning the ways of the Chosen matriarchs. Reynauld had taken to physical training with the Sanctum's security forces. There were no shortage of bloodsuckers that wanted a chance to face Reynauld and get revenge for silencing their comrades forever. They tried, one by one, and failed every time. He couldn't kill them anymore, but it was no less satisfying to beat the crap out of the haughty fiends. Over time, a grudging respect began to form between old foes.

All of this would've seemed impossible just a month ago; ridiculous to even consider. Reynauld would die before joining the Chosen. That's what he'd thought his entire life. He'd believed it to the core of his being. But now he was in love and Rosa had changed everything. Without her, he'd be dead by now, or

worse, some kind of brainwashed pet doing unspeakable things for his next fix of crimson sustenance. It was impossible not to feel gratitude that he still had a future, with Rosa, even if they were now creatures of the night.

Rosa's warm breasts pressed into his chest firmly as she assaulted his mouth with an eager tongue. She held his arms down, her fingers grasping his wrists tightly above his head, as they kissed passionately. Her strong thighs were wrapped around his sides. Their flesh writhed, warm and sweaty against one another as their bodies meshed. Who was he kidding? Reynauld was completely under her spell. He would do anything his mesmerizing Mistress wished, whether or not she was holding his leash.

The kiss was broken and Rosa leaned back. She emitted a pleased, throaty chuckle before sliding off his body and laying down at Reynauld's side. Her arm extended and she stroked his chest while humming into his ear. They lay like that for a long while, her warm curves pressed against his side as candlelight flickered around them and the windows provided a lovely view of the night sky.

"It's happening soon, you know. *The ascension*. I'll be one of them."

"Be careful what you wish for" Reynauld warned.

"It's Sadie's wish, not mine" she retorted.

"Are you sure about that?"

"I only want it to the extent it will get me deeper on the inside. To learn what they're capable of and train to fight back."

"And what do you think Sadie wants? There's a reason she's pushing you to the forefront so quickly."

"Of course. She thinks she can win me over."

"Can she?"

"No."

"Rosa... Every hunter that ever became one of them thought they could be the one who held out. That they could withstand the seduction and corruption forever."

"Not forever. Just long enough to do what has to be done."

"As long as you keep sight of that."

"I will. Though, I must admit, the more time I spend with her, it becomes harder to see the Chosen as irredeemable monsters."

"What do you mean?"

"She's not pure evil. She spared us, after all. It would've been simple for Sadie to have us killed."

"Ah, yes. How nice of her not to murder us after turning us into blood suckers against our will."

“That's another good example. Those blood packs we keep drinking? They're being sourced ethically. Sadie has an entire underground blood drive program set up. She pays people way more to give their blood than any clinic or charity would. It actually helps the poor and homeless around here.”

Reynauld snickered. “I wouldn't be so quick to call her a humanitarian. They **need** that blood. She's doing it this way because it's the best method to keep things quiet. She's a good business woman. I'll give her that much.”

Rosa sighed. “All I'm saying is, it's not all black and white. The Chosen aren't as malevolent as we were led to believe by the guild. Or at least, not all of them are. Sadie's clan doesn't go around attacking and draining people indiscriminately. From what I gather, she's the one who keeps things relatively stable around here. Sadie's brought all the Chosen men in the region to heel and she imposes a code of conduct on them. She's firmly in control.”

Reynauld grinned. “Sounds like you admire her.”

“A little” Rosa admitted, holding her forefinger and thumb up, just an inch apart.

The former hunter folded his hands behind his head and shifted into a more comfortable position. “From innocent young woman to protege of a fiendish sex cult leader. How far you've come.”

Rosa laughed. “If father Enjami could see us now!”

“Oh man... He'd freakin lose it. Probably shoot us on the spot.”

“No, he'd do a double take first. Have you looked in the mirror lately, Reynauld?”

“We can still do that?” he joked.

Rosa reached out with a single finger and traced what was left of the slashing scar across Reynauld's nose. The years old wound, which had never successfully healed before, was slowly disappearing. On top of that, his black hair, formerly ending in a widow's peak further up his scalp, was growing thicker as his youthful hairline returned. Even his skin had started to tighten up and smooth out. He already appeared five years younger than the first time Rosa laid eyes on him.

“You're looking yummier by the day, Mr. Blanchet.” She reached up and took hold of the leash at the end of his collar. Rosa gave it a gentle tug and the leather creaked as she tightened her grip. “I must confess, I always thought you were handsome, but I'm very much looking forward to owning the *new you*.”

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Kayden laughed and nodded in between forkfuls of fish and chips. It was a boy's night out and he was gathered with his buds at one of the local pubs. Tumwater wasn't full of great restaurants like Olympia, but there were a few places that served decent small town fare. His nearly drained beer was eliciting the beginnings of a light, pleasurable buzz. The stories his friends shared about their recent antics and the

women they'd wooed had put him in a good mood. Pretty soon they'd head out to see the latest action flick at the theater before calling it a night.

As much as the green-eyed youngster enjoyed spending most days and nights serving his gorgeous Mistress, brief getaways to normality were essential. If Cassie hadn't acceded to that condition, he wouldn't have agreed to their long term arrangement. Yet, even now as he enjoyed himself with his friends, Kayden found his thoughts drifting back to his beautiful Domme. The raven haired seductress was forever present in his mind, demanding his attention and pulling him back into her orbit with those dark, bewitching eyes.

“Hey, Kayd. Do you know that guy?”

Kayden looked in the direction of the bar, where his buddy Steve had just tilted his head. “Which guy?”

“The big one in the long coat and cowboy hat.”

“Nope. Never seen him. Why?”

“He keeps looking this way. At you, specifically.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Figured I was imagining things at first, but he keeps doing it.”

“Huh... Wonder what his deal is?”

Kayden didn't have to wait long to find out. Overhearing that his cover was blown, Viktor drained what was left of his brew and rose from the bar stool. He turned, set his gaze directly on the young foursome and headed over to their table.

Even from a distance, they could tell he was huge. The impression the man gave only grew more foreboding the closer he got. His 6'2 height and the size of his powerful limbs would've been enough on their own, but the wide, black hat and matching leather coat only broadened the shadow the man cast. It was impossible to know what was hidden beneath all that trail-worn leather, but the way it hung around his body and bulged in certain spots made it clear he wasn't an ordinary patron.

The stomp of his boots grew louder as he closed in on the sitting group. The man looked serious as a heart attack. The black stubble dotting his chin and jawline never flinched as he studied the group back and forth. His hands remained motionless at his sides as he slowed to a stop at the end of the table.

“Excuse me, boys” he said gruffly before turning his stare to Kayden. “But I need to have a word with your friend here.”

“Who the fuck are y--” Steve began, but stopped mid-sentence when Kayden waved him off.

“What's this about?” the former gymnast asked.

“It's about your girlfriend” the big man replied.

“You know Cassie?” Kayden asked with lifted eyebrows.

“No, but I saw you with her at the Sanctum. There's something important you need to know, but it's for your ears only” he remarked before glancing back at the other three trouble makers.

Kayden looked equal parts stunned and intrigued. “Okay... Guys, why don't you head out to the parking lot. I'll be there in a few.”

“You sure?” Steve asked hesitantly. His eyes shifted to the stranger and back to Kayden.

“Yeah, I'll be fine. Don't worry about the tab. I got it.”

“Alright, man... If you say so.”

Steve rose from his chair, put on his jacket and made for the exit, followed by their two mutual friends. Each of them was careful to steer clear of Viktor as they beat a hasty retreat. Once they'd cleared the room, Viktor took Steve's seat.

Even over the low chatter of the restaurant's many customers, a series of light metallic thuds and rattles could be heard as the stranger sat. It confirmed what Kayden had suspected. The man sitting before him was likely concealing several weapons. He had to be a bounty hunter or bodyguard of some kind. Either that or the world's most intimidating door to door arms dealer. The last option didn't feel terribly plausible, but his imagination was now in overdrive. Kayden ran a hand through his short, blonde hair nervously.

“Am I in some kind of trouble?” the younger man asked.

“Only if you don't listen to me.”

“How do you know Cassie?”

“I don't. Wasn't aware of her until recently.”

“Ah, good” Kayden remarked while downing the last of his brew. “I was worried you might be an old boyfriend for a minute there.”

“Not hardly.”

“You were at the party?”

“In a manner of speaking.”

“Ok, you're obviously a man of few words. Why don't you tell me what's so important so we can both go about our evening?”

Viktor leaned back in his chair, his eyes locked on Kayden's. “How long have you two been a thing?”

“Couple months” he answered. “Though I'm not sure why I'm telling you.”



“Amazing. Two months and she's left you whole.”

“Whole?” Kayden's brow furrowed in confusion. “What's that supposed to mean?”

“C'mon kid. You must have some suspicions by now. Cassandra is different from any woman you've ever met. She's dangerous.”

Kayden shrugged. “She's got a freaky side, yeah. So what? That's how we met.”

“I'm not talking about that shit” he replied with a shake of his head. “Listen, because I'm only gonna say this once. You have a chance, right now, to go back to whatever life you had before. If you continue being her little pet, that life is forfeit. Cassandra is part of a cult and they do horrible things to bright eyed, horny fucks like you.”

“A cult?” he asked in exasperation. “I saw a lot of kinky stuff at the Sanctum, but nothing that struck me as illegal or unethical. I'm just supposed to take your word that the woman of my dreams is gonna... what? Sacrifice me in a ritual to some blood god?”

“A sacrificial killing would be quick and clean. You won't be so lucky. She'll use you forever. Or a stretch of time that feels like it, at least.”

“I'm starting to think **you're** the one who's a little too into the role play” the young man shot back with a smirk.

“Think whatever you like” Viktor said before standing. His chair scraped across the wooden floor as he rose to his full height. “If you don't heed my warning, you'll be sorry. And if we ever meet again, we'll have a much shorter exchange before I do what has to be done.”

“Yeah, okay, Saint George” Kayden responded with a roll of his eyes. “Good luck slaying them dragons.”

Viktor stared at him for a few more seconds before shaking his head a second time. “Hmph.” He then turned and headed for the back door of the pub without another word. His heavy footfalls thudded into the distance.

Kayden watched him go, his heart thumping in his chest. When the big man disappeared down the corridor, Kayden finally released the breath he'd been holding in since the stranger stood.

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Rosa sat in one of the manor's many lounges, thinking about all the decisions in her life that had brought her to this moment. The red latex of her mini dress creaked as she shifted her weight and crossed her legs. Classical music flowed through the well furnished room at low volume. Rosa could see the faint glow of sunset through the few windows that weren't hidden behind thick drapes.

The time for the ceremony had come and Rosa was wracked with anxiety. She breathed deeply in and out, doing her best to steady herself and calm the accelerated beat of her heart. It was odd to feel such

apprehension, especially since Sadie had made it clear how little would be expected of her during the ritual. For most of its duration, Rosa would be nothing but an observer. It was only the finale for which her action would be required.

Still, Rosa was about to undergo a transformation. One that would grant her great power and status among the clan, but also change her biologically. The change that Chosen matriarchs underwent had become obvious in the time Rosa had spent among them.

A straining bulge in the front of Sadie's costume was often present. On many occasions, Rosa had walked into various rooms of the manor only to happen upon women of the clan brutally fucking male slaves in the mouth or ass. The night of the fetish ball, the sight of matriarchs rutting with house slaves and guests alike had been commonplace.

It was impossible not to notice that all the women of the clan who'd *ascended* were well-endowed both above and below the waist. Beyond their impressive cocks, they also sported a majestic amazon physique. Rosa had seen no *before and after* pictures, but she doubted most of the matriarchs looked like comic book super heroines before their transition through the blood rite. Becoming a Chosen imparted greater strength, agility and other physical enhancements by default, but Sadie and the other matriarchs were on another level.

The idea of such a dramatic change frightened her at first, but the more she watched the women of the Chosen utterly dominate their male partners, the more it appealed to her. Rosa's growing blood lust, skyrocketing libido and desire for power had also scared her at one point, but the longer she lived with them, the more natural they felt.

Rosa only hoped she could keep her new impulses under some semblance of control until her and Reynauld's mission was complete. On the other hand, if she didn't agree to ascension, not only would Rosa not gain access to her inner circle, but it was unlikely she would ever be able to challenge Sadie. The leader of the Crimson Tide was simply too powerful.

The dual doors to the lounge swung open, interrupting Rosa's train of thought. As if thinking her name had summoned the haughty Headmistress, Sadie stepped into the room and strode to her waiting apprentice.

“The room is ready and all invited are in attendance” Sadie announced. “It's time.”

Rosa stood and did her best not to look like a deer in the headlights. “Thank you, Headmistress” she offered with a short bow. “I can hardly believe I've been selected for this honor so soon after joining your clan.”

“Believe it” Sadie replied with a smile. “I felt a kinship with you since our very first meeting. Besides, I consulted the ancestors and they endorsed your candidacy unequivocally. Rarely are they so certain.”

“Consulted the ancestors? Is that another blood rite?”

“Yes. Perhaps I'll teach it to you some day. But first things first...” Sadie lifted her hand and gestured to the doors with her riding crop. “Your ascension awaits.”

They exited into the hallway together, the latex of Rosa's dress and the purple leather of Sadie's

bodysuit flexing and creaking as they advanced. The Headmistress' raven locks were done up in an elegant bun. Purple gemstones hung from her ears, matching the tight, glossy fetishwear that covered her curvy body. Her stiletto heels clicked off the marble floor, matching Rosa's boots tap for tap.

“You said that this rite requires a sacrifice on Devin's part. But it won't kill him, correct?”

“That's right. If a male goes through the process enough times, it **will** eventually kill him, but Devin is far from that point. Each sacrifice offers up years of their life to elevate a woman to matriarch. It's only fitting that Devin will undergo this on your behalf, since he abducted and turned you without my permission.”

“A fair punishment” Rosa agreed. “Still, I'm glad he's willing.”

Sadie stopped in her tracks and held the end of her crop in front of Rosa, barring her way. “Even if he was resistant, I would make him do it anyway” she insisted. “Slaves who don't follow orders are useless. Men who aren't willing to suffer for their betters have no place in the Crimson Tide.”

Rosa nodded respectfully. Sadie withdrew her leathery rod.

“As you say, Headmistress. I still have much to learn.”

Sadie chuckled. “How agreeable you've become. I almost miss your old defiance. A little defiance is a fine trait in a woman, don't you think?”

“Yes, and only for women.”

“Now you're catching on.”

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Light chatter filled the banquet hall as Rosa took her place on the seat of honor. It was an ornate chair of red velvet with gold trim lining the base and sides. She looked out at the gathered matriarchs who were chatting and enjoying drinks as they waited for the festivities to get underway. The gathering could've been mistaken for a fetish fashion show with the assembled Dominas all wearing their favorite ensembles of leather, latex, satin and metal. It was like Rosa had stepped into the Femdom wing of Valhalla where Valkyries celebrated their glorious deeds of domination for all eternity.

The smell of blood permeated the air, but it was not the raw, intoxicating smell of an open wound. Several large punch bowls of blood wine were available at refreshment tables not far away. No one present would be sucking cold plasma through a straw tonight. Only the finest *hors d'oeuvres* and drink were on hand for the Crimson Tide's most important ritual. As the women in the crowd sipped and downed their blood rich cocktails, the erections straining in their costumes grew more prominent.

Devin was the center of attention and fittingly at the center of the room. He was naked and heavily bound, locked into the most vicious looking medieval pillory Rosa had ever seen. It forced him to bend forward at a ninety degree angle, his torso perpendicular with the ground. His body fed through the big central opening in the device of slatted hardwood while his arms were pulled up and back; locked into

two smaller holes. Devin's legs were strapped to the support structure with a dozen thick leather straps.

His body glistened with sweat while a fireplace roared and crackled in the background. Sweet smelling incense flowed through the hall, mixing with the scent of bloody drinks and fetish attire. The dim light from the chandeliers, above, was suddenly enhanced, expanding into a radiant glow as the full features of the luxurious hall were fully illuminated.

Sadie strode to the head of the stockade and rapped her leather wand against its metal fixtures. The chatter in the hall died down as every woman present turned and gave their full attention to the leader of their order. Sadie stalked around her immobilized head of security, tapping the crop in her hand as she spoke.

**“Honored matriarchs! Welcome!** It is a pleasure to be here with you, to witness the ascension of our newest sister! While it's true she was once our enemy and Rosa has not been with us long, she shows great promise. This former hunter has fully embraced our ways and even the ancestors have spoken on her behalf. Tonight, she becomes one of us, with the aid of your lustful offerings and the sacrifice that has been prepared.”

Sadie paused in her stride and turned to face Rosa. The buxom woman in gleaming purple pointed at her with the flexible, black rod. “Rosa Morales. Do you partake in this ritual willingly, prepared to become a matriarch of the Crimson Tide and uphold the sacred honor of our clan?”

Rosa nodded from her perch. “Yes. I do.”

The Headmistress whipped around, guiding the tip of her crop to just under Devin's chin. His head lifted with her weapon, his body straining as he tried to meet her gaze. Sadie smiled. The only reason his mouth wasn't gagged and the second question would be asked was because she already knew the answer he would give.

“Devin Bowman. Do you accept your fate and offer a portion of your life to fuel the rise of our sister? Do you do this freely, of your own will, for the glory of the Crimson Tide?”

“Yes, Lady Octavia” his words were resolute, with only a hint of sadness. “I do.”

Sadie raised her wand in the air. **“THEN LET THE CEREMONY BEGIN!”**

The women most eager to engage headed immediately to the showcase of bondage at the center of the room. They'd long ago abandoned their food, drink and conversations, ready to pounce as soon as the formalities were over. Zippers were unfurled, massive cocks were brought to bear and lines were formed at both sides of the pillory. Devin moaned in submissive glee as the first fat phallus plowed into his drooling mouth. He grunted around its girth as the next colossal cock poised at his pucker and sank into his defenseless rear.

Rosa watched, wide eyed, as the scene of utter debauchery began. The matriarchs at his mouth and ass entered a steady fucking rhythm, their demanding thrusts quickly turning to loud pounding as the wood and metal of the stockade rattled. Devin murmured around the bloated length plugging his face, his lips stretching wider as the woman in black latex buried herself to the hilt in his throat. The vixen in glossy red, behind him, was no less determined.

**“TAKE IT, DEVIN! OPEN THAT ASS UP OR I WILL RIP IT OPEN!!!”**

“Yeah, that's it... **Gag on my cock you fucking worm!**”

They wasted no time increasing their pace. The matriarch assaulting his mouth ran her latex fingers through his hair before seizing his brown locks in hefty clumps and entering a full-on, brutal mouth fucking. Moist retching sounds flowed from his sucking lips and clogged oral cavity as her hefty balls slapped into his chin repeatedly.

The woman buried in his ass began moaning loudly as the stocks rattled loudly and she finally went balls deep. The shaking of the heavy bondage rack and the squirming of his locked limbs turned her on even more. The woman in red leather groaned in bliss, her own fleshy sack smacking into the bottom of Devin's ass and stinging his smaller scrotum with increasingly painful slaps.

The lines at both ends grew longer. The matriarchs waiting in them began to lose patience. Meaty cocks were stroked in abundance as they watched the scene of BDSM depravity with rapt attention. Rosa was no different, her gaze fixated on the lovely display of smut as her nipples grew hard and she began to tingle below. She leaned back in the throne and lifted one leg over the side of the elegant chair. Her right hand drifted downward, ready to slip into the latex panties that were wet with her juices.

“Enjoying the show?”

Rosa jumped, her gaze turning to the side where Sadie had appeared from seemingly nowhere.

“Y-Yes... very much.”

“Don't worry, I won't keep you from your fun. You should pace yourself though. The show has only just begun.”

“Is Devin enjoying himself?”

“Oh, most definitely. Trust me, he's been waiting for this a long time.”

“Waiting to get gang banged?”

“Yes.”

Rosa looked confused. “Why though? I see women fucking their slaves around the Sanctum all the time. Why is he different?”

“He's not” Sadie replied. “But the sexual dynamics change once you become one of us. If a matriarch isn't careful, there are serious consequences to the men who serve us.”

“Consequences?”

“I'll explain in full later. It's not something you need to worry about tonight. For now, just enjoy yourself, my dear. I'm going to go mingle.”

Sadie strutted off, already calling out to one of her colleagues as she entered the menagerie of

fashionable, severe looking blood drinkers. The women who weren't waiting in line for a turn at one of Devin's holes were either standing in small groups and chatting, sipping their drinks, or resting on the assorted Victorian furniture as they stroked their cocks and watched the growing fuckfest.

“OHHHHHHH!!! YESSS!!!!”

The matriarch in shiny black buried herself to the hilt and mashed Devi's face into the rubber of her costume. Her giant fleshy orbs, wet with the slave's runny saliva, puffed out and contracted rhythmically as her cock throbbed in his mouth. A river of warm, salty nut was unleashed in the back of his throat, filling every crevice and pocket that wasn't already packed with hot, slimy penis. A thick trail of the gooey, nougat filth slipped from Devin's bottom lip, dripping to the floor as most of her luscious seed funneled into his waiting gullet.

The first woman was still moaning in climax when the Chosen Domina at Devin's rear buried herself hard and deep. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she grasped the side of the stocks and bellowed in overwhelming orgasm. The force of her ejection was so powerful that the tremor through her scrotum and cock was clearly visible.

It expanded the already stretched-out ring of Devin's pucker and the first massive volley of semen caused an explosion from his packed anus. Streams of creamy filthy shot everywhere as the woman screamed in bliss and the red leather of her costume was coated in her own steaming load. The vast majority of her gift shot inward, clogging Devin's guts as he squirmed in invincible bondage.

Rosa's breath came fast as her heartbeat ticked up considerably. She reached below and began stroking herself as she watched the matriarchs fill Devin with their hot, gelatinous semen. When the two women pulled their cocks free and two more hung Dominas moved into position, Rosa's lust surged. She rubbed her vulva in smooth, moist circles while squeezing her breasts through the tight, red latex of her dress.

As they shoved their meaty schlongs into Devin's cum-clogged holes, Rosa dipped her fingers deep into her pussy. She slurped them out and began stroking around her rising clit as the matriarchs grabbed his hips and hair. They pumped their throbbing erections back and forth with dire need, grunting as they became the second duo to fill his slutty holes. The sounds of clapping wood and rattling metal restraints rang out continuously as all eyes watched the brutal spit-roast.

The former hunter's shiny panties were pulled down all the way and discarded. Rosa moaned even louder, causing some in the hall to glance her way. They noted the guest of honor furiously finger blasting her gushing cunt with wet, latex digits. Each of them turned away with disinterest. All eyes remain fixed on the main attraction as the second pair of matriarchs grew closer to shooting their unfathomable loads in the sacrificial bitch-boy.

Rosa watched the increasingly messy gangbang through hazy eyes. She screamed in orgasm several times, no longer caring if she was making a spectacle of herself. Her fluids jetted all over the grandiose chair and the smooth marble floor below. If this was to be her final night with a pussy, she would enjoy it to the last.

The rutting women yelled in bliss, their bodies buried in Devin's holes as they exploded in unison. Their latex and satin wrapped curves quivered and shook as two more expansive torrents of sticky sludge jetted into his abused mouth and ravaged anus. A small bulge became visible in the bottom of

Devin's stomach, the first indication of just how much pungent cream they were feeding him. It hung down from his normally flat stomach, a barely formed pocket with much room to grow.

And grow it would. The temporarily sated matriarchs stepped away and two more sex-crazed Chosen females advanced with pre-cum leaking from their fat, fleshy spears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Had it been ninety minutes? Two hours? Longer? No one was keeping track of time as the matriarch orgy extended and Devin was filled with their seed again and again. So much cum had leaked from his overflowing holes that within three feet of the stockade the whole floor was nothing but a gunky mess of sticky paste.

Devin's body, likewise, was covered in thick ribbons of the clingy gruel. The all-consuming bukkake was the result of Dommies who'd lost their patience and fired their second, third or fourth nut from the sidelines. The level of sexual excess put on display was beyond anything Rosa had ever imagined. She lay back in her chair, exhausted. The former hunter had been slumped back for a long while, unable to continue the torrent of self-pleasure.

At Sadie's command, the orgy was ended. Three of the matriarchs unlocked Devin from his bindings and dragged him through the pool of congealed semen towards the throne. When he was five feet away from Rosa, they dropped him and his body tumbled to the ground with a series of wet thuds and pained grunts. He lay on his side, wheezing as trickles of semen leaked from his lips and ass.

Sadie placed the tip of her purple boot on Devin's shoulder and kicked him over. He sprawled out on his back and Rosa got her first close-up look at him since the ceremony began. Devin was no longer the same man.

The strength of the Chosen was fleeing his body. Most of it had already left, as evidenced by his loss of muscle definition, but his frame continued to deteriorate. His hair line had moved up his scalp considerably and his brunette locks had thinned. His skin no longer shone with the smooth, pale complexion of their kind. The youth, once restored to him by the gift and curse of their people, was disappearing. Instead of a fit, vibrant young man at his physical peak, Devin now looked like an ordinary guy in his late thirties or early forties. Unremarkable, except for the weighty pocket of Chosen semen bulging in his stomach.

“It's time. Step forward, Rosa.”

The Latina rose on weary legs, her body still recovering from the physical strain and dehydration of so many orgasms. She stepped forward carefully, her heels clicking on the stone floor as Sadie performed her final task. The Headmistress reached down with a cloth soaked in blood wine. She wiped it across Devin's neck, cleaning him of the residual cum and frothy spittle that caked his flesh.

Sadie rose and tossed the soiled rag aside. She looked to Rosa as the bewildered woman closed the distance. Her wide-open eyes betrayed a certain horror at what had been taken from the man at her feet. Yes, he'd wronged her, but did it really warrant this?

“Drink deeply, sister, of the sweetest blood you will ever taste” the leader of the Crimson Tide spoke. “Drink, and receive the ultimate gift a slave can give his Mistress.”

Her initial shock dissipated and Rosa's disposition shifted rapidly. As she stared at the large, clean swath of flesh along Devin's neck, she became fixated. Her breathing deepened. Her heartbeat surged, even faster than when she was soaring through the heights of delirious climax. The largest vein in Devin's neck pumped and throbbed, enhanced in bright red throughout Rosa's second vision.

It called out to her. It called out to every woman in the room who looked down at the destroyed slave, but the matriarchs stood their ground stoically. They would never deny the gift that was meant for Rosa. They knew only too well how meaningful it was.

Rosa's fangs extended in her mouth as she hovered over Devin. She looked down at him with rabid, bestial hunger in her eyes. He gazed back with a shivering, weary fearfulness. The shattered submissive found no pity or restraint left in her expression.

The famished Femdom screamed and jumped on him, pinning his body to the floor. Her sharpest, longest teeth sank into his neck. The sound of fangs piercing flesh was not unlike the first hearty bite into an apple, and the sound reverberated throughout the silent hall. Rosa growled in ecstasy as she started to feast, moaning and gurgling in the other form of climax the Chosen indulged in. She murmured pleurably between gruff snarls and luscious sucking sounds as Devin's life siphoned into her body.

The combination of tastes and sensations was beyond exquisite. The first slaking of her thirst, when she'd turned Reynauld, had been a revelation. The cold carmines she'd drank since and the occasional taste of her obedient slave were nice enough. But none of that compared to this. The hot, bubbling, metallic river of red had enhanced flavor that only came when a slave was stuffed with the semen of the Chosen matriarchs. The sweetness was incredible. She wanted **ALL OF IT**.

The gathered women watched her feed for a minute or so, but Sadie knew she couldn't let Rosa go on much longer. With the pace she was draining Devin, he wouldn't last.

Sadie gestured to the Dommies standing at her side and then at the frothing, moaning, gorging woman on her knees. “Quickly. Before she kills him.”

The four amazons hurried forth and grabbed Rosa by her limbs. It took all four of the powerful Dommies to pull the frenzied, shrieking woman off Devin. She resisted the whole way, straining against their might to make her way back to the splayed-out slave's neck and claim what was left in his veins. Blood ran from Rosa's mouth and streaked down her shiny mini dress as they muscled her to a safe distance.

The further they dragged her away, the more Rosa calmed. The effects of the sacrifice and the enriched blood it yielded were already beginning to manifest. Rosa's yells and groans faded to hushed mumbling. Her panting slowed as her limbs relaxed and deep fatigue spread throughout her body. With one final grunt of exhaustion, her head lulled back and the overwhelmed Latina passed out.

Sadie nodded. “Well done, ladies. Take her to the chamber.”



\* \* \* \* \*

**“ARRRRGGGGGGGHHHH!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”**

Rosa lay against bare stone, screaming and pulling on her restraints. Thick metal gripped her wrists and ankles, halting any attempt to move from her position. A ring of candles surrounded her in the otherwise total darkness. Their flames flickered back and forth, making her bloody, sweat-stained form shine in the gloom.

She was somewhat aware of her surroundings, but only tangentially. Visions assaulted Rosa's mind as her body writhed in bondage. Images of foreign places and mysterious events of long ago shot through her psyche. She saw the lives of a thousand Chosen women play out as her brain was strained to the breaking point. Just when Rosa thought she could take no more, a red, hot burning sensation mounted in her sex, scorching her most sensitive flesh.

**“ARRRRRGHHH!!! MMMPPPHHHH!!! AHHHHHNNOOOOOO!!! ARRRRGGGHHHHHHH!!!  
FUUUUCCCKKKK!!! HELLPPPPPP!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”**

The most painful minutes of Rosa's young life unfolded as memories of hunters killing the Chosen ravaged her mind. She yanked on her chains and screamed in agony, flailing helplessly against the unforgiving rock. The suffering dragged on and threatened to shred her sanity, but with a clap of thunder through her mind, the visions disappeared and the pain began to fade.

**“OH GOD!... Ohhhhh.... thank god...”**

Rosa tossed back and forth the scant inches she could until the burning stopped completely. She lay there for a spell, sweating, as endorphins flowed through her body and her full awareness returned. There was no pain, below, anymore, just an odd, buzzing giddiness that extended from her crotch to the rest of her body. The warm glow spread through her, easing Rosa's exhausted form off to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

An indeterminate amount of time later, Rosa's eyes re-opened. She felt oddly rested, despite the fact that she was lying half naked on a bed of stone. Well rested, but heavier, for some reason. She looked to her sides, taking full stock of her situation. The candles around her were burning low, though they still provided some light and heat in the gloomy place.

Rosa's next realization was the big one. Her body felt different below the waist. Not only heavier, but more cumbersome. She looked down and beheld her long, fat club of flesh and the massive cum sack beneath it. Rosa gasped and pulled on her bindings instinctively.

Yes, she'd figured this was the end result, but the sudden reality of it was still a shock. Rosa flexed her kegel muscles and watched her new anatomy react for the first time. Moments later, her cock began to fill with blood and rise into a massive erection that towered over her body. It was her first case of *'morning wood.'*

“Oh.... my.”

The longer she lay there and stared at her giant cock, the more frustrated she grew. Her desire to grab the big, fleshy unit multiplied as a lust deeper than she'd ever known flooded her body. Rosa wrestled with her shackles, yanking on the metal bindings as she cursed and growled. Soon, her body was sweating again, as much from desire as her frustrated efforts.

“Fucking hell! **LET ME OUT!!!**”

**\*PING\***

**\*KA-CHINK\***

Her right hand pulled the binding, nails and all, out of the bedrock. Metal bits went flying across the room and dinged off the cement floor. Rosa looked at her freed hand and smiled. She flexed her fingers and bicep. It dawned on her how much stronger she now was.

“**RRRGGGGHHHHH!!!!**”

**\*KA-CHINK\***

The second wrist binding came ripping out and the metal remnants scattered across the room with a series of clatters. Yes, she was significantly stronger. Becoming a Chosen had already been a strength upgrade, but now it was much more pronounced.

Rosa gazed down the length of her body. She sat up and started to work on freeing her legs, but paused. No, she couldn't wait another second. The libidinous Domina lay back and seized the massive schwanz jutting from her crotch.

She guided her palm and fingers up and down the fat, sensitive length. She caressed herself, applying gentle pressure as she glided her hand along her newfound flesh. Her eyelids drooped as a new form of pleasure overwhelmed her. This was another first. A moment of revelation.

“**Oh fuck.... Mmmmmmm! Yesssss!!!**”

She reached down with her left hand and cupped her weighty balls. Her right hand increased the pace, sliding up and down her fleshy pole with dire needed. She pumped herself with giddy enthusiasm, feeling her fingers on every majestic nerve ending of her fearsome phallus. Lubricant surged from the mushroom head and leaked down the length of her cock, adding to the incredible sensation.

“Oh yeah!!! **YEAH!!!**”

Slick fapping sounds echoed off the walls as Rosa stroked herself in the dimly lit dungeon. A matriarch should probably have more restraint than this, but she couldn't help herself. She wasn't walking out of there until she'd emptied her balls for the first time. Every fiber of her being was telling her to fist herself to completion. She needed the thrill of orgasm and she needed it **NOW**.

**\*SQUELCH SQUELCH SCWICK SCWICK\***

