

## Insatiable

### Chapter 4 – Anxious Hearts

Footfalls echoed off the walls and ceiling as Reynauld strode down the darkened hallway. Two guards marched behind him, both Chosen. He still would've identified them before his turning. A hunter knew what signs to look for, even when the Chosen were doing their best to conceal their true nature. Now that he was one of them, it was more obvious. There was an instant, primal recognition when among his fellow exsanguinators.

Yes, he'd drank the blood they'd left for him. The longer he'd waited, the more frenzied and desperate he became. In the end, it was no choice at all. Reynauld hated himself for it anyway.

He was one of the Chosen, biologically, but they sure as hell didn't trust him. It was wise of them not to, as he would've used his new speed and strength to kill as many of them as possible before they finally put him down. A hunter's skills combined with a Chosen's gifts would make for a powerful combination. They knew that, which is why his wrists and legs were shackled.

“Where are we going?” Reynauld asked over his shoulder impatiently.

One of the guards shoved him in the back and Reynauld stumbled. His chains jangled as he found his balance.

“Just keep walking.”

Reynauld resisted the temptation to pivot and slam his metal bindings into the pushy guard's face. He continued plodding through several winding corridors, following the directions the grunts behind him spat out. After a while, Reynauld could see light in the distance. Natural light. It looked like they were coming to the edge of the massive compound.

His eyes squinted as they grew closer. For the first time in his life, he felt a prick of apprehension at seeing the radiance ahead. It was the kind of foreboding a normal human might feel looking into the pitch black darkness of an unexplored cave. Reynauld's nervous system alerted him to a new, natural fear.

“Is... is it safe out there?”

One of the henchman chuckled. “We're not taking you to get a tan, if that's what you're worried about. Lady Octavia only does that to people who piss her off.”

“Trying to kill her didn't piss her off?”

“Please. As if you could.”

“What about killing four of her lackeys?”

Another harsh push sent Reynauld lurching ahead. He stumbled again, but steadied himself faster this time. The sheer force of the shove belied the size of the men behind him. Neither of them looked like bodybuilders, but they could sure push like one. A Chosen's muscle fibers and bone structure were supernaturally enhanced in some way. That's why it was best not to grapple with them. They were always stronger than they looked.

“Do that again and I'm gonna take it personally.”

“Shut up.”

They approached the entrance to what appeared to be a large garden. It almost resembled a greenhouse, though it was darker than the ones Reynauld had seen before. Lush vegetation covered every wall and support beam. Abundant light streamed in, but it flowed between cracks and gaps in the thick foliage that wound itself across the ceiling.

Despite centuries of hunting the Chosen down and learning what they could along the way, his order's knowledge of their aversion to sunlight was mixed and incomplete. Some of them were rather weak to it while others could shrug it off for long stretches. There were many theories, the most popular of which was that Chosen built an immunity to light the more blood they drank. Others speculated it had more to do with how recently they'd fed. No one knew exactly, but it seemed Reynauld might find out, if he lived long enough.

“In there” one of the guards spoke gruffly, as if it wasn't obvious where they were headed by that point.

The trio walked into the warm, jungle-like environment and Reynauld got a closer look. The place was stacked with ivy, dozens of different flowers and other obscure plants he had no name for. An elegant stone walkway wound itself around water fountains, benches and large displays of flora. It seemed Lady Octavia had a green thumb. It was an unusual trait for a Chosen, in his experience.

They took a turn and Reynauld's vision continued to track through the long expanse of vibrant greens, dull browns and granite grays. His scan stopped in its tracks as his eyes were drawn to shiny red in the distance. The sleek scarlet latex created a marked contrast with all the earth tones around it. The woman wearing dazzling red was reading a book as she sat beside the trickling water of a large fountain. As they got closer, Reynauld realized with growing shock that it wasn't Lady Octavia. It was his partner.

Her dark hair was down, free to flow around her pretty face. Her bust, pushed up in the tight red rubber, showed a generous amount of cleavage. Certainly more than he'd ever noticed in their short time together. The tight latex traced her hourglass frame down to just above her knees. From there, matching boots with stiletto heels took over. Her shiny, knee-high footwear gleamed in the trails of sunlight that streamed through the canopy.

She noticed the trio moving toward her and set her book aside. Relief washed over her face as she caught sight of Reynauld. She stood as they approached.

The veteran hunter was in awe of her physical transformation. The woman he'd met not long ago was pretty, but modest. Sassy at times, but generally reserved. The woman standing before him dripped sex appeal and radiated an animal magnetism. She could capture your soul with a single look. He'd always

thought her attractive, but now that she was a Chosen, her charms were magnified.

Reynauld suddenly felt underdressed. He wore a simple, white v-neck top and dress slacks that were one size too small. The ill-fitting pants were tight around his legs; his well muscled thighs and calves bulging through the fabric. At least the Chosen allowed him to shower and gave him a change of clothes before bringing him. They could've left him in the same bloody rags he'd been wearing for days.

They came to a stop a few paces from the beauty in gleaming red. Reynauld's eyes were wide as he studied her up and down. "Rosa?!?"

Rosa opened her mouth to speak, but the guard to Reynauld's left interrupted.

"We'll be back in thirty minutes. Enjoy your little reunion."

"Don't try anything stupid" the other one added. He pointed to a corner of the room where a security camera loomed. "You're being watched."

They turned and walked off at a leisurely pace.

Rosa's eyes narrowed as she set her gaze on the rude henchmen. "Can you at least remove his shackles?"

"Nope" one of them replied without the courtesy of a look back.

Rosa's brow scrunched in annoyance until she turned to look upon Reynauld again. She was used to looking up at him from a more drastic angle, but her heels had added three inches to her height and now the difference wasn't as stark. She smiled wide for a few seconds, but it soon faded as she looked down. When her eyes lifted, they were full of doubt.

"Reynauld... Can you ever forgive me?"

The big man sighed. He would've folded his arms, but all he could do was look down at his shackled hands. "I was angry at first, but it didn't take long to realize that it was completely out of your control. The blood packs they gave me... I sucked them dry. Drained them like some rabid beast. I'm sure it was no different for you."

A second wave of relief eased the tension in Rosa's face. Her smile returned and she hurried forth. Rosa embraced Reynauld, pressing her shiny curves on him and hugging him affectionately. After a few moments she backed up and her eyes were blurry with happy tears.

"I tried so hard not to, but it was like I became another person. I couldn't stop myself."

"We **are** different people now, both of us. If you can even still call us people..."

"Reynauld, don't say that."

"It's true. And there's only one course of action for us, if we want to hold on to whatever scrap of humanity we have left before we die. Break out of here, report to the guild and let them put us down."

“Reynauld...”

“They'll give us a quick death.”

Rosa's smile faded. She beckoned to him. “Come, have a seat over here. We need to talk.”

She took her place on the bench by the water fountain and crossed her legs gracefully. Reynauld trudged to her side, his chains jingling as he turned and sat.

“I don't know what there is to talk about.”

“Lots, because we can do much more than file a report and accept our deaths.”

“Like what?”

“Like **learn** so much about them. Their ways. How far their society extends in this region. We could gain Sadie's trust, over time. If we're lucky, we might even finish the mission.”

“Sadie, huh? On a first name basis already?” he asked with raised eyebrows.

“She was surprisingly kind. Sadie said that abducting me was an accident. One of her underlings went too far.”

“And you believed her?”

“It doesn't matter. The point is, we have a second chance!”

Reynauld sighed. He looked down at his bound and shackled feet for a few moments. When his gaze lifted, the seriousness of the situation was evident in his stony expression.

“Rosa, do you think this is the first time something like this has happened? A hunter being put in these circumstances, I mean.”

“I suppose not.”

“And what do you think happened to the ones who tried to walk that path?”

“I don't know. I didn't have time to study all the histories. I'd barely finished basic training when they assigned me with you.”

Reynauld put on a weary smile. “You can't taste of the apple and not come back for a second bite. They all do. They all lost themselves, eventually, and became something much worse. Something much more terrible for the remaining hunters to deal with.”

Rosa nodded. “I understand what you're saying. Maybe you're right. Maybe it's arrogant of me to think that you and I could be different. But I'm not ready to give up. My life was still just beginning when all this happened. And my brother might still be out there. I can't give up on him either.”

The veteran grimaced and looked away. He shook his head. It was obvious he didn't approve of her plan. Rosa reached over and placed a hand over his. Her fingers rubbed over him gently as she slid closer to him on the long, stone bench.

“Reynauld... If I go to far. If you think I'm lost, I want you to put me down.”

The big man turned and their gazes met. He stared into her warm, brown eyes and for long moments, all that he saw was *Ophelia* staring back at him.

“I don't know if I could do that.”

“You can and you will. I **need** you to make this work. Besides, if Sadie doesn't see you playing along, I don't know what she'll do with you. She might have you killed, or worse. I don't want that to happen either.”

“This is very risky.”

“Reynauld! **Please!** Don't leave me alone. I don't want to be alone here.”

With that, she reached up, her lips ascending to meet his. Her hands found his biceps and grasped them with surprising strength. Rosa pressed her soft lips to his and kissed him deeply. As her tongue slid in and her curves pressed against him, Reynauld's head swam. His hardened body melted under her touch.

They kissed long and deep, exchanging hot ragged breath in between long periods of tonguing and sucking. Finally, she leaned back, a serene smile painted below her shimmering eyes and dainty nose.

Reynauld stared back in stunned surprise. It felt wrong, but oh so right. He sat, captive and in chains, yet he'd just felt a joy deeper than any he'd known in years. He could lose himself in Rosa's eyes. Swim in the silky contours of her mouth until he was lost in a sea of lust.

It was dangerous. Foolish. And there was no way he could deny her.

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Father Enjami was eating a hot dog and enjoying a pleasant day in the park when his phone rang. Thankfully, he was almost done with his tasty lunch. The black garbed clergyman shoved what was left of the onion and relish covered treat in his mouth and swallowed it down. He licked his lips as he reached for his phone. The elderly priest unlocked his screen and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw who it was. He'd been waiting for this call anxiously.

“Father Michael? Good to hear from you.”

“Father Enjami! Praise be! It's good to hear your voice as well.”

“I wish we could talk under better circumstances.”

“Indeed. I've read your report. Sad news about Reynauld and the young woman. Are there any

updates?”

“Nothing yet. There's been no contact or sightings, which means they're probably dead or...”

“Or any even bigger problem, now. That's all we need is a man of Reynauld's abilities turning into a goddamn demon.”

“I concur. Which is why I called you immediately--”

“Who do you have looking into it?”

“As you know, I'm out of agents. I have Victor looking into it. He was reluctant, but willing to do me a favor.”

“Victor?!? Really? Well then, there's nothing to worry about! I was concerned you might need assistance.”

“Michael, I absolutely **DO** need assistance! We need more people out here, now.”

“I'd like to help, but things are stretched thin, as always. I might be able to redirect some agents in a few months...”

“**A few months?!?** We just found a major nest out here!”

“Yes, I read your report. Look, I request more funding every quarter, but the church is reluctant to admit it **has** an *Office of Exorcism* anymore, let alone promote us and increase our budget.”

“How am I supposed to do my job without hunters? You want my limping ass to go out there with a crossbow?”

“Father Enjami, don't be ridiculous...”

“If you can't get me new people soon, I may have to resign. I'm not going to ask Victor to fight a war all by himself.”

There was a heavy sigh on the other end of the phone.

“Alright... We have two agents who are finishing up a sweep in northern Cali. They were supposed to go on a fresh recon after, but I guess that can wait. I'll reassign them and have them head up to your neck of the woods as soon as they're done. Will that be sufficient?”

“I suppose it'll have to be.”

“Very well. I'll send you the details soon. Go with God, Reverend.”

“Thank you, Father Michael.”

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Kayden was sprawled out on the couch watching a silly reality show as he waited for Cassie to return. He kept changing positions, trying to get comfortable, but it was near impossible. The creaks and ripples of leather resounded each time he made even the smallest motion. The sofa was made of the thick, glossy stuff and so was the clothing he was wearing.

The first shipments of his new wardrobe had arrived just in time for the party tonight. Kayden was astonished at the quantity and variety of shiny new clothes Mistress had purchased for him. Gimp suits, leather harnesses, chaps, caps, boots. She'd truly gone all out.

Cassandra was ecstatic to see him dressed in form fitting fetish attire for the first time. Thankfully, he wasn't wearing anything too crazy for his first outing. The zipped, short sleeve black leather top hugged his body close. It even folded down around the neck at the top to make it look like a dress shirt. His matching pants were even tighter. The zipper along the bottom had a double slider so it could be fully opened from front to back or vice versa.

His new, luxurious boots were the most impressive item. They were Versace Black Greca Labyrinth boots made from calfskin and rubber. They were imported from Italy and definitely more expensive than anything Kayden had ever put on his feet. Moving in them felt like walking on clouds.

He righted himself, giving up on being comfortable while lying down in leather. Kayden ran a hand through his wild, blonde hair before reaching for the remote. Tired of the bickering playing out on screen, he killed the stream and started searching for a new program. Moments later, the sound of knocking heels announced Mistress's arrival in the living room.

Kayden looked up and drank in an overwhelming sight. Cassandra was decked out more elaborately than he'd ever seen. She'd dyed streaks of red into her long, black locks, drawing the eye even more than usual to the silken wave that flowed around her head. Her eyes were highlighted with multiple layers of black makeup while her lips matched the crimson streaks in her hair.

A thin, latex corset highlighted her curves, held up by shiny straps that looped over her shoulders and formed a pentagram above her ample cleavage. Below that flowed a short, leather skirt; just long enough to hide her third large endowment. Fishnetted legs ran down into knee high goth boots. The front of each boot featured cascading tiles of leather that overlapped, almost giving them the appearance of armor.

She was the perfect union of gothic club girl and sexy Dominatrix, melding the two fashions into one seamless package that made Kayden's eyes bulge. His eyes remained fixated on Cassie as she strolled into view, placing herself between him and the TV.

“Wow! You look incredible, Mistress.”

“Thank you, slave. You're looking pretty yummy yourself.”

Kayden blushed. “Thanks. Are we ready to go, then?”

“Not just yet” she said with a wag of her finger. She stalked off, her boot heels clacking against the hardwood as she moved to a nearby table to retrieve something. When she returned, she bore a new

collar in her hands. Oddly, it was one made of white leather. A simple adornment with a single, large O-ring at its front.

“Another collar?” he asked with a smile.

“This one has a special purpose. It's very important you keep this on while we're at the Sanctum.” She closed the distance to the sofa and lowered herself into the plush leather seating beside him.

“White, huh? What does it represent?”

“It means *hands off*. No one is allowed to touch you without my express permission.” She unbuckled the collar and brought it to Kayden's neck. He tilted his head, accommodating her as she fastened the symbol of his surrender snugly around his throat.

“So at these parties, the color of one's collar signals what kind of service can be expected from the bottom?”

“Good guess.”

“Hot!” Kayden replied with a smile.

Cassie chuckled. “Sadie's parties can get pretty wild, so I'm keeping you on a short leash for now. You'll thank me later.”

“How about I thank you now? I still can't believe all the clothes you got me. Not to mention the workout equipment and all the other gifts. I've never been so spoiled by a girlfriend before. Thank you, Mistress.”

She reached up and brushed a column of dangling, golden hair from his brow and eyes. “You're most welcome. I treat my pets well. Much better than some women at the Sanctum. That's why you're not leaving my sight.”

“Understood.”

“Good. Let's get going! Eula and Misaki are going to wonder where we are.”

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*SPIT\***

The wad of chewing gum leapt from Victor's mouth and plopped into the sand a few feet away. It had long ago lost its flavor. What he really wanted was a cigar, but he wasn't about to send up a smoke signal. Not even a tiny one. Nothing that might give away his presence and position.

The hunter was lying on the ground, prone, as he had been for several hours. His limbs were stiff and starting to ache. He tired of breathing deeply the scents of dirt and ragweed. But this was part of the job. The most tedious, annoying and uncomfortable part, but also one of the most necessary.



It wasn't enough to know your enemy in a general sense. Victor certainly had that part down with hundreds of confirmed Chosen kills. No, you had to know the enemy specifically, and he was just starting to get a sense of Sadie Octavia Ruthven and her bloody den of debauchery.

It had taken half a day of cautious scouting just to find the optimal position to study his foes. He was on a ridge, as far away from the compound as he could be while still in range to get a good view of the outside with his rifle scope and binoculars.

Victor wasn't fully kitted out today. Far from it. But he had more than enough weapons to deal with any trouble he might run into. He carried a rifle and handgun, both with plenty of silver ammo and an assortment of silver melee weapons.

While they were called silver blades, they were actually steel that had silver added during the molten degassing phase of the forging. After, they were coated with a second application of silver over the blade for good measure. This allowed for a balance between the Chosen's primary weakness and maintaining effective edged weapons. Silver, on its own, was weak compared to steel, but you didn't need much of it to deal your average Chosen a lethal wound.

The hunter took notice as a trio of cars approached the Sanctum and drove through its gates. They each parked in the large lot in front of the compound before its passengers exited and met each other. There were three women and three men on the end of their leashes. Each sported a different color collar. One black, one red and one white. They all looked like they were ready to star in the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

*'Pffft... Fuckin biters and their games.'*

Not that men were much better. They engaged in most of the same lecherous behavior. Victor couldn't even say he was an exception to that rule. But the Chosen took it to another level. Sex and drinking blood became a kind of double intoxicant that transformed them into crazed fiends. They thought of themselves as noble and more sophisticated than the *'mundane'* humans, but in the end, they were driven by the same primitive impulses. If anything, they were worse about it. They were closer to beasts now than man had been in ages.

Victor watched the three couples stroll up to the large double doors and enter. Once they disappeared into the hall of untold defilement, his gaze shifted. The binoculars traced the length of the compound for the umpteenth time. It was massive and surprisingly out in the open. Surprising until you noticed the dozens of security cameras dotting every corner and ledge. Miss Ruthven was no fool.

There were two ways to hide. Through obfuscation or out in the open. Sadie was hiding out in the open and she had a world class security system to guard her mirage. How many people had been coaxed to this place with the promise of erotic fun, only to fall victim to these demons? At which point, they would either be used and cast aside, or absorbed into her clan. Too many, undoubtedly.

“This town needs an enema.”

A snarky smile crossed his lips following his quote of Jack Nicholson's *Joker*. He studied the Scarlet Sanctum back and forth, looking for anything of interest he'd missed so far. Victor pondered his chances if he decided to enter a lair this big on his own.

*'So, is this where I finally **bite it**? Will this shithole be my grave? Maybe. Or maybe I'll spray more blood than these biters could imagine in their wildest dreams and tap dance out the front door when I'm done.'*

\* \* \* \* \*

The party was in full swing as Cassandra, Eula and Misaki entered the mail hall of the Scarlet Sanctum with their subs in tow. The three women, each clad in different styles of fetish garb, were nonchalant about the grandeur and depravity unveiled before them. Eula and Misaki's slaves were much the same. Kayden, on the other hand, was bright eyed and bushy tailed.

His mouth fell open as the sheer scale of opulence and the size of the crowd shattered his expectations. Cassie had told him a few things about Sadie and the club, but he'd never imagined anything like this. That an establishment this size even existed on the outskirts of a small town like Tumwater was pretty crazy. He imagined cheap land and low taxes had drawn Miss Ruthven to the area and she probably now wielded outsized authority in the region, to the extent the area had politics.

There were innumerable guests and house members gathered in the main corridor, the staircases leading up to the second floor and the adjacent parlor rooms. Classical music played lightly in the background as the attendees chatted, drank, snacked and flirted. Fetish clothing was the one thing that virtually everyone had in common, though many of the house slaves and guest submissives wore nothing but a cock cage or a leather thong to go with their collar.

Venetian masks were another staple. Dozens of guests and slaves sported them, either to hide their identities or simply to enjoy the tradition the libertines and sexual deviants of old employed at their orgies. The collars on the vast majority of bottoms were either red or black, but Kayden spotted the occasional young man who bore the white leather band of protection around their necks. There were also a fair number of guys in fetish tuxedos and purple collars that he quickly deduced were house servants. That probably meant they were off limits for sex since they were busy serving the guests in other ways.

As they moved from the main hall deeper into the Sanctum, the revelry intensified. The music shifted from the elegant strings and horns of the old world to the thumping and pounding beats of modern club hits. The lights grew dimmer and more colorful. The volume of voices increased along with the thrumming dance tunes.

It was obvious this was the threshold where the festivities really started. Some of the guests were still lounging, talking over the music and enjoying their drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Yet many were more enthusiastically engaged in carnal pursuits.

On one long leather sofa, two women in Venetian masks were enjoying the use of a house sub. One of them sat on his face, his black collar barely visible as she rode his features back and forth. The other woman slid up and down his cock, joining her friend in loud moans as they bathed in mutual pleasure.

Next, Kayden was treated to a sight of what **he** must have looked like on many nights he'd spent with Mistress Cassie. A short haired woman in a metal studded corset and shiny thigh highs had another

black-collared bottom bent over a table. His hands were locked behind his back, held in a black leather harness that ran up to his shoulders.

The woman was naked at the waist, her balls swinging back and forth as she fucked the slave in the open. She groaned in pleasure as the gagged slut grunted into a leather horse bit. The size of her weighty appendage put most men to shame. Several party goers watched them, grinning and commenting on the spectacle. Some of the female voyeurs had their own cocks out, stroking them lewdly and making eyes at nearby slaves. Kayden wondered what percentage of the women who were members of the Sanctum were like Cassie, Eula and Misaki. From a cursory glance, it seemed high.

The depravity only grew the further into the manor they strolled. Soon, the doling out of discipline with crop, paddle and flogger was as common as the passionate making out and heated fucking. All of this, Kayden had expected to some degree, but his eyes flew open to their widest at the next exhibition he beheld.

A woman was straddled atop a man in an armchair, holding his arms to the sides. She was bent down at his neck, her mouth fixed to his flesh as trails of blood leaked from her teeth. The combination of sounds flowing from her mouth were half animal and half enraptured human. Her moist, frenzied sucking and blissful moans were just loud enough to hear over the music. She sucked and bit away at his neckline, blood leaking in small rivulets as the red-collared slave breathed deep and bit his lip.

“Oh my god...”

Kayden stopped in his tracks.

*'Jesus... These guys take their role play really seriously.'*

He felt the tug of the leash as Cassandra continued walking. When the leather strap went taut, she turned to see what was delaying them. She watched as Kayden got his first glimpse of a member of the Crimson Tide drinking greedily from the flesh of one of their *blood bag* slaves.

Cassie strolled back to his side and pulled in the slack on his leash. “Told you these parties get pretty wild.”

Kayden's gaze was ripped back to her. The mild shock wore off the longer he looked at her. “Fair. You did warn me.”

“C'mon. Let's find Sadie” she said with a smile. “She can't wait to meet you.”

They caught up with Misaki and Eula in short order. As it turned out, they didn't have to go much farther to find the Mistress of the house. The music died down as they entered a large room near the back of the manor. The curtains were drawn, shielding the tall windows and preventing the waning light of day from compromising the decadent mood and theme.

Various pieces of bondage furniture were setup in every corner, but the one in the center is what drew the eye immediately. A medieval looking wood and metal stockade held fast a man in shiny, black gimp attire. Every eye was drawn there as women took turns whipping and flogging the star submissive's exposed buttocks. It was already blaring red with several dark lines crossing his brutalized cheeks, but the strokes of leather kept slashing across his skin as the room of women watched and enjoyed his

torment.

Even before she was formally introduced, it wasn't difficult for Kayden to pick out Sadie. It was obvious from her elaborate garb and noble bearing. She was a statuesque woman who looked like she'd just stepped out of some supernatural movie or comic. She had dark hair, like Cassie, but hers was framed by a tiara of steely spikes with a large ruby socketed above her forehead. Golden pauldrons sat on her shoulders and from them, a long, red cape flowed behind her. A necklace of plentiful red gems slid down from her neck, calling attention to her ample cleavage.

Sadie's dress was glittering black that melded into swirls of scarlet. The farther down the eye traced, the more the elegant garment turned to shimmering, red ivy consuming the darkness. She wore matching vambraces from elbow to wrist; red and black armor that made her look as ready for war as she was for discipline or sex. Black, high-heeled stiletto boots started at her feet, but there was no telling how far up her legs they traveled. They were cut off promptly by her hypnotizing costume.

“Eight!” the crowd called out.

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

“Nine!”

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

“TEN!”

The gimp in the stockade groaned around his gag. His legs shuddered and his bruised ass jiggled as the woman flaying his bottom relented. She coiled the whip back into a neatly arranged loop and handed it to Sadie. Lady Octavia grinned and raised it above her head.

“He's good for at least twenty more! Who wants the next round?”

Another woman volunteered herself. She stepped out of the crowd and accepted the long leather strand of destruction. After handing it off, Sadie turned and got her first glimpse of the new arrivals. Her face lit up immediately.

“**Cass! Eula! Missy! Welcome back!**”

As another round of whipping and its corresponding countdown began in the background, Sadie stalked forth. She made her way directly to Cassandra and the two embraced warmly. The gesture was repeated with the other two women before Sadie returned to Cassie's side.

“It's been a while. I'm glad you came tonight.”

“Wouldn't miss it” Cassandra replied. “I see Tristan is having quite the night.”

“Uh huh. And loving every minute of it. Don't let his grumbling fool you.”

“Are you sure? He's getting up there isn't he?”

“It's true. He's not a young man anymore. But he can take it.”

“I'm glad to see he's still around” Cassie stated, crossing her arms below her bust.

“Ladies, is there anything I can have the house staff get you?” the hostess prompted the trio.

Eula waved her off. “Thanks, but we know our way around here. I'm gonna get some food. I'm famished. I'll catch up with you later, Sade.”

The dark skinned diva headed off with her personal slut in tow.

“And I spotted a yummy specimen back in the hall that I'm dying to get a taste of. I'll leave Greg here for the other members to sample, if that's agreeable?” Misaki asked.

“Of course” Sadie answered. “Enjoy yourself, dear.”

Misaki nodded before sauntering off. She led her boyfriend to one of the many stocks and began locking him in. The black-collared bottom bitch would no doubt be spending most of the night there.

Sadie turned back to Cassandra. “Well, this works out perfectly. We can catch up and I can get to know blondie over here.” Her gaze shifted to the young man on the end of Cassie's leash. Lady Octavia's lips parted to display a toothy smile.

“What's mine is yours” Cassandra said with a respectful nod.

“Excellent. Let me just get Tristan squared away.”

By the time Sadie made it back to the center of the room, the gimp's ass was bright red and covered in fresh welts.

“NINETEEN!”

**\*WHIPCRACK\***

“TWENTY!”

Lady Octavia accepted the whip yet again, but this time she strolled to a nearby table and tossed it aside. “That's enough for now, my friends. Tristan has proven his endurance. I'd say he's earned a treat, don't you think?”

Cheers and applause went up from the dozen or so Chosen women gathered in the room. Sadie made her way to the gimp slave's front and unbuckled the harness fixed tightly around his head. It slipped from his rubberized face and the thick leather bit gig fell from his mouth with a gasp. A thick trail of slimy phlegm drizzled to the ground as he inhaled deeply.

Sadie tossed the harness aside. She put her hands on her hips as she turned back to the assembled members. “His holes are yours for the taking until I return. Stuff him good, ladies!”

Two women hurried to his front and back. In no time at all, they both had their cocks out and were

fisting themselves up and down as they prepared for a quick, pleasurable insertion. Lines formed at both ends in short order. It was an honor, rarely afforded, to partake of Lady Octavia's personal bodyguard and favorite slave. Tristan would be busy every minute until Sadie came to claim him.

The woman behind him brought the fat head of her cock to his well trained pucker and thrust it in deep. She managed to go balls deep in one fierce stroke; her hips and balls slapping into his ass cheeks loudly. Tristan cried out in anguish as his recently tortured ass felt fresh agony course through it. He was quickly silenced when the woman in front of him took a firm grip of his hood and jabbed her bulging meat missile into his open maw. Her hot length flattened his wet tongue and his mouth was flooded with her strong taste and oozing pre-cum.

Sadie didn't even bother to look back as the women began ravaging her prized slut. She'd seen this show a million times. She closed back in on Cassie and Kayden, grinning from ear to ear. Lady Octavia reached out and crooked a single finger around the O-ring on Kayden's collar. She gave it a tug before looking him up and down, studying him with more care.

“So... you're the one who's been keeping Cass away from the Sanctum. I get it now. Quite handsome.”

“He's a cutie, eager to please **and** a fast learner” Cassie piped up enthusiastically.

Sadie nodded. “Marvelous! Let's head upstairs. We can give the pretty boy a tour on the way to my private suite.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

“**AHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Kayden's face was red and his vision bleary as two long, fat cocks bottomed out in his throat and ass. He grasped tight fistfuls of bedding in his hands as he zoomed in and out on Cassandra's pelvis. It was a sight he was intimately familiar with by now; deep throating her colossal cock as she held onto his blonde locks with an iron grip.

He glugged back and forth on her pungent penis, delivering divine pleasure with soft sucking lips and an obedient tongue. It wagged below her thick cum tunnel at every chance, when it wasn't being pressed down harshly by the next thrust of her hefty schwanz. A syrupy mixture of saliva and pre-cum sputtered from his mouth in between moist withdrawals. Pockets of air flushed from the cracks of his lips as the sticky film coated Cassandra's balls. Each fresh buck into his face heard her heavy, spittle slathered sack smack into his chin as she packed him to the gills with bulging dick.

Both women were moaning at regular intervals, but Sadie was the louder of the two. She gripped the top of Kayden's thick leather pants like they were a life ring in the middle of the ocean. Having abandoned her dress and more ostentatious adornments, all that was left on Sadie was a leather harness that wrapped around her fulsome curves, a leather brassiere and her gleaming black boots.

She shafted Kayden with every bit of vigor that her body could offer. Her massive schlong, somehow

even bigger and thicker than Cassie's, filled him to bursting with every hungry thrust. His ass cheeks shook with each thunderous pound. The only time Sadie's hands left his pants was to grab the young man's harness and tighten the leather straps around his body. She loved to hear him groan as he gagged on Cassie's cock and took the next hard drilling from her own prodigious member. Fleshy slapping sounds emanated from both ends of the packed bitch boy as the women cooed and the bedding rocked.

They'd already flooded him with sperm once before switching positions. Kayden had nearly passed out while trying to swallow down all of Sadie's thick emissions. He didn't know how Tristan handled such a fearsome Domme regularly. Cassie had beaten the shit out of his ass during his first anal pounding and now his cheeks were almost as red as the well whipped gimp.

Even when Mistress, Eula and Misaki had taken turns double-teaming him, he'd never felt under such harsh, unrelenting assault. It felt like Cassandra and Sadie were in some twisted competition to see who could fuck him harder and fill him with more seed. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't enjoying it, yet he couldn't help but wonder what about them made this a competition instead of just a friendly bit of fun.

Kayden was snapped from his ponderings when Mistress suddenly pulled out of his mouth. One of her hands let go of his hair and belted him across the face as her dripping cock stared at him.

**\*SMACK\***

“Pay attention, **cock sucker!** Get every bit of filth off my dick! That's the job of an **ass-to-mouth bottom bitch!**”

“Yes, Mistress--”

Cassie plowed her hot, sticky rod back into his mouth and grabbed fresh tufts of his hair. She slid her hips back and forth, clogging his oral cavity completely and sending his lips all the way to the bottom of her shaft with every needy fuck.

Her back arched as exquisite pleasure danced through her body. Cassandra had impressive stamina, but she didn't know how much longer she could hold back a second tidal wave of nougat jizzum. Especially while watching Sadie slam, punish and fill his slutty ass at the other end.

Lady Octavia looked back at her with a rapturous grin. She glanced at her long time friend briefly before returning her gaze to the slave's supple body. She preferred her own slaves in full coverage latex, but she had to admit, Kayden's frame outlined in leather straps and glossy black pants had a certain scrumptious appeal.

She grabbed his body harness again, pulling back on it harshly as she sodomized him with harsh, pounding fucks. Sadie was going to make sure this slutty young man remembered the hardest fucking he'd ever received at the hands of the leader of the Crimson Tide. Just maybe, some nights while Cass was filling him with her love, he might secretly wish he was back in this chamber.

The tension and tingling built to a crescendo as both women surged with the delirious high of rutting nirvana. Their massive, pulsing rods plowed his defenseless holes, slurping loudly in between the beating of flesh on flesh. They both tried to hold on; to hold back, to bathe in each exquisite second before the inevitable deluge. It was just a question of who would lose control first.

Cassie bit her lip, trying to maintain her composure and failing badly. She'd trained this bitch boy's mouth too well. His skilled suction and nimble tongue were pushing her over the line. When Sadie had fucked his face, she'd blown first and it seemed Cassandra was now destined to unload first as well. It couldn't be helped. She yearned to plant her abundant seed in his wet, gripping tunnel.

“Ahhhhh... **OH FUCK!!! UHHHHHHHNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!**”

She hilted in his mouth and erupted with a volley of thick, viscous batter. Cassie dug her fingers even deeper into his hair, scratching his scalp as her pendulous balls hiccuped and fed wad after wad of creamy nut into his sucking maw. Her head flew back and her breasts shook as her essence drained into the gorgeous fuck boy she'd taught so well.

Sadie smiled in victory as she watched Cassandra moan and shudder in climax. Her gargantuan schlong continued drilling his spongy hole like a well oiled machine. She could've gone for considerably longer, but there was no reason to hold back anymore. She let go, allowing the wonderful haze of pleasure to overtake her. She gripped his pants tightly and slammed into his exposed bottom the hardest she had all night.

“**YEAH!** Take it, you fucking whore! Drink that cum and **TAKE THIS COCK!!!** Ahhhhhhhhhh... **AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Sadie went balls deep in his tight ring and her body exploded in orgasm. Her weighty discharge hosed into his well-fucked bottom in luscious waves. Thick ropes of clingy paste ejected into his gripping bowels, coating her hilted phallus and pushing deep into his anatomy as the sticky gruel had nowhere left to flow. Finally, spurts of thick cream erupted from his pucker, coating Sadie, Kayden and the bedding as she continued ejaculating into the over-stuffed slut.

When their balls were thoroughly drained and the awe-struck Dominas minds began to clear, they pulled their spent cocks from his jizz drenched holes. Wet slurps announced their exit, followed by a cough and a deep inhale at Kayden's front. The two women looked at each with hazy eyes, grinning like fools from the high they'd just experienced.

They said nothing for long seconds as they all panted and caught their breaths. Sadie looked down at the now prone slut boy as he lay in a puddle of sticky filth. Her eyes were drawn, like tractor beams, to his white collar and the soft, tender flesh just north and south of that supple leather ring. His heartbeat was fast and strong. The red, thrumming vitality of his richest vein called out to her.

She wanted nothing more than to sink her teeth in him and suck greedily until his life force calmed to a gentle lull. To hold him down a second time and dominate him in the way only a Chosen matriarch was capable. But she knew that would be unwise. Cass hadn't gone that far yet. To steal it from her would be rude and presumptuous. Even for the leader of the Crimson Tide, that was too much to ask.

Cassandra was taking her time with this one. Babying him. Being cautious and coy. Did Cassie feel something for him? It seemed unlikely that she could've formed a strong attachment already. The bonds the Chosen formed happened more gradually. But there was still puppy love and perhaps that's all it was.

Lady Octavia's gaze tracked from the soiled slave back up to her resting friend. Cassie was on her back, groping her breasts and stroking her deflating cock as she gently fell back to Earth.



Sadie wasn't overly concerned, but this new development was troublesome. Was Cassandra getting soft? Starting to feel sorry for the humans? For men in general? It had happened to other matriarchs before, rarely. It usually didn't end well. Sadie would have to keep a close eye on her favorite pupil. Hopefully, she was worrying for nothing. Cassie had always been loyal and a fine member of the clan. In all likelihood, she would remain so.

Cassandra's hands slumped to her sides as she lay in peaceful repose. Sadie winked at her, then looked back down at Kayden.

She wanted so badly to feast on this fresh meat, but it wasn't to be. Lady Octavia would have to settle for a taste. She leaned over and reached to her nightstand, opening a drawer and extracting a jewel encrusted knife. Sadie lifted it for Cassandra to see and pointed down at Kayden.

“May I? Please?”

Cassie nodded in affirmation. “You may.”

Her look of pleading thirst faded into a devilish grin. Sadie pressed down on Kayden's back and brought the blade to his flesh, just to the side of his right shoulder blade.

“Hold still, little lamb.”

She slashed quick, dipping the blade into his flesh just deep enough to draw a good amount of blood.

“**UGGHHH!**” he grunted below her, wincing from the sudden cut.

Sadie was on him like white on rice. Her sucking lips sealed over his wound just as the crimson fluid begin to gush up from his warm, lacerated skin. Her sticky cock, still half hard, pressed into the crack of his ass as she lay on him, licking and sucking away at his fresh wound.

It took incredible restraint not to go further than this when sampling a slave. To not extend one's fangs and lose themselves in the hot, bubbling river of life. It was the ultimate decadence. The richest, most vibrant experience one could hope to garner on this sad ball of decaying dirt. A few licks couldn't compare, but they would have to do tonight. And as Sadie's lips smacked against his skin, she found, with some amazement, that she was not at all disappointed.

Sweet. So very sweet. Sweeter than any fresh meat she'd ever tasted. Why was that? Her eyes widened as she lapped away at Kayden's wound. It was beyond delicious. This young man's blood was precious. Something called to her while she tasted his fiery essence. Something ancient and powerful.

When his cut bled no more, Sadie sat up and leaned back. Kayden grunted as she pushed herself off him. The cum-stuffed himbo spread himself out comfortably and began to drift off. Lady Octavia's gaze shifted from the resting slave to her lounging friend. Sadie's brow furrowed.

*'My my... What have you found this time, Cass?'*

\* \* \* \* \*

In the darkness of the Sanctum's basement, Sadie knelt before the large, marble altar. A ring of candle stands, glowing dimly in the pitch black, surrounded her and the sizable dais. A stylish, purple, custom cloth was draped over the platform, bearing the sigil of the clan on all sides.

The house sigil was an elegant design. It portrayed an ocean wave with two black spikes, vaguely resembling fangs, sprouting from its crest. Above it hovered two orbs, depicting the sun and moon in tandem. It represented how Sadie's clan embraced the darkness, but was dedicated to the prospect of walking in the light again some day. It kept alive the idea that in some far flung future, her kind would hold dominion over the Earth in both its phases.

Ornate, brass incense burners sat atop each corner of the altar, sending thin columns of sweet smoke into the air. Sadie crossed her legs and entered a state of meditation as she drank in the lovely scents of lavender and rosemary. Beside her sat the same jeweled dagger she'd cut Kayden with the day before.

When her mind was clear and quiet, she reached for the blade with her right hand and stretched out her left palm.

**\*SCHLIT\***

Sadie opened a generous cut and her blood ran free. It trickled into the large golden bowl sitting before her. After the first few thick rivulets, it slowed to drips. They splattered into the receptacle with dull metallic thuds that changed to light plops as blood pooled in the bottom. Lady Octavia set the knife aside carefully and closed her eyes.

**\*drip drip drip drip drip drip drip drip drip\***

*'Honored ancestors of the night. Proud and long lived Chosen. I offer you my very own blood. The blood that leads the Crimson Tide! Drink freely. I ask only for your counsel in return.'*

Within moments, the whispers began to creep into her mind. They were hollowed voices of old, come to seek her offering. They built slowly and steadily at first, but soon they arrived in a torrent. A howling chorus of her progenitors, reaching through time and space to slake the thirst that even death could not sate.

*'Ancestors... My clan thrives. We have captured two hunters. Does bringing them into the fold yield powerful allies, or must I be wary?'*

***'Yes... and yes.'***

***'Powerful, but precarious.'***

***'Worth the risk!'***

***'Be cautious.'***

Sadie nodded. They mirrored her own thoughts, but there were no dire warnings. That much was good.

*'Ancestors... The young man I met yesterday, Kayden Forrester. His blood tasted exquisite beyond measure. Does he hail from a noble bloodline?'*

***'Yes!'***

***'Undoubtedly.'***

***'Old and powerful.'***

***'Be wary of that one...'***

As she suspected. Sadie would have to look into him more in due time. There were so many new developments within the clan at the moment, but the impression his blood left on her could not be overlooked.

Lady Octavia inhaled deeply as the voices swirled around her. She prepared to make her final query.

*'Ancestors... The female hunter, Rosa. I sense much potential in her. Potential and pain. Pain that can be manipulated. But I worry that if I do not act soon, she might slip away. Ascension is rarely allowed for one so new to the clan, but I propose it in this case. Shall it be done?'*

***'Hmmm...'***

***'Do it!'***

***'Tempting.'***

***'Yes.'***

***'She is a worthy vessel.'***

***'Guide her to true power!'***

Encouraging, but they were not the voices Sadie wished to hear. She sat silently, letting the question linger and waiting for something more. Moments later, the hum of minor voices parted and she was not disappointed.

**'ASCENCION!!!'**

The loud, authoritative, matronly voice boomed through the haze of whispers. It was the sound of a mighty matriarch of old. One who'd drank rivers of blood and lay waste to countless enemies with her wit and guile.

She'd heard this voice several times over the decades. Sadie had her suspicions on who it might be, but it didn't matter in the end. The strength of her presence could not be denied. While strength didn't always equate to wisdom, it was impossible not to respect one of the ancestors who'd lived for centuries and amassed far greater power than her peers. Sadie had the answer she wanted.

With her eyes still closed, Lady Octavia bowed her head.

*'Thank you, honored ancestors. May you rest easy in the darkness until next we meet.'*

The voices faded away and Sadie opened her eyes. She lifted her bloody palm to her mouth and licked it deeply. Her saliva drove salty sting into the wound along with its healing properties.

The pain felt good. Not as good as Tristan's, of course. Not as good as Kayden's, or any man's, for that matter, but still, it sent a pleasant buzz through the body of an arch sadomasochist.

Sadie laughed with giddy delight and collected her knife. There were several new male arrivals who'd been drawn to the Sanctum by last night's party. It was time to find someone new to play with.

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