

Transcendent

Chapter 5 – Imago

Streams of thick cum leaked from Sean's passages as two throbbing Futanari cocks pumped him at both ends. He moaned around the hot column of dark flesh thrusting into his face as Sybil fucked his mouth with abandon. Mistress Kelli, the woman he'd met in the lobby of *Creme De La Creme* on his first day in Uptown, was busy at his backdoor. She pounded his asshole mercilessly, stretching it into new, uncharted levels of gape. The sex-crazed Dommies had already nudded in his mouth and pucker once that afternoon. After a brief period of recovery, Sybil and Kelli switched sides and began an impassioned second rut in his jizz-clogged holes.

Sean's rubberized and increasingly feminine body was plastered into the bondage bench as the women spitroasted him long and hard. His chest pressed into the fat funbags that were now holstered permanently around his upper body. Every time Mistress Kelli bucked into him from behind, his now much thicker thighs shook. His legs were sheathed in the tube-like gelatinous pads that added extra heft and curvature to his ass, thighs and calves. All of it was sealed to his body by the tight, extra thick purple bimbo suit that covered his body from head to toe in luscious latex.

Had it been weeks or months since Sean first donned this sinful attire? Since he'd descended to the next depraved level of sexual slavery? For all intents and purposes, time didn't exist in Chrysalis. Sean's life was now an endless procession of Futa cocks, elaborate bondage predicaments, spankings, licking ass and swallowing ungodly loads of sticky semen.

The abuse he received was constant and welcome. It arrived in the form of brutal open palms, slapping wads of phlegm, the stinging tips of leather boots, countless jabbing, clamping and constricting sex toys and the most common assault, hurled invective. Sybil, her friends and the thousands of horny Futa denizens of Uptown were all Sean's Mistresses. He was part of a collective where the orgies never stopped and there were never enough bottom sluts to satisfy all the well hung Amazons who existed in a perpetual state of lustful heat.

Sean couldn't remember the last time he'd bathed. At least, not with hot water and soap. He was bathed constantly in the warm, sludge-like nectar of his libidinous captors. It clung to his glossy purple body in sticky, white ropes. It drizzled down his hooded face, slid across his rubber form and dripped from his hanging, caged dicklet.

No matter how clingy the rubber or how tight the corset around his waist, Futa cum still found ways to seep past the seal of flesh and latex. It oozed its way in and added a continuous layer of pungent grease to his sticky body. It mingled with Sean's own sweat, forming a paste that glued the bimbo suit, his fake breasts and the heavy legs pads ever more permanently to his hidden male body.

With every torrent of ejaculate that filled his holes and every heavy slap of seed across his curvy form, Sean's status was cemented in place. The sticky paste oozed down his calves, gluing his feet into the matching high heel boots. The jizz crawled up his arms, gliding all the way to his fingertips. Fingers that he might never see again, sealed inextricably in thick, glossy purple.

He was convinced that the hand of God, itself, could no longer separate him from the layers of latex and Futa cum that surrounded his body. With every fresh round of debauchery, he sank deeper into the mire of reciprocal hunger and lust. These Goddesses needed to cum and he craved every liquid ounce they had to offer. He was naught but a receptacle for their gift and Sean was only too happy to serve as one of their cock-craving bimbo fuck dolls.

“**Mmmmm**, look at those lips!” Sybil said between heavy, panted breaths. She gazed down at Sean in between long glides of her glistening cum cannon through his swollen, pink, plumpers. “They've gotten so big. So nice and thick.... **HOLY SHIT** that's good!!!”

She seized the stalk of shiny tassels that sprouted from the top of Sean's head. The latex strands simulated long, luscious hair in the wake of his normally, short brown locks. Did he even still have hair, below the web of purple rubber that covered his face? Who knew. It wouldn't surprise him if he was bald now. Nothing would surprise him anymore.

Sybil clung to the top of his hood with an iron grip and seized his neck with her other hand. She plowed her hips into his face, feeding him every inch of her cock in long, hard fucks. Her bloated, brown ballsack slapped into his latex locked chin. Sean could see nothing but her sweaty pubis and rubber clad body surging back and forth as she forced a train of cock deep into his throat over and over.

He gagged on her girthy tool as spittle, pre-cum and the remnants of Kelli's last ejection dribbled from the bottom of his mouth. It lapped out in frothy waves as Sean groaned around Sybil's twitching tower. For her part, Mistress Kelli took a firm grip of Sean's hips and pounded his ass with ever harsher thrusts. His body jolted on the bondage bench; limbs secure by leather straps, binding cuffs and heavy chains.

Sean's puffy, pink flaps of flesh slid back and forth across Sybil's swollen length. She was spot-on about his lips. They'd grown bigger every time he applied the lipstick found in his latest treasure trove. It looked like he'd gotten several collagen injections, but his bimbo lips were purely the product of some cosmetic magic.

In that chest of wonders had also been a special anal cream. Each time he dabbed the viscous stuff around his pucker, his anal ring became more pronounced. Now it was a thick, pink, circle of supple flesh. An ever more inviting target for every amorous Amazon he encountered. Mistress Kelli moaned in bliss as she went balls deep and Sean's tight ring slid all the way to the base of her meaty missile. Her eyes rolled upward as she muttered gibberish and continued to shaft him like a woman possessed.

As much as he enjoyed being their plaything, Sean found the longer he stayed with the Uptown Girls, the more he admired them. His affection for them wasn't purely sexual anymore. It went to a deeper level than that. They were perfect beings, these perpetually aroused Futa harlots.

Their curvy bodies weren't just appealing to the eye, they were strong. Their massive milkers put most women to shame and their gigantic cocks made even the most gifted male look shrimpy in comparison. Saying they had the best of both worlds was an understatement.

Beyond the physical, there was still so much to commend. They were universally confident, but rarely dipped into the realm of toxic egoism. They almost never clashed with one another. Even when they appeared haughty or superior, it was usually an act; a game played because both Domme and sub

enjoyed it. They'd built a society that, as far as Sean could tell, ran smoothly while allowing them to spend most of their day enjoying the finer things in life.

Fetish fashion, recreation and sex were the pillars of their hedonistic ethos. They lived their lives as they saw fit, being who they truly were, with no regrets. Whatever pleasure Sean derived from their passionate encounters, he could tell from the sounds, volume and extended length of Futa climax that they were experiencing way more ecstasy than he ever would. Anyone who observed them long enough couldn't help but feel a bit jealous.

“Mmmmmmm! **YES! I'M CLOSE!!!**” Kelli cried out as she battered Sean's hips with even greater force and speed.

Sybil grinned menacingly. She released Sean's chin and wrapped both hands around the handle sprouting from his hood. Her hips went into overdrive as she plowed in and out of his slobbery maw with dire need. She'd been waiting patiently for her friend to reach the point of no return before pushing herself to the edge. If there was one thing Sybil enjoyed more than anything, it was flooding her slut boy at both ends simultaneously.

“Oh yeah! **SUCK THAT COCK YOU BIMBO BITCH!!!** Momma's gonna fill you up...”

Sean's eyes went wide, peering through the holes in his thick rubber hood as both Dommes went into overdrive. Soon, his vision was nothing but an up close view of Sybil's rubberized body slapping into his face. The open hole in her bodysuit glistened with sweat, dripping down around her protruding cock as she pistoned it through his stretched-wide lips. Her heavy balls battered his chin, churning with pints of pungent batter that would soon overflow his body.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Kelli's hand left his flank just long enough to blast loud smacks off Sean's sizable dumper. Even through the latex and extra padding, he felt her heavy blows across his reddening flesh. He would've bucked back into her powerful fucks if his predicament allowed it, but the thorough bondage and strict control both women were exerting left him no such option. He could only lay there, his vision growing more cracked and blurry as they filled him to the brim with cock. He waited for the inevitable, hoping it would come soon as he lost the ability to intake fresh air around Sybil's bulging phallus.

“**NNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!**”

“**OHH!!!!!!**”

Twin rivers of hot glue flooded Sean as Sybil and Kelli buried themselves in his body and held him fast. His nose was plastered against Mistress' sweaty frame, inhaling heavily of her sweat and musk as her cock throbbed and stream after stream of rippling paste blasted into his throat and mouth. Likewise, Sean's bowels filled quickly as Kelli's thick sperm coursed upward into the deepest channels of his anatomy. Her body convulsed as strand after sticky strand fired into his depths.

“Drink it! **DRINK IT ALL, SLUT!** For once, drink everything Mistress gives you!”

Sean gulped, the pockets of seed visibly bulging from his packed, rubberized throat. Sybil grunted and moaned, holding his head with a death grip as every weighty web of cock-snot discharged in her rubber

whore. He swallowed continuously, but within moments it was clear he couldn't keep up. He never could. It was a fool's errand and they both knew it. But that didn't stop Sybil from goading him to try. Or punishing him each time he failed.

With a moist, retching sound, a thick wave of Sybil's sperm erupted from Sean's lips. The balloon of heavy seed hit the ground with a wet slap, announcing his inevitable defeat. Noting that he'd failed the challenge yet again, Sybil took mercy on him and pulled her still-twitching schwanz from his sucking maw. She reached down and stroked herself, latex digits gliding over her wet, sticky length and firing ropes of semen all over her coughing, cum-clogged fuck toy.

Mistress Kelli moaned endlessly as her cock remained hilted in Sean's bottom. When her sticky nut began splattering out from the ring of his packed rim, she paid it no mind at all. The mess being made on her leather clothes was a small price to pay for unloading every ounce of baby batter in the gunked up bimbo gimp.

Sean was still in a daze when their ejaculations ceased and Kelli pulled out of his savaged pucker. Semen leaked all over the floor from his overstuffed starfish, pooling below his bound form. Sybil and her friend eyed each other with wild smiles, elated by their latest conquest.

“**Fuck** that was good! You want to grab a drink before we head to the party?”

“Yeah, but just water for now. And a couple more volume enhancers. Let's save the booze for later.”

“Sounds good to me!”

Sybil lifted Sean's cum slathered chin and looked deep in his eyes. “If you'd succeeded, I might have given you the night off. Instead, you'll stay here and entertain the floor until we return.”

“Yes, Mistress...” he acknowledged between heavy breaths. Sean couldn't even remember what floor they were on. It could've been any of *Creme De La Creme's* thirty two floors. He was sure he'd spent considerable time on each one, by now.

“Good boy” she purred. “I'll see you later tonight, then!”

She released his face and sauntered off with Mistress Kelli. Their fetish clothing creaked and flexed around their curvy bodies as their boot heels clacked into the distance. By the time they reached the elevator, Sean already had new Futazons to serve. They'd been looking on for some time and patiently waiting their turn.

“Finally, I get a crack at Sybil's cumdump!” a black woman in yellow latex announced. She approached Sean from behind, masturbating her girthy python as she eyed the slutboy's blown-out jizz chute. The fleshy ring of his rectum still oozed wads of Mistress Kelli's cum.

“Ah, yes! Sybil's newest slut!” a buxom redhead said as she strode to Sean's front. She wore nothing but leather boots and a shiny black bra around her giant knockers. Her weighty penis proceeded her, still hard and dripping nougat filth from the slaveboy she'd just fucked in the ass. She reached down and inspected the collar around Sean's neck. “**Cock Sucker**, huh? I mean, that's kind of a given, right?”

Both women laughed. The question was rhetorical and neither of them waited for a response from Sean

before shoving their fat lengths of fuckmeat into his waiting holes. Within seconds, the bondage-locked bimbo was being face-fucked full force and horse-piped up his tight, cum-packed pucker. The women settled into a steady rhythm as Sean resigned himself to a arduous day of aggressive penetration.

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A door opened and closed in the distance, causing Sean to stir. His eyes opened groggily, adjusting to the sun's rays as they streamed through the bedroom window. He sat up and the purple bodysuit creaked around his girlish form. It meshed noisily with the rubber mattress and bedding, squeaking and rippling as he pulled his legs from the fetish morass.

He examined his shiny body up and down. Sean was immaculately clean. There wasn't a fleck of dirt, a drop of sweat or a strand of cum to be seen. His latex form gleamed in the morning light as if it had just been freshly polished. He even smelled clean. The faint scents of lilacs, honey and chamomile could be discerned just below the ever present aroma of rubber. It was like he'd been bathed in the finest oils, soaps and perfumes, though he had no memory of such a thing.

This had happened many times before, yet it never ceased to astonish him. He kept telling himself that he was done trying to figure out Chrysalis; that he would just go with the flow and enjoy the ride, but that was more difficult than it seemed. The mind wants to make sense of the world, and Sean often wondered if he wasn't adrift at sea, lost somewhere in the Bermuda Triangle.

Footfalls echoing down the hallway snapped him from his musings. Sean looked to the doorway just as Mistress Sybil stepped through. For once, she wasn't decked out in glossy fetishwear and stylish boots. Her thick curves were hugged by dark gray sweatpants and a tight, white tank top.

Her arms and midriff were bare, displaying a light sheen of sweat. Instead of her usual stiletto heels and thigh-highs, her feet rested in a comfortable pair of cross trainers. A thick, berry colored athletic headband kept her dark hair back and to the sides. A black leather handbag hung from her left shoulder.

Sybil smiled and placed her hands on her hips, glad to see her slutboy awake.

“Hey, sleepyhead. Finally got enough rest?”

“Ummm, yeah... I guess?”

“Wow. You **must** still be tired, addressing me like that. I should bend you over and spank your ass red, right now.”

“Apologies, Mistress! I just woke up. How long was I out for?”

“At least ten hours. I'm not surprised. I'll overlook your indiscretion, given what a rough night you had.” She winked at him before walking to the edge of the bed. “Speaking of which, sorry that Kelli and I were so late. We went on a bender for the record books.”

“That's alright. The ladies of *Creme De La Creme* kept me busy, as usual.”

Sybil chortled. "I know they did. You were an unholy mess when we came to get you! A proper bimbo slut, covered in jizz. I wanted to take you one last time, but the drinks got the better of me."

"Yes, my suit was beyond soiled. I didn't think it would ever be clean again. And yet, look at me now..." Sean held up his glossy, purple arms. He studied them briefly before gazing down at his clean, rubberized body.

"Hmmm. You must've washed up good before getting in bed. Well done, slave."

"But Mistress, I don't remember doing that at all."

"So? I don't remember much of anything after we got back last night."

"Yes, but I wasn't drinking."

Sybil rolled her eyes. "You were exhausted. Completely out of it. At least as much as I was. Why does that worry you?"

"The more I think about it, I can't recall taking this suit off once since the first time I put it on."

The buxom beauty chuckled. "Good. You can stay that way forever as far as I'm concerned."

Sean couldn't help but blush below the web of latex that covered his face. "Yes, Mistress."

"That's more like it." Sybil stretched her arms up and out. "Ahhhh, I just got a fantastic workout! Picked up the mail too while I was downstairs. Oh, that reminds me..."

She slid the bag off her shoulder, opened it and extracted a stack of envelopes. Sybil rifled through them until she found the one she was looking for. She pulled it free before tossing it on the bed. It was a simple, sealed white envelope with the word *SEAN* written on the front.

"Mail? For me?" he asked in bewilderment.

"There's a first time for everything" she noted before turning and heading for the door. "It's my turn to clean up. I'll be back in a bit, slut." She paused in the doorway and turned one last time. "I hope you're not too worn out, because after brunch, I'm going to gag you and fuck your ass until the ball melts in your mouth!"

She offered him a wicked grin before heading off to the bathroom.

"Yes, my Goddess! Thank you!" he called after her.

As soon as she disappeared, Sean's eyes homed in on the envelope sitting before him. He grabbed it up and hastily tore it open. Who would write him? And why? The list of likely candidates seemed short. Delilah? Dr. Lena? While he'd met many people in Chrysalis, he'd grown close with only a select few.

Sean extracted a single folded piece of paper from the remnants of the envelope and opened it hastily. It smelled faintly of cigar smoke.

Hey kid! Bet you didn't expect a letter from me?

It's been a while. When I didn't see you around for weeks, I thought you finally took my advice. Or maybe you met with an untimely end. It's been known to happen to people who wander through here. But when I heard you'd headed uptown, that's when I really got worried.

Oh, I'm sure you're having the time of your life. You're probably loving every minute of it. You got blinders on. You still don't understand what this place is and what it does to you. You've never been in more danger than you are right now.

I don't like traveling to the north side. Place has gone to hell. Still, I'm gonna stick my neck out for you. I'll be at the old church on Riverside Drive every afternoon for the next week or so. Meet me there if you still have a lick of sense in that head of yours. Don't keep me waiting. I won't keep making the trip if I don't think you're coming.

There's still time to choose a different path. I know it may not feel like it, but I'm trying to help you. I've only ever wanted what's best for you.

- Jim

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The warmth of the sun's rays was kept in check by a cool breeze flowing down Uptown's streets. Sean's heeled boots knocked along the sidewalk as his hips pumps and a matching purple purse hung at his side. His deceptively curvy figure flexed and bobbed as he made his way down the surprisingly clean walkways. There was still the occasional piece of debris or odd crack in the pavement, but Uptown was a model of order and cleanliness compared to Southtown.

Before he headed this way, Sean had stopped at a coffee shop in the main plaza to ask about Riverside. He was pointed to a map that showed the full layout of Uptown. The church was just six blocks from the marketplace where he typically did his shopping.

Now that they'd developed a rapport, Sybil would let Sean out on his own from time to time. Often it was to run errands and pick up supplies, but sometimes just to have a few hours to himself and let him explore. She gave him just enough temporary freedom to develop a fresh longing for her stern attentions and possessive touch.

Sean passed other residents as he strutted along. Occasionally he'd see another male out on his own, but most of them were being lead around on leashes. Some were dressed in gimp attire, like he'd been the first day he arrived. Others were bimbofied, as Sean was now, but in an assortment of different hues. Red, black, pink, green. Every shiny color imaginable.

Many of the passing Uptown Girls smiled, winked, waved and said hello. Sean would smile, wave back and nod respectfully. He felt bad that he couldn't remember the names of all these beautiful Mistresses, but it was impossible to keep track. He'd passed *Dunbar's number* many times over with how

frequently he sucked cock and took it up the ass since coming to this place.

After strolling past many blocks and crossing several streets, Sean spotted the sign he was looking for. *Riverside Dr.* He looked up and down the way, spotting his destination in the distance. As he headed down another long sidewalk, the proud old church came into sharper view.

It was an island unto itself, situated on a triangular piece of land. The front of the church faced an usual corner where Riverside forked with another street. It looked like this had been a central gathering place for the community a long time ago.

The ages had worn away the stone and brick sign at the front. The hours of mass had once been listed here, but now its display was empty. Only *Sain-* and *-urch* were still visible in the heading of carved rock with nothing but badly eroded letters in between. Whichever heavenly host this place had been named after was lost to the elements.

The lawn, shrubs and bottom of the building were completely overgrown with tall grass, vine and weeds. The greenery crawled up the stonework to where the rest of the building was defaced by graffiti and weather damage. The sturdy building was still intact; a credit to Roman Catholic architecture. However, there were spots where the stained glass windows had cracked and one notable corner of the building that had been damaged by a large, fallen tree.

Sean marched up the center walkway, passing rusted benches and shuffling up short flights of stone stairs till he reached the large wooden entrance doors. He pulled the right side door open with surprising ease and headed inside.

His thoughts were a jumble as he walked through an empty foyer. Sean wasn't entirely sure why he was bothering to entertain the unusual note. Jim had been nothing but a rude asshole in their brief encounters. Sean wasn't scared of Chrysalis, no matter how many times the oaf warned him. But he was still curious. Was it foolish to hope the cigar puffing weirdo had answers? Sean had puzzled at the mysteries of the town for what felt like years and arrived at precious little clarity.

As he walked into the large, central chapel, the feminized man-slut was confronted by a vision of both desolation and beauty. The sun streamed through the tall, angelic portraits of stained glass, casting colorful light everywhere. Natural sunlight broke through the one large gap along with tree branches that wavered in the breeze.

Birds had taken up nest on the thick wooden support beams that outlined the distant ceiling. Their coos and chirps called out intermittently. Occasionally, the flap of wings announced one of them sailing from one point in the hollowed rafters to another.

The wind picked up and the creak of wood sounded through the entire building. The altar ahead was empty; abandoned. The many rows of pews were covered with an inch-thick layer of grime and dust and dotted with splotches of bird shit.

“**Hey!** Over here” a gruff, yet familiar, voice called out.

Sean jumped and turned to his left in one startled motion. His vision zoomed in on the confessionals, which were located not far from the rows of seating on the left side. He started toward them and the heels of his shiny purple knee-highs echoed off the marble floor as he made his way.

“Getting warmer...” Jim teased through the shield on the door. It featured a series of small holes that could be looked out of, but revealed nothing but darkness from the outside. There was a label carved into the hardwood above the booth that read '*Confessore*.' “Step into my office.”

Sean rolled his eyes and reached for the door on the opposite booth which was labeled '*Penitente*.' He examined the inside of the lacquered, wooden confessional unit; making sure no wildlife had taken up residence before stepping inside.

The door closed behind him, casting him into relative darkness. Only scant traces of light filtered in through the slats on the door, much like the other booth across the way. A partition of wood and steel separated them, a window of lattice-work metal. Predictably, a trail of cigar smoke oozed through the metallic webbing.

“Good God. Look what they did to you...”

“They didn't **do** anything to me” Sean said as he took his seat and set his bag aside. “It was my choice.”

“And what a choice it was. Now you're a bimbo play-thing for those depraved harlots.”

“Why does that bother you so much?”

“It's wrong. Everything about this place is wrong.”

“If you hate it so much, why are you here?”

“You think I want to be here?” The older man took a drag on his smoke. A red circle lit up in the darkness of the booth. “I'm not staying a day longer than I have to. Until then, I remain on the edge of town, as far from this madness as possible. When I'm not risking myself for ungrateful wretches.”

“Sounds like you're scared to explore.”

“Pffft... Think whatever you want, kid. I've resisted the pull. Survived this place until now. And I've seen what happens to **explorers**.”

“Resisted? So, you admit, you've been tempted to go deeper.”

“Of course I've been tempted. We're all **tempted**! But you can't give in. Can't let sin and wickedness run rampant. Everything about this place is vile. Unnatural.”

Sean sighed. “I know this is a church, but I didn't come here for a sermon. Do you have anything useful to tell me, or should I leave now?”

“Listen to me” Jim insisted as he leaned closer to the webbed window. “I couldn't help the night you arrived, but I can now. I can get you out of here. I've repaired a truck.”

“A truck? There's no lack of vehicles around here. Sybil has a nice car. So did Delilah's friend. The officer who saved me had a truck too.”

“And none of them would help you leave Chrysalis. Not if you asked them nicely. Not in a million years. **I will.**”

Sean shifted in his seat. He crossed his arms below his heavy falsies as he thought about it briefly. “Even if I wanted to leave, where would I go? What would I do?”

“I’ll take you to the next town over. Somewhere that isn’t infested with these demonic vixens. **Anywhere** but here! You could clear your head. Start over.”

Sean was silent for several moments. “....But I like it here.”

CLANG

Jim’s fist rattled off the metal grate between them. “**YOU DON’T GET IT! THESE PERVERSIONS ARE SUCKING YOU IN!** Warping your mind! You’re not gonna have a choice for much longer! You can still have a normal life! Marriage. Kids. A reputable role in a respectable community! You’re throwing it all away!”

The dolled-up kinkster in glossy purple stood and hefted his matching bag. “That’s not what I want.” He reached for the door latch and let himself out of the confessional.

Jim pressed himself up against the door and yelled through the holes in the shield. “**Of course!** It’s always about what **YOU** want, isn’t it?”

“Yup, it’s my life” Sean answered as he strode off.

“Listen, son! I’m your last chance to get out of here! **YOUR ONLY CHANCE!** Think it over quick, because I might not be waiting when you finally **pull your head out of your ass!**”

“**UP YOURS!**” Sean spat over his shoulder. The strike of his heels echoed through the cavernous hall until he reached the entrance. He slammed the bar latch and sent the door flying open, exiting quickly and leaving the decrepit cathedral behind.

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“What do you mean they’re **out of apples?!?**”

Sybil’s perplexed expression quickly changed to one of annoyance. She’d rummaged through all the groceries but hadn’t found the one thing she desired most. She turned and scanned the row of purchases on the kitchen counter again, as if her eyes had deceived her the first time.

“Sorry, Mistress. Every store I went to was out. I even went to a couple extra. They said there should be another shipment in a few days.”

Sybil crossed to the refrigerator and yanked the door open. Waves of frost rolled out to reveal a half-empty cooler. The large fruit bowl sitting in the middle of the center shelf had only a solitary apple remaining. With the flick of her hand, she sent the door careening back into its base.

SLAM

The mocha-skinned Domina turned and placed her hands on her hips. Black rubber gleamed off her ample curves as her dark eyes locked on Sean.

“You'll be running another errand tomorrow.”

“Where to?” he asked nervously.

“The orchard. It's on the farm I mentioned the day you arrived. Just north of the city limits. I'll drive you that far and you can walk the rest of the way. It's only a few miles.”

“Mistress, with respect, why not bring me the whole way? Wouldn't that be quicker?”

“Because, you need to go there alone. Everyone who comes here does eventually. It's something of a pilgrimage. The journey can be... *enlightening*.”

“Can I at least bring my board?”

“Once you're in the country, the road turns to gravel and rocky dirt. Your skateboard will be useless.”

A twinge of fear slid down Sean's spine. He'd felt so safe and welcome since coming to Uptown. That feeling of security was rapidly melting away. *The Stalker* was still out there. And if it was waiting for him, he'd have no easy means of escape this time.

“I see. Please tell me I don't have to walk miles in heels, at least.”

Sybil chuckled and released her hips. She folded her arms below her glossy bust. “No, of course not. I'm sure I have a purple pair of *regular* boots around here somewhere.”

Sean exhaled. At least he'd be able to run, if needed.

“Thank you, my Queen.”

“Don't mention it. There's one more thing, slave. Something very important.”

“Mistress?”

“When you reach the tree—the first big apple one, I mean—you may feel a compulsion to partake. To reach up, grab the first one you see, and bite deeply. It may feel overwhelming...”

“No worries, Mistress Sybil. I know I'm not allowed. I won't—“

Her gaze narrowed and Sybil's lips descended into a disapproving frown. Her reaction halted his interruption in its tracks. “If you feel that urge, **you should do it.**”

Sean's eyes widened in surprise. His mouth hung open slightly.

“But **only** if that's your true desire” she continued. “Believe me, you'll know when the time comes. If not, just fill your bag and return.”

His lips curled into a smile. Sean's mind raced with excitement and anticipation. Suddenly the prospect of venturing to the outskirts of Chrysalis didn't seem so bad. At least there was a prize to be had for the risks he would undertake. A taboo waiting to be violated.

“I understand, Mistress. It will be my pleasure.”

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Pebbles and dry dirt crunched below Sean's boots as he continued down the lonesome, narrowing road. He'd last seen a road sign fifteen minutes ago when he'd turned onto the final leg of his trip into the countryside. He was on Tarrytown Way, which would take him directly to the farm. He'd been walking for almost an hour and there'd been no trouble so far. Sean could see his destination on the horizon.

It was a gloomy, overcast day, but it was dry. There was no saturated moisture in the air or rumbles of thunder in the distance, warning of impending rain. The medium sized knapsack bounced at Sean's side as he walked. It was empty right now, aside from some clear plastic bags and twist ties he'd use to secure the produce. He figured it could hold at least two dozen apples. A sack full would more than suffice to keep Sybil happy until Uptown's stores were restocked.

Sean felt odd wearing his fetish attire into the country. His normally shiny legs and boots were dirtied and dulled by the constant clouds of dust kicked up by his stride. There was a slight chill in the air that hinted at impending autumn. That made sense if the apple crop was ripe for picking.

He marched on until the farm's signature sign came into view. It was a large white placard held up by two sturdy posts with the words *'IRVING ACRES'* framed in big letters. To the left of the logo was a pitchfork design and to the right a shiny painted apple.

Sean smiled as he stepped off the dirt road, passed the sign and continued onto the long, dusty driveway that led to the farm. The smells in the air took him right back to his childhood. He'd spent many fall afternoons in such a place, picking apples, going on hayrides, doing arts and crafts and preparing for his favorite holiday.

As if to bolster the memories, he was soon surrounded by patches of pumpkins, squash and other autumn vegetables. Scarecrows dotted the landscape leading to a large farmhouse and several barns in the distance. Halfway between the entrance and the homestead was a large sign with the word *'ORCHARD'* pointing down a path to the right. The trail continued until it entered a patch of thick woods. It seemed the apple trees lay beyond it.

He studied the homestead briefly before turning onto the branching path. There was no one around that he could see. No vehicles parked near the house or barns. Just abandoned farm equipment and a rusty weather vane that let out a metallic groan as it turned in the breeze. Sean steeled himself and looked down the trail where it entered the woods and was surrounded on both sides by dense forest. If there was going to be an ambush, that would be the place to do it.

The bimbo-suited errand boy moved forward doggedly. He scanned the tree line with caution, at the same time apprehensive and determined to see his mission through. Sean got his first surprise when a combination of unexpected sounds called out in the distance behind him. A scrape of metal and the yawning of old, creaky wood as a pair of barn doors opened far away.

Sean turned and looked back at the homestead. From the dark, open maw of the large, rust-red building came the terrifying visage of the pale white *Noh* mask. It would've seemed like it was floating if not preceded by the head of an obedient horse. The beast lumbered forth, somehow carrying on its back the robed wraith that he'd encountered periodically since entering Chrysalis. Sean's eyes shot open to their widest circumference.

ScCcCcRrRrRrRrRrReEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeCcCcCcCcCcCcCcChHhHhHhH

Its bone chilling cry called across the field separating them. It lifted a gauntleted hand and raised a landscape scythe into the air. The weapon's curved and serrated blade gleamed in the gloom.

“Oh, **come on!**” Sean muttered in exasperation.

The horse ambled forth, slowly at first until the apparition riding it kicked its flanks with booted feet. The beast bolted forth, taking off down the dirt road and heading for the intersection that turned into the orchard path. As a steady gallop developed in the background, Sean turned back to the path ahead and entered a dead run.

SSSSCCCCCRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCCCCCCHHHHH

Sean's vision rocked and his lungs churned as he ran for his life. The bag strapped around his torso wavered in the breeze, behind him, as he streaked toward the forest ahead. As he grew close to the entrance to the woods, Sean heard the horse and rider turn onto the path behind him. He was on the edge of panic as he quickly weighed his options.

*'Can't fight! Can't run for much longer! That means **hide**. In the woods! Yes, those woods are thick! It won't be able to follow me. Or, at least, not at a good pace. If it tries, it'll be severely hampered.'*

As soon as he reached the tree line Sean turned right and darted into the dense vegetation. He flowed through bushes, trees and patches of vine, careful to watch where he stepped while putting some distance between him and the trail. He found a large tree a ways back and hid behind it. As the galloping of his pursuer grew louder, he peeked his head out to see what the creature would do.

The Stalker pulled on the reigns, slowing the beast to a light trot. It peered into the woods, unable to see anything in the dark expanse from the dimly lit trail. It sniffed the air loudly through the holes in its mask. The creature re-directed its steed, trotting back and forth in frustration.

SSSSCCCCCRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCCCCCCHHHHH

Sean had been right. It had no desire to lead the horse into the forest and dismounting would make it too slow. It was content to wait him out. The woodland himbo grinned and set off deeper into the woods. He would stay parallel to the path but far enough away that the creature couldn't track him. Eventually he'd find the grove and, hopefully, avoid the fiend entirely.

He trekked along as silently and carefully as he could. Sean passed lush thickets, fallen trees, and small, hilly embankments as he navigated around the maze of tall conifers. His heartbeat had just slowed to a normal rhythm when he was about to step over a rotting log and—

HHHSS

He noticed the large snake just in time to jump back and stay out of the reptile's range.

'JESUS!!!'

Sean's hand leapt to his chest and pressed against his latex-locked bosom. He stepped back and studied the writhing tan and white creature with black spots. It shook its tail angrily, emitting a distinct rattle.

HHHSS

'Yeah, relax buddy. It was an accident...'

He gave the snake a wide berth, backing up further and walking well around it. Once he was out of range, he continued on at a good pace. If his adrenaline was surging before, it was in the stratosphere now. He strode through the woodland expanse, trying to get his breathing and nerves back under control.

HHHSS

Sean was startled again, only moments later. Another snake was curled up not far ahead. This one was almost entirely black, but looked just as miffed.

'No... not this shit again!'

He darted away from the angry serpent and plowed ahead. Unsurprisingly, he saw another snake dangling from a tree just ahead. Sean streaked to the side, moving from its path as he continued on. Soon, a fourth and fifth hissing reptile crept into view. He looked ahead and saw writhing masses of scales in every nook and cranny.

Sean's eyes bulged and his teeth gritted as he plowed through the underbrush. He dodged clear of every viper he saw lurking in the woods ahead, moving as fast as he could while remaining cautious. His fear and anxiety surged as hissing and rattling popped off in every direction around him.

*'Fuck! **FUCK!!!** Why do all the critters in Chrysalis hate me?!?'*

As their numbers became too great, Sean was pushed back towards the trail. After one snapping snake provided a particularly close call, he quit the forest and streaked back onto the trail. Emerging on the path, he looked back and saw the Stalker in the distance. A quick glance in the other direction showed an opening into a clearing.

Sean sighed wearily and took off at his best speed. Within seconds, the mounted specter noticed him and reared its horse. The steed neighed loudly before breaking into a gallop once more. Sean raced ahead, risking a look back only once to see the wraith gaining on him. Its razor sharp scythe was poised in the air.

ScCcCcRrRrRrRrRrReEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeCcCcCcCcCcCcCcChHhHhHhH

His muscles and lungs burned. As he broke into the clearing, what Sean saw ahead gifted him with renewed stamina. It was the tree. The first tree that Sybil had mentioned. It was an elder apple tree, over twenty feet tall and hanging with abundant fruit.

Sean's vision centered on the closest dot of red. It was a lush, crisp looking apple hanging on a low branch. It called out to him. The sprinting submissive's mouth watered. The shiny treat seemed to blaze to life in vibrant color while the rest of the world darkened around him. The screeching of the Stalker and the sound of encroaching horse hooves faded away.

He flew like a bat out of hell until he lay under the tree's guardian branches and found himself just below the glowing fruit. All Sean's concerns melted away. Even more than his parched throat and eager taste buds, his mind buzzed and his heart sang, calling out for the apple. He would not be denied a moment longer. Sean reached up and plucked it from the branch, securing it in his purple, latex digits.

The glowing prize pulsed in his hand, singing back to him. He brought it to his plump lips and sank his teeth deep into its ripe flesh. Its juices trickled into his mouth as he tasted divinity. The world exploded in a shower of light. For a moment in time, Chrysalis faded away.

Sean's life since awakening at the lookout point above the city flashed before his eyes. Jim, Delilah, her friends, Dr. Lena, Sybil, the Uptown Girls and the many attacks he'd evaded and endured. The memories reeled through his mind, building until this very moment, and the process didn't stop there.

A limited, yet revelatory, prescience washed over him. Sean saw a thousand windows into the future; glimpses of experiences he'd yet to have. Knowledge that shouldn't have been attainable. Possibilities for what might be, based on what he chose next. The scenes appeared before him like a kaleidoscope, sensations flowing through his mind and body at the speed of light. He tasted, however briefly, the worst regret and disappointment along with the greatest joy and most unfathomable pleasure. Pleasure and satisfaction far beyond anything he'd known before now.

In an instant, it was over. The light faded and Sean found himself back in the orchard.

The Stalker's steed skidded to a halt, whining loudly as the beast reared on its back legs. It stopped a dozen meters from the tree's expanse, refusing to come any closer. The blank *Noh* mask of its rider stared ahead, fixated on Sean. It's black-robed body squirmed in the saddle, directing the mount back and forth in bitter disappointment.

Sean looked back at the haunted hunter and raised his prize aloft.

“It was this! Wasn't it? This is what you were trying to keep me from all along!”

SSSSCCCCRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECCCCCCHHHHH

“Uh huh. That's what I thought. You just wanted to scare me away, didn't you? You didn't mean to kill me, though you might've anyway.”

ScCcCcRrRrRrRrRrReEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeEeCcCcCcCcCcCcCcChHhHhHhH

“Well, too bad! You've failed. Begone, shade!”

CRUNCH

Sean took another big bite, tearing off a large section of the crisp fruit and chewing it eagerly. He rested his free hand on his hip, his breathing slowing to normal after the brutal chase and otherworldly rush.

The featureless *Noh* figure stared in silence for a few long seconds before balking. It pulled on the reigns, rearing the horse and turning before slapping its flank with the scythe and dashing into the distance. The once relentless wraith was quiet as the grave as it fled the orchard and shot down the woodland trail. Nothing but the pounding of hooves marked its passage and soon Sean was left alone in the grove of tasty apples.

The bimbo-suited slut boy collapsed to the ground, his limbs giving out as the adrenaline wore off. He sighed in exhaustion and relief. It was a good thing he'd been right about the Stalker, because he was completely out of energy and ideas.

Sean laid back in the grass and gazed up at the dangling balls of delicious red. He would rest for a spell before collecting the bounty and heading back. Besides, he now had a lot to think about.

* * * * *

Sweat flooded Sean's bimbo suit as he hung, suspended three feet off the ground. The ropes were tight around his latex form, criss-crossing his body in a dozen constricting webs. One set went over his shoulders and met in a knot between his breast forms. Two more slid across his chest, just above and below his weighty knockers. The pressure of the thick ropes pulled them even tighter into his frame than usual.

The cords pulled his arms back, locking his wrists together. The end of that branch of ropes led up to a heavy duty chain, an iron hook and a steel ring from which his hopeless figure dangled. From the ring, several more sturdy strands led down to his thighs, pulling his legs far apart and keeping his knees bent in mid-air. A half dozen columns of the strong, tense fibers looped around his torso, ankles and wrangled around the other ropes, making sure his weight was evenly distributed.

Rubber tinged sweat leaked from the eye holes of Sean's hood and ran from the crack of his exposed buttocks. Drool leaked from his mouth in between groans of ache and yelps of pain. His body was unbelievably sore after a long stretch of hanging bondage, yet his circulation was unaffected. Dr. Lena was a master of *Shibari* and could keep a patient in stressful suspension for hours if she wished. The strain and frustration in his limbs mounted slowly, but persistently. There were few things that made someone feel so utterly powerless as hanging from a hook while their ass was flayed with vigor.

WHAP WHAP WHAP

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Sean saw red as Lena laced his bottom with three strong blows with her cane. The thin implement was

deceptively cruel. After several dozen strikes, it had become more painful than any implement of discipline a woman had ever used on him. His ass blazed with beating, red-hot agony. Lines of torture were painted visibly across his exposed cheeks. The cool air of her dungeon did nothing to alleviate the discomfort.

Dr. Lena's boot heels echoed off the floor as she stalked around to Sean's front. Her glossy red form came into view again. Lena was wearing a latex bodysuit of her own, today. All she was missing was the massive bulge at her crotch, or she could've passed for one of the Uptown Girls. Unless Sean was mistaken, this was his sixth visit to her 'office' since donning his purple, feminizing fetishwear. It seemed his *therapy* would continue indefinitely.

The haughty doctor grabbed the latex tassels sprouting from the top of Sean's head and pulled him upward. She bent down closer to his face and chuckled fiendishly. Her words dripped with condescension and sadistic relish. She never showed impatience, no matter how stubborn he was. Dr. Lena enjoyed her work too much.

“How do you feel, Sean?”

“It... it hurts!”

“Awww. I know it does.” She stroked his glossy, hooded face with shiny red digits. Latex squeaked against latex as she caressed him gently. “But it's a necessary part of the process! The process isn't done until **you're** done processing! And you have so very much to process.”

“**Like what?!?** We've talked about everything!”

Lena pulled away. A scowl crept over her face. She grabbed the web of ropes holding him up and yanked it sideways with all her strength. Sean's body spun to the right and Lena lit into his body with a half a dozen more blows. The cane snapped into his breasts, his torso, his thighs and his already well-beaten ass.

“Ahhhh! **AHH! AHHH!! AHHHHHHH!!!**”

By the time he reeled back around to the stern doctor, his vision was obscured by fresh tears. She grabbed the ropes and stopped him in place. Her voice grew more insistent.

“You **know** that's not true. After all this time, we have yet to talk about your parents.”

“I don't wanna talk about them...”

“Indeed. And that's the first indication that we need to.”

“Why? You already know about them, don't you? You know everything!”

“NOT!”

WHAP

“THE.”

WHAP

“POINT!”

CHING

Two more blows pounded into his thighs and a final strike ripped into his dangling, caged dicklet.

“**ARRRGHHH!**”

“Why don't you want to talk about them, Sean?”

“**There's nothing to talk about!** My dad was a **fucking asshole** and my mom wasn't much better!”

“Sounds to me like there's an awful lot to talk about.”

Sean said nothing, breathing heavily as he dangled in the constricting ropes. Dr. Lena watched him like a hawk as the thick cords creaked and he squirmed in their tight grasp. Finally, she reached down and wiped away his tears. She took gentle hold of his chin and, for a moment, Sean saw her clearly. The beautiful young brunette looked upon him with compassion.

“Sean, you must unburden yourself before you can become the best version of yourself. As much as I enjoy these sessions, it's my job to guide you to the end. The best end possible.” She winked at him. “A happy ending, if that's what you want.”

“I...” Sean didn't know what to say.

“Have I not earned your trust by now? Have I not seen you this far?”

The strapped submissive nodded. His newly plump lips quivered as he spoke. “Yes, Dr. Lena. I'm sorry to be difficult. Thank you...”

“That's alright” she replied with a reassuring nod. “Now, what made your father such an asshole?”

“He... was almost never there. And when he was there, he never fucking listened! Or maybe he did listen, and just didn't care. He **always** knew better. Was always trying to *fix* me. Tell me how to act and the proper way to do things. He never accepted me for who I was.”

Dr. Lena folded her arms behind her back. “Mmmhmmm. And how did that make you feel?”

“**Like shit!**” Sean yelled through teary eyes. “Unwanted! Not good enough!”

“And whose fault is that?”

“I... I used to think it was mine.”

“But you don't anymore?”

“No. Not since coming here. Not since meeting Delilah, Sybil and... you.”

Lena reached out and stroked his face again. “Very good. You understand.” She soothed his face, allowing his buildup of emotions to dissipate before continuing. Eventually, the doctor released him and stalked off.

“And what about your mother?” she asked over her shoulder as Lena headed for her toy racks.

“Mom... is more complicated” he admitted. “At times, our relationship was simple. Pure and loving. Other times, it was strained. She didn't accept me at first, either. But as I got older, that changed.”

“So, motherly affection won out, in the end?” she asked from across the room.

“I suppose so” Sean answered, twirling in the air slowly.

“But your childhood was a rough one. Your mother was quite strict?” Dr Lena asked while selecting a new implement.

“Yes. Mom was very demanding. She expected straight A's. For my room to always be clean. If I made a mistake, there were consequences.”

“Physical consequences, yes?” The doctor walked back to the waiting submissive, hiding the new toy behind her back.

“Usually. She did spank me... A fair amount.”

Dr. Lena waited until his exposed backside was facing her and reached for the ropes to stop his advance. Sean stared at the dungeon wall as she closed in just behind his still-throbbing ass cheeks.

“Just with her hand? Or did she use other things?”

“Other things. Kitchen tools mostly. She liked one, in particular... I'm not sure what it was, but it had little spikes...”

“Did it feel **LIKE THIS?!?**”

THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP

“**AHHHHHHH!! ARRRRRRGHHHH!!! MOMMY! PLEASE!!!**”

As Dr. Lena held the web of ropes and battered him with over a dozen blows, Sean felt the familiar combination of pinch and sting that he hadn't felt in almost twenty years. The tiny teeth felt like they might pierce his already reddened flesh and draw blood, but they never did. They simply lashed into his aching ass, striking deeper and more gratingly than any flat surface could hope to.

“**WELL? DID IT?!?**”

THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP

“YES!!! AHHHHH!!! IT FELT JUST LIKE THAT!!!”

When her round of blows was finished, she wheeled the ropes around again. Sean's helpless body spun a hundred and eighty degrees until the grinning doctor was back in his field of vision. His sweaty, latex locked body ached from head to toe. His ass cheeks pulsed with brutal waves of agony. Against all odds, his penis had swollen to fleshy steel, pushing against the metal confines of his chastity cage.

“And how did **that** make you feel?” Dr. Lena asked with a wicked grin.

Sean gazed up at her, dizzy with pleasure and pain. Was she talking about now? Or when he was younger? Did it even matter? Much like his relationship with his mother, Sean's relationship with spanking and that particular implement were complicated.

“It... it hurt, at first. But then it felt good. It made me feel safe. And loved.”

Now that she held it up for him to see, Sean finally knew what the kitchen utensil was. He'd struggled to recall his mother's favorite tool of discipline for years. Its long wooden handle ended in a cube-like piece of metal with two abrasive sides. Both sides featured thirty six tiny metal spikes. Those spikes had instilled awe and obedience in him many times as he grew up.

The makeshift toy gleamed in the overhead light of the otherwise dark dungeon. Such a simple tool that could inflict a dizzying range of sensations and emotions. Sean studied it with a combination of surprise and embarrassed familiarity. It was a meat tenderizer.

* * * * *

Another night. Another sex party. Sean stood in his purple second skin for what felt like the millionth time as he was prepared for a night of wild debauchery. Sybil and her friends chatted and laughed around him as they groped at his glossy curves. Some of the women he recognized, others he didn't. Their fat cocks bulged through the front of their shiny bodysuits and leather pants. Some of their meaty rods were already free, being stroked as they dripped pre-cum all over the lush red carpeting.

It was a familiar setting. Some penthouse suite that looked like the orgy scene from *Eyes Wide Shut*. As they strapped a tight leather harness around his body, Sean studied the den of sin around him. There were gimped-up guys bent over furniture and locked to spanking benches. Other collared, feminized bimbo sluts, like himself, danced in cages or waited in stocks for the next set of Futa schlongs to come abuse their holes. Electro-pop pumped through speakers as dozens of Uptown Girls milled about, drinking, snorting coke and flying into a sexual frenzy.

Sean looked ahead to the platform on which the *cock box* awaited. It was a rectangular metal container just large enough to fit a kneeling, bent over slave. It featured four leather-padded holes, one on each side, just big enough to slip a girthy shaft through. Once he was stuffed inside and locked, it would likely be his home for the rest of the night. He prayed the bottom of the unit was padded.

The regularity with which he endured these scenarios hadn't dulled his enthusiasm. The call of BDSM was as alluring to Sean as ever. His eagerness to participate in these events hadn't waned. But increasingly, as the weeks and months flew by, he recognized a growing need in his psyche. Something

in him had changed. A desire for more, and not just more of the same.

“Alright, let's put him in!” Sybil called out over the thrum of the music.

With the harness secure around his body, it was time for his latest ordeal to begin. Four sets of hands grabbed his arms and guided Sean toward the waiting cradle of servitude. The top of the unit was opened and they helped him up to the platform on which it rested. He stepped into the box gingerly, one boot after the other. Sean was back to wearing the customary high heel boots that accompanied his slave attire. At the very least, he was glad he wouldn't be on his feet all night.

The gathered women pushed him down into the odd contraption that was about half the length of a coffin but a bit wider. Once he was on his knees and his head was bowed, their hands reached in and started binding him. The large O-ring on Sean's collar was locked to a sturdy D-ring right below the front-facing hole. His mouth was now aligned perfectly with the leather padded portal, with no ability to pull away. The butterfly marked '*COCK SUCKER*' label around his neck had never felt so appropriate.

The anchor points on his body harness were chained to four other D-rings on the inside of the unit. Sean's bodysuit was unzipped below, leaving his fleshy target poised at the southern entrance of his prison. His hands were left free to support his weight, though he suspected they'd be busy with another task soon. Two other holes waited to his left and right near the front half of the bizarre bondage box.

Sybil looked down as the other girls finished prepping him. She lorded over the fetish prison, her rubber attire gleaming as she grinned wickedly at her thoroughly secured slut.

“Welcome to **Jizz Jail**, slave! I daresay you're going to get a bath tonight, though perhaps not the kind you're always wondering about. From what I can tell, the ladies have been gobbling volume enhancer tablets like they were bar snacks. Do try to keep up! I'll come check on you later. Have fun, you **bimbo cunt!** I know I will.”

“Yes, Mistr--”

SLAM

The top was closed before Sean could finish his brief reply. The sound of a padlock being applied rattled above his head as he huddled in the near-darkness. Only the four holes allowed traces of light into his new home. His body was already hot and clammy in the layered rubber suit. His fake breasts felt heavier than ever, tugging at his chest as they pointed straight down at the floor of his prison.

Laughs and excited chatter continued outside as the same four women who'd helped secure him took their places around the perimeter. It was only fair that they be the first to offer their nougat gifts to the bound cumdump inside. They freed their cocks and masturbated themselves to full, fierce erection before inserting their weighty schlongs one by one.

A dark, musty length of fuckmeat plowed through the mouth hole and plunged through Sean's puffy lips. He began sucking and caressing it lovingly with his tongue at once. The eager bottom bitch would know the taste and dimensions of his Mistress anywhere. This was the cock he'd sucked far more than any other in Uptown; a distinction Sybil would hold forever.

Any even thicker shaft slid through the back entrance. Its girth was so massive that it squeaked against the leather padding as it crept through and plowed deep into Sean's spongy pucker. He groaned around Sybil's fat invader. The monster sinking into his warm depths made him gag even more than the one plowing past his uvula.

Virtually all light disappeared as the other two women inserted their meaty rods at the sides and sank themselves to the hips. Their hot, moist lengths jutted out expectantly, waiting for a hand to take hold and show them proper attention. Sean didn't keep them waiting. He reached out and grabbed them both with his latex digits. He began administering slow, sensual handjobs at his sides even as his mouth and ass were being packed to the gills.

If his rectangular prison was warm before, it grew aggressively hot and humid as the opening minutes ticked by. Sean was surrounded in all directions by pungent lengths of stinking cock-meat. They thrust at him incessantly, invading his holes and thrumming through increasingly slippery hands. Their combined musk filled the coffin of sin as pre-cum dribbled from all four lengths. His nose was stuffed with their scent, unable to breathe in anything but thrusting dick and the hint of impending jizzum.

Cracks of light danced through the stuffy cell as the women's hips flew back and forth. Their movements became aggressive, their bodies battering all four sides of the metal housing as they buried their dicks fast and hard. Sean felt all four cocks begin to quiver. Sybil's shaft throbbed atop his tongue. The behemoth in his ass bulged, preparing to blow its load. The cum cannons in his sticky grasp stammered and hiccuped, their girths expanding in his palms.

“NNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

The familiar guttural moan of his Mistress preceded the river of hot, creamy spunk that blasted into Sean's mouth and throat. The woman behind him shot her load just moments later, a river of warm custard blasting through his insides with the force of a fire hose. The cocks thrusting through his desperately gripping hands weren't far behind. Fat wads of viscous cum slapped into Sean's face, neck, and back. The gelatinous goo drizzled down his sides and dripped from his breasts as Mistress and her friend continued filling him at both ends.

When each climax-wracked Amazon had drained her balls, they pulled their sticky cocks free. Thick trails of semen slopped out of each leathery hole as the *Jizz Jail* was briefly bathed in light. The residual jizzum slid down Sean's latex form as he waited for the next set of sex-crazed Futa to step up. He didn't have to wait long.

“Here it comes, sugar!”

“I just fucked two slaves in the ass! Clean my cock, you filthy whore!”

“Stroke me, faggot!”

“This better be the best handjob of your life, you bimbo slut!”

Cum still dribbled from Sean's lips and pucker as two more fat yogurt slingers burrowed into his sloppy holes. He reached out and seized two more steamy erections, his hands now fully drenched in slippery nut. His latex digits squelched as he glided up and down their supple lengths. The women at his front and back moaned powerfully, finding his holes even more pleasurable now that he'd been properly

lubricated.

Sean's asshole yielded gracefully to the massive schwanz thrusting into his silken petals. Abundant warm, white gunk eased its passage, the throbbing missile gliding through his fleshy walls with ease. The cock ramming down his tongue and pummeling into his throat was surrounded by a mouthful of hot, gooey spunk. The clubs of flesh in his rubbery, cum-battered hands responded eagerly, straining to their longest and proudest as pungent pre poured from their engorged tips.

Four more weighty, thrusting dicks popped off in rapid succession as Sean moaned through a stuffed mouth. Torrents of hot gunk shot into his holes, slathering his locked and layered body. Another inch of syrup cream filled the bottom of the box. The spent cocks pulled back and were replaced in short order by four more.

The procession of tireless Futa schlongs stretched on for hours. Sean sweltered in his cum soiled suit, assaulted constantly by throbbing, hungry hard-ons. His stomach ballooned with thick, Futanari jizzum. His body went slack, with only the chains holding his harnessed body upright so he could continue to service his insatiable hosts. When he no longer had the strength to stroke their meaty lengths, the cocks kept thrusting through the cum glazed, leathery holes, still finding enough friction to eventually dispense their godly loads all over his bound form.

Sean was on the brink of passing out when another cannon blast of cum shot into his clogged pucker and a heavy volley of stringy semen fired into his throat and overflowed this mouth. The morass of silky filth filling his prison had crept up so high, it now buried his thighs and touched the ends of his breasts. The train of excited erections and volleys of sticky sperm kept coming as he struggled to stay conscious. Sean could no longer taste, smell or feel anything but the overwhelming waves of sperm.

'Is this... really it?'

His eyes lulled close. Sean's mouth and asshole were still being filled nonstop as the sounds of moaning women and wet, squelching thrusts faded into oblivion.

* * * * *

Awareness slowly crept back. Sean awoke to a brutally sore body. He felt unbearably heavy, soiled and constricted. He tried to open his eyes, but they stubbornly refused.

“Ah! Dammit! What the hell?!?”

He reached up, smearing more nougat filth across his face in the process, but finally brushed the dried, encrusted semen from his eyelashes. His eyes opened and his vision cleared. It was dark, except for faint traces of light coming through the holes. He moved around the little bit his limbs were able to. Waves of sticky nut sloshed around his bimbo-suited body.

'I'm still in the box??? What the fuck?!?'

POUND POUND POUND

“Hey! Anyone out there? **LET ME OUT!!!**”

POUND POUND POUND

Growing frustrated, he began rocking back and forth. Sean rolled his weight left and right. Anything to get some attention at this point. On his fourth push to the right, he realized he may have gone too far.

'Oh, shit!'

The *Jizz Jail* toppled over the side of the platform and dropped two feet to the floor. The top came flying off and Sean slid out the side, a tidal wave of jizzum flowing past his glossy, gunked up body. The surge of white goo seeped across the fancy red floor until it evenly dispersed. The carpet was already covered in dried spooge, beer, coke dust and discarded sex toys. One more mess hardly seemed to make a difference.

Sean pushed himself to his hands and knees and looked back at the abandoned bondage box. His bindings had all been undone. Apparently, they'd left him to stew in the tank of Uptown spunk when they were done. How thoughtful.

He ran his hands up and down his sleek, sticky body, ending with the latex tassels sprouting from his hooded head. There were no injuries that he could detect, just brutal ache and desperate thirst. He stood from the strewn remnants of the most raucous sex party he could remember and looked up and down the hall.

No one. Nothing. Just a few overhead lights illuminating the hall and...

Sean's eyes went wide when he took notice of what lay in the distance. The owner had once proudly sat on a throne in the center of the hall, draped in red cape and leather as she surveyed the massive orgy. Now, in her place, lay only a chest. A large, gleaming golden chest. Not trails of gold around other adornments, like last time. Pure, brilliant gold that shined like the sun in the dimly lit den of sin.

'....Finally. I was beginning to wonder if there would ever be another one.'

He shambled forth, his weary limbs slow at first, but slowly gaining speed and confidence as he strode toward the glimmering trove. This was what he'd spent months in Uptown for. Or was it years? It was impossible to say.

Now that it was within reach, some weary whisper in the back of his mind begged him to run away. To turn his back on the next phase. To stay where he was comfortably defined, coveted and had found some measure of acceptance and joy. He batted the voice away like a fly.

Sean knew that as good as he felt the day he'd donned the glossy bimbo attire, now glazed and dripping with weighty seed, there was something even better waiting. Something more fulfilling. There had to be. He'd felt closer to his true self every time he'd donned the gifts Chrysalis bestowed. Every time it rewarded him for taking the next step.

He reached the site of the glowing treasure and knelt before it. The familiar emblem of the cocoon came into view, this time etched in pure gold, waiting to be broken. He lifted the latch, splitting it in two and threw back the lid of the heavy chest. Swirls of smoke and cool air roiled outward. When they

cleared, the final set of prizes was unveiled. Sean stared down at them, his eyes growing wider by the second.

His hands dipped in and extracted the items one by one. A long, black leather trench-coat that rippled down into a wide, elegant spread at the bottom. A matching leather bodysuit. Rubber bras that came in several different gleaming colors. A leather harness designed to fit around heavy breasts and thick thighs. Notably, there were no breasts forms or thigh pads among the clothing this time.

Sean breathed heavily as he continued pulling glossy boons from the chest. A officer's cap. An exquisite black corset of sensual leather and flexible steel. Black and red leather pants. Shiny thigh-high boots in matching colors. Handcuffs, a riding crop, a bull whip and a cat-o-nine-tails flogger. With all these articles retrieved, he was nearing the end. In the bottom of the trove, two items remained.

He reached down one last time to seize a large golden envelope and a glass flask of darkest amber with a cork in the top. The label on the bottle read '*Aphrodite's Pure Apple Nectar – A Premium Product of Irving Acres.*' Sean set it aside gently and tore open the seal on the envelope. He pulled the letter free and unfolded it. His body buzzed with feverish glee as he hurriedly read the note.

'You've arrived. Congratulations.

Now you must decide if you wish to take the final step.

You could've stopped at any point in this process. Many do for different reasons. Some because they're afraid to open up and look within. They fail to comprehend their true desires and deny themselves an authentic life. Others because they've arrived at happiness and desire nothing more.

Where do you fall, Sean? What do you want?

Don't overthink it. Simply listen to your heart. To thine own self be true.

Either way, I'll see you soon for our final session.

Yours Truly,

Dr. Lena Solomon'