

Fast Times At Eden S&M

Chapter 3 – Forbidden Fruit

“That's him!” said the blonde girl, pointing across the cafeteria to Spencer. The expression on her face was disgusted beyond measure.

“Who? The dorky guy with the bowl cut?” her brunette friend replied.

“Yup. Spencer Matthews. He's the pervert!”

“What did he do?” the third girl at the table asked. She got a quick look at Spencer and turned her head, flipping her hair in a bright pink wave of disdain. “I've heard rumors, but I haven't talked to anyone who was there.”

“He was literally stroking himself, through his pants, in the middle of class! He started making these awful moaning sounds too. It was disgusting!”

“Oh, wow! Then what happened?!?”

“Ms. Shino scolded him and that only made it worse. He was about to put his hand down his pants when she grabbed his arm and yanked him out of the seat. She bent him over the desk and beat his ass with a yardstick until it broke in half!”

“That's crazy! Did the spanking shut him up?”

“No! He moaned even louder! I think the pervy fuck enjoyed it.”

“Is every guy at this school a deviant? I'm starting to think so.”

“I knew letting boys attend this school was a mistake.”

“Speak for yourself” the dark-haired sophomore shot back at her younger classmates. “I'm glad they're here. Already got Alex wrapped around my finger.”

“He the freshman you started dating?”

“Mmmhmmmm. Follows me around like a puppy dog. He'll do anything I ask.”

“Porn addicted losers...” the blonde spat bitterly.

“Oh, come on! Like you never look at porn?”

“Of course not! I'm not a degenerate!” She was putting on a show of outrage, but the young woman's quavering voice and shifting gaze were less than convincing.

“Pfffft. Next thing you're gonna tell me you wouldn't want an obedient boyfriend hanging on your every word? Begging to kiss your ass? Ready to do any naughty thing just to please you?”

The blonde's cheeks flashed deep red. She crossed her arms below her bust and sat back in the cafeteria chair. “Totally not my type! And even if it was, this is hardly the place to talk about it.”

The second year sister grinned knowingly. She turned to their pink-haired friend and discovered her face had gone equally flush. “How bout you?”

“Ummm...” the flustered girl stammered and bit her lip. “No comment at this time.”

The haughty brunette laughed. “Fine, fine” she spoke before taking a sip of her energy drink. “I can see you two are still settling into Eden. In a few more weeks, I bet you'll be singing a different tune.”

On the other side of the room, the ears of three male freshmen were burning. They glanced at the trio of gossiping girls before turning their attention back to Spencer's plight.

“**What the hell, Spence?!?**” Trevor asked in a low, frenzied tone. “We're supposed to be keeping a low profile until the board meeting!”

“Yeah, this is like the **opposite** of low profile” Glenn added.

Spencer shrugged. His distressed eyes conveyed legitimate confusion and embarrassment. “I swear, it's not my fault! It's like I wasn't in control of my own body! I was taking notes one minute and the next I was...”

“Grabbing your crotch like *Michael Jackson*?”

“Sounds like it was worse than that, honestly.”

“**Shhhhh!**” Spencer raised his hands in a desperate plea. “You tryin to tell the whole fuckin school?!?”

“I'm pretty sure they already know” Glenn shot back as he scanned the many lunch tables of gabbing students.

“I'm telling you, Ms. Shino did something to me!”

“Did what?”

“I don't know! She's planting things in my head. Maybe it's a word or gesture she's using. Whatever it is, it makes me so horny I spaz out!”

“You sure? You were kind of a spaz to begin with” Glenn joked.

Trevor rolled his eyes. “Look, it sucks, but I wouldn't report this. We already discussed why that's a bad idea. The best we can do is wait for that meeting and present it as another piece of evidence.”

“Of course I'm not going to report it! Shino already threatened to! Said she'd write me up formally

unless I performed *penance*.”

“**Penance?** What the fuck?!? I thought this wasn't a religious school anymore?”

“Yeah, I have to report to the chapel in an hour. I don't know what to expect. Just that someone named *Sister Catherine* is in charge of detention. And my *penance*, apparently.”

* * * * *

Spencer entered through the large double doors of Eden S&M's chapel. The heavy wooden portal closed behind him as he stepped into the dimly lit space. It was an overcast day, so the light passing through the building's stained glass windows was less than brilliant, but it was still bright enough to illuminate the panels in vibrant shades of red, yellow and blue.

Sweet incense and the smell of well-polished wood lingered in the peaceful setting. The only things that looked out of place were some abandoned power tools and piles of construction materials left in various corners of the otherwise tidy church.

“Hello?” Spencer queried as he walked down the central path through the nave. “I'm here for detention?” his voice echoed through the cavernous central room.

A pair of heels clacked in the distance, growing closer with each step. Within moments, a woman dressed almost entirely in shiny black and white rubber appeared. The latex of her habit creaked around her fit, curvy body with every step. Whatever hair she had was concealed by the lustrous fetishwear draping from her headpiece. Spencer looked on in wide-eyed shock as she approached.

When he'd heard her name and title, he'd expected an older woman with a stoic or stern expression. This sultry beauty looked to be in her early to mid thirties and her painted, ruby red lips curved into a wide, mischievous smile. Her stride slowed to a stop just ten feet away from the gawking student. She studied him up and down with growing amusement.

“Welcome, young man. Don't worry, you're in the right place. I'm Sister Catherine.”

“Hi. I'm Spencer Matthews. This is detention?”

“Of a sort. I prefer to call it *atonement*.”

“Ms. Shino used the word *penance*.”

The latex nun shrugged. “Antiquated terms. It's all the same, really. The important thing is you do what you're told.”

“Yes Ma'am” he answered with a respectful nod.

“Good. Follow me, then.” Sister Catherine turned and lead him to the back of the church. She gestured to the piles of tools and building materials as they passed the altar. “Please excuse the mess. We're in the middle of renovations right now.”

“What kind of renovations, if you don't mind me asking?”

“Oh, we're making all kinds of changes to the chapel” she replied as they exited the opulent main hall. Spencer followed as she turned through an archway and started down a narrow corridor. “We're repurposing many of these back rooms, modifying the existing confession booths and installing some new ones. You'll get to see for yourself when you find your way back here. In my experience, **naughty boys** like you always get sent back...”

A jolt of jarring energy coursed through Spencer's body as she said the last sentence. His heart rate ticked up and his dick swelled in the crotch of his dockers. Spencer's nipples went hard, poking against the cotton of his button-down shirt. It was just like in class, when he'd gotten in trouble. Was it something she said? Or was it just from watching her round ass flex in black latex as she walked ahead and tortured him with the wonderful view?

“I, uhhhh, hope not to make this a regular thing.”

“Don't say that” she spoke over her shoulder. “We haven't even spent any time together, yet.”

“**Sorry!**” he rushed to apologize. “I didn't mean it like that! I just meant I'm going to do my best not to get in trouble again.”

Catherine chuckled. “I'm sure you'll try.”

She led him into an office and closed the door behind them. The nameplate on its singular desk read '*Sister Catherine Dubois.*' Oddly, the room contained a large, black leather couch along with several pieces of non-conventional furniture. Spencer wasn't sure what to make of it all, but as he looked around the room, he started catching glimpses of half-hidden chains and ominous leather accessories. He had no experience with these kind of toys, but the nun's office was definitely starting to give him *dungeon* vibes.

“Have a seat” she instructed, pointing to the sofa.

As Spencer lowered himself onto the comfy couch, the glossy nun retrieved a wooden ruler from her desk. She turned back to him and stalked forward, her expression growing more haughty by the second.

“You know why you're here, right?”

“Yes and no. I can't explain what happened, but I think Ms. Shino-”

SLAP

She blasted the end of the ruler into her rubbery palm and stared daggers at him. Sister Catherine pointed the tip of the twelve inch wand at him. “Don't try to blame your teacher! Take responsibility for your actions! You've been a **very...**”

SLAP

“**...bad...**”

SLAP

“...**boy.**”

Fresh surges of libidinous energy shot through Spencer's nervous system with her every word and motion. A deep, abiding arousal washed over him as his face went red and his breathing grew heavier. He stared at the gorgeous, rubber-wrapped nun with lustful eyes. His hands began to move of their own accord, sliding to his chest and crotch without the express permission of his conscious mind.

Spencer bit his lip, grunted, and pulled his arms back to his sides. It took every bit of willpower and strength he could muster to resist the sudden urges. As he began to sweat, he looked up at Catherine's grinning form and began to understand.

The ruler! And her words! When he was in Ms. Shino's class, she'd done the same thing. She'd slapped her yard stick several times and that's when Spencer began to feel weird. When he started groping himself, Shino had gasped, pointed at him and said “Someone's being a *bad boy.*” They were trigger words and sounds. Ms. Shino had planted these suggestions deep in his mind along with his programmed responses.

“It... It's not me...” he said through gritted teeth.

“Naughty boy!”

SLAP SLAP

“Bad, **bad** boy!”

SLAP SLAP SLAP

Spencer's head dipped back into the leathery headrest and his hands flew to his nether region and rock hard nipples. As he touched himself, the voice of Ms. Shino blasted from his subconscious, ordering him to submit and yield to the desires overtaking him. There was nothing he could do to resist it further. Nor was there any point in trying to explain himself. Clearly, his psychology professor had shared her tricks with Sister Catherine and the wanton nun was using them against him.

“I'm... I'm sorry” he mumbled while fondling himself and staring at the fetish nun with covetous eyes.

“**Sorry?** You don't know the meaning of the word, you filthy little fuck! But I'll teach you. That, and many other things. I'm going to train you into a proper **male slave.** Now, **stand up!**”

SLAP

As if her very words controlled his body like puppet strings, Spencer released himself and stood from the sofa.

“Undress! Quickly!”

SLAP SLAP

While Spencer stripped his body of shirt, shoes, pants and boxers, Sister Catherine strutted back to her desk and rummaged around one of the drawers. She returned just as he discarded the last of his clothes. Spencer stood before the latex Goddess, naked and trembling. Their natural height was similar, but Catherine towered over him in her shiny, high-heeled boots.

“Give me your hands.”

Spencer obeyed, even without the familiar snap of the ruler.

Catherine set her hypnotic measuring stick down and brought a pair of thick, black leather mitts to bear. She shoved them over his hands and tied them snugly at the wrists. Not satisfied, a pair of metal handcuffs with an extremely short chain came next. She snapped them around his wrists just below the mitts. Now, not only could Spencer not use his fingers, he couldn't pull his hands apart by more than a few inches.

“There. No more wandering hands! A fun little gag by Shino that gives me an excuse to tie you up. Not that I really need one...” The imposing nun stepped back, retrieved her ruler and scanned him up and down.

“Hold your hands up! There's no need to cover yourself, down there. Don't be shy.”

Spencer lifted his bound, mitted hands to reveal his slowly deflating cock.

“Hmph. Still excited, huh? Maybe we didn't need triggers after all?” Catherine snickered. She brought the tip of her ruler to just below his scrotum and gave his balls a few light taps. She traced the length of his half-hard unit with the cold metal edge of her measuring wand. “Hurry up and go soft, would you? I'll fetch ice, if I have to.”

Spencer cringed. Between the mention of ice cubes and the ruler grazing his cock, his raging hormones and lustful fervor finally subsided. In little time, his penis shrank to its normal, flaccid state. Catherine sighed and resumed her task. She crouched down and held the ruler more deliberately to his shriveled manhood.

“Hmmm... Average girth, for a male. For length, looks like you're just over three inches when soft. Not a micro, but well below average.”

Spencer's face flashed deep red with embarrassment.

“Very well” the nun announced as she stood. “Now I know the proper size of cage to order!”

“**Cage?!?**” the young man looked as perplexed as he was nervous.

“Yes. The next time you're here, I'll install it. *Naughty boy* slaves like you can't be allowed to play with themselves whenever they like.”

A fresh shimmer of giddy excitement cascaded through Spencer's body. He shuddered as Ms. Shino's conditioning reasserted itself. His leather-wrapped hands worked up and down in frustration. The chains of his cuffs clanked as he pulled on the restraints in futility.

“See? You can't control yourself! Such a *bad boy!*”

“This is bullshit! You did this to me!”

Catherine's eyes went wide with anger. Her right hand shot out and seized Spencer's hair in a rubbery grip. “Still trying to blame others, huh? I thought I told you to **take responsibility?!?**”

“**Fuck. You...**” he replied through clenched teeth. Spencer was barely able to expel the words through his haze of mental anguish. Any attempt to resist the nun, or Ms. Shino's voice in his head, brought shocks of pain through his brain stem and nerves.

Sister Catherine pulled his face close to hers. In his anxious state, Spencer inhaled deeply and the fetish nun's perfume glided down his nostrils. The sweet smell and her commanding grip were like a sedative, relaxing him and making him even more eager to yield to her authority.

“I see you need to learn some manners. Bend over the end of that couch, right now!”

She released him and raised her ruler to reinforce the commands.

“**BEND!**”

SLAP

“**OVER!**”

SLAP

“**NOW!**”

SLAP

The entranced student ambled around the side of the couch and lowered his torso down obediently. His locked and sealed hands slid down into the seat cushions along with his face. He spread his legs apart instinctively, more for comfort than because he wanted what was coming. Deep down, there was a part of him that secretly craved another spanking. It was an aspect of his being he was still in denial of, even though it grew stronger every day he spent at Eden.

Catherine retrieved a sturdy wooden paddle from the rack of toys opposite her desk. It featured raised letters spelling out '*SLUT*' written across its center. The letters were painted black and written backwards, so they would leave a proper imprint of the word on the submissive's body. She crossed back to the waiting Spencer, tapping the fiendish toy in her glossy hands.

“Filthy!”

SMACK

“Naughty!”

SMACK

“BOY!”

SMACK

Spencer's ass danced with raw, brutal impact. He bit his bottom lip and groaned in pain. Even as fresh agony coursed from the nerves in his bottom to the rest of his body, his nipples hardened and his cock swelled with fresh blood.

Catherine nudged his quickly lengthening prick with the wooden spanker, taunting him further.

“See, slut boy? Your body doesn't lie! You enjoy this. Don't you?”

Spencer made a last foolish bid at prideful resistance. He clamped his lips together and stifled the words his mind urged him to say.

“ANSWER ME, SLAVE!”

SMACK

The tremendous force of her blow jolted his body forward. Spencer's mouth opened and saliva flew from his trembling lips as tears trickled from his eyes. Below, pre-cum dripped from his glans down the glossy leather side of the sofa. The overwhelmed student was leaking from almost every part of his body that could and Sister Catherine had barely begun.

“Yes, Ma'am! I love it!”

“You love what?”

“Getting my ass beat by beautiful women like you and Ms. Shino!”

“Awwww, so sweet. And you're finally being honest with yourself! That's good, Spencer. From now on, when we're alone like this, you will address me as Goddess or Mistress Kat. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress Kat!”

“If we bump into each other outside the chapel, stick to Sister Catherine. For now.”

“Yes, Goddess...”

“Good. Now that you know what a slut you are, I'm going to cover your ass in the word. Count out the blows as I deliver them!”

Spencer braced himself, still shocked by how much he was enjoying this. Both the anticipation of her savage attacks and what the pain did to his dancing, glowing nerves.

SMACK

“One.”

SMACK

“Two...”

SMACK

“Three!”

It continued until he reached a count of thirty and Spencer's ass was an inflamed red mass of the letters S, L, U and T. Catherine studied his well-beaten buttocks with growing satisfaction. She nudged his burning cheeks with the end of her paddle several times before finally ending their first session of impact play.

“You may have a short rest. When I return, in ten minutes, you'd better be on your knees.”

“Yes, Mistress Kat...” he answered with half-open eyes.

Catherine disappeared through a door at the back of the room. Spencer lay there for seven to eight minutes, not moving from his bent over position. He would've preferred to lay down normally, but he knew that would only bring more pain. His body calmed to its natural state as the fire in his flesh slowly cooled.

Seeing that his time was almost up, he pushed himself off the sofa and took a few awkward steps on shaky legs. He didn't move far from the sofa, since the feisty fetish nun hadn't been specific on where he should go. Gingerly, he lowered himself and knelt; grateful for the thin carpet on the office floor. He did his best to find a comfortable position where his sore bottom hovered just above the ground.

When Sister Catherine returned she looked mostly the same, with one notable exception: the massive, jet black cock harnessed around her waist. It bobbed in front of her as she approached, gleaming with the same shiny black luster as the rest of her glossy outfit. She stopped one foot from Spencer's kneeling form. Her sleek, black ramrod jutted forth, mere inches from his face.

It was even more imposing now that Spencer was up and close and personal with the colossal dong. He estimated it was ten inches, or almost the twice the size of the average male penis. With its fat, seven inch circumference it was more girthy than all but the luckiest porn stars. Spencer swallowed anxiously, afraid to part his lips for any reason.

“It's time for your atonement, **slut**. Since you're intent on playing with cocks, you might as well make yourself useful! From now on, if you want to feel any kind of pleasure from that sad little weeny of yours, you'll earn your release. I'm going to teach you how to pleasure a **real** cock.”

Her use of the word '*real*' couldn't be more ironic, given that the monster strapped around her body was thick silicone. Not to mention that he was well aware how absurdly rare it was for a man to be anything approaching that size. Like all insecure guys, he'd long ago googled the statistics and regularly comforted himself with that knowledge.

“Mistress Kat, the average erect penis is only five and a half inches long” he stated with a dry

confidence that can only be summoned when defending one's fragile ego.

The nun's eyes grew cold as Catherine reached down and grabbed him by the hair for the second time. Her latex fingers curled around his short, dark locks, grasping them tightly.

“The average **male** penis, you mean. I'm well aware you men are **pathetic**” she spat. “At this school, you'll be servicing fem-cocks. And for your information, the one I'm wearing is on the small side! I thought I'd be generous and break you in gently. Perhaps I made a mistake?”

Panic entered Spencer's hazel eyes. “No, Mistress Kat! I mean, thank you Mistress! Your kindness is much appreciated.”

“That's more like it. Now **shut up** and keep your mouth **open!** I don't want to hear anything but sucking and moans for the next twenty minutes.”

Spencer looked up at Catherine and found a pair of lustful, crazed blue eyes staring back. The bulbous tip of her monster strapon pressed against his lips and the nervous student parted them into the smallest 'O' he could manage. The eager nun gripped his head with both hands and plowed her rubber schlong through his tiny, waiting portal. The insufficient ring of his mouth was stretched wide as her rubbery girth tunneled into his maw.

Her cock sank fast and deep, its slick shaft gliding down his moist tongue and burrowing through his warm walls. She stuffed half its considerable length in Spencer's mouth in the very first thrust. Its fat glans mashed against his uvula and threatened to enter his throat. The young man convulsed and sputtered, gagging on thick latex dick as she pressed her hips forward and pulled on his head. Spencer's mitts yanked on the steel cuffs below, rattling uselessly.

“**Ooooh**, there we go! A fine start! Five inches down, five to go! Let's see if you can take all ten before the first session is over. A **cocksucker slave** who can depththroat his first time is a promising student indeed!”

Catherine's hips pulled back, sliding her BBC out a few inches, but keeping his lips stretched wide around the end. She glided back in just as quickly, sinking a little deeper and pulling on Spencer's hair more tightly. A full six inches sank deep. The spongy head passed into the back of his throat as a wet squelching sound retched around its glossy girth. The nun's body flexed, entering into a slow but steady rhythm as she filled his face with thick, rubbery fuck meat.

“Mmmmm.... Yes! **Take it!** Gag you *naughty boy!*”

Spencer's vision zoomed back and forth, his forced-open mouth coasting along the increasingly slick length of latex dick. Each time its tip slid into his throat, his gagging face turned a deeper shade of red, but each deep invasion was mercifully brief. Soon there were eight inches filling his mouth with each smooth thrust. Every time she pulled back, Spencer's wet, sputtering groans were accompanied by streams of thick saliva leaking from the corners of his mouth.

“That's it! **Suck it** you **filthy slut!** Make love to this cock! **Suck it good!**”

Her endless dirty talk, combined with the frequent use of his trigger words, sent Spencer into a fresh spiral of horny disbelief. He couldn't reconcile the fact that he was being throatfucked with a monster

strapon with his tingling nipples and stiffening penis. His kneeling form relaxed and he began to buzz with faint, giddy pleasure despite the constant pressure of rubber schlong sailing through his mouth.

Mistress Kat recalled one hand just long enough to reach into the pocket of her habit and flip a switch. She immediately brought her latex digits back and re-secured her two-hand grip of Spencer's head. Catherine flew into a frenzy, increasing the the pace of her mouth-fucking as her moans grew louder and more pronounced.

Over the sounds of his own sloppy suction and the waves of frothy spittle sliding from his bottom lip, Spencer could hear a faint buzzing below the strapon harness and the shiny black rubber of her outfit. Sister Catherine had a vibrator throbbing away in her pussy, flooding her body with ever more intense pleasure as she crammed nine of her ten inches through the slut boy's drooling lips.

She pumped his face nonstop for what felt like forever, trying desperately to cram the last inch of her behemoth into his stretched-wide maw. Spencer could do nothing but cough, gag and hold on for dear life as his vision became a blur of strapon cock, tears and the shiny latex of Catherine's ever-encroaching costume. His saliva-soaked lips grew ever closer to the base of her body as the dildo pushed into the depths of his throat.

“YESSSSS!!! MORRRREEE!!! SUCK MY DICK YOU FILTHY FUCK!!! COCK-SUCKING FAIRY FAGGOT!!!”

Mistress Kat's body tensed in orgasm and she pulled on Spencer's head with all her strength. His lips pressed against the O-ring of her strapon harness as Catherine screamed in climax. She let out several long moans of pure bliss as her body shuddered and she held her slave captive with ten inches of fat, rubbery dick lodged in his mouth and throat.

Spencer gagged and flailed with his bound hands, tapping his spittle coated mitts against her latex-clad thighs until the nun finally let him go. His mouth slid back off her prodigious prick and the young man fell backward, collapsing into a heaving, wheezing heap. He lay in a daze, looking up at his new Goddess, who was on another planet at the moment. Catherine groped her tits through the shiny habit with one hand. Her other slid up and down her monster schlong, making a show of her power and the obscene toy she'd just forced him to worship.

As her lengthy orgasm faded, Sister Catherine sighed and wandered to the sofa. She unbuckled her harness and tossed the wet length of rubber onto the couch. She collapsed beside her toy and unzipped herself below. Catherine pulled the vibrator free and tossed it aside with her big, black beauty. The nun's right hand flew to her wet, steaming cunt and stroked herself lovingly. Her rubbery digits circled her glistening sex and teased her engorged clit, capping off the rapturous episode with glowing finesse.

When the oversexed instructor had recovered, she looked to the clock on the wall. Thankfully, there was still time for one more activity before this session of detention was over. Spencer would more than earn his atonement before leaving today.

“Get up, slave” she called to him. Sister Catherine remained on the sofa, but spread her booted legs far apart. She snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor just in front of her. “Right here, on your knees.”

As close as he was, Spencer didn't bother to fully stand up. With some difficulty, he got to his hands and knees and crawled to Catherine's feet, his handcuffs encumbering him as he shuffled forward.

Soon, the naked slave knelt before the amorous fetish nun, his ass still smarting from her skilled discipline.

“This will be round two of your oral training. Have you ever eaten a woman out, Spencer?”

“No, Mistress Kat.”

“I thought not...” She took a fresh grip of his half-sweaty hair and directed his face down into her steamy jungle. Her latex legs lifted and hooked around his back, ensnaring him fully as she directed his already-abused mouth to the starting gate of her vulva. “That's fine. Mistress is happy to instruct you.”

* * * * *

Glenn tossed another exercise mat onto the pile in the equipment room and the sound of heavy vinyl coated padding slapped out with an echoing thud. He grabbed the corner of the sturdy thing and pulled it in the proper direction until it was aligned neatly with the rest of the pile. The tiring freshman wiped his brow with the sleeve of his shirt and walked back into the warm gymnasium.

Ms. Kerrigan wasn't far away. Her strong arms and powerful thighs flexed as she lifted and folded the cumbersome mats with ease. Her light blue spandex sports bra and yoga pants molded to her curves gracefully. The gym teacher's dark skin bore a light sheen of perspiration, calling even more attention to her athletic form. Remarkably, no matter how hard she pushed herself, her face never seemed flustered and her long waves of dark brown, ringlet-curved hair never lost their composure.

The tall, lanky young man strode back to the tireless coach, watching in awe as she man-handled the heavy pads. He was used to being bigger than the vast majority of women in his life, but that had changed since coming to Eden. For whatever reason, many of the professors here were bigger and taller than his 6'1 frame. That included Ms. Kerrigan, who stood just above him at 6'2.

She wasn't much taller, but when combined with her muscular frame and sexually aggressive demeanor, she was beyond imposing. Yet the longer Glenn spent around her, the more he was forced to admit he found her Amazon-like persona powerfully attractive. This was at odds with his concern for how the school was being run, but on a personal level, he couldn't deny he enjoyed Ms. Kerrigan's advances.

As he approached, the statuesque instructor dropped the mat she was about to fold and turned to him. She smiled, placed her hands on her hips and took a deep breath as she scanned him up and down.

“Getting tired, are we?”

“A little bit. Your class is always a good workout. Cleaning up after is another one.”

“Thanks again. I appreciate you helping out.”

“Oh, you're welcome. It's no trouble.”

“I picked you because I knew you could keep up. And because you're cute” she said with a wink.

The blue fabric of her pants creased, drawing Glenn's gaze. The bulge at her groin had been growing for the last ten minutes, tenting into a thicker, meaner, more pipe-like protrusion. He tried not to stare, but sometimes he couldn't help it. He looked away just as quickly, trying desperately to act like he hadn't seen the outline of her bulging erection. The woman's grin widened. She knew better.

Ms. Kerrigan had been wearing track pants while teaching the class earlier. Once the other students left and they began packing up, she tore them off, announcing she needed to cool down. A convenient excuse, but Glenn knew the real reason. She was making sure all her assets were perfectly visible. That he was intrigued only emboldened her to go further each time they were together.

Glenn blushed, folded his arms and flipped his long blonde hair to the side. "Jeez, you really never stop, do you?"

"Never. I always get what I want."

"Even if it's against the rules?"

"**E**specially when it's against the rules."

The red in Glenn's face deepened. "And what is it you want right now?"

The big woman snickered and pointed at the center of the remaining pads. "I want you to come over here and let me help you before we put the last of the mats away. Your weak-ass guard needs work."

The freshman chuckled, shrugged his shoulders and did as he was bade. "Alright..."

Along with weight lifting basics, they'd done tumbling and flexibility exercises in Ms. Kerrigan's class leading up to an intro session on grappling. It seemed Glenn's teacher wasn't impressed with his performance. Or maybe this was another convenient way to get her hands on him. It was a *win/win* as far as he was concerned.

Ms. Kerrigan faced him head-on and put up her hands. "Alright, basic stance. I want you to defend yourself as best you can. Just like I showed you earlier."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"C'mon. Elbows down! And don't leave your feet so square! You're an easy target!"

Glenn moved to correct his stance and Ms. Kerrigan lunged. He tried to duck in and push back against her arms, but the fierce woman grabbed the back of his head and shoved him down, throwing him completely off balance. It was all he could do just to stay upright. In a split second, she had a grip on his head and leveraged it into sliding around his side and taking his back. Her strong arms curled around his as her breasts pressed into him firmly. He flailed helplessly in her grip as the haughty teacher laughed.

"Hahahahaha! **So easy!** Now, say hi to the floor!"

With one casual push from her left thigh, she forced his leg out from under him. All it took was a gentle

shove and Glenn toppled forward, his body smashing into the mat with the weight of the fearsome femme on top of him. She held his head back far enough to avoid smashing his face, but falling without warning and getting crushed by the bigger woman still knocked the wind out of him.

“**Mmmmm!** There we go!” she purred into his ear as she locked down his arms and legs with her own strong limbs. She pushed his legs apart with her mighty calves and the outline of her fat anaconda pressed against his crack. Within moments, she was softly grinding her hardening cock through his fleshy cheeks with only his silky basketball shorts and her thin spandex separating their warm flesh.

Glenn's stunned form gasped as air slowly re-entered his lungs. He was completely helpless in her grasp, her considerable weight pressing him into the dirty foam rubber.

“Admit it! You like a strong woman. A woman who takes control.”

“Y-Yes...”

“I bet a tall pretty boy like you had a bunch a girlfriends already?”

“A few.”

“But none like me. Right?”

“No.”

“You could look like *Chris Hemsworth* with some muscle. A proper *Thor*. But I prefer you the way you are. You got that cute little *Kurt Cobain* thing going. I bet you'd look great in a dress.”

“What?!?”

Ms. Kerrigan covered his mouth with her right hand. “Shhhhhh.” She folded her digits inward, pressing her fingertips to Glenn's lips. “Open up, slut.”

In awe of her brashness and pure dominance, the young man yielded and his mouth drooped open. The sexually ravenous instructor slid three fingers down his tongue, forcing him to suck her digits. She pistoned them back and forth in his mouth as he moaned around them. The fat pillar of her cock pulsed with lust, a ballooning hot dog filling his fleshly buns to bursting. She shimmied it up and down his crack smoothly, a gentle preview of things to come.

“You want this, **don't you?** You wanna be my bitch?”

“Ummphh... Yephhh!” he sputtered around her fingers.

“Say it!” she yelled before slurping her fingers out of his sucking lips. “**Beg for it!**”

“Please, Ms. Kerrigan! **Make me your bitch!** I wanna be your slut!”

“It was painfully obvious from the moment I saw you” she spoke gently into his ear. “But it's nice to finally hear you say it. The name's Janelle, by the way.”

Still holding him down, the buxom, dark-skinned beauty delivered a long, luscious lick to his right ear and jammed her tongue deep past his lobe. Janelle murmured pleurably as she probed his flesh and pulled tightly against his excited limbs, preventing their feeble, involuntary motions with her superior strength.

Glenn absolutely melted. His own penis jutted painfully into the mat as arousal flooded his body. It wasn't long before his moans echoed through the gym, eclipsing the delighted mutterings of his new Mistress. He ground his ass back on Ms. Kerrigan's cock, moving the one part of his body he still could. His eyes closed as he lost himself in teasing her, silently begging the well hung Goddess to claim his anal virginity now.

After enjoying the first taste of her new slut, Janelle withdrew her tongue, loosened her grip and the rhythmic stroke of her hips slowed to a stop. She let out a low, throaty laugh. "You have no idea what's in store for you, slut boy, but I promise you're going to love it. You busy tomorrow night? I'm attending a fun little event and I'd love to bring you."

Glenn was about to agree, but remembered his prior commitment. "Wish I could, but I've got plans."

"Hmph... We'll party soon then. Isn't that right?"

"Absolutely. As soon as you'd like!"

"Good boy" she said with a double pat to his face. The still-excited vixen looked to the gymnasium clock and sighed. She released Glenn, backed off his body and rose to her feet. "Damn. I've got another class in ten minutes and I almost came in my pants."

* * * * *

The glow of Trevor's phone lit up the three boys faces as they waited for the right moment to move. They were unsure if security measures would be put in place, so they'd snuck into the conference center hours before the board meeting was set to begin. As they walked the perimeter and got to know the building, they'd encountered a lone professor and explained they were lost and needed to use the bathroom. After ducking into the lavatory for a while, they doubled back and picked an unlocked supply closet to hide in until the proceedings began.

"Alright, it's almost time" Trevor noted. "They should be getting started soon. We'll head out in a few minutes."

"And then what?" Spencer asked.

"Then we go in, get their attention and tell the board what we know."

"You really think it's going to be that easy?!?"

Trevor shrugged. "It's a simple plan. I'm not sure what would complicate it."

"What if someone's guarding the door?"

“Spence, it's a college board meeting, not a celebrity ball! They might have someone checking names at the front, but there's not gonna be armed guards or anything.”

“I don't know guys, I'm still having seconds thoughts...” Glenn spoke up.

“Oh, not this again!” Trevor shot back in exasperation. “This whole thing was your fuckin idea!”

“Yeah and I'm regretting it. I think we're making a mountain out of a molehill, here. I say we just sneak out and head back to the dorms.”

“Why? Just because you dig coach Kerrigan and the way she pushes you around?!? That doesn't make what's going on here **right**.”

“Yeah. Try getting hypnotized by your psych professor. Or having your ass beat and your mouth fucked by a psycho nun!” Spencer added.

Glenn shrugged. “Maybe I'm just kinky, but that doesn't sound so bad.”

Trevor pointed in Glenn's face. “That's it, right there! That's the point! None of us thought like this a month ago. None of us were into it!”

“So? We're discovering ourselves.”

“Glenn! Do you really think it's a coincidence that all the guys at Eden just happen to be freaky submissives? That all the freshman chicks are suddenly leaning dominant? Not a chance! You were right. There's something weird going on here. The longer we stay, the weaker we're getting. Our will is **breaking**. Whenever we're around one of these succubus staffers, it's like she's casting a spell on us! C'mon, Spence. Tell him!”

“Tell him what?”

“That the longer you were with Sister Catherine, the more you liked it!”

Spencer's lips remained sealed for long moments as his embarrassment became clear. “Look, she was using these trigger words Ms. Shino planted in me...”

“But!” Trevor interjected. “Tell him what you told me this morning!”

“But... It's true that by the end, even though she never ordered me to, I wanted to...” the young man swallowed what was left of his pride. “Well, I was begging to lick her boots.”

Glenn's defensive demeanor dropped as the shock of full realization flooded him. “Oh, wow...”

“And that's why we need to do this right now” Trevor insisted. “Because in another week or a month, we might not want to anymore. C'mon! Let's go.”

The trio moved to the room's singular door and Trevor pocketed his phone, casting them into darkness. He turned the handle silently and the three amigos slipped into the hall. The supply closet wasn't too far

from the banquet hall where the meeting was taking place. They encountered no one as they snuck to the the large, closed double doors. In front of them were metal stanchions, velvet ropes and an event sign reading *'Board of Directors Meeting (Members & Invitees Only).'*

“Wait!” cautioned Spencer, his voice barely above a whisper. “Let's at least listen in first. See if it's a good time to make an entrance.”

“Okay” Trevor agreed with a nod.

All three of them leaned in close and brought their ears to the door. Their nervous expressions shifted into furrowed brows and looks of confusion as they registered the sounds within. Even through the heavy doors, the echoing slaps, pained grunts and high-pitched laughter of women were clear.

“What the hell?!?” Spencer asked.

“I told you we should bail!” Glenn exclaimed.

“Fuck, maybe you're right...” Trevor admitted.

WHIPCRACK

The unmistakable sound of a long, leather whip cracked off the marble floor, causing them all to jump. They turned to find a woman in full body fetishwear staring them down.

“Well, well. What have we here?” she asked in her lurid British accent. “Sometimes it pays to be fashionably late.”

Trevor recognized her instantly. It was Madeline, the Dean's assistant. Or rather, the Dean's owner and Mistress. She was dressed much the same as when he'd met her, only instead of black latex, her body was sheathed in shiny purple. A black leather corset cinched her rubberized form at the waist and pushed her ample breasts up into a jutting mass of gleaming flesh. Her stylish gray bob cut and black rimmed glasses completed the image of the secretary from hell.

“Ms. Shepherd!” he stammered. “We were just... Ummmm-”

“Spying on the Board of Directors?”

“No! Nothing like that! We were just passing by and thought we heard-”

“Save it” she cut him off. “If you want to know what's going on in there so badly, I think you should see it first hand! Open the door and proceed in. All of you! **Now!**”

WHIPCRACK

The ferocity of her snap against the floor made them jump a second time. With butterflies in his stomach, Trevor turned back to the door and opened it. The anxious young men filed into the room with a grinning Madeline just behind them.

They entered the well-lit banquet hall and found exactly what they'd envisioned based on the sounds

within. Most of the male board members in attendance were in various states of undress while a few were sealed in full leather gimp suits. All of them were either already bound, or in the process of being tied up. Several were bent over the hall's various tables, being teased and tortured with flogger, crop and paddle. Others were locked into pillories and standing bondage racks, waiting to be abused in whichever way the feisty femmes preferred.

The women gathered were a mix of Eden's professors and administration staff. Some wore elegant dresses while others beamed in shiny fetishwear, like Madeline. Many were enjoying wine and liquor, pre-gaming before the real fun which was just getting started. Nearly all of them wore Victorian masks, concealing their identity from anyone who didn't know them personally.

The door closed behind them with a loud metal *clank* and, one by one, voices quieted and heads turned to see who'd entered. Trevor, Spencer and Glenn froze with anxiety and fear. They stared at the depraved scene which felt like it'd been lifted straight from *Eyes Wide Shut*. They'd come to tell the board about the illicit activities of Eden S&M and, in the process, walked into the very heart of its debauchery.

“Director Armstrong!” Madeline called out from behind them. “I found these three snooping outside!”

From how much deference they paid her, it was becoming clear that the head of Gender Studies wasn't just a professor or even a normal department head at Eden. She was running the entire show. The big woman, who was nude aside from a black leather bra and matching thigh-high boots, turned from the man she'd been savagely spanking and dropped her paddle on the table, casually. Her massive cock hung out freely for all to see, half-hard and growing more aroused by the second as she drank in the terrified trio.

“Well done, Madeline! How nice for us to have some unexpected guests! There's never enough board members to go around. And some of us have grown **bored** of the board. They're good bottom bitches, all, but some fresh meat will spice things up nicely!” Angelica scanned the frantic freshmen a second time, honing in on her personal favorite. “Trevor! I should've known you were eager for more play time! Bring the one in the football jacket to me.”

Two women stepped forward, grabbed Trevor by the arms and led him away. That left Spencer and Glenn looking about anxiously with Madeline guarding the exit. They weren't left on their own for long.

Coach Kerrigan stepped forward. Her tall frame was wrapped in a shimmering blue dress with a long slit that left one leg exposed. Even darker than her skin was the jet black mask covering the top half of her face. Her striking gray eyes pierced through its holes. At its apex, a long pair of bunny ears sprouted above her.

“So, this is what you meant by *having plans*, hmmm?” she asked, staring down at Glenn. She wore high heeled boots that encased her strong calves in shiny black leather and added an extra three inches to her already lofty height.

Glenn stared at the Head of Athletics in pure wonder, not used to seeing her in such fashionable attire. He was completely overwhelmed by her beauty and the coincidence of meeting her in this place. It seemed that, functionally, he'd accepted her invite after all.

“Ms. Kerrigan... You look amazing!”

“Not an answer to my question, but a good response.” Janelle lifted a hand, curled her finger back in the classic 'come hither' motion and smiled. “Follow me, blondie. I was looking around to see who would be my **ass licker** tonight. You've saved me the trouble of deciding.”

Whatever flickers of hope remained in Spencer's eyes died as he watched his other friend wander off, following Ms. Kerrigan like a puppy dog. A few moments later Sister Catherine stepped into view. Spencer almost didn't recognize her without the fetish nun trappings. She was wearing a red rubber catsuit for tonight's occasion.

“If it isn't my favorite new student! I wasn't expecting to see you again so soon, but this is a welcome opportunity!”

“Hello Sister Catherine. I mean, Mistress Kat!” he quickly corrected himself.

“Good evening, **bitch**. Madeline, would you be a dear and help me tie him up? This *naughty boy* can be a handful if he's not properly restrained.”

Tremors of submissive desire jolted down Spencer's spine. The trigger words made his heart leap, his limbs go weak, his penis stiffen and his mouth water with anticipation.

“With pleasure” the assertive assistant agreed as she curled her whip and secured it at her side.

The two imperious Dominas grabbed him by the arms and shuffled him off with even less ceremony than Trevor.

It wasn't long before all three boys were stripped bare aside from the impersonal black leather slave collars secured around each of their necks. The chatter, laughter and sounds of Femdom discipline rose steadily as each woman chose their plaything and the party leapt into full swing. Soon, the grunts of bound men and the moans of ecstatic women were ever present in the background as bodies were flogged, pussies were licked, Futa cocks were sucked and slaves asses were fucked.

Trevor was bent over a banquet table and his legs kicked apart by the eager Professor Armstrong. All it took was two leather wrist cuffs and a short length of chain to immobilize his arms behind his back. With her new favorite slave at her mercy, Angelica groped his ass with one hand and stroked her girthy cum pipe with the other. As she prepared to engage, she glanced over at Trevor's pile of clothes, laying in a heap beside him.

“You washed your jacket?!? I didn't give you permission to do that!”

“I didn't know I needed permission, Mistress” he answered over his shoulder.

“Of course you do. I gifted you with my cum! You should be **honored** to carry my scent. Are you saying you're ungrateful?”

“No, Mistress! I didn't mean-”

“I'll forgive you this time, but now you know better. You'll never wash it again unless I say. **Got it?**”

“Yes, my Queen.”

“Good.” Angelica stopped her aggressive groping of his ass just long enough to push her index and middle fingers together. “Have you been loosening yourself down here, as I instructed?”

“**Mmmpppphhh!**” Trevor groaned as she pushed two meaty digits through the soft ring of his pucker and probed deep. “Y... Yes... a couple times. I tried to, anyway.”

“Not with very big toys, it seems” she remarked with a sneer. “You're tight as a drum. Unfortunate for you, because I'm not waiting any longer. I'm taking your cherry **right now**, in front of all these people. Ready to get **fucked in the ass**, Trevor?”

“Nnnnggghhhh! Yes, Mistress Armstrong” he gasped through a pained grimace.

Angelica's eyes grew wide and wild as she fisted her gargantuan schwanz and shoved her fingers deep in Trevor's yielding, fleshy ring. She pumped them in and out several more times before adding a third finger and shoving them in hard.

“**ARRGGGHHH!**”

Across the room, Glenn was fully locked into the bottom of a Queening chair. It was a fancy piece of throne-like architecture with a padded box for a slave's head just beneath the open seat. Glenn's ankles were locked into a spreader bar and his wrists were chained to the outside of the chair. He stared up through the throne's large hole as giddy excitement built in his body and he waited for his new Goddess to take her seat.

His rabbit-earned Dominatrix appeared, smiling down at him as she stroked her big black bitch-breaker cock through the open slit of her dress. From the ease with which she strummed herself and the massive pair of balls dangling below, it was clear she wasn't wearing any undergarments below the sparkling blue eveningwear.

“Listen up, white boy. You're gonna be spending a lot of time below my big, black ass, so try and make a good first impression. If I don't come from getting my butt tongued in the next fifteen minutes, you're gonna spend the rest of the night wishing you were back in this chair!”

“Yes ma'am! I can't wait to worship your perfect ass!”

“Good to hear, sweetie. It's **Mistress Jan**, by the way.”

“Thank you, Mistress Jan!”

With that, the big woman turned, lifted up the back of her dress and lowered her gigantic globes of dark flesh down into the seat of the throne. They mashed into Glenn's waiting face, plastering his head back into the red leather cushioning of the box. The young man's face disappeared entirely in her crack, fully ensconced in the musty smell of her bottom and the heavenly feeling of the soft skin pressing down on his every facial feature.

Glenn extended his tongue and went to work at once, inhaling deeply of her musk. He moved his face

back and forth the scant few inches he could, lapping his tongue up and down her sea of crushing flesh. Above him, Janelle snickered. Her mouth broke into a beaming smile as she felt loving kisses and worshipful licks being applied to the wondrous nerve endings in her ass.

She wiggled her butt side to side, pressing her weight even further down on her obedient slave. Glenn's penis rose to the occasion, rushing with red hot plasma and pitching to a respectable six and a half inches, pointed at the hall's high ceiling. Ms. Kerrigan laughed and extended her foot down to his excited member, nudging it with the tip of her boot.

Janelle took up her colossal erection and began stroking it lewdly. She scanned the vast scene of BDSM perversions, delighting in the subjugation of male board members and the elevation of her fellow staffers as they ascended to orgasmic new heights. She masturbated with slow, vinegar strokes and half-open eyes, bathing in the rapture of extended anilingus.

Not far away, Spencer stood watching Madeline and Mistress Kat as they donned matching rubber cocks around their latex clad bodies. The young man's arms were tight behind his back in impervious shibari rope. His ankles were sealed in leather cuffs with a single long spring clip keeping them locked close together. Spencer looked on nervously as his second session of strapon doom approached.

“Are you sure he can handle ten inches?” Madeline asked with uncertainty.

“He took it like a champ, yesterday” Catherine answered as she adjusted her big, black dong and tightened the harness. “In the mouth, that is. We'll see if he can handle this much up his slutty little ass.”

“When it comes to strapon training, I find it's easier to upsize at the back door than the front.”

“You're right. I should probably just skip to a twelve incher. He looks like he's dying for a foot long!”

The power-hungry Domes cackled as they approached him. Catherine moved to his back and Madeline took up position at his front. The fetish femme duo grabbed him by the head and shoulders and bent him over forcefully.

“Mistress Kat! Mistress Madeline! Please, be gentle...”

SMACK

“Oh, that's rich!” Catherine shot back with a firm slap to his ass.

Madeline brought the tip of her fat latex prick to his mouth, seized Spencer's ears and applied pressure with her hips. “**Pfffft**. Gentle? Where's the fun in that?!?”

Spencer learned the true meaning of the term '*spit roast*' as two thick rubber schlongs plowed into his mouth and anus with equal vigor. He gagged around the oral invader, writhing in pain as his anal virginity was taken with no warning. Spencer's movements amounted to little, bound as he was and in the tight grasp of two horny, well hung Dominas.

They entered a steady rhythm of mouth-fucking and ass-pounding without delay. Spencer was rag-dolled between them, his hands grabbing at nothing behind his back as his ankle chain rattled and he

was fucked mercilessly at both ends. Their strokes were in sync at times and discordant at others, but they never stopped bucking into him powerfully.

Their aggressive advances continued until ten inches of thick, dripping silicone were plunging all the way to the rubber scrotum and sliding free of his tight holes in a nonstop flurry. Catherine and Madeline's moans grew steadily louder. They basked in the wonderful slurping and thwacking noises of their thrusting cocks and shrieked as the nubs in their strapon harnesses stroked their clits to ever more pleasurable highs.

Angelica had been thrusting her prodigious fuck-stick into Trevor's stretched-out starfish for ten long minutes and she'd only managed to force half her fearsome length inside. She railed his ass endlessly, her eyes rolling upward as she reveled in the forbidden fruit of virgin boy pussy. Her giant, fleshy white cantaloupes swung back and forth, churning with virile seed that was ready to overflow.

“Fucking cock-hungry slut! You love this, don't you? **YOU LOVE MOMMY'S BIG COCK IN YOUR ASS!**”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“**SAY IT!**”

“**FUCK ME, MISTRESS! FILL MY SLUTTY ASS! MAKE IT HURT!!!!**”

Trevor could hardly believe the depraved words exiting his quivering lips, but they were the truth. Since the initial brutal moments of her invasion, he'd grown accustomed to the moderate thrusting and stretching pain of her powerful insertions. In fact, the more his shaking, grunting body absorbed her forceful fucks, the more he wanted. Each flicker of stabbing ache brought with it the smooth stroke of pleasure as her bulging meat missile passed over his humming prostate.

Trevor wanted more. He **needed** more. And he would beg Angelica or any other woman in this hall, if they would only fuck him harder and deeper.

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!!! OHHHHH FUUUUUUCCCKKKKKKKKK!!!!**”

The professor's fingers dug into his hips with nerve-pinching might. She lodged a final, brutal thrust through his tight, fleshy ring and a tsunami of hot, clingy sludge splattered into Trevor's guts. Angelica's body spasmed as she screamed in climax and thick strands of nougat filth unloaded in her bent-over bitch boy. Her bloated sperm sack clenched and relaxed repeatedly as the first volley of creamy ropes siphoned into the strained slave.

With hazy eyes, she took two steps back and pulled her still-convulsing cock from his ruined pucker. Angelica seized her slick pole and stroked it fervently. Fat ropes of sticky cum jettisoned all over Trevor's leaking ass, sweaty back and bowed head. She all but covered the helpless young man in pungent jizzum, leaving only traces of his black hair visible through the web of gelatinous white.

When her groans of ecstasy ceased and her body stopped shaking with the thunderous high of Futa climax, Angelica released her weighty tool. She reached to the side and grabbed Trevor's letterman jacket. The haughty professor took the erstwhile symbol of his masculinity and wrapped it around her dripping cum cannon. She slid it up and down, smearing as much semen across its wool and leather as

possible. When she'd wiped her weighty cock and ball sack clean, she held the gunked-up coat aloft.

“**Ladies!** If any of you needs a **cum rag**, I would encourage you to use this! My new slave would be delighted if you came all over his jacket!”

Angelica tossed the coat back on the table, its desecrated fabrics hitting the surface with a hearty *slop*. Still hungry for more degradation, she pulled her right hand back as far as she could and blasted it into Trevor's semen-streaked ass.

SMACK

“And if any of you wants a new cum **dump**, this one is open for business!”

Janelle would've been happy to donate her seed to the cause of staining Trevor's jacket, but there was no way she'd make it across the room in time. Watching Angelica's epic climax and feeling Glenn's tongue jabbing deep in her chocolate flower sent Ms. Kerrigan careening over the edge. The gym teacher's hand flew up and down her girthy python with lightning speed.

“OH GOD! YESSSS!!! **MORE YOU FILTHY FUCK!!! WORSHIP MY ASS!!!**”

Janelle's dark watermelon sacks clenched and thick strands of hot spunk propelled from her tip. Her streams of semen shot upward in an arc and rained down on her ass-licking slave. Glenn's chest, torso and legs were doused in webs of gluey custard as Ms. Kerrigan moaned and milked her cock until her cum tanks ran dry.

Glenn never stopped licking, kissing and tonguing her plump, downward-pushing dumper. He worshiped her ass with each poorly oxygenated breath, bathing in her pungent scent and taste. His abused body buzzed with glee as he yanked on his bindings and groaned in her depths. It thrilled Glenn beyond measure that every part of him below the collar, every part of him that wasn't locked in her big black ass cheeks, was being basted in her viscous love honey.

Madeline and Sister Catherine stood beside a disheveled Spencer, taking a break from their spitroast frenzy to enjoy the spectacle of overwhelming Futanari climax. They gazed at Angelica and Janelle with no small amount of envy. Both pondered if it was time to sign up for the science department's new treatment which had gifted the titanic women with their enhanced size and potent weapons. It was a standing offer for all staff members that grew more compelling by the day.

When Ms. Kerrigan groaned out her final fat rope of syrupy spooze, the horny nun and oversexed secretary decided break time was over. They switched places and bent Spencer over anew.

“Alright you *bad, bad boy!* Open wide and get ready to taste your own ass!” Sister Catherine announced. The giant black strapon that had just ravaged his bottom hung in the air inches from Spencer's lips.

“Wow, talk about a crash course!” Madeline exclaimed. “Sucked his first cock yesterday and now he's going ass to mouth!”

“Of course. We expect the best from our students, and especially our slaves! There's no dilly dallying at Eden S&M. We need to prepare them for the rigors of the new world.”

The latex vixens re-established their grips on the nude, bound submissive and shoved their slimy cocks into his waiting holes. They fucked him no less harshly than the first time. If anything, they upped the intensity now that his violated mouth and broken-in bottom were used to the abuse.

The festival of Femdom debauchery continued long into the night. It was a Director's meeting none in attendance would soon forget. All three of the freshly collared bitch boys were handed off by their mentors to be enjoyed by other staffers. As much as Angelica, Janelle and Catherine adored their new charges, there was other fruit to sample throughout the hall.

Above and beyond their primal urges, there was method in their madness. Trevor, Glenn and Spencer needed to learn they weren't merely the property of one Mistress. Now, they were slaves of Eden and subject to the whims of every woman on campus with the insatiable need to dominate.

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