

## **Biblical Proportions**

### **Chapter 3 – Diabolical Divas**

**\*WHAP\***

Ethan's small frame jolted as the full force of Asha's knee slammed into the guard pad. He steadied himself, tensed his body and waited for the next blow.

**\*THWAP\***

Ashaki's muscular leg blasted into the cushioning, her shin crushing the polyurethane leather exterior. The pad flexed and Ethan was forced to take two steps back. The big woman followed the kick with two quick punches. They weren't nearly as strong as her kicks, but he could still feel the impact of every blow through the considerable padding. Ethan's arms grew increasingly sore the longer it went on. It was obvious he'd be exhausted long before Mistress would.

“C'mon David! Hold it steady!”

“Yes, Mistress Goliath” he replied wearily, bracing himself for another round.

It had been a long day for the quickly tiring man-servant and sexual slave. First, there was the usual sating of Asha's morning appetites. She'd fucked both his holes long and hard before letting him shower and cleanse himself of her abundant, sticky seed.

Then he made her a breakfast of eggs, bacon and toast. Mistress Goliath was so pleased with his performance that she allowed him the leftovers from her plate: a few residual clumps of scrambled yellow protein, two strips of bacon and a piece of toast with only one bite missing. Ethan ate it off the floor, receiving head pats and an acknowledgment of '*Good boy*' as he licked the plate clean.

After that, the usual housework had to be done. It was followed by the cleaning of sex toys and fetish clothes that had been used in Asha's recent fun and games. Most of the debauchery was at Ethan's expense, although Asha still entertained kinky clients from time to time. The men who came to see Ashaki paid a premium for her services and arrived craving the beating and deep-dicking of a lifetime.

They got what they desired, but most of them never called a second time. Ethan assumed they went on to pursue gentler Dommies or at least ones that weren't so absurdly endowed. Not every man had the elasticity and stamina to handle Asha's impossibly large python.

Even now, in her red satin kickboxing pants, Ethan could see her monster cock bending into her right pant leg and forming a thick outline in the shiny material. It was especially visible as her body strained, reaching back and preparing to deliver more blows into the padded shield. The young man squared himself up, gritted his teeth and waited for the next brutal hits.

**\*THWAP THWAP THWAP\***

Asha lashed three quick *Muay Thai* kicks into the glossy leather padding and Ethan grunted with each hit. The final blow knocked him back so hard that he stumbled. His grunt turned into a howl of surprise as he tripped and fell to the mat. The guard pad thudded to the ground, abandoned in mid-air as he lost his balance.

The sweating Asha placed her hands on her hips and breathed deep. She smiled as she watched Ethan flail through the air and flounder on the ground; dazed from the force of her blows and his sudden collapse.

“Hahahahaha! That's all you got, huh **little man**? That's too bad! I could do this all day. But at least you hung in there for a while.”

“Sorry, Mistress Goliath...” Ethan sat up slowly. He cradled his head and the side of his torso as he grimaced in pain.

“Don't worry about it” the amazon replied. She undid the velcro straps on her fingerless kickboxing gloves and pulled them off as she spoke. “I hit the weights before you came in, so I already got a good workout. That will do for today.”

Ethan nodded. He couldn't help but notice the large heavy bag hanging from the ceiling in the background. That's what she used when Ethan was busy with other tasks. Asha didn't actually **need** him to hold guard pads to practice her strikes. She just enjoyed kicking him around and humiliating him.

“Shall I put the gear away and clean up, Mistress?”

“No, not yet. You have other duties first.”

Asha tossed her gloves aside before reaching into the elastic of her sports pants. She tugged them down, bending forward as she slid the glossy garment off her legs and stepped out of it. Ethan watched as her bare midriff disappeared. Her large breasts blocked the view of her crotch, followed by her tower of jet black hair. He watched the sports bra flex and strain to contain her massive mounds. Ethan figured it must be made out of space age materials to hold her giant assets so securely.

The satin kickboxing pants were tossed aside and Asha rose back to her full 7'1 height. She'd opted for no underwear today since her bottom half was now completely bare. Her giant cock jutted forward, an imposing specimen despite its semi-flaccid state. Asha's enormous sack hung below it, roughly the size of a boxer's punching bag.

Her dark flesh glistened with sweat as she tipped her head back and shook her thick column of jet black tresses. Once she'd fixed her hair and worked the tension out of her neck, she pointed to the floor just in front of her.

“Get over here and get to work, slave” she ordered casually.

Ethan rose on one knee and was about to push himself all the way up when she spoke again.

“**On your knees.**” Her voice betrayed mild annoyance that she had to remind him.

“Yes, Mistress.”

He crawled forward, drinking in the statuesque Domina as he approached. The white polish on her toenails drew the eye, creating a stark contrast with her dark skin. Strong calves led up to powerful, shapely thighs. They were thicker than any man's he'd ever seen. Her entire body shined with perspiration. In the context of her impressive form, the colossal cock sprouting from her pelvis was fitting. Asha stroked it eagerly as she watched her bitch-boy inch forth.

“That's it... Worship me with your eyes before you do it with your mouth. Enjoy the view while you can.” Her voice purred with self-satisfaction as she lorded her physical superiority over the scrawny little manlet.

Ethan came to a slow stop just below her masturbating form. He knelt, then sat up and leaned forward on his knees, anticipating her next command. The half naked man-slave lifted his face and opened his mouth, prepared to receive his Goddess. He was quickly rebuked.

“No. I'm not ready yet. Lick my balls first, **slut!**”

Asha's hand glided up and down her rapidly thickening pole, preparing it for action. She watched her slave's face disappear under her gargantuan club of flesh and pistoning fist. Within seconds, she felt his tongue lap at her weighty scrog followed by a gentle sucking kiss on both large, fleshy orbs.

“**Mmmmmm!** There we go, baby. Just like that...”

Ethan ran his tongue all over her supple sack, cleaning it of a morning's worth of workout grime. He vacuumed the sweat from her bulging cum factories, wagging his tongue beneath her plump eggs before applying firm suction with his lips. He knew from experience just how she liked to be tongued and teased. Ethan lapped, kissed and sucked away as the pace of Asha's strokes increased. Her moans grew more lustful as the big woman's body relaxed.

“Oh yeah... Momma's just about ready for you, bitch.”

Ashaki grabbed him by the back of his rubber gimp mask and pulled his mouth from her spit-coated nuts. She lined up the dark, mushroom head of her bitch-breaker cock with Ethan's mouth and pushed forward with no patience. As she sank past his soft lips, she reached below and gripped the slave's collar underhand. Asha pulled him forward, choking him mildly as her fat length of fuckmeat plowed down his tongue and forced his mouth open wide.

Her eyes closed as Asha's godly appendage was bathed in the warm, wet nirvana of her little David's mouth. His collar's O-rings jingled as she continued pulling his face up her shaft. When his soft, stretched lips reached the halfway point of her fearsome erection, she let go of the thick leather strap surrounding his throat.

“**Hands behind your back!**”

Ethan clasped his hands behind him, trying his best not to gag on the hot, thick invader filling his cheeks. Mistress' cock always had a pungent taste and smell, but it was especially overpowering after a long workout. The scent and flavor of thick, sweaty penis overwhelmed him as Asha pushed her tip all the way to his uvula. Her sheer size filled his oral walls to bursting. The pressure of her immense unit

pressed his tongue firmly into the bottom of his mouth. Ethan thought he might pass out from the taste and smell. She hadn't even entered his throat yet.

“You **will** keep those hands locked behind you until I'm done! If you release your grip at any point, it's fifty strokes with the paddle!”

“Mmmmpphhhgllmmm!” he muttered in acknowledgment.

“Good boy” she cooed.

Asha gripped his latex-wrapped head firmly. Her fingernails, likewise painted white, dug into the black rubber of his hood as she forced her way deeper into his drooling oral passage. Ashaki sighed in divine bliss as her glans pushed into the back of her slave's throat and was surrounded by warm, wet tightness.

Ethan braced himself as his view slowly zoomed in on Asha's glistening torso. Her abdominal muscles and sweaty pubis grew closer as ever more hard, throbbing schlong was force-fed between his stretched lips. He wagged his tongue below her sperm channel, causing Asha to bellow in fresh pleasure.

Unwilling to wait another second, Asha pulled out halfway of his sloppy canal just long enough to plunge right back in. Ethan's eyes watered as her hands pressed into his cranium and she began sawing her massive schwanz in and out of his phlegmy mouth.

“**YES!** Just like that... Work that magic tongue you **little faggot!** More suction...”

Ethan obeyed, always eager to bring the giant shemale to climax as fast as humanly possible. He sucked and slurped on her pistoning member, working to increase her enjoyment even as she became more needy and aggressive. The workout mat below him was a nice change; much easier on his knees than the hardwood floors upstairs or the cold cement of Asha's S&M dungeon. Ethan took solace in this solitary blessing as she fucked his face in earnest.

It was always an open question how long a throatfucking by Mistress Goliath would last. With her impressive stamina and otherworldly control, fucking a man's face for a half hour was the simplest thing in the world. She could prolong his oral worship as long as she liked, holding back her river of nougat filth in favor of ever ascending levels of pleasure.

But Asha was also a practical woman. She often just wanted to nut and go about her day. It was always a contest between the dark-skinned amazon's competing wills. The desire to cram her fat hose of flesh down David's throat versus the urge to empty her churning sack in her human cumdump as quickly as possible. Based on how rapidly she was ramping up her fucking, it seemed the latter would win this afternoon.

Every thrust forward of Asha's powerful hips was met with phlegmy coughs and sputtering gags. Each hasty withdrawal of her pulsating tool elicited a long, wet slurp. Ethan's face grew increasingly red below his thick fetish hood. His teary vision blurred as her train of pungent penis pumped through his mouth and plowed down his spongy throat.

Ashaki threw her head back and lost herself in warm, wet rutting. The sloppy sounds of face-fucking were music to her ears as her entire girthy length plowed into his sucking maw and tingled. Her fully engorged Goddess cock grew that extra bit tighter, thicker and meaner in Ethan's mouth, swelling

against his tight, fleshy walls. It was a sure sign she'd surrendered to impending climax.

**“OH FUCK!!!! HERE IT COMES, DAVID! YOU LITTLE SLUT!!!”**

She pulled Ethan's face all the way down her bulging length as the first wave of orgasm hit her. His eyes strained as he felt Asha's cum cannon discharge in his holster of a mouth. Hot seed blasted into his throat and quickly backed up into his already packed cheeks. The warm, slimy custard oozed around his tongue, surged into his stomach and seeped up into his nostrils. Asha's fat cumsack pulsed below his chin as webs of semen shot through her throbbing length and gushed into the obedient slave boy.

**“Nnnngggghhhhhhhhhh!!! YES!!! Take it!!!”**

Pure bliss coursed through her body as she remained buried in his warm, sucking hole. Her essence drained away, filling her plaything to bursting for the third time that day. She held him tight until every spray of cock-snot fired from her tip. Finally, as the giddy high of multiple ejaculations began to fade, she stepped back and extracted her phallus from his gunked up mouth.

**\*SCHLLOOORRRPP\***

Strands of thick semen stretched from Ethan's face to the glans of her mighty weapon. The filth drizzled down, hitting the sparring mat with the kind of wet slaps only exceptionally heavy seed can produce. Rivulets of cum leaked from the panting bitch boy's face. They glazed his chest, his latex briefs and his caged cock below.

Asha released his head, done with her filthy man-slave for the moment. He slumped forward, his hands resting against the floor as he stared at the giant puddle of sperm and gasped for air.

“Clean up here, then get back to your chores. I'm gonna hit the jacuzzi. Report to me when the laundry is done.”

The Giantess strode off, her erection proceeding her as she headed for the stairs. Ethan had barely caught his breath by the time she reached the door and headed back up to the first floor.

“Yes, Mistress...”

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day proved to be much less typical. Ethan was woken much earlier than usual and the morning ritual of prolonged sexual debauchery was skipped entirely. They ate a hasty breakfast, during which he was informed they were going on a field trip. When Ethan exited the shower, he found a fresh set of rubber garments to dress in; a royal blue latex version of his usual slave uniform. For a change, his rubber briefs didn't have a hole that exposed his cock cage. The metal housing simply created a small bulge in the shiny bottom piece.

In addition to the fresh fetishwear, he was left an all new collar to fix around his neck. It was the fanciest one she'd given him to date; a length of thick, sensual leather with the words '*ASHA'S BITCH*' printed on either side of the O-ring at its front. It had smaller, but equally sturdy D-rings on the sides

and back for more elaborate bondage play.

For her part, Asha was decked out in her most extravagant Domme attire. She wore a yellow latex bodysuit that outlined her massive curves with luscious, shiny ripples. It was cinched at the waist by a black leather corset. Her top was adorned by a black leather jacket with metal spikes on the shoulders. Asha's legs bore matching thigh-high leather boots with spikes lining the top where her massive thighs settled into them. Her long leather gloves were dotted with metal studs.

She was a gleaming Goddess in yellow and black. A pair of shades and an officer's cap completed the image of strict Femdom authority. The hat was embellished by a long series of linked metal rings around the front and an eagle crest bearing a shield at the top. Were Asha a member of the *Hell's Angels*, it was clear she'd be leading the pack, not *riding bitch* on the back of someone else's bike.

Ethan barely had time to drink in her glorious form before he was grabbed by the wrist and led to Asha's truck. Forty five minutes later, they were still on the road. They'd been on the highway for a while and Ethan was growing tired of scrolling through the news on the tablet Asha had provided. He thought about downloading a game to play, but ultimately decided the time had come to ask some questions. Curiosity burned in him as he set the device on the dashboard and straightened himself.

"Mistress Goliath?" he prompted.

Asha reached to the dash and turned down the R&B that was pumping through the truck's speakers. The music faded until it was only a background hum. "Yeah?" she asked as her attention returned to the road.

"If I may ask, where are we headed?"

"To a party. Well, sort of... It's a social gathering held by a club I belong to. They have these little get-togethers every few months."

"What kind of club?"

"A club for women like me and Ada" she said with casual smugness.

Ethan's eyes opened wide. He was as surprised by her frankness as he was alarmed by the prospect of danger ahead. Realistically, how many women like her and Ada could there be?

"Mistress Ada called you *Alpha Dommies*, correct?"

"Hah! Good memory" she noted with a glance his way. "It's nice to see you're paying attention. That's not the name of our group though. The *Alpha Domme Duo* is just a nickname we picked up while working together."

"I see. Will Mistress Ada be there?"

"Sadly, no. She has other obligations. Otherwise we'd be carpooling. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll get to see her again before long."

Ethan struggled to imagine what vehicle could accommodate both Asha and Adaleigh's considerable

bulk, not to mention both their submissive companions. It certainly wouldn't be this truck. As big as it was, there was no way both *Alpha Dommies* would fit comfortably in the cab. As it stood, Asha's latex and leather clad curves pressed out well beyond her seat.

"It's going to be a long drive, then, Mistress?"

"Yes, we got a few more hours to go, so get comfy. Not **too** comfy, though. I'm dying to come! When we stop for gas, you're gonna get your first experience sucking cock in a bathroom stall."

His **first** experience. That didn't guarantee a second one, but knowing Asha, that's what she had in mind. What was it with her and constantly pushing him to do ever more degrading shit? And yet, he would put up with it, because Ethan was enamored with big women.

He'd done so many things he never imagined himself doing since seeing Asha's profile on the internet. Ethan never envisioned himself sucking cock at all, let alone blowing someone in a gas station bathroom. But as soon as he beheld Asha's bulbous curves, saw her wicked smile and heard her commanding voice, all will had fled from his body.

Ethan would do that and more. Who knew what would be expected of him once they got to the party? In retrospect, he shouldn't have been surprised that they were headed to some kind of depraved dick-girl orgy. Asha hadn't confirmed it, but he could feel it in his bones. If the other women were truly like Ashaki, they were all shameless, sex-obsessed power tops. What else could the party be?

"Are there many women like you and Mistress Ada?"

"Not a ton, but we're doing our best to change that. We're always looking to bring more women into the fold."

"That must make recruiting tough" Ethan noted. "The pool of women who share your size and... *features*, is tiny to begin with."

Asha chuckled. "You don't understand. **Any** woman can become like us, if they want it bad enough." She glanced at him again, her devilish smile beaming.

"**What?!?**" he asked in astonishment. "Any woman? How does that work?!?"

Asha's left eyebrow raised above the crest of her aviator sunglasses. When she gazed over at Ethan again, her smile had vanished. "You're getting too nosy. Not to mention **familiar**. This little game of twenty questions is over, slave."

Suddenly remembering his place, Ethan raised his hands in supplication. "Sorry, Mistress. I didn't mean to be rude."

"You'll be punished later" Asha assured him as she set her sights back on the highway. "Now, relax until we hit the first pit stop. Rest those throat muscles, **slut**. You'll need it."

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After hours on the freeway, several rest stops and at least forty five minutes wasted in various bathrooms deepthroating Asha's increasingly pungent length, they took an exit and drove out into a vast sprawl of country. It was a beautiful area dotted with forests, middle class suburbs and the occasional manor with its own considerable fiefdom of private land.

As they approached one such estate, Ashaki grew chatty again.

“Aren't you glad I remembered the mouthwash? Slaves like you should have *cock breath* **after** a party, not before!”

*'Yeah, whose fault is that?'* He wanted to say it out loud, but Ethan knew he was already in the doghouse.

“Yes, Mistress Goliath. Thank you.”

“You're welcome, bitch. Don't forget to thank all the other women you're going to meet today when they're done with you.”

“Yes, Mistress. I'll do my best to make a good impression.”

“See that you do.”

They pulled into an enormous horseshoe driveway that led up to a ritzy, three story mansion. There were many cars parked along both sides of the pavement and a small parking lot that was already full. Balloons and other festive decorations marked the walkway up to the massive porch. A large sign above the entrance read: **'WELCOME DIVAS!'**

*'Divas? Well, I suppose that's not an unfair term to describe Asha and Ada.'*

They drove almost all the way around the massive semi-circle before finding a place to park. After stepping down from Asha's sizable truck, the big woman leashed Ethan and led him to the entrance. It was a beautiful day with a blue sky, light breeze and puffy white clouds sailing through the stratosphere. It seemed a shame to waste such a nice day at an indoor event.

Asha's boot heels clacked on the pavement as they made their way to the entrance. They proceeded up the walkway which was flanked on both sides by beautiful gardens, water fountains and clusters of tied balloons. When they reached the doorway, there was no need to press the ringer. A man of medium height and slim build was waiting to show them in. He wore a latex tuxedo, a glossy black gimp mask and a pair of traditional dress shoes. Except for his feet and the small holes revealing his eyes and mouth, his entire body was concealed in rubber.

“Welcome back, Mistress Goliath” he said with a formal bow.

“Hello, Arnold” she replied with a smile. “It's good to see you again.”

“Likewise! It's always a pleasure to have you in these halls. *Mistress Freya* will be happy to know you've arrived. I'll go let her--”

“ASHAKI!”

A warm voice echoed across the main hall and the trio followed the sound to its source. Down the lavishly decorated hallway strode a woman that could've leapt from the pages of a fantasy novel. True to her Domina namesake, she looked every bit the Goddess. A 6'8 stunner with flowing red hair and a golden circlet around her temple. A long cape draped from her shoulders, continuing the wave of crimson long past her hair. It flowed downward, terminating at her knee-high bronze leather boots.

Her attire was as much a costume as Asha's, but it was not of the skin-tight fetish variety. Mistress Freya preferred expensive ornamental metals, decorative stones and functional leather to the traditional Dominatrix look. She wore a custom gold-plated brasserie with strands of golden beads hanging below it. The beads traced the bottom of her rib cage, framing the view of her bare midriff. Despite her considerable size and thickness, the sultry woman had an hourglass figure.

Her sumptuous skirt completed the image of a warrior priestess. It started with a metal housing of gold around her waist and slipped down into long, distinct planks of leather like the *hoplites* of old once wore. Each plank extended to her knees and ended in more gold; a shiny metal finish that covered the last few inches of every column.

It was an amazing ensemble of opulence and majesty, but the piece that stood out the most was her necklace. It was a brilliant adornment of pure gold that hung just below her neck. The golden wings of an owl pointed up and out to the sides of her neck. In its golden talons was clutched a scroll, hiding secrets that observers could only ponder. The piece pointed down to her metal-clad bosom with a short stretch of exposed flesh between them.

Ethan couldn't take his eyes off the regal enchantress as she approached. The woman ignored him completely, her eyes set on Asha as her smile grew.

“Hey, Francesca” Ashaki spoke as the woman in gleaming metal approached.

“I'm so glad you made it!” Mistress Freya announced as the two fulsome females embraced.

“No problem, girl” Asha spoke into her ear before stepping back. “I'm sorry I didn't make it to the last one. Ada wanted to be here today, but something came up.”

Mistress Freya waved her off. “That's fine. As long as I got one of you. It wouldn't be a true **DIVA** bash otherwise!” Her attention turned to the little man at Asha's side. “And who do we have here?”

“My new plaything” Ashaki answered before slapping Ethan across the back roughly. The chain leash leading to his collar jingled as Ethan stumbled. Her playful smack almost knocked him over. “Introduce yourself properly, slut.”

Ethan bowed to the magnificent woman before speaking. “Greetings, Mistress Freya. I go by David since submitting to my amazing owner, Mistress Goliath.”

“Ah, yes. Not your real name, but that hardly matters, does it? Asha enjoys that *biblical* dynamic.”

“This is my favorite David yet” Asha said with a grin. “Not only is he the perfect size, but he's a good little Jewish boy.”

“Oh my!” Mistress Freya said with a laugh. “I guess the stars really aligned this time!”

“You could say that. He's responded to my training well, so far.”

“Where did you find this one?”

“He wasn't one of my clients, surprisingly. Just a lost little puppy looking for love on the internet.”

“How nice... Oh, speaking of work! There's something I needed to talk to you about. Why don't you get David settled and then come to my office for a drink?”

“Sounds good.”

“Perfect.” Mistress Freya bent down and offered Ethan a mocking little wave. “Goodbye for now, young man. Welcome to our chapter of **DIVA**! That stands for *Divine Amazons* in case you weren't aware. You're about to meet more of our kind and become **intimately** familiar with our customs. I hope you're prepared!”

“Oh, he's ready” Asha responded as the elegant redhead turned and sauntered off. “I've prepared him plenty.”

Mistress Freya's melodic laughter echoed through the hall as she walked. “Yes, I imagine he'll do fine after being broken in by the fearsome Mistress Goliath...”

Asha tugged on Ethan's leash and they followed Mistress Freya briefly. Soon, the resplendent figure of Norse mythology turned in one direction and Asha pulled him in a different one. The sounds of distant chatter grew louder as they walked down another hallway and approached a big set of open double doors. There was a small sign labeled '**BALLROOM**' with an arrow pointing to the entrance. Tied and hovering over the sign was another collection of multi-colored balloons.

As they transitioned from the darkened hallway to a brilliantly lit cavern of white walls with gold trim, it became obvious the noise wasn't just conversation. Ethan was led into a den of pure debauchery where food, drink, kinky games and sexual excess were all present in abundance.

The women are what caught Ethan's attention first and it wasn't just due to his own predilections. It was striking to see a room full of femmes when the shortest one stood at 6'3. The *Divine Amazons* were well named. They came in a wide range of body types and fashion styles, but all of them were tall and most of them could safely be described as *thicc*.

There were just as many men as women, but it came as no surprise that the males predicaments were much less free and jovial as their Femdom counterparts. The guys ranged from shorties like Ethan to one man who looked about as tall as the shortest Amazon. All of them were in various predicaments of brutal bondage and dutiful subservience.

Most of the men were locked in stockades that formed two long rows up and down the length of the ballroom floor. Half of them were being fucked at one or both ends while the rest waited for their next visitor, their mouths and asses leaking with abundant semen. Others were worshiping feet while their Mistress enjoyed a game of cards, serving the various Dommies food and drink or sucking amazon cock

below cloth draped tables.

Moans, laughs, chatter and the sounds of fucking and discipline filled the background as the women had their way with any male they pleased. It was a bacchanalia of sex and sadism for the DIVAs. Most of the men looked happy; like there was nowhere else they'd rather be. It was, at once, absolutely startling that such an event was unfolding before his eyes, but oddly reassuring to Ethan that he wasn't the only one who'd been enduring such treatment for months on end. It was plainly obvious that for each of these collared and shackled men, it was not their first Femdom free-for-all.

“Holy shit...”

“Told ya you'd love it!” Asha chided him as she pulled on Ethan's leash and led him to one of the empty pillories.

They were greeted by a woman wearing what could only be described as a latex *Catwoman* outfit. The thick material stretched around her ample curves in glossy black. The top half of her fair face was concealed below a mask and rubber cat ears. Her fat cock hung out freely from the only opening in her suit. Its considerable length was sheathed in a shiny, rubber dick sleeve. She held a weighty crop in her right hand, tapping the business end into her left palm. Her eyes widened in pleasant surprise when she spotted Ashaki approaching with a slave in tow.

“Asha! Welcome back!”

“Hi, Phoebe. Having fun?”

“Always. Who have you brought us today?”

“My new David. He's all yours while I catch up with Freya.”

“Sweet!” The curvy, six and a half foot DIVA grabbed a clipboard and pen from a nearby table. “He's open at both ends I take it?”

“Of course.”

Ethan winced.

“Any allergies, conditions or restrictions?”

“Just no removing his cage. Though, that'd be difficult without my key.”

Phoebe chuckled as she continued filling out the form. “Any addendum?”

“Yeah, as a matter of fact. He was naughty on the way here, so David could use a good spanking. He should receive one from each DIVA who decides to have a turn.”

“That can certainly be arranged” Phoebe said while writing in the final details. The rubber vixen took the clipboard and hung it on a small sign-post next to the nearest empty stockade. The form displayed all the relevant information.

***Slave:*** David

***Owner:*** Mistress Goliath

***ANAL:*** YES -- ***ORAL:*** YES

***Restrictions:*** None

***Notes:*** BAD BOY! Spank before fucking!

Asha handed the leash to Phoebe and turned back to her increasingly nervous bottom bitch. “I leave you in the capable hands of Mistress Electra. Obey her and all the other DIVAs. I want to hear a glowing report when I get back. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress Goliath” he answered with a resolute nod.

Ethan gazed into her stony gray eyes and found the faintest flickers of warmth behind her sternness. He could tell she trusted Mistress Electra and the other members of her order, otherwise Asha wouldn't be handing over her prized submissive so easily.

“Have a blast, Phobes! Let's hang when I get back.”

“You're on!” the big woman in the full latex bodysuit agreed.

Mistress Goliath stalked off. The knocking of her boot heels against the marble floor was quickly drowned out by the sounds of moaning, chatting, fucking and yelling all around them. Phoebe wasted no time reigning in Ethan's leash and dragging him toward the waiting stocks.

“Alright, let's get you prepped.”

With practiced ease, Mistress Electra opened the top slat of the wood and metal device and pressed Ethan's head and wrists into its holes. In less than a minute she had the contraption closed and the locks applied on both sides of the sturdy enclosure. His torso was perpendicular with the ground; his head and ass sticking straight out on either side. Ethan wondered how long before his arms, legs and neck would tire in the unnatural stress position.

Phoebe circled around the medieval stand, double checking her work. Ethan noticed a sizable bulge in the front of her bodysuit, a protrusion that grew fatter and meaner by the second. He wondered if Mistress Electra had loaned out her own slave to someone else or if she'd come alone, hoping to play with other DIVAs toys? Maybe she was between slaves at the moment?

Did DIVAs typically have only one submissive, or was it common to keep multiple slaves? And what the hell had Asha meant when she said any woman could become a member of DIVA?!? That seemed completely absurd. These were the thoughts that consumed Ethan as he stood, hunched over in bondage. The stern touch of Mistress Electra's crop is what brought him back to reality.

**\*SNAP\***

**\*SNAP SNAP SNAP\***

Four mighty strokes lashed into his buttocks. His latex briefs did very little to lighten the blows.

“**AHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

He heard Phoebe's cruel laugh behind him before the next wave of blows arrived.

**\*SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP\***

Ethan bit his tongue, trying his best to absorb the pain stoically as Phoebe struck him without mercy. His lower body jolted with every strike. The growing pain seeped into his very tendons and bones. Mistress Electra was skilled with her weapon of choice. She was an absolute demon with a crop. Ethan would hate to see what she could do with a formidable whip.

“Oh, a newcomer?” another female voice spoke up behind him.

“Yeah, he belongs to Asha” Phoebe answered. “Needs some **correction** before he chokes on my cock.”

“You go ahead, dear. Enjoy! I'll take over back here.”

“Really? Thanks Linda!”

Phoebe tossed her crop aside and quickly circled around to Ethan's front. By the time she got there, the Catwoman lookalike had her cock freed from her latex suit and was stroking fifteen inches of hard, meaty pipe up and down. Her fat scrotum hung below, swollen with abundant seed. She stepped up to his face, masturbating herself lewdly as she brought the tip of her hot weapon to his mouth.

“Let's see what you can do, slave... **NOW SUCK!!!**”

Mistress Electra gripped the back of his hood and plowed her cock through his soft, yielding lips. Her hips pushed forward hungrily, giving him much to contend with. Phoebe was astonished as she reached the ten inch mark and Ethan hadn't yet stammered, gagged or even coughed. So accustomed was he to Asha's supernatural length and girth that Phoebe was relatively easy for him to handle.

She kept going, more of her thick phallus sinking into his wet, sucking maw. Soon, the slut boy's warm lips were sealed around her pubis and his chin pressed into her bulging sack. Phoebe closed her eyes and let out a moan and dreamy sigh before re-opening them and looking down at her throated captive.

“**Holy fuck!** Asha trained you into a **cock-sucking pro!** Get ready slut, cause I'm gonna fuck your mouth like a virgin on her wedding night!”

“I hope his ass is as good” the deeper voice of an older woman came again from behind him. “But first, he can taste my **paddle!**”

Mistress Electra tightened her grip on his face and began sawing her girthy missile in and out of his packed lips. Pockets of air escaped between moist slurps as Ethan sucked her dutifully. Just as her fleshy grapefruits began audibly slapping into his chin, the bound bitch-boy felt a fresh assault on his

defenseless rear.

**\*WWWWHHHHAAAPPPP\***

The long, thick, metal-studded paddle slammed into both ass cheeks for the first of many blows. Ethan gurgled around sweaty cock layered with the residual taste of latex. Her thrusting womanhood carried the scent of the clingy fetish material it had been trapped in all day. Phoebe's rubber-wrapped hips creaked as they pumped his face. The pleasure-wracked Femdom kitty purred as she enjoyed the early minutes of a long, forceful deepthroat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ashaki lounged comfortably in the oversized leather armchair as she raised the *Aperol Spritz* to her lips and imbibed deeply. The furniture in most places was less than accommodating to a woman of Asha's dimensions, but that wasn't a problem in Freya's study, or anywhere in her home for that matter. The reddish-orange liquid slid over her taste buds and down her throat, soothing and refreshing the DIVA instantly. She finished her first drink before setting the glass beside her resting shades. Asha nodded to the elegant hostess.

“Arnold makes a hell of a cocktail.”

“Doesn't he? I don't know what I'd do without him.”

“Is he done manning the door for the day?”

“Yes. I'm pretty sure you're the last guest to arrive. Fashionably late, as usual.”

“Sorry about that. I had to make a few pit stops. My black beauty doesn't get great mileage.”

“Something tells me that wasn't all you were doing” Freya shot back with a knowing wink. She polished off her own glass before setting it on the desk and leaning back in the tall executive office chair.

“You know how it is.”

“I do, indeed. So, how have you been these last six months? The girls have missed you.”

“Same ole, same ole. Little work, little play. Looking for new adventures when I'm not sating my... baser instincts.”

Freya laughed. “The eternal struggle. Hedonism is a blessing and a curse. That's why we warn all aspiring members before they commit. Having any regrets?”

“Hell no! You kidding?!?”

“I thought not. Good, because on the subject of new adventures, I think we can help each other.”

“Oh?”

“Remember a year ago when I announced the funding of our chapter's first official projects?”

“I seem to recall that, yeah.”

“The groundwork is done. The first few are ready to launch. And I'd like you to be present at each one.”

“Go on” Asha said with a nod and a smile of anticipation.

“The DIVAs all look up to you. After me, you're seen as the greatest pillar of this community. Any man who enjoys your company would kill for a second opportunity.”

“The ones that don't chicken out or run to the proctologist, you mean” Asha interjected while glancing out the window at the gorgeous day.

“Hah! As you say. The point is, your presence would help galvanize our new endeavor and bring in a flock of clients and potential new members. I'll be touring the new facilities myself, but I can only manage a short visit here and there. I'm much too busy for anything longer than a day.”

“So you want me to pay some extended visits?”

“If you don't mind putting your personal business on hold, yes. I'd like you to spend at least a week at each new location. Your travel and accommodations will be covered by DIVA, of course, and you'll receive a cut of the profits each day you're there.”

“And what are these new facilities?”

Freya grinned. She'd been waiting to unveil the fun part. “The first is a leather goods and sex toy shop that serves as a front for a fetish dungeon with much more **intimate** services. The second is a feminization therapy clinic that is **extremely** hands-on. The third is a fetish farm where we'll be training eager pony boys. Perverted men will pay highly for these services and there's no reason we shouldn't make a mint while having fun and spreading our... ways.”

“Well, I must admit, that sounds delightful. I'd love to put my new David through the ringer at each of these esteemed ventures. As long as I can bring him with me, I'm in.”

“Of course! Do as you like, my dear. Just make sure you're giving the clients some attention as well. Once I announce you're on board for this little grand opening tour, many will make appointments just to see the great Mistress Goliath! I wouldn't want them to be disappointed.”

“You don't need to worry about that, Fran. There's plenty of me to go around.”

The gorgeous red-head clasped her hands together and smiled. “Splendid! With that out of the way, would you like to take a tour of my new wine cellar before we head back to the main event? I'll send you home with a few bottles of my finest.”

“Love to” Asha said as she reached over, picked up her aviators and slipped them back on. “I'm in no rush at all. I may be the last to show up, but I'll also be the last to leave.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It was more than an hour later when Asha and Francesca wandered back into the raucous hall of drinking, spanking and loud, sloppy fucking. The pillories were filled with sore, sweaty, cum drenched males who were being used at both ends frequently and with only brief reprieves. The ornate ballroom was filled with the pungent odor of DIVA cum, an aphrodisiac that only drove the women into greater sexual frenzy.

As they approached the bound Ethan, Phoebe was railing his ass at a blistering pace. His fetish briefs had been discarded long ago. Ethan's penis, shriveled in button-dick chastity, jolted as the libidinous Domina pounded him from behind ruthlessly. Her thrusting accelerated until she screamed in joyful climax. The busty latex Queen discharged her third, copious load into his bruised and reddened ass as she wailed in orgasmic bliss.

Ethan's legs wobbled and his wrists pulled on the steadfast stocks as he grunted in fatigue and squealed in burning pain. Once her primary flood of semen was released, Mistress Electra continued battering his ass with her hips, delivering extra doses of brutal ache to his savaged cheeks as her residual ropes of hot glue fired deep in his colon.

As Mistresses Freya and Goliath came into view at the front, Phoebe pulled out of his ass with a wet *schlop*. Paste-like cum dribbled from his blown out pucker as the horny shemale wiped sweat from her face and nodded to her fellow Domes.

"I take it my David passes muster?"

"Yes. I'm enjoying him thoroughly."

"I'm glad. I appreciate you babysitting him. If you want to keep at it, I'm gonna go sample some of the other sluts in the hall."

"Please do! I'll be right here, making sure David is performing to your high standards."

Mistress Freya laughed as a viscous mixture of spit and cum drooled from Ethan's lips.

"**And you, slut!**" Mistress Goliath shouted, pointing at her despoiled property. "You'd better prepare yourself. Where we're going next, you're going to find out what it means to be a **full leather gimp boy** and true **rubber slave!**"

Ethan watched as his Mistress and the leader of their order sauntered off to enjoy the festivities. Within seconds of them disappearing from view, another buxom woman covered in cum-splattered vinyl stepped up. She brought her massive cock to Ethan's lips and rammed her fleshy tool into his sperm dump of a mouth.

Phoebe's crop was brought to bear on his thighs, ass and back yet again. The cruel woman lashed him periodically as she waited for the brief refractory period of a full-fledged DIVA to pass. Little did Ethan know that DIVA's quarterly fuck-fest parties lasted long into the night. The fun was just getting started.

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