

Quickie #9

Futazon Island

Pain. Thirst. Muscles aching all over. Sunburn. Hunger. Headache. The taste of sand.

The unpleasant sensations came in a rush as consciousness returned. Waves lapped at Luis' feet as the familiar sound of the tides filled his ears.

The young sailor rolled over on his side, coughing and hacking. The nasty combination of salt water and mud were heavy in his mouth. He retched and spat until he'd cleared them out as much as possible. Even spitting wasn't easy. He had precious little water in his body left to give. He tried to open his eyes but the sun blinded him. He held up one of his arms weakly, blocking the bright rays until his eyes could adjust.

He was alive. It was a miracle. The fickle sea had cursed him with the world's worst luck and then gifted him good fortune in the span of just a few days. The storm had come so suddenly. Taken the ship completely by surprise. Luis was lucky he had time to put on a life jacket and grab a ring buoy before the ship capsized. He'd clung to the ring for dear life as he was sucked into the howling storm; knowing it was his only hope.

The ring was gone now, but the life jacket remained. He unclipped it from his body and tossed it further up the beach. Luis got on hands and knees and crawled until his lower body was no longer kissed by the ocean currents. He collapsed in dry sand and rested for a spell.

Yes, he was alive, but for how long? Was this island inhabited? Doubtful. Was it big or diverse enough to support human life for any length of time? Luis looked up and down the coast. It stretched on for a great distance in both directions and there was a fair amount of plant life. That was good news, at least. He hadn't landed on some tiny speck of land with two trees.

Even if it had been a tiny island, he would've been grateful. His co-workers had been scattered to the gale-force winds and crashing tidal waves just like him. He doubted any of them had been as lucky. There was a long shot chance that a friendly ship had rescued some of them, but most were either adrift on the ocean, dying slowly or already at the bottom of the sea. Luis had won the lottery to hit land.

In the dark recesses of his mind, he'd feared something like this would happen eventually. He knew well the risks of being at sea. Luis had been working on the ocean most of his life. Orphaned at a young age, he'd worked jobs all over Latin and South America. Fisherman, deckhand, harvester, day laborer; you name it. He'd served on various cruise lines as well, though he didn't care for those jobs. The hours sucked and the pay was pitiful. The guests were often rude and shitty tippers.

Now, in the prime of his life, he was stranded on an island in the middle of nowhere. His will to live was strong, but his body was exhausted. He would get up soon and start exploring; see what he had to work with. He just needed to rest a little longer.

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Luis had been marching inland for a half hour, as best he could estimate by the movement of the sun. That sun beat down on him mercilessly. Thankfully his scalp was protected by thick locks of short, dark hair. The rest of his body was faring less well, turning an even darker shade than normal. He was used to working in the blistering sun, but without a source of fresh water it would soon become a problem.

He'd seen no fresh water yet or any kind of vegetation he felt safe trying to siphon moisture from. He had no tools to speak of. His clothes were roughed up even worse than his skin. The white shirt and dark blue trousers were in tatters around him. He needed to find some food, water and shelter soon or it was going to be a very rough night.

As he continued on, he was pleased to come across a foot path. It was the first sign that human life was here or, at the very least, had been here previously. Luis followed the path without hesitation, hoping it would lead to shelter and friendly company. As he crested a hillside, he saw what looked to be the remnants of an old camp. In the center, a ring of stones designated a fire pit. In the middle of the pit lay a pile of old junk.

Empty cans. Depleted foodstuffs. A broken watch. Random trinkets. Was there anything worth salvaging? He strode forward, eager to inspect the pile of rubbish.

SNAP

His feet were snagged on some kind of cord and he let out a confused yelp as he fell face-first. The crack of splintering wood and the stretching sound of rope and sinew filled his ears. Before his body could hit the ground, a thick web of ropes leapt up from the sand and consumed him. The tight net surrounded him, closing in on both sides. A crude pulley system lifted his cocooned body into the air and suspended him between two large trees.

'FUCK!!! Should've known!'

Luis wrestled with the thick weave of ropes for a few minutes, but it was pointless. They were way too strong to pull apart. He had no knife. The top was cinched closed by his own weight and he couldn't reach it anyway. There was no one around and there was no telling when whoever set the damn thing would be back to check on it.

“HELLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOO?!?” he screamed at the top of his parched lungs. But there was no answer. **“ANYBODY OUT THERE?!?!?”**

The young man sighed.

'Well, I wanted to rest more. Guess I got no choice now...'

* * * * *

“Ow...”

Luis felt a light jab on his ass and his weary eyes opened. Mosquito bite? Was one of the ropes digging into his butt? He was too tired to care. He started to drift back off.

“**OW!!!**”

The jab returned, more insistent this time. It was definitely something sharp. He fought through the mental cobwebs of heavy sleep and twisted himself in the netting. Looking down, he realized he wasn't alone. He couldn't make out many details through the thick net, but he saw an outline of what looked like an absolutely mammoth woman. She'd been poking up at him with a spear.

“Hey! I'm awake! That hurt... jeez!”

“Hands!” she shouted.

Luis forced his fingers through the webbing and wiggled his fingers. “See? I'm unarmed! Believe me, if I had anything, I wouldn't still be up here!”

She studied him for a few moments, then lowered her spear. The woman seemed satisfied.

“Can you get me down? I'd really appreciate... Hey! Where are you going?!?”

The woman tromped off, disappearing behind one of the large trees that was holding up his prison.

Long moments passed and nothing happened. Then, suddenly, the cocoon lurched, bringing him closer to the ground.

“Whoa!”

Seconds later he heard a cord snap and he fell the rest of the way. The netting swung to the ground and dragged him through the dirt.

OOOF

Once he recovered from the impact, he began flailing through the netting. There would be an opening since it was no longer bound at the top. Before he could find it, the woman returned. She pulled the top open further and cast aside one half of the net. Luis looked up at his savior and was stunned.

She was a massive woman and cut like a bodybuilder. Well-muscled arms and shoulders, chiseled abs and impossibly strong thighs. She was naked aside from a loin cloth and some survival gear slung around her body. Her perky breasts hung out proudly. In addition to the powerful physique, she was quite beautiful. Wild, dark brown hair surrounded her head in thick waves. Though stern in their look, her shimmering eyes were the color of almonds.

“Stand!” she ordered, pointing her spear at him once again.

“Yeah, alright...” Luis said, getting up slowly. “Lucky I still can after that.”

He put his arms up in surrender, not wanting to antagonize the hulking woman. In addition to her impressive figure, she had almost a full foot of height on him. He studied her a second time, his eyes zeroing in on the water skin at her side. At least, he hoped it was water.

“Lady, can I please get a drink? I’m dying here...” he said, pointing at her leathery flask.

“Water?”

“Yes, water! I need! Please.”

She loosened it from her gear and handed him the skin. Luis uncapped it immediately and poured it down his throat. It was only half full, which meant there was no doubt he was downing the whole thing. Normally he would've asked first, but in his bone dry state, he didn't feel bad about it. The giant woman smirked at him.

When he'd gulped down every drop, he handed it back to her. “Thanks. I’m Luis. I was shipwrecked. Is this your home?”

“Loo-eeese?” she asked.

“Yes, Luis. That's my name. What's yours?”

The woman tapped herself across the chest proudly with the side of her spear. “Hayko.”

“Nice to meet you, Hayko. Hablo Espanol?”

She looked at him quizzically. It seemed she was a woman of few words, but at least she spoke a little English. Hayko reached into one of her pouches and pulled out a black leather strap.

“Are you the one that set that trap? I'm sorry if I set it off by acci--- H-HEY!!!”

She approached him swiftly and took him in her strong grasp. He pushed back at first, but in his weakened condition, he was in no shape to resist. Even at his most fit, there's no way he could've fended off the huge woman. She wrapped the strap around his neck in short order and buckled it behind him.

“What the?!? What's the deal?” He tugged on the makeshift collar now fixed tightly around his neck.

Hayko picked up her spear and pointed it at him again. “You wear. Safe. No wear. No safe.”

“What...? You're saying if I wear this, I'll be safe?”

She grunted and nodded in affirmation.

“Safe from what?”

Hayko ignored him. The bulky brunette reached into one of her pouches and pulled out a longer leather cord. She tied it around the front of his collar firmly and gave it a tug; making sure it was secure. The giantess leaned down so that her eyes were level with his.

“Be quiet. Follow.”

She started off in the direction Luis had come from, pulling the young man behind her. Luis was jolted into action, walking behind her at a brisk pace. As they marched along, he couldn't help but inspect her strong back, thick curves and buxom bottom. Her ass cheeks jiggled around the single strip of animal hide that dangled from her only garment.

'This certainly has gotten bizarre, but I can't complain about the view.'

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The smell of salt filled Luis' nose again. On their way back to the coast, he'd figured out what Hayko was doing. She was on some kind of patrol, inspecting other traps and checkpoints along the way. It seemed that despite finding him, the Amazon had to finish her appointed rounds.

They reached a rocky area with a nice view of the coastline. Hayko took a deep breath and smiled. She began removing her gear and setting it aside. Her spear soon followed. Was she going for a swim?

She turned, grabbed Luis' leash and tugged him toward the edge of the outcropping. Hayko tore off the tattered remains of his shirt and cast it to the wind. She then took hold of his shoulders and pressed them down firmly.

“Kneel.”

Luis began to grow nervous, but he complied. So far, Hayko hadn't shown any desire to harm him, despite her pushiness. The sun beamed off the Amazon's tanned skin as she leaned back against the rocks. As she got comfortable, Luis noticed something he hadn't until now. A sizable bulge in the front of Hayko's loin cloth.

“What the...”

Hayko took on a haughty look as she reached to the side and unclasped the belt of dangling hide and leather. She tossed the garment aside and her secret was unveiled. Her massive, hazelnut dong and a pendulous set of brown balls were revealed. Her staff hardened and lengthened as Luis stared at it. He was frozen in shock and trepidation.

The giantess reeled in his leash, pulling it hand over hand until his face was scant inches from her rapidly rising cock. She gazed down at him with cold, commanding eyes.

“Suck.”

Luis pulled back instinctively, but his resistance didn't last long.

SMACK

Her open palm rocked his face and Luis reeled from what felt like a slab of granite. His cheek burned

like it'd just been branded. He looked back at the brutish woman, completely overwhelmed. As a sailor, Luis had seen his share of brawls. He'd been punched by large men. Nothing he'd encountered compared to this woman's strength.

The leash and collar wrung his neck as Hayko pulled him back. His mouth came even closer to her hot missile of flesh. With a final yank, her glans was pressed against his closed lips. Milky white pre-cum oozed from the tip, smearing across his mouth. The lusty Futazon grabbed both sides of his head in a fierce grip.

“Suck! **NOW!**”

“Hayko! Wait, I--OORRGGGLLMPPPHHHH!” The last words Luis would say for some time were cut off with a wet slurp.

Hayko pulled his open mouth over her cockhead and speared him on her club of flesh. The thick, musty phallus plunged down his tongue and rammed the back of his throat, plowing through the stop sign of his uvula.

Luis gagged and retched immediately. He was unused to sucking cock of any kind, let alone a massive unit like Hayko's. The giant woman moaned and tightened her grip on his head. She kept pulling him further down her cock until half her fat, fleshy length was crammed into his warm, wet mouth.

The mocha-skinned Goddess dug her fingers into his hair and took a stern hold. She let him slide a few inches back and then pulled fiercely, guiding her schlong back into his stretched lips. Hayko developed a rhythm, guiding his face back and forth on her cock as her glans battered the back of his throat and glorming noises sputtered from his airway.

“**SUCK**, slave!” she reminded him.

Submission entered Luis' eyes and he obeyed, not wanting to anger his fearsome captor. He wagged his tongue along the bottom of her supple, bulging length. He slurped on her shaft, his moist walls closing around her glistening length of fuck meat. Her cock continued to thicken and harden inside his packed mouth. It pressed against his anatomy in every direction and clogged his orifice utterly.

Hayko slid her hands down to his ears and wrapped her fingers around them with an iron grip. She sank her cum cannon into his mouth the furthest yet, his sucking lips sliding ever closer to her washboard abs and churning scrotum. Her mouth hung open and her eyes grew dreamy as pleasure overwhelmed her. Even as she bathed her weapon in warm, wet, sucking bliss, her strong arms never relented.

She'd allow Luis to slide his lips to the tip of her mighty appendage, but dragged his face right back to her pubis every time. Hayko began working his mouth up and down the entirety of her shaft. The wet choking and squelching noises were music to her ears as her slutty new toy worshiped her full erection.

Luis' eyes bulged and his hands flew to her impossibly large thighs. He pressed against them, an involuntary reaction to being throat fucked with massive, sweaty Amazon cock. Hayko enjoyed his feeble protest. As long as she didn't feel his teeth, she would spare him another slap with her gargantuan palm. He could struggle all he wanted while he gagged on her cock.

GLORM SCHLORP SCHLUUURP GUUWAAAKK GLLUURRP GLLLOORPP

The Futazon's climax approached as she demanded more pleasure from his tight throat. Her vice-like hands pushed and pulled Luis' mouth up and down her musty shaft with greater speed. Through hazy, blood-cracked vision, Luis could tell the well-endowed Goddess was getting close. He braced himself for the inevitable as he was face-fucked into oblivion with fat, spit-coated penis.

“GUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHH!!! MMMMMMNNNNNNNNNN!!!”

Hayko hilted in his throat and her hot, gelatinous seed rushed out in a torrent. The first three mighty spurts funneled down Luis' maw, but after that, his cum-packed gullet backed up quickly. Sticky semen erupted from the sides of his mouth and spat from his nose. A mess of white, sloppy gunk blasted all over the base of Hayko's cock and balls as she yelled in ecstasy.

The brunette giant placed one hand on the back of his head and leaned back with the other, moaning endlessly as the rest of her cock-snot hosed into Luis and drizzled out of his bitch-made mouth. Luis concentrated on sucking air through semen clogged nostrils and remaining conscious until Hayko's copious ejections finally ceased.

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The sun was dipping into the horizon as Hayko re-entered her village with Luis in tow behind her. It had been a long trek through the wilderness, but it seemed their journey was finally at an end. As they walked down a long dirt path toward the center of the town, Luis got his first peek of the life that awaited him.

They passed many huts on either side. At each one, he saw similar sights. There were many large women like Hayko. Without fail, they either sported a fat bulge in their tribal attire or their colossal cocks hung out for the world to see. Collared men were doing housework, serving as human furniture for the women, giving them massages or servicing their dripping erections. The sloppy sounds of cock sucking and the smacking and pounding of hips against ass were all around them. They passed countless spectacles of Amazons fucking male slaves.

The closer they got to the village center, the more often Hayko let out a shout in her tribe's strange language. It sounded like a victory chant. Each time her voice pierced the air, more women came to see the prize she'd claimed. The Futazons answered back with whoops and hollers of approval. Jeers and winks at Luis followed recitations of the same victorious rallying cry.

Once in the central square, several tribeswomen came forward to help Hayko. Luis was hastily bent over a wooden altar and his wrists and ankles were tied tightly below it. Excited yells went up from the growing crowd of well hung huntresses as they gathered closer. What remained of Luis' trousers and boxers were ripped off and cast into a fire.

He wasn't even surprised when a fair-skinned, wild looking Amazon brought her meaty cock to his lips and shoved it home. Another woman spit on his pucker several times and massaged his delicate rim in circles. Within seconds, her thick, black cum pipe thrust deep, stretching his ring wide and claiming his anal virginity. The young man grunted and groaned around the fat schlong drilling into his throat. All his muffled yelling did was please the woman at his front and hasten her thrusting hips.

Luis would be the centerpiece of many Futazon spitroasts that night and in the nights to come. As he endured their ceaseless pounding, he had plenty of time to contemplate his predicament. Was this some sort of divine punishment or just happenstance? Would he eventually come to embrace the life of a collared cock slave? Or would he be better off with his crew mates, languishing at the bottom of Davy Jones' locker? Only time would tell.

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