

Quickie #11

Futa Gym Shower Slut

An **Athena Corp Chronicles** Side Story

The afternoon sun was blistering as Andrew dashed down the sidewalk. The bottoms of his sneakers were practically melting on the hot pavement as he made his way to the gym. He carried no workout bag or audio player because he wasn't going for exercise. He was on the way to a job interview and he had to hurry if he was going to make his 1 PM appointment.

It had been an interesting six months that led Andrew here. While home for winter break, his parents announced he wouldn't be returning to college. His mother, in particular, had decided the investment was no longer worth it. His father supported her decision wholeheartedly.

Andrew was told that new opportunities for young men with no degree were opening up in their area. He had no idea what kind of jobs his parents meant, but he took them at their word. Mother allocated him a weekly stipend and encouraged him to stay home. She told him to think of it as a vacation until she found a suitable position for him.

Drew found it a little weird that his mom was doing the job search for him, but a young man who'd just turned twenty didn't need to be told twice to relax and spend more time on the internet. Besides, it seemed like many of his male friends from high school were going through a similar phase. Some of them had disappeared from his radar completely after taking jobs of their own. With his college plans hastily abandoned, there wasn't much else to do but play videogames as he waited in limbo.

The only condition of this new arrangement was taking Athena Corp's wellness supplement, which he did every day without fail. He'd learned in health class that capsule vitamins did little but produce expensive pee. Andrew didn't see what the big deal was, but mother was very insistent and he acquiesced like a good son.

Much had changed since the previous fall when Andrew's mother got *the procedure*. Now she sported a large bulge in the front of her clothes which she made no attempt to hide. Father was apprehensive at first, but after a few weeks on the supplement, the romance in their relationship rekindled. They'd been discreet about sex when Andrew was young, but as he waited for his new opportunity, he could hear them above his room almost every day. His father grunted and groaned between yells of ecstasy while his mother's moans of pleasure and commanding dirty talk were a steady stream of verbal filth.

It was off-putting at first, as any man in his twenties would find it if his parents were having loud, kinky sex in the room just above him, but then, an odd thing happened. After a couple weeks of taking the pill, it didn't bother him anymore. In fact, he found himself irresistibly horny. All the time, really, but especially when mom was pounding dad for hours on end.

His videogames were abandoned as Andrew became a *gooner* for Femdom and Futa porn. Most of his

spring was spent finding creative ways to dispose of his next stream of semen when his latest box of tissues had run out. It wasn't long before a package arrived from Athena Corp that was addressed to Drew. He opened it to find two, long dildos along with an ample supply of lube. One toy featured average girth and gel-like flexibility. The other was much thicker and made of very firm rubber. The gift note read: *Have fun! - Mom & Dad.*

Andrew put them to work training both of his holes during his marathon sessions. He'd never felt the urge to cram cocks into his mouth and ass before, but now it just felt natural; especially when he watched a video of some hung Futanari deep-dicking a male bottom. Months passed swiftly in a haze of pornography, shiny silicone dicks and bountiful cum.

Drew shook his head, realizing he'd been reliving the last half year of his life out of boredom. He cleared his mind as he jogged toward his destination. He pulled out his phone and checked the time. 12:56! If he kicked it into high gear, he might get to the front desk before the top of the hour.

As he closed in on the gym his eyebrows scrunched. He didn't recognize it. It looked like someone had bought it out and completely refurbished the place. Mother hadn't told him about that. She'd just given him the address and time to be there. Still, it wasn't too much of a surprise. Lots of businesses were being retrofitted these days.

'Hot Spurts? That's an interesting name...'

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Andrew gazed into the large, round mirror on the wall as he waited for the head of Human Resources to show up. It seemed he'd hurried for nothing since the woman interviewing him was late. The nameplate on the door read *Gina King*. He ran a hand through his short, black hair, making sure he looked presentable. Just as he turned and began to survey the spacious office a second time, the sound of heels striking the hallway floor alerted him to her presence.

A gorgeous redhead turned the corner and strode into the office. In her high heels she stood a couple inches above Drew. She wore a gray skirt that terminated at her knees and a matching suit jacket that covered her shoulders like a cloak. Her curvy upper body was wrapped in a white, billowy, silk dress shirt that had ruffles flowing up the middle and around her neck. In the center, a generous amount of cleavage was left for hungry eyes to feast on. Her long auburn locks curled around her ears and trailed down both sides of her neck.

She smiled at Andrew as she entered. "Hi there! Sorry I'm late. My lunch meeting went a little long." Gina walked right by him without so much as a wave or handshake.

"No worries" he replied as he turned and followed her to the desk with his gaze. Her protruding breasts would've been enough to keep Andrew entranced, but the bulge in her skirt was the icing on the cake. His newly embedded instincts told him to open his mouth and start stroking himself below. It took every ounce of his will to fight them off.

The leggy redhead removed her jacket and hung it on a nearby coat stand. "Take a seat" she instructed before lowering herself into the high back office chair behind her desk.

Andrew slid onto one of the comfy seats, keenly aware that it had been an order and not a request. It made him giddy for some reason.

She glanced at her schedule before speaking again. "I'm Gina, head of HR for Hot Spurts. Nice to meet you... Andrew?"

"That's me" he confirmed with a nod. "Andrew Peters, but feel free to call me Drew. Nice to meet you, too."

"Ahh, that's right. You're Marla's boy."

"You know my mother?"

"We went to school together many years ago."

"Really? You look way younger than Mom."

Gina giggled and her voice took on an affectionate tone. "Thank you, darling. They say the procedure shaves ten years off your age, and that's just the initial effect. Surely Marla is looking younger these days, too?"

"Yeah, it's definitely had an effect. She's way happier too."

"I bet. You'll find our customers are much the same. Hot Spurts caters specifically to women like your mother and myself. In fact, we've closed membership to anyone else."

"Oh... Is that legal?" Drew blurted out the question without thinking. He immediately felt stupid for asking it but it was a knee-jerk reaction. He couldn't help it. Anti-discrimination policies had been sacrosanct until very recently. Or at least he'd been taught that in a high school civics class. Now the social order was being deliberately rearranged.

"It is now, thanks to the **FREAKS Act**." She shot back with a grin.

"Freaks Act?" he asked with a puzzled expression. Andrew was hardly interested in politics to begin with. Even if he was a die-hard consumer of beltway news, it would've been impossible to keep up with the frenzy of new laws that were being passed each month.

"Futa Rights Enhancement And Kink Standardization. It allows us to create businesses oriented toward Athena-enhanced clientele while overriding any outdated local and state laws that may ban public displays of affection, lewdness or kink. All to foster an environment of female empowerment and sexual liberation. An excellent move, don't you think?" Her smile was a mile wide and the overhead lighting practically shined off her perfect, snow-white teeth.

Six months ago, Andrew would've thought that was totally fucking crazy.

"Yes, that sounds wonderful."

Gina looked genuinely delighted. "Glad to hear it." She shifted her gaze down and shuffled some

papers on the desk before looking back up. “So, you're here about a job. Which position are you applying for?”

“Ummm, about that... Mom didn't tell me-”

“**JUST KIDDING!**” she announced, making Drew jump in his seat. “There's only one position you're qualified for. You're going to be our new **Relief Specialist.**”

“Ok. What does that involve? Giving your clients back rubs? Some other form of massage?”

Gina put a hand on her chin, studying Drew up and down with lustful eyes. “Something like that. You know what? It'd be quicker if I just showed you.”

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“Off with all your clothes! **NOW!** C'mon, don't be shy!” She said while pointing at him.

Andrew began disrobing and setting his things down on the bench. “Yes, Ma'am.” The cool air of the locker room nipped at his skin.

“Miss King” she corrected him. “I'll be right back. When I am, you'd better be nude.”

She rounded the corner and Drew did as he was bade. Pretty soon all his things were in a pile on the bench. His manhood was left out in the cold; sad and shriveled. Soon he began pacing the length of the lockers, crossing his arms over his chest for warmth. After a few trips up and down, he turned and his body temperature rose instantly.

There was Gina, as naked as he was. Her curvy, well-toned body was on full display. Unlike his penis, her long, fat cock was already half-erect. A bead of pre-cum was visible on the end of her rapidly rising length of peach-toned fuck meat.

“Follow me” she commanded and strode by him.

As soon as he caught his stolen breath, Drew turned and proceeded into the shower room. He stared at her magnificent ass the whole way.

'Holy shit... Is this really happening?!?'

Gina walked just past the center of the blue-tiled communal shower room. She turned, revealing an even harder, meaner looking erection and pointed at the floor in front of her.

“Kneel.”

Her voice was as icy as the air, but her words were laced with lust. Her eyes gave her away, just as much as her tone. She was presenting an image of discipline and control, but a savage hunger was driving her. One that obliterated any attempt to stifle, hamper or delay the taking of carnal pleasure and the attainment of sweet release.

Andrew knelt on the cold tile and did what felt natural. She didn't even have to tell him what to do next. He opened his mouth wide as his eyes shimmered with submissive longing. Gina chuckled, seized his head and shoved the tip of her dripping meat missile through his soft, wet lips.

Her gaze shifted from haughty and demanding to utter surprise as inch after inch of her fat length plowed into his mouth with no resistance. She tunneled through his fleshy cheeks, down his sopping tongue and right through the velvety entrance to his throat. Her glans and shaft were immediately bathed in overwhelming pleasure as her eyes closed and she bit her lip.

Drew went to work, sucking and slurping on her bulging pipe of hot flesh. That was what surprised him the most as a real cock barreled into his sucking mouth for the first time. The **heat** of it. It was alive, pulsing, musty and warm. Not cool and slick, like the rubber toy he'd gagged on so many times. His dildos only became warm after they'd been buried in his holes for quite a while. Her weapon was like a supple volcano, already leaking hot, white magma from its angry tip.

Gina's eyes opened and her head tilted back. She stared at the ceiling with glossy eyes as she began working her cum cannon back and forth in his warm, tight mouth and gripping throat.

“**Holy shit!** Someone's been practicing at home! Do you use toys or has Mommy been fucking that cute little mouth of yours?”

“TUUHHHHZZZZ” he murmured around her thrusting organ. Her shaft was growing wider by the second, filling his mouth and throat to the point of bursting. At full mast, Gina's cock was definitely thicker than his oral practice toy, but many hours of deep throating had prepared him to size up with the real thing.

Andrew wagged his tongue along the bottom of her shaft, caressing her sperm channel lovingly. He wanted her hot custard inside of him with a zeal he didn't know was possible. Months of gooning on Futa Femdom porn had primed him, and now that he found himself on his knees before a well hung Goddess, the full effect of his long enforced drug regimen was taking hold. He would do anything to empty her balls in his gurgling tummy. He'd never wanted anything more in his life.

“Fuck...” she groaned as she seized fistfuls of his hair in an iron grip. She shafted him more aggressively, his mouth sputtering around her shaft as she went balls deep. Her dirty talk came passionate and breathless. **“Looks like we found the perfect bitch-boy to be our first Relief Specialist! AHHHHHHH!!! Yes! Just like that!!! You're a little too good at this... I don't think I can last much--”**

Her hips flew back and forth in a frenzy, her throat fucking picking up speed as she rushed to her climax. Andrew got his first taste of being dominated utterly by a fat, thrusting fuck-stick ready to burst with boiling seed. His vision shot back and forth in a blur as she pulled his head onto her shaft and pistoned her semen slinger into his sloppy oral cavity. His nasal passages were clogged with encroaching pre-cum. His stretched-wide lips produced the moist sounds of oral abuse as she skull-fucked him with dire need.

"Mmmmm.... YEEEESSS!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!"

Gina's wail of climax echoed off the shower room walls as Drew's entire world became a tidal wave of hot spunk. She buried herself in his throat and locked his mouth to her shaved pubis. Her balls pressed

against his chin, clenching and un-clenching as thick ropes of stringy paste rippled through her cock and deposited in his helpless maw. He could feel each wad passing along the bottom of her phallus and pressing against his tongue before they ejected from her tip and filled his mouth to overflowing.

Andrew pressed his hands into the flesh of her strong thighs, a gentle plea for air as a quart of thick, hot, buttery nut plugged his cheeks and burrowed into his stomach. His eyes became glassy, blinking in disbelief as he tried his best to guzzle it all. He swallowed again and again, but the scalding cream just kept coming.

After what felt like an eternity, Gina backed up with a contented groan and her cock slurped out of his sucking lips. She stroked her python back and forth and a few more gobs of clingy yogurt fired all over his chest and face. She moaned in pleasure as the final contents of her fleshy sack blasted all over the bitch-made employee. Gina sighed and breathed heavily as her masturbation slowed. A final thick string of nougat glaze hung from her tip.

“Eat it all! Lick up every drop! As long as you work here, you will never waste a speck of our clients special gift. Or mine!”

Andrew ran his fingers all over his chest and face, gathering up as much of the semen as he could. He happily licked his hands clean before ducking his head below her waiting erection. He caught the final strand of hot goo as it slid into his open mouth. Gina reached down and grabbed his chin, inserting her thumb into his lips and working the hot paste around his filthy sewer of a hole.

“Very good, Andrew! In addition to your regular hours in the shower, you will report to me at noon without fail. You'll spend the lunch hour under my desk. Unless we're having a meeting, that is. In that case, you'll be working below a different desk.”

She pulled her thumb free and a light pop emitted from his sucking lips.

Gina uttered a throaty, amused chuckle. “So eager...” She gazed down at him in approval before her expression changed to sudden annoyance. “Oh, dammit! I forgot your collar! You need to wear a collar at all times to identify you as property of the company.”

“Collar? Property?”

Her eyes opened wide, a cold fury entering her pupils. She looked shocked that he would speak out of turn, but then Gina remembered he was still new and her demeanor cooled. “Did I say property? I meant *employee*. Regardless, don't ever interrupt me or any of our clients. You will speak only when prompted or when given permission! Understood?”

“Yes, Miss King.”

“Good boy.” She placed her hands on her hips as a satisfied smile spread across her face. “I'll come check on you in a couple hours. I'll bring your collar then. It goes without saying, you're hired! And you start immediately.”

“Thank you!” Drew responded with an eagerness that surprised even him. She'd just used his mouth and stomach as a cum-dump and he couldn't wait for her to do it again. He looked up at her ample breasts, shining with a thin sheen of perspiration. Some vestige of his old self yearned to suckle on

them, but then his gaze fell to her impressive endowment. Even deflated, it was twice Andrew's erect size. His thirst re-emerged, inexplicably, even as her thick fluids still soiled his tongue.

Gina turned and made her way back to the locker room, speaking over her shoulder as she walked. "You're very welcome, slut. Our first spinning class will be getting out in five minutes or so. Just wait right there and the work will come to you! We're planning to hire more Relief Specialists, but until that happens, you're all we've got. You're going to be **very** busy."

She pivoted and gave him a wink. "Be sure to save some room. I'll be dying for another rut by the time I return."

He watched the tall redhead disappear from view before getting off his aching knees and sitting down on the cool bathroom floor. He was going to be cold again, but if what Gina said was true, there would be women on the way to warm him up in short order.

No sooner did he have the thought than Drew heard a door burst open in the distance and the voices of a dozen or more chattering ladies echoed through the locker and shower room halls. Two minutes passed as he heard them undress and talk among themselves. Shortly thereafter, a pair of women rounded the corner and were pleasantly surprised to see Andrew there waiting.

They were twin, dark-skinned Goddesses. One tall and medium build with long hair and smaller, perky breasts and the other, a curvy BBW with large breasts, an afro and plenty of junk in the trunk. They were covered in sweat and sported long, swollen clubs of dark meat and weighty sets of balls hanging from their well-worked bodies.

"Well, well... What have we here?" the curvy woman asked as she reached below and began stroking herself.

They approached together and the thinner woman followed her lead. "Does *Hot Spurts* finally have a dedicated **Relief Agent**?" She asked, fisting her hardening weapon as they circled him.

"Yes Ma'am! I was just hired. It's my first day!"

"Oh? That's perfect!" the big woman replied as she closed in on his front.

"Yeah, we'll be happy to *show you the ropes*" the other woman announced as she approached him from the back. She grabbed his arm and gave him a tug. "Here, let me help you up."

Andrew followed her lead, beginning to stand, but as soon as he found his footing his back was pushed down and he was bent over. He reached out for the big woman's thighs so he wouldn't topple to the floor. His palms found her pudgy, dark flesh and in the same moment, her steaming hot tip was at his lips. He opened his mouth for her obediently.

The other woman took a tight grasp of his hips and poised her cock at his pucker. They speared into him together, two long, fat lengths of musty, rapidly stiffening cock glided into his well trained holes. They inched toward each other, their glistening breasts jiggling as they spit-roasted Andrew with steamy columns of dark flesh. He muttered around the big woman's schlong as she took hold of his ears and laughed wickedly.

“Mmmhmm... We got a lot of *ropes* for you, hun.”

The horny women wasted no time, fucking his mouth and ass in a steady rhythm. Husky moans began to fill the shower room as they filled him at both ends. Their fat, cum-filled sacks battered his chin and much smaller scrotum in quick succession as they filled him with cock relentlessly.

They hadn't asked his name or given theirs. Did it really matter? No, they knew his purpose and so did he. Besides, if his task was relieving entire classes of these libidinous women, there's no way he'd keep their names straight.

“Damn, this slut is well trained! Looks like Gina picked a winner.”

“No kidding... Goddamn, his throat is like heaven!”

As the sloppy, slick, slapping sounds of dual penetration filled the cool chamber, Drew could hear more female voices approaching. With her vice grip on his head and her fat, fleshy hog plowing his mouth, he couldn't see the others, but it became apparent quickly that more well hung women had come to join the fun. Drew heard them talking in a circle around them, the sounds of slick masturbation joining the cacophony of wet fucking as he became surrounded by horny, aroused Futa.

“We finally got a relief boy, huh?”

“Mmmm, looks like he's skilled too. Look at him go! He's not even gagging!”

“He'll be gagging when I cum down his throat. Count on it.”

“I don't know if I can wait that long. I'm gonna cum on his back!”

“Whatever. I like a turn before **and** after I shower. His mouth is mine when I get back.”

“We should ask Gina for a bondage bench or something, right? That would be much better. These floors can get slick.”

“They're about to get **REALLY** slick!”

The group of sex-crazed Athena converts, fresh off the high of exercise, stroked their meaty cocks as they laughed, chatted and waited for their first turn. The sounds of moist fapping and light moaning followed as the talking died down and each dripping Domina became focused on her own pleasure.

The woman thrusting into his ass grabbed Drew's right arm and wrenched it behind his back. Their musty, black cocks continued expanding in his mouth and ass, packing him to the gills as they pistoned in and out of his abused holes. Andrew moaned around the woman at his front, delighting in every delicious dollop of pre-cum that slid down his thirsty throat.

He sucked like a starving man as the club of flesh in his rear strummed over his prostate like a bow on a violin. His own penis, stiff as a board, shot its load on the floor. The involuntary orgasm surged through his body, his sticky eruption completely out of his control. The women around the rutting trio could wait no longer and began crying out in ecstasy as half a dozen streams of jizzum plastered him from every angle.

The black beauties impaled him with their cocks and held him fast. Loud grunts and moans echoed off the shower walls as he was flooded with rivers of warm pudding at both ends. As they filled his insides like a cream puff, rope after rope of hot glue continued to cake his outer body from a flurry of ejaculations.

Andrew sucked, gulped and shivered in bliss as he was simultaneously filled and bathed in Futa filth. While every part of his body was slathered in Athena jizz, he said a silent thank you to his mother for getting him the best job ever.

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