

Quickie #17

The Warrior, The Witch & The Cum Dump

Enith knocked on the large wooden door and opened it with no pause or further warning. She entered the servant's chamber, raging horny and eager for morning relief. An empty room greeted her. The warrior woman's eyes narrowed in annoyance. She'd already checked the kitchen, the workshops and the other areas of the estate where Martael might have been getting a head start on his morning duties. He was nowhere to be found.

“**SHIT!!!**”

After a quick subsequent search over all three floors of the manor, Enith headed for Silna's study. She found the cocky Sorceress lounging on one of the rooms many sofas. She was wrapped in a silk robe, reading one of her dusty tomes and sipping from a mysterious drink. Enith was furious. The bulky, leather clad lioness marched into the den of books and magic and put her hands on her hips.

“We've lost another one!”

“Another what?”

“**Martael!** He's gone!”

Silna looked up from her reading. She straightened her long, purple hair, brushing loose strands back past her ears. Unlike the red-headed barbarian, she seemed remarkably unconcerned.

“Hmmm, that's unfortunate. Young Marty was just starting to develop some skill with his tongue. Oh well...”

“Oh well??? What are we gonna do?”

“Did he steal anything?”

“Not that I noticed.”

“Then let him go. He's obviously chosen a different path. I had a feeling this would happen when he refused the collar.”

“We should have put it on him anyway” Enith pouted.

“Uh uh” Silna insisted. “I'll have none of that. It took decades to amass my fortune and build this place. I won't risk it all to become a slaver. A harem of helpless men in bondage would be lovely, but it wouldn't last. There would be a bounty on our heads and a party of adventurers beating down my door in no time.”

“Isn't there some potion or spell you could use so this doesn't happen again?”

“That's one of the projects I'm working on. Magic involving desire is complicated. Especially if your goal is to alter someone's proclivities. I've had no breakthroughs, yet.”

“What's the plan, then?”

“We will continue our experiments with willing participants and hope the next one is inclined to endure our appetites.”

“So, should I...?”

“Head into town and find us a new servant? Yes. I assume there's no shortage of stupid young guys around?” Silna looked up again and noticed the massive bulge in the right leg of Enith's leather pants. She offered her muscle-bound bodyguard a smug grin. “You could even get that taken care of as part of the interview.”

Enith liked the sound of that. She smiled back and acknowledged her orders with a respectful bow. “Right away, Mistress Silna.”

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The curvy amazon took a swig of her beer and recoiled at the bitterness. Enith shook her head, sending her short, red waves of hair flailing around her face. *The Towering Sun* tavern was better known for its job opportunities than its ale, but there was little to do but drink while she waited for the right candidate to come along.

She listened to the boring chatter of braggadocios men in the background for another ten minutes. Finally, a young male elf strode into the tavern and walked up to the job board for aspiring mages. The large billboards were divided into many sections. Quests, bounties, apprenticeships, etc. Enith had made a listing for an apprentice mage as soon as she arrived. A grin spread across her face as she watched the newcomer read the listing with obvious interest.

Enith wasted no time, rising from her seat and closing the distance to the petite, handsome elf. He had short, white hair, thin arms, but surprisingly strong legs. He was obviously a member of the hill or mountain tribes that were accustomed to trekking long distances. He wore a simple brown tunic, light green pants, and brown leather boots. A white crystal earring hung from one of his pointed ears; likely the mark of his tribe.

“Hello, young one. Looking to learn some magic?”

The young elf turned to confront the large redhead. She was a giant compared to him; much taller with broad shoulders, bulging biceps and humongous thighs. She was decked out in black leather, from her long arm-gloves to the shiny corset that held up her massive breasts and the thick pants struggling to contain her powerful legs. Even her knee high boots shined with leather luster.

The woman carried a throwing axe, several pocketed long knives and a sword at her side. He could see

a long spear tilted against the table she'd come from; no doubt her primary weapon. The woman had bright red eyes to match her hair. While speaking, it became obvious her teeth were sharper than most humans. He couldn't help but wonder if she was half Orc.

"No offense, but you don't look like a Sorceress" he replied, folding his arms over his chest.

"I'm not" she admitted. "But I work for one. A very powerful Sorceress, at that. I'm Enith Doomspear, master at arms for Mistress Silna Nightshade."

She extended her hand and the small man shook it. Her iron grip crushed his soft digits, but he refused to grimace or wince, not wanting to show weakness.

"Well met. I'm Aden Valhana."

Enith chuckled. She was pleased to see the little man displaying a modicum of durability. "Follow me, Aden. Let's chat."

They walked back to her table and sat opposite each other. Enith took another swig of her bitter drink before entering her sales pitch. "You wish to learn magic and we have need for a servant. You'll gain opportunities to learn from one of the most powerful wizards in the region, but first you must earn your keep and gain our trust through discretion."

Aden nodded. She was surprisingly well spoken for such a savage looking woman. "I have no problem with that. My people are no strangers to hard work. My tribe has become distrustful of magic in recent times and that's why I'm..."

"Not to be rude, kid, but I'm not interested in your life story" she cut him off abruptly. "They'll be plenty of time to get to know each other if you end up filling the job."

The elf smirked. "Fair enough. But I'm no kid."

"How old are you?"

"Eighty. Older than you, I'm guessing?"

"You look like you're in your twenties."

"My people age more gracefully than yours."

Enith smirked.

'We'll see how graceful you look when I'm done with you...'

"So, you left home to pursue your passion?"

"That's right. I'll do whatever it takes to apprentice for the right mage. I'm ready to earn my keep, but I'd like to know what kind of magic Mistress Nightshade has mastered?"

"I'm no mage, but I've learned a few things while in her employ. I've seen her cast spells from every

major school of the arcane. Since I've known her, she's focused on Transmutation and Enchantment. I can tell you from personal experience, her magic has improved my life dramatically.”

“How so?” he asked, his brow scrunched in genuine curiosity.

“Well, these for example” she answered, pointing to her red rimmed glasses. “Before I met Silna, I was just a mercenary who's vision failed at long distances. Now I can see clearly for a mile. I wasn't always this strong either” she said lifting her right arm and flexing her giant bicep. “The Mistress' magic has enhanced me in many ways.”

“Impressive” he said with a nod. If the woman was being truthful, this was an excellent opportunity. “Very well. I wish to enter her employ. What's the next step?”

Enith grinned. “Before I take you to your new home, there's one crucial thing you need to know.”

Aden's left eyebrow rose. He should've known better. There was always a catch. “What's that?”

“The experiments Mistress Silna conducts, and which I often aid in, are... intimate in nature. You would be expected to participate as part of your duties.”

The young man's eyes opened to their widest. “Wait, you mean-”

“You'll be serving us in more ways than one” she said with a wink. “Is that going to be a problem?”

The surprised and suddenly embarrassed elf thought for a few moments before answering. “Not necessarily...”

“What exactly is your experience in that realm?”

His pale, white cheeks quickly darkened to light crimson. “I mean... I've had a few partners, but nothing too serious.”

“Have you ever bottomed?”

“I don't even know what that means.”

Enith laughed. “So innocent! Well then, I guess I'll just have to teach you.” The big woman stood and took up her spear. “Follow me, Aden. Let's find a private spot and find out if you're qualified for this job.”

The well built redhead turned and headed down the hallway to the back of the tavern. Aden rose from the bench and tread after her nervously. He followed the big woman to the stables outside. Soon, their boots were squishing in the muck.

It was quiet aside from the occasional braying of horses within the many rows of wooden stalls. The pair continued walking until Enith found an empty unit and ducked into it. Aden entered the stall and the big woman shut the gate behind him.

“We're going to... **here?!?**”

Enith leaned her spear against the wall. Her other weapons followed as the big women unholstered each and set them down gently. “Degradation is part of the job, Aden. If you're a perfect fit for this position, you'll enjoy it. If not, you'll just have to put up with it.”

As the eager redhead unbuckled her belt, Aden noticed something for the first time. The outline of a long, thick cock was straining against the leather of the woman's pants. Disbelief spread across his face as his heart rate ticked up rapidly.

How could he have missed it before? Had she not been aroused before cornering him in this filthy barn stall? Did human women typically have penises? Was he right about her being part Orc? Or did it have something to do with Mistress Silna's magic? He had so many questions, but Enith looked like she had no interest in entertaining them right now.

It was obvious the powerful hellion in leather was only in the mood for one thing as she pulled her shiny pants halfway down her legs. Out sprang her massive club of flesh; sticky with sweat and gleaming in the light of midday. A heavy pair of balls dangled below it, filled with the promise of abundant ejaculate.

The woman rose back to her full height and placed her hands on her hips proudly. The imposing, uncut phallus jutted out, pointed directly at Aden. It was more than a foot long and quite thick. His mouth hung open as the statuesque warrior drank in his stunned reaction.

“On your knees, Aden. If you want to learn magic, you'll learn to please me **first**.”

Aden shrugged internally. His were a sexually free people. Although it seemed odd to mix business and pleasure so haphazardly, he wasn't about to let a frivolous bit of lust get between him and his goals. He nodded to her before taking a few steps forward and lowering himself to the muddy floor.

As his knees and shins sank into the sludge, he realized the setting would be his least favorite part of this ordeal. Why a barn? And why had the tavern not bothered to put down fresh hay? Were they just too cheap? Humans were a dirty species in more ways than one. Aden was about to learn just how deep that rabbit hole went.

With the scent of warm, wet earth in his nose and his legs sinking into the muddy filth, Aden submitted. Enith grabbed a thick tuft of his white hair and brought her bloated glans to his lips.

“Open” she commanded, and Aden obeyed.

She pressed her tip into his mouth and shoved it as deep as it would go in one smooth thrust. Aden was as overwhelmed by the taste of sweaty cock and musty leather as he was by her sheer size. He choked and coughed around her length, but Enith didn't slow her advance one bit. She stepped in and seized more of his silky hair with her other hand.

“You'll service me and Mistress Silna on command. That will be your top priority. Then your chores. If you serve us well, your education will be forthcoming. But you will be properly educated in sexual submission before you learn any magic!”

The eager vixen worked her fat cock in and out of his lips with gleeful enthusiasm. Aden reached

below and took gentle hold of her calves to steady himself. Soon his vision was zooming in and out of her pelvis as he focused on pleasuring the horny, well-built huntress. He breathed through his nose as his mouth was filled to bursting with hot, hard schlong.

“Sucking cock is a kind of magic as far as I'm concerned. The best kind of magic a submissive can learn! Just pretend this is your first magic lesson...”

Enith moaned as her glans reached the entrance to his throat. Her tip pressed into a soft, fleshy door that wasn't ready to receive her yet. Aden's velvet tongue and warm walls bathed her in exquisite pleasure, sucking the musk from her god-like appendage. The gladiatrix settled into a gentle rhythm, fucking his face with a deliberately slow pace as she trained the new slut boy to accept her girth.

“Mmmmm... I'm starting to think you've done this before. You Elven sluts are famously bisexual, aren't you? Bet you've never had one this big though, hmmm? Oh, don't worry. I know you can't answer right now. Your lips are stretched around my **big, fat dick!**”

Aden's cheeks burned with giddy redness. He'd never had a lover talk to him this way before and it was revealing things about him he wasn't sure he liked. He focused on delivering suction to her thick, thrusting length. The sooner he brought the twisted woman to orgasm, the better.

Enith gazed down at him with haughty amusement. He was unskilled, but doing his best to deliver maximum bliss. He would need a lot of training, but Aden seemed willing to serve and eager to please. She took a tighter hold of his thick hair and pumped his moist, slurping maw with vigor. Aden gagged around her phlegmy length. His eyes, face and throat strained as he sucked the hulking Goddess with growing urgency.

“There we go, **slut boy!** Show Mama how much you want it! This interview ends one of two ways! Your tummy full of hot sperm, or I blow my load all over your face and leave you in the mud! You'd best drink every drop, you **Elven whore!**”

Her demanding words made Aden more excited than he wanted to admit. Her verbal humiliation filled him with pleasant warmth and a desire to focus even more on her pleasure. What was happening? He wasn't sure, but Aden knew he was enjoying it. He moaned on her pummeling phallus and tried to suck it into his throat even as he coughed and wretched anew.

“Oooh, **very good!** But you're not ready to take my whole cock just yet. Don't worry bitch, we'll train that gag reflex out of you before long! For now, just keep sucking... I'm getting close.”

Enith's pace grew more frenzied as she railed his mouth with sloppy, face-fucking thrusts. Half of her massive length dove into his phlegm clogged cavern and exited with silky strokes. Seeing the young man kneeling in the muck and sucking her cock with the stench of horse dung in the air dialed her libido up to eleven. Enith's sizable mammaries tingled as they heaved in her leather bra. Her fat sack swung back and forth, twitching with the growing need for release as she introduced Aden to his new life.

She grabbed his pointy ears and yanked him forward with each insistent thrust of her hips. The musclebound Mistress tilted her head back and let out long, loud moans as warm, sucking nirvana overwhelmed her. Pre-cum ran from her glans freely, adding to the packed, tight wetness of Aden's overstuffed mouth. Enith grunted like an animal as she skull-fucked the obedient slut. Her rutting built

to a sloppy crescendo until her climax arrived like a thunderbolt of ecstasy.

“NNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her heavy breasts shuddered in the shiny corset as her body tensed in orgasm. A river of creamy filth jettisoned into the kneeling cum dump slave. She held his face halfway down her bloated length and grunted in bliss, her scrotum bulging and clenching in rhythm as thick streams of pungent paste flooded his mouth and throat.

Aden swallowed out of necessity, the foul smelling semen quickly backing up and threatening to spurt from his nose and the sides of his mouth. He drank the sticky white custard in wads, inhaling her emissions and holding her mighty thighs for dear life. Enith smiled wickedly and watched him accept her gift, her balls draining in his tightly plugged face.

“Ahhhhhh!!! That's it! Drink it all, you filthy whore!”

A dozen more thick ribbons spurted into her new fuck toy before Enith pulled her cock free from his sucking lips. When her glans exited his mouth with a loud, wet pop, she knew her mission was a success. Enith leaned down, brushed his hair aside and shoved her thumb into his open, submissive mouth. She held his chin and traced his tongue up and down, playfully dominating his cum-clogged sewer with sadistic glee.

“Hmmmm... Well, Aden. I think you might be the right candidate after all.”

* * * * *

“YEESSSSSS!!! **DEEPER!** SUCK ME IN, ADEN!!!”

It was late night in Mistress Silna's dungeon and Aden was flat on his back, as usual. He lay at the end of a bed, his upside-down vision jostling as Enith plowed his yielding mouth. Her fat ball sack drew ever closer to his sucking lips as she held down his arms and crammed more of her bulbous schwanz down his muttering throat. The beastly woman grunted and moaned in feverish pleasure as Silna relaxed nearby, enjoying the show.

This was one of two positions Aden found himself in with astonishing regularity. The other was on his hands and knees while Enith packed his tight Elven ass with her gargantuan cock. It wasn't that Silna didn't like to participate. She often did, either taking Aden by herself or sometimes joining Enith in a spirited double team spit-roast. But the deviant Sorceress enjoyed watching the action even more.

The Mistress of the manor was often in the background, casting spells to manipulate the responses of her living playthings and giving the sex toys in the room a life of their own. Even now, her body crackled with purple energy that matched her hair. The naked enchantress lounged with her legs spread, a fat horse-cock dildo and a second ribbed toy filling her gaping ass.

Her thick, nine inch cock was stiff as a board, a sounding rod plugged into its tip. The cruel looking toy made her sperm channel bulge, causing the woman to coo and groan in depraved lust. All three toys moved in and out of her stretched holes freely, floating on the currents of magical energy and bathing

the Sorceress in endless euphoria.

Enith moaned like a banshee as she fucked Aden's face, burying ever more of her impossibly huge penis in his gurgling mouth and tight throat. He was sure the woman's cock was even bigger than when they'd first met, three weeks ago. Silna was always giving her assistant potions to enhance her physique, stamina and potency. She enjoyed doling out new toys as well. Both Enith and Aden were stuffed with thick butt plugs; hers to enhance her pleasure and his to keep him stretched out for anal play.

Aden knew he was a plaything, but did Enith? Perhaps she knew and didn't care. Whatever ambitions the woman previously had were now cast aside. She was a willing contributor to Silna's sexual experiments. The lustful leather Queen had become a base creature, wishing only to eat, sleep, fuck and dominate.

He could hardly blame her. Aden had fallen into a similar pattern of careless pleasure seeking. It seemed the pair of Dommies had gone through a number of servants before finally stumbling upon a nascent submissive. Enith had shown Aden who he truly was in the barn that day, and since then he'd never looked back. He still hoped to glean some arcane knowledge while serving these hung, lecherous Goddesses, but he wasn't particularly concerned with becoming a mage anymore.

These are the sort of things Aden pondered while taking one of Enith's lengthy throat fuckings. Gagging was no longer an issue. His orifices were now well trained to handle her aggressive advances. All he could do was slurp on Enith's cock and endure the supernatural stamina Silna imbued her with. This often meant a half hour or more of slobbery stimulation before the curvy Demoness exploded like a semen packed geyser.

Aden was getting warm. His blue latex uniform clung to his limbs and torso with clammy slickness. The top of his rubber suit left his upper chest exposed, allowing Silna and Enith to play with his nipples as they pleased. His arms and legs were sheathed in the thick blue rubber; garments he was never allowed to remove.

His glossy underwear had been discarded, leaving his caged and painfully stiff cock to rattle in bondage as Enith assaulted his mouth. A matching blue latex choker was tight around his neck, stretching visibly as her massive schlong burrowed its way deeper into his sucking throat.

Aden watched the woman's fat scrotum swing back and forth before his eyes. Her sack was adorned by strings of golden beads and a heart shaped pendant that dangled and swung with her balls. The libidinous amazon was happy to wear the gift from Silna, an expression of devotion and thanks to the Mistress that bestowed her with endless carnal delights.

“Prepare yourself, Enith” the dark haired woman spoke up. She drew runes in the air and corresponding sigils blazed to life on Enith's pelvis and Aden's stomach. “You've never felt anything quite this strong before.”

“**Yes, Mistress Silna!**” the woman answered in ragged breaths. Her hips pumped wildly as the pace of her face-fucking increased. Sloppy glorming and wet squelching noises flowed from Aden's nose and the corners of his mouth as Enith turned his face into her personal cock sleeve.

The young elf's eyes bulged as he felt her bottom out in his throat. The woman's freakishly strong

hands clamped around his arms like vices. Her entire fearsome length plunged into his sucking maw and slurped out like a frenzied piston. Her balls smacked his face with each deprived impalement, caking his features in a combination of thick pre-cum and his own sticky saliva.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!! OHHH GODS! SOOOO GOOOOD!!! SOOO FUUCCCKKKKIINNGGG GOOOOOODDDDDDD!!!!”

Enith screamed in climax and her body convulsed as a flood of thick jizzum hosed into Aden's sprawled out form. He waited as the pungent streams of sticky paste blasted into his throat and stomach. By now, Aden was accustomed to the hot, filling meals Enith delivered him daily.

After more than a dozen long, stringy spurts, Aden grew concerned. His stomach bulged as Enith's ecstatic moans and voluminous ejections continued. He watched in horror as her testicles grew to twice their normal size, straining the golden beads that were wrapped around their base.

Silna watched the squirming bitch boy with decadent glee. His shackled dicklet strained against its cage and his legs flailed as Enith's river of sperm continued to fill him.

“Relax, slave! My wards will protect you. You're a precious specimen to us, now. There's nothing to worry about!”

The Sorceress let out a string of cruel laughs before re-focusing on her own perverse pleasure. The dildos and sounding rod slurped in and out of her packed holes with frenetic speed. Silna grunted and bit her tongue as waves of ecstasy flowed through her. The combination of sensory overload and watching her playthings be completely overwhelmed sent her to the moon. Her eyes closed in concentrated rapture until Enith's screams brought her back to Earth.

“Mistress! I can't stop cumming! I CAN'T STOP!!! OHHH FUCCCKKKKK!!! IT'S TOO MUCH!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Aden's throat gurgled as a tidal wave of jizzum was forced from his stretched lips. The sticky mass slid down his hanging face in a gelatinous wave. His upside-down nostrils filled with nougat sludge. His eyes and hair were drenched in the torrent of gloppy, bubbling paste.

Even at his upturned chin, the semen welled up and overflowed his neck like a diverted river. It ran down his body, glazing his chest in clingy nut. The torrent of gunk flowed in every direction from his cock-packed lips. Aden's stomach bulged prominently, stretching the blue latex of his uniform until rips formed in the thick material. The latex expanded and stretched audibly as his tummy ballooned with an ever bigger pocket of thick splooge.

Watching her assistant and slave boy consumed by exquisite debauchery, Silna stroked her cock to a world-shattering orgasm. Her head dipped back as her body shuddered in climax. The enchantment continued stuffing her ass and withdrawing the fat toys from her stretched hole as her cock quivered and prepared to jettison a cannon blast of cum. The decadent Sorceress moaned as her body writhed in all-consuming pleasure. As she ejaculated with otherworldly force, the sounding rod shot out of Silna's jutting penis and hit the ceiling before clattering to the floor with a series of metallic clangs.

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