

Quickie #22

Night At The Cocksbury

An Athena Corp Chronicles Side Story

“Nggghhhh!” Billy grunted in relief as he set eight plastic bags of groceries on the kitchen counter. His well toned arms were sore from a long afternoon at the gym, but he'd had just enough strength to carry in all the food in one go.

'Fuck yeah! Groceries only take one trip!'

It was a stubborn, silly custom, but also one of the few masculine rituals Billy could cling to in a world that was rapidly being cleansed of machismo. He removed the cold items from the bags and placed them in the fridge. He liked to think of it as *their* fridge, but it wasn't. Not really. It was Sheryl's fridge. Sheryl's apartment. Sheryl's everything, if he was being honest. Billy was just her live-in boyfriend.

Technically, it had been his choice to live this way, but it wasn't like the world was giving him many options. The university he and Sheryl attended stopped accepting male students after his sophomore year. Shortly after, all existing male students were expelled. At that point, his job prospects became very limited. In time, even entry level and manual labor jobs started to dry up for men.

It felt like a bizarre joke, at first. *'Oh, really? We're not allowed to go to school anymore? To work? What a shame!'* Then the new financial regulations came crashing down. No new bank accounts for men. All existing ones required a female conservator signed on who assumed control of the assets. Otherwise, they could be seized. Suddenly, the rapid, systemic changes to their society weren't so funny anymore.

It was difficult to tell who was making the calls these days. The government? Athena Corp? Was there even a difference between the two anymore? Women everywhere were undergoing *the change* and each time they did, another man ended up on his knees. Billy understood why, now. He'd fallen into the same state. Oddly enough, he'd grown comfortable with it.

Sheryl had found his dating profile not long before Billy was kicked out of school. A young man of medium height and boyish good looks with chin-length brown hair, soft brown eyes and a gymnast's body. He'd listed himself as being open to kinky play and very willing to try new things. Sheryl snatched him up and got him wrapped around her finger in record time.

Billy was overjoyed when she invited him to move in with her. Unlike a lot of guys, he wasn't too proud to accept help from a woman; especially a sexually charged beauty like Sheryl. He'd planned to find work while Sheryl continued pursuing her master's degree. As time went on, no job was forthcoming and it became apparent his status was being cemented. Now, he was dependent on her.

What would happen if Sheryl got tired of him? Would he have to crawl back home? What would that

be like, now that his mother had undergone the change? Speculating on that scenario painted a less than pretty picture. Billy had virtually zero options now, while Sheryl enjoyed lavish benefits. All early adopters of Athena bio-tech were showered with generous incentives, from paid tuition to a full living stipend that lasted for many years post-surgery.

It wasn't fair, at least from his perspective, but the president and CEO of Athena begged to differ. She called it '*righting the wrongs of history*' and '*ushering in a new age of female empowerment and sexual harmony*.' Billy couldn't argue with the second part. There was no doubt women were being empowered and most people were having more sex than they ever imagined. Even if it wasn't the sex they'd envisioned earlier in their lives.

The front door of the house opened and closed, snapping Billy from his musings.

“**T'M HOOOMMMEEEE!**” Sheryl's voice called from the entrance.

“Hey!” Billy answered. “I'm in the kitchen! Just got back from shopping.”

“You put the cold stuff away?”

“Yup” he answered while closing the freezer door. “Just finished!”

“Good. You can do the rest later. Get in here, **slut!** I'm dying for some relief.”

“Dying?” Billy asked with a chuckle as he walked into the living room. “I sucked you off just before you left!”

“Uh huh... It's been six hours. An Athena girl has needs!” she replied with a wink.

He knew that only too well, but didn't let it get in the way of their fun banter. Billy smiled as he studied his gorgeous girlfriend up and down. Sheryl had milky white skin, sparkling blue eyes and lovely hair that tumbled all the way down to the small of her back. She was always dyeing it different colors. This month it was green. Her large rack and powerful thighs were cloaked in gray and dark blue sweats. That meant she'd come directly home from volleyball practice.

Billy slowed to a stop and Sheryl pointed at the floor in front of her. He got on his knees, grinning as she stripped off her sweatshirt and tossed it aside. Her sizable breasts came into focus, restrained only by her form-fitting sports bra. Billy spotted her bulge even before she shimmied out of her sweatpants and kicked them away. The scope of her arousal became much more evident. Sheryl's hefty cock pressed against her silky, black panties, creating a fierce outline as it strained to be free.

She ran her right hand through his hair a few times, soothing her obedient pet as she eyed him haughtily. A devious smile spread across her face.

“Did you finish your chores for the day?”

“Not yet. I kinda slept in...”

“Mmmm, I'm not surprised. I kept you up pretty late last night. You won't be punished for that. But you **will** be punished if you don't get those hands behind your back right now.”

Billy tucked his arms back and clamped his right palm over his left wrist, locking his hands behind him. He knew that Sheryl's punishments, while often pleasurable at first, could end up quite severe. A thorough spanking from Sheryl meant he might not be able to sit comfortably for the next few days.

“Good. Now kiss it” she ordered.

Billy leaned forward and placed his lips on the giant bulge in her satin underwear. The flowery scent of fabric softener mixed with her thick musk and the grime of her workout surged into his nostrils. It overpowered him completely, causing Billy's libido to surge. He felt his own cock jump in his basketball shorts as he planted a long, loving kiss on her warm erection and weighty scrotum.

“Naughty boy! Looks like someone's eager to **suck cock**, as usual. Unwrap it, my little pup! Gently. Then get those paws back behind you where they belong!”

Sheryl placed her hands on her hips as her slave reached up and gently guided the panties down her legs. Her massive schwanz was freed, slapping Billy in the face as he pulled the garment past her strong thighs. Sheryl's underwear fell the rest of the way.

He tucked his arms back behind him, assuming the most submissive position as Sheryl brushed her leaking glans up and down his features. Soon, her hot length covered the right side of his face, casting his left eye into fleshy darkness. Its tip oozed pre-cum into his soft, brown hair as her heavy balls pressed against his mouth and chin.

Her missile grew thicker and meaner as it twitched against his skin. Sheryl felt his hot breath on her most sensitive anatomy. She lifted her fleshy weapon and slapped him on the cheek with it several times. “I didn't shower before coming home. I know how much you **love** sucking a **nice, sweaty cock**. Isn't that right, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I'm a dirty cock whore!”

“I know you are... Let's put those filthy lips to work.”

She dragged her drooling schlong all over his face one more time before pressing her warm glans to his pursed lips. Billy knew better than to open his mouth without being instructed. Mistress enjoyed forcing her way in. Sheryl grabbed him by the hair and pressed forward with powerful hips. Her cockhead burrowed into his soft portal and only then did he open his jaw to allow her further entry.

Sheryl murmured a throaty chuckle, cooing lightly as her fat fuck-stick tunneled into his well trained mouth. She didn't relent until half her fearsome length was buried in his moist cavern. Sheryl pulled out a bit and began plowing back into his sucking cheeks. With each wet insertion and smooth, sucking withdrawal, she burrowed more of her fat cock into her fuck-toy's accommodating hole.

This was how it usually went. Sheryl liked a blowjob as soon as she got home. If the pattern held, she would come in his throat, then rest a few minutes and re-hydrate before bending him over the sofa or taking him to the bedroom and tying him up. She liked to work up an appetite by giving him a good, hard ass pounding. Then she would relax while Billy made dinner.

Her two afternoon climaxes took an hour out of Billy's day like clockwork. His morning and late

evening duties added two more hours of sexual servitude. An hour and a half of sucking cock and an hour and a half of taking it up the ass were part of his daily schedule. Not only did Athena Corp imbue women with cocks that dwarfed the size of ninety nine percent of men, but they had far superior stamina and potency. A staggering amount of stimulation was required to get an Athena woman to orgasm and her emissions could only be described as prodigious.

Billy imagined he'd swallowed more semen in the last year than most Thai, lady-boy prostitutes had in a lifetime's worth of sexual service. Sheryl was always pressing him to take more cock. Lately she'd been bringing friends home to double team him whenever they were free. Billy suspected all Athena women had this overclocked sex drive at their core. Their new physiology and the drugs they took to maintain their sexual enhancements were likely fueling a desire to dominate and fill men with ever more glue-like spunk.

“Hey! Focus on my pleasure, slave! More tongue!” Sheryl insisted while yanking on his hair. **“Look at me when I'm fucking your mouth! I want to see the surrender in those baby browns...”**

Billy put on his best doe-eyed expression, channeling his longing to make her moan into his shimmering orbs. He slurped on her cock more passionately as its tip plowed through his uvula into the back of his throat. He tongued the underside of her cum cannon lovingly, caressing her sperm channel with dire need. He re-doubled his efforts to please her, even as Sheryl entered his throat and he gagged on her length with wet coughs.

He wished it was all an act, but it wasn't. Whether he'd been born to suck cock, Athena semen had altered his biology in some way, or the *male wellness supplement* had changed Billy's urges, he couldn't deny it. He enjoyed servicing Sheryl's girthy pole. He liked being her plaything.

“We're going to the *Cocksbury* tonight” she informed him as she plowed her fat hog down his throat. “I know you're apprehensive about *performing* in front of so many women, but there's no need to be. I've trained you well. Mistress wants to see you whored out at the club. That would make me **very** happy. You want me to be happy, don't you Billy?”

“YEPPPHH MMPPHHRRREEFFFF” he muttered around her pistoning shaft. With his mouth full of spit, pre-cum and slick, rock-hard cock, he could hardly form words.

“Good boy. Now, open up that throat for Mommy! Your pre-dinner snack is almost ready!”

She impaled him with her full length, pulling his squelching lips all the way to her pelvis. Billy's eyes bulged and watered as Sheryl took tight hold of his hair and sawed in and out of his stretched lips powerfully. Milky white liquid ran from Billy's nose and the corners of his mouth as each strong thrust produced another string of gagging and wet squelching. She settled into a fast, pounding rhythm, her balls smacking his chin with abandon.

“Ahhhhhh, yes! More! MOOOORRREEE!!!!”

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SMACK SMACK

Two swats of a heavy paddle blasted off Billy's ass cheeks as he focused on the cock in front of him. He pushed his head back and forth, fellating it with all the enthusiasm he could muster. Mistress cackled and spanked him viciously, thoroughly enjoying the den of debauchery.

The organ grinds and techno beats of Haddaway's *'What Is Love?'* pounded through the walls of the club, audible even in the steamy, cum-slathered room with no windows. The gloryhole den offered little to look at but graffiti painted walls and the numerous large cocks sticking through them.

As if to answer the song's question, the hole Billy attended had *'LOVE'* written in big letters above it. The single word was accompanied by a heart shape and an arrow pointing down to the slimy schlong stuffed in his mouth. Billy's inflamed buttocks were feeling something alright, but it wasn't love.

"Dammit, Billy!" Sheryl admonished him. "You're taking too long! If you don't **get her off** in the next thirty seconds, I swear, I will leave you in this club **all fucking night!**"

Billy's eyes went wide and he pushed himself on the hot, steel-hard wand of flesh in front of him. He sucked, wagged his tongue, slurped his lips and did everything he could to bring the mighty amazon to climax.

"Where the hell is Denise?" Sheryl asked from behind her slobbering slave.

"She should be here any minute" her friend Clarissa answered.

"She better be. I'm tired of waiting!"

A clattering sound marked the drop of her paddle as Sheryl stepped beside her cock-stuffed bitch boy. Her hand trailed up his back as Billy continued to suck and bob away at the 'love' hole. Mistress' naked body entered his peripheral vision as his face rutted back and forth on the fat, quivering club of flesh.

"Ten... nine... eight..." Sheryl began a slow countdown.

'Oh shit! She's serious!'

In a last, desperate gambit, Billy focused on her glans, swirling his tongue around the tip and closing his velvety mouth around her twitching length in a tight, moist grip. With only three seconds left, a loud, guttural female moan emanated from the other side of the filthy wall.

Sheryl grabbed him by the back of the head and pushed him forward, sliding his lips all the way to the base of the hole. Billy's eyes went wide as his mouth was flooded with warm, salty, nut.

"Swallow it! EVERY DROP!" she commanded.

With his cheeks filled to bursting, Billy swallowed for all he was worth. He sat, his torso resting on the sticky, padded fellatio bench as he chugged what felt like a gallon of creamy cum. The deep groans continued from the other side until, finally, the last strands ejected into his mouth. The cock pulled free of his sucking lips and exited the hole as Billy tried not to choke on thick, Athena sperm.

SMACK

“That's a good slut!”

Sheryl's palm cracked off his aching ass cheeks. She grabbed and kneaded his burning flesh, delighting in making him wince as Billy swallowed down the last few wads of sticky cream.

“Hey girls!” Denise announced herself as she entered the gloryhole gallery. “Sorry, I got sidetracked elsewhere.”

“It's okay. You're just in time!” Sheryl answered as she grabbed Billy by the arm. She got him up and shoved him toward the next hole, which already had a fat cock sticking out of it. This hole featured *'HATE'* written above it with a devil horns sigil and another arrow pointing to the monster schlong that barely fit through its circumference.

'Love and Hate? What?!?'

This place didn't make any sense. Then again, very little made sense since Billy had left school. In lieu of anything resembling reason, his new mantra was to do what Mistress said and go with the flow. That meant there would be a lot more semen *flowing* into him, tonight and for the foreseeable future.

Billy lowered himself on the next bench and his head lined up with the drooling cock in front of him. The bench was just tall enough that another participant could fit underneath it, if they wished. He wondered if the submissives got their balls drained on occasion. Perhaps as a reward for good service? That would be a nice change of pace, given that his cock was still hanging out, flaccid and unattended.

“**Start sucking!**” Sheryl ordered, shoving her foot against his bruised ass.

He took a deep breath before pressing his lips to the mean looking glans in front of him. Billy slid his mouth over the fat shaft, resuming what had become his sole purpose since arriving at the Cocksbury. Endless, arduous, thankless fellatio.

“You ready to rock?” Sheryl asked her fellow grad students as she stroked herself to a full, mighty erection.

“Fuck yeah! I've been dying to try this!”

“**Hell yes!** Let's stretch this bitch out!”

Even over the sound of his own suction, Billy could hear the women masturbating in the background. The sounds of three hands gliding across three long, fat cocks was unmistakable.

He felt Sheryl behind him first, her familiar bitch-breaker lowering onto his crack as she hunkered down and hovered over him. Billy could hear someone sliding in below him as the third woman squatted down behind the other two. With sudden alarm, Billy realized that three warm, sticky, cockheads were worming their way close to his pucker in synchronized union. With his mouth packed full of thick dick, he couldn't verbalize a protest.

'Oh shit! Not all at once!'

Sheryl pressed his head forward and his lips sank to the base of the bulging yogurt slinger. As he gagged around it moistly, three fat, hard, slick lengths of fuck-meat began tunneling into his defenseless starfish and stretching it to the breaking point.

“MMMPPPPRRHHHHHHH!!! NNNGGGGGRRRRHHHHHHH!!!”

“**Hahahahaha!**”

“Ahhhhhhhh, **YES!!!** This feels **so fucking good!**”

“Get ready for the ride of your life, **slave!**”

Billy pressed his hands against the gloryhole wall, bracing himself as three hung Athena women took hold of his body and plowed into the depths of his rectum. He grunted in anguish as his anus was stretched farther than any of the massive toys Sheryl made him practice with.

“Here we come, Billy! We're not going to stop until there's no space left in your slutty holes! We're gonna flood your **bitch-ass** with Athena cum!” Sheryl declared in triumph.

The room filled with sighs and pleasurable grunts as all three women began thrusting their hips with abandon and stuffing him with their cocks. They moaned passionately as their hot lengths rubbed against one another, generating even more wet, slick, blissful strumming in addition to the tightness of Billy's brutally packed hole. Their curvy bodies meshed and writhed together as their cocks glided inward, their wails of ecstasy growing with their delirious bliss.

So focused was he on his painfully stretched ass that Billy was taken aback when the cock in his mouth shuddered and fired out thick, hot ropes of clingy custard. The viscous filth backed up rapidly in his plugged anatomy. Rippling loads of sticky semen siphoned down his throat as he glugged away. Billy swallowed thick jizzum and braced himself against the wall as three massive lengths of she-cock assaulted him continuously from behind.

By the time the phallus in front of him was done spitting warm goo into his guts, Billy was nauseous. He didn't know how much more he could fit in his stomach. It already featured a visible bulge against the cum-slick leather padding. Nevertheless, the current cock withdrew and another one slid through the sticky hole just seconds later. This one was even bigger, its tip resting in his sweaty hair as he sucked in fresh oxygen and tried to steady himself.

“**I DIDN'T SAY TO STOP SUCKING!!!**”

Sheryl's fierce grip seized his hair and redirected his mouth over the dripping glans. Billy tasted another pungent length of cock as she pressed his face forward onto the rock-hard member. He pleaded for a reprieve around the plump, hot flesh, but all that did was excite the woman on the other end. She pushed her body more firmly into the wall, sinking her cock deeper into his mouth and throat.

The enthusiastic moans and carnal wails of the three women fucking his ass were growing louder and more animalistic as they stretched him beyond reason. Billy was pounded forward onto the cock in his mouth every time he tried to back up or bob his head. The women rutting in his ass were now providing the movement for him. He was just a sleeve for Athena cocks; a toy to be used for their pleasure and amusement. Billy could do nothing but hang on for dear life as he was deep-dicked by four frenzied

Futazons.

Some twenty minutes later, while working on his third cock at the 'hate' hole, the three women behind him began screaming in bliss and popping off one by one. A stream of hot gunk fired into his ass. Seconds later, the stream became a geyser. Sheryl was the final one to shriek in climax and the geyser grew into a tidal wave of steaming sperm.

Billy felt the torrent of warm muck blasting through his intestines and threatening to enter his already clogged stomach from the other side. Just as the fear in his reddened face became most pronounced, the cock buried in his mouth shuddered and spat its thick load down his throat in long, copious streams.

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