

Quickie #43

The Perfect Hole

A Biblical Proportions Side Story

Ethan was perplexed when Ashaki pulled into the parking lot of *Feminine Wiles*. Mistress Goliath, as Asha was formally known, parked the big black pickup truck and turned to him with a devious smile. They'd visited here not long ago as part of his owner and Mistress' tour of three different *DIVA* facilities. The Divine Amazons, as they called their exclusive order, were all freakishly large and absurdly endowed women with a sky-high sex drive to match.

Based on the various members Ethan had encountered so far, they ranged in temperament from laid back hedonists, like Mistress Goliath, to deranged sadists, like Mistress Cassidy, whose cowgirl clutches he'd just escaped. The DIVAs' endowments weren't limited to enormous asses and gigantic, heaving racks, either. Every member of DIVA sported a thick, girthy length of cock that would put any male porn star to shame.

Since falling into Asha's orbit, Ethan had spent the last half a year of his life being trained as a cock worshipping, ass licking, cumdump fuck toy for Mistress Goliath and any DIVA colleagues she chose to share him with. Nothing surprised him anymore after being kept as a servant and sexual slave in her home for months, then taken to a depraved DIVA orgy, and finally sent on a tour of DIVA's newest facilities. The locations they'd visited were *Guise In Shine*, the sex toy and fetish clothing shop, *Feminine Wiles*, the feminization clinic, and the *Kinky Colt Corral*, a BDSM ranch that specialized in turning men into permanent pony boy slaves.

Ethan's ass was still healing from being brutally branded just before they left the kink-themed farm. He would bear the words '*Property of*' on his left ass cheek and '*DIVA*' on his right ass cheek for the rest of his life. As they'd left the Kinky Colt, Asha mentioned they would take a detour on their way home so she could *modify* him in a different way. Ethan wasn't sure what that meant, but *Feminine Wiles* would've been his last guess for where they'd stop. Asha had made it clear that feminization wasn't one of her kinks.

"Mistress, why are we back here?"

"Because I've changed my mind about something."

Ethan recoiled. Horrific visions of breast implantation, ass enlargement surgery, lip injections and permanent makeup assailed his psyche. He'd seen other guys undergoing the transformation the first time they'd visited this place. Ethan had worn prosthetics to give him womanly curves and was sealed in a latex bimbo suit for a week. That ordeal had been trying enough.

"Mistress, please!" he clasped his hands together fervently, as if in prayer. "I'm your obedient slave, but please, let me remain a man!"

Asha chuckled. “Relax, *David*...”

Ah, yes. **David**. The new name she'd chosen for him. If the hulking, dark-skinned beauty in black leather sitting beside him was Mistress Goliath, he had to be David. It made perfect sense in a totally perverse and utterly insane way. She and her friends called him David so often, it was a wonder Ethan still remembered his real name.

“I'm not going to turn you into a woman. Not permanently and not even temporarily, like last time. Though, if I commanded you to transition, you'd do it. Wouldn't you?”

“Probably” he admitted, the word limping from his mouth with disbelief.

“As amusing as it was to watch you squirm during your stint as a bimbo whore, that's not my thing.”

“Then, what is it you've changed your mind about?”

“That pretty little mouth of yours. It needs an upgrade. Or rather, a downgrade, so it can serve me better.”

Ethan's eyes went wide with fresh fear. During their initial interview at Feminine Wiles, full teeth extraction had been offered as an option for his *enhancement*. Mistress Goliath had initially turned it down, but since then, she'd sampled a number of toothless slaves both here and at the ranch. Several times since, Asha had gone on, at length, about how fucking toothless slave had resulted in some of the most pleasurable throat pies she'd experienced in her life. In the end, it wasn't too much of a shock that she'd reconsidered having Ethan modified in this way.

“You're gonna have them **pull my teeth**?!?”

“Mmmhmmm.”

“But, Mistress, I'm still a young man! How am I going to eat?!? And doesn't having no teeth affect your speech?!?”

“**Eat?** Eat **what?** Your diet has been eighty percent liquid for the last six months! And you'll still be able to eat and talk just fine. You'll have dentures for that, when I allow you to use them.”

A wave of despair rolled over Ethan. His eyes closed and his body leaned back, falling against the seat's head rest. He'd endured a lot for Asha and the privilege of existing in the presence of such a magnificent BBW Goddess, but this was going pretty far, even for him.

“David...” she spoke in her most alluring voice. Asha reached out and took gentle hold of his chin. His eyes opened and she turned his gaze to meet hers. “It's my birthday in three weeks. You want to make Mistress happy on her birthday, don't you?”

Whatever tiny flicker of protest and resistance that had briefly been kindled within him was snuffed out in an instant. His eyes softened as his heart raced.

“Yes, Mistress Goliath.”

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Ethan tried to control his soaring anxiety as the plump, 6'9 brunette strapped him to the dentist chair. First his ankles, then his wrists and torso. Finally, one leather strap was tightened over his neck, pressing into his already snug slave collar. It wasn't enough to cut off his air, but if she'd buckled the restraint one notch deeper, he'd be struggling to breathe. Mistress Asphyxia was well-named, both for her breath-taking size and her stern, indifferent methods.

"Is... Is this really necessary?" Ethan stammered.

"Yes" she answered coldly with no further explanation. She stalked around his bound form, continuing her preparations.

The big woman had long, dark brown hair, deep red lips and the lightest brush of blue eye shadow calling attention to her piercing, slate gray eyes. She wore a typical white medical nurse's uniform, but most of it was covered by a shiny, black leather smock. The fetish apron was so massive, it probably could've been used as a tarp, but its size was needed to wrap around the haughty amazon's wide hips and bulbous curves.

"Where's Mistress Yumi?" he asked nervously, wondering about the Asian Domme who'd dressed him last time he was here.

"She has the day off" Mistress Asphyxia responded curtly as she arranged her operating tools on a tray to the side of the chair. All the imposing metal implements needed for extracting teeth were lined up neatly along with an array of anesthetic needles. There had to be a dozen of them, at least.

Ethan studied the collection of intimidating tools with growing worry. His stomach filled with butterflies. He'd always hated going to the dentist. After this procedure, he likely wouldn't need to ever again. It was cold comfort, relative to the loss of his teeth, but better than nothing.

"Will this be painful?"

"Not really" she answered with a hint of sadness. "Between the lidocaine and the gas, you'll barely feel anything."

"Good! That's good" he remarked, unable to cease his anxious chatter. "Well, you seem to know what you're doing. I'm sure I'm in good hands."

The unamused DIVA looked down at him smugly, as if studying a wounded animal caught in a trap. She selected the first needle from the tray and lifted it into the air. With a gentle push of her thumb, a tiny spray of its serum shot out of the tip, signaling its readiness.

"Alright, no more talk. It's time to begin."

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“**AHHHHHHH!!!! YES!!!!**” Asha wailed in bliss as she pumped her bloated, dark meat missile in and out of a drooling, gagging, bimbo slave's face.

The leather-clad Goddess stood in one of the clinic's private suites, surrounded by half a dozen feminized bitch boys. Lady Elenor had provided generously when Asha requested some toothless sissies to enjoy while she waited for David to recover from his procedure. Normally these sluts would be in class, learning etiquette, fashion, or the many other tasks required of a well-trained sissy slave. Instead they were getting direct, hands-on experience in the art of pleasing a well-hung DIVA.

One blonde sissy bimbo had already been ravaged by Asha's big brown bitch-breaker. His nose dripped with semen and his collagen-stuffed sissy lips dripped with seed as he rested on the floor, recovering from the long face-fucking. Two more sissies waited their turn in the background. As for the other three, they were attending to Mistress Goliath directly.

A dark haired femboy in a slutty french maid outfit had all but disappeared into the crack of Asha's ass. His face was stuffed into the unzipped opening of her leather suit, held in place by a harness that buckled around her body and attached to the back of his collar. He muttered and slobbered within her fleshy depths, his hands tapping against her flanks in pointless plea as she ignored his plight.

The second sissy sat below Asha's powerful haunches, gazing up at the powerful Domme's massive thighs and thicc body. At every opportunity where Mistress Goliath wasn't violently thrusting, the cock-hungry redhead reached up with his mouth and bathed Asha's glistening scrotum with more of his sticky saliva. He sucked and slurped at the DIVA's fleshy cum factories, massaging her increasingly moist nutsack with eager hands. Sweat, spittle, pre and residual cum soaked through the thin satin gloves of his sissy attire. The combination of fluids rained down on his hair, face and dress, making an even greater mess each time Asha plunged her cock to the hilt.

Asha's hands were wrapped around the dark-haired pigtails of her current cock-sleeve, a bimbo slut in a cherry red latex suit. His arms were sealed behind him in thick leather, the arm-binder holding him fast as his toothless, feminized face was fucked mercilessly. Asha pulled his mouth down her fat, straining cum-pipe with growing need. His eyes crossed as he lost all sense of where he was, his reality limited to the foot and a half of thick penis gliding through his puffy lips and slamming down his warm, tight throat.

“**MORE TONGUE, SLUTS!!!**” Mistress Goliath growled. “Especially you, in the back! Get that tongue up my asshole or you can stay there till you **PASS OUT!!!**”

The sissy deep in her plump booty murmured a weak affirmative, his tongue searching through her endless, hot, sweaty flesh for a pucker it could scarcely reach.

The femboy below Asha moaned, the ring of his mouth popping as he continually suckled at her swinging balls and lapped at her steamy, grimy skin greedily.

Asha wrapped her leather-gloved hands even more tightly around the throat-slave's pigtails and jammed her cock home. It sank all the way down in its warm, sucking home as the red-rubber bimbo gurgled and thrashed in his restraints. Mistress Goliath held her cock deep, buried in his quivering maw as her ass was licked and her churning balls were stroked and sucked lovingly. She held on for as long

as possible, but even the exceptional stamina of a DIVA had its limits.

“OH GODDESS!!! YES!!! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!”

Mistress Goliath's scrotum shuddered, her ass clenched around the slave servicing her crack and her leather-wrapped body trembled with uncontrollable ecstasy.

“NNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” Asha's head dipped back, her massive breasts strained against the leather of her bodysuit and she announced her climax in the deep, husky voice of DIVA's mightiest Mistress.

Streams of thick, creamy filth blasted into her human cock-holster one after another. Asha held him fast, keeping his sucking lips pressed to her pubis. He gagged and sputtered around her twitching member as Mistress Goliath's eyelids lowered in a daze and she filled the sissy to bursting.

Only when a pocket of seed protruded from his stomach and thick semen splattered from his nose and lips did Asha release her grip and let the retching slave's face slide off her still pulsing penis. She hefted her might weapon and pivoted to her appointed ball-polisher. She aimed her glans at the dainty, red-headed sissy and blasted hot, sludge-like semen all over his face and the sad excuse for tits he'd begun to form from hormone therapy.

Asha stroked her cock up and down, her leather fingers squelching loudly as she emptied what was left of her voluminous load. She soaked the sissy ball licker from head to toe, filling his red hair with stringy glue and covering his lingerie in smelly nougat strands.

When her cum tanks were temporarily emptied, she pushed the sissy aside. The redhead joined his dark-haired bimbo friend on the floor, panting and writhing in thick DIVA semen as their sissy clits throbbed in steel cages below. Asha put her hands on her hips and took deep breaths as she watched them bath in her filth and lap at the creamy floor with thirsty tongues.

The slut buried in her ass continued to mutter and tap at her thighs, begging for a reprieve. Unsatisfied with his performance, Asha continued to ignore him. She looked to the two untouched sissy slaves on the other side of the room. The latex maid and cat-suited gimp slut watched the ongoing spectacle in wide-eyed awe.

Asha pointed to them both before crooking her fingers, ordering them to come forth.

“NEXT!!!”

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Ethan awoke in a daze, his vision muddled and his senses giddy for the first little while. Over time, things stabilized somewhat, though his senses still swam to some degree. He realized with some surprise that he was no longer in the dentist chair. He'd been moved to a recovery bed of some kind.

“Ah, the patient is awake!” Mistress Asphyxia's voice rose up. It seemed to echo in the background, even though the buxom brunette was relatively close by.

Ethan tried to respond, but found he couldn't. His mouth was still completely numb, plus a tight chin-strap had been applied around his head.

“Ah, ah! No talking or moving your jaw for the next few hours. The surgery was a success, but you need to let the healing begin. Besides, you can't really talk anyway. Not without dentures.”

He next tried to lift his arms, but Ethan was denied in that regard as well. He soon realized his wrists and ankles were strapped down to the bed, just as they had been in the operating chair.

“Easy, there. You need bed rest.”

“Mppghhhmmmm” he whimpered meekly.

“I already informed Mistress Goliath that everything went according to plan and you'll be staying here for the night. She said that was fine. To be honest, I don't think she'd mind leaving you here for the next few days. She seemed plenty busy, enjoying a handful of the clinic's new recruits.”

“Npphhh...” he muttered against the tight chin-strap holding his mouth closed.

“Stop that! You'll just injure yourself and have to stay here longer. Besides, you won't be alone. I'm happy to keep you company.”

Mistress Asphyxia untied her giant leather apron and tossed it on a nearby chair. Only her snow white nursing uniform was left, hugging her tremendous curves. She reached for a remote and turned on the TV opposite the bed. Once she found a movie to watch, she set the remote aside and slipped off her matching white shoes.

The domineering dentist closed in on the bed and reached below, undoing her skirt. She slipped it off and her impressive pipe of DIVA flesh could be seen clearly outlined in the thin, black pantyhose hugging her lower half.

“Sadly, that tongue of yours is useless right now, but there's no reason I can't enjoy the rest of your face.”

Still flustered by whatever gas she'd used, Ethan watched the horny DIVA strip out of the silky leggings. Her long, thick cock sprung free. Mistress Asphyxia seized it and gave it a few strokes as she murmured in pleasure. The bed shifted as she slid her considerable weight beside him and turned herself around. Before he knew what was happening, she lifted one thick thigh over his face and straddled his head.

“Rattle your limbs if you need a breath, hon” she instructed over her shoulder. It was the first time he'd heard her voice utter anything with warmth.

An avalanche of blubbery flesh descended on Ethan and he was powerless to stop it. As his face was ensconced in her warm, pressing darkness, the naughty nurse was careful to distribute her weight evenly. She leaned back and seized her cock, resuming her lewd masturbation with depraved enthusiasm.

The aptly named Mistress Asphyxia ground on his face gently, pressing Ethan's nose and lips deep in her all-consuming crack. She built up a steady rhythm, sliding back and forth as he was enveloped in her sweat and musk. Soon, Ethan's features were stroking her silky pucker as pleasantly as her fist glided up and down her stiffening rod.

“Mmmmm, not bad. I suppose this will do, for now.”

Ethan's body writhed in bondage as his head was held captive in the DIVA's hungry depths. He heard moaning and panting throughout the afternoon, but from under the mountain of ever warmer and wetter flesh, it was hard to tell if it was Mistress Asphyxia moaning or the porn actors on the TV.

After a dozen rattles of his tiring limbs and woefully brief lifts of the DIVA's bulk to give him occasional whiffs of fresh air, Mistress Asphyxia reached her zenith. She screamed above him, grinding his still numb face into the bedding as she fired numerous volleys of DIVA spunk all over his prone, pitiful form.

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“MMMMMMMM!!! YES!!! THAT'S SO GOOD, DAVID!!! **KEEP YOUR NECK STRAIGHT FOR MISTRESS!!!**”

Two days later, Ethan found himself back in a familiar position. He was below his Goddess as she gripped his hair and shoved her fat, steaming schwanz down his throat with dire need. They'd done this many times before, but it had never felt so smooth and effortless for Ethan, nor so exquisite for his bliss-soaked DIVA Domme.

The sounds of sloppy, wet rutting filled Asha's suite as she held Ethan near the foot of the bed and fucked his throat like a cheap toy. There was no longer even the faintest amount of resistance; no chance that a tooth could snag on her mighty column of fuckmeat as she speared it into her bitch-boy's silken gullet. Ethan had nothing but warm, soft gums now. His mouth was a cavern of tight, hot delight with no defense whatsoever.

He sat on the floor, gazing up at his curvy Goddess as she railed his mouth endlessly. Her fat sack slapped into his chin with loud, wet, sticky abandon. For once, there was not a stitch of leather adorning his owner and Mistress. Her full curves shook and flexed as he stared at her powerful midsection, zooming back and forth in his vision as he gurgled and gagged with her every thrust.

Asha looked like she was ready to weep with joy. She wore a giddy smile that her slave couldn't see. Nevertheless, he heard the growing rapture in her long, lustful moans. Ethan had already grown into a near perfect vessel for her cock, but now he'd graduated to the next level. His upper anatomy was a flawless sleeve of nirvana Mistress Goliath could drill into on a moment's notice.

She held his head with an iron grip, pistoning her bloated phallus deep like a plunger trying to unclog a meat toilet. Ethan held her thighs lovingly, if only to steady himself and provide a stable portal to be filled with slimy, saliva drenched cock. Her fucking built to a crescendo as pre-cum leaked from Asha's tip like cake batter. Her fat cum-sack pulsed in between slaps of his chin, bloated with the greatest load she'd ever prepared for her obedient pet.

“YES!!! YES, DAVID!!! YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE PERFECT HOLE!!!”

Mistress Goliath slammed her cock to the hilt as her fingers dug into Ethan's scalp. She nearly blacked out as more filth rushed down her sperm channel than had ever been delivered in a single orgasmic blast. Fat strands of nougat silk erupted from Ethan's mouth as the sound of deep liquid rushing announced his stomach was being filled.

“NNNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! M MMMMMHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Asha's scrotum pulsated against his face as her cock throbbed with pleasure and she filled her slave to the brim. Webs of milky white semen continued sputtering from his packed mouth, decorating Asha's ass, legs and her suck-happy slut below. Ethan drank greedily of his Goddess' seed, knowing now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this was his life's purpose.

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