

Biblical Proportions

Chapter 2 – Unholy Acclimation

Wet, warm, tight darkness. It was an odd way to spend each morning, but Ethan was growing more accustomed to it by the day. He slurped up and down between Asha's massive, fleshy cheeks. Most of her crushing weight was centered on his face; a fact he was oddly thankful for. If her large frame pressed down on his chest, there's no way he'd be able to breathe. Sucking in scant breaths in the depths of her bulbous ass was difficult, but not impossible. Each time she lowered onto his head and cast him into darkness, the clock started ticking. There was usually enough air to last a good seven or eight minutes before he desperately needed fresh oxygen like he did right now.

Ethan reached up around her mighty flanks and tapped his hands insistently. He clapped his palms against her hips lightly. When that failed to stop her aggressive rocking and deep moaning, he slid them down and slapped her impossibly thick thighs. His fingers gripped her flesh more aggressively as his lungs screamed for relief and he grew lightheaded.

Asha slid forward on her haunches and lifted her dark, glistening globes of flesh from his sweaty, spit-coated face. Strands of saliva stretched from his lips to her well-tongued pucker until they broke and their remnants drooled onto Ethan's body. She stood on the bed as Ethan gasped and wheezed, re-filling his lungs with cool, life-giving air. Asha looked over her shoulder with one hand on her hip. With her other, she fisted her veiny, throbbing erection.

“Just a bit longer and breakfast will be ready, little David! Keep tonguing my asshole like a good boy and earn your meal! If I'm not pleased with your efforts, you get extra chores.”

Ethan knew the rules, but he also knew she loved repeating them. Any opportunity to dominate him physically or verbally was taken without exception. It turned her on, and if Ethan was honest, it often excited him as well. His penis, straining against the confines of the tight metal chastity device below, could attest to that. It felt like his body betrayed him every time he got hard while enduring Asha's never-ending debauchery. Was it normal to be attracted to a woman even after she made you her slave? Ethan had conflicted feelings about his new station in life.

Asha squatted down and lowered her ass back on his face. A landslide of globular dark flesh consumed Ethan's head and he was cast back into hot, moist, pressurized blackness. His mocha Goddess repositioned herself until her twitching asshole rubbed up against Ethan's nostrils. She pressed back until his nose sank into her fleshy rosebud, then moved her target down, leaving her supple back door parked directly over Ethan's mouth. He pressed his tongue deep into her soft portal, moaning into her ass as he swirled his wet appendage all around and drove his Domina wild.

“Ahhhhhhh!!! YES!!!! **VERY GOOD**, David!”

Ethan could barely hear her moans of bliss and shouts of encouragement from his prison of flesh-packed darkness. The tight latex hood molded to his head didn't help either. Even now, weeks after falling into her clutches, Asha insisted on calling him *David*. It seemed she wouldn't be happy until he

surrendered everything to her, including his very identity. He'd offered no formal resistance, but in his mind, he was still clinging to his old name. How much longer would that last?

Asha's asshole tightened around his tongue as he speared deep into her luscious bottom over and over. He slurped his way out and began basting the ring of her pucker dutifully. After long, loving licks around her soft, puffy rim, Ethan centered his lips on her increasingly sloppy back passage and sucked away. He tongue fucked her into a haze of delirious pleasure as Asha shook her hips on his face.

“MMMMMMmmmmm! **FUCK YES!!!**”

Her mass of jiggling flesh was lifted off his head abruptly. His mouth was freed with a sucking pop. Ethan's latex-sheathed face was covered in slimy drool. His shiny head, moist with her juices, looked like a well ridden dildo. It was fitting, given that he was little but a sex toy for Asha's constant use.

“**Holy shit!** I almost came! You're getting good at that, slut.”

She turned on the bed, her gargantuan length of dark meat now at full mast. She dropped her weighty cock and reached down to her sprawled out bitch boy.

SMACK SMACK

Her hand swiped across his face twice in quick succession. They were playful slaps; nowhere near as strong as Asha was capable of. That meant she was in a good mood.

“On your knees, **bitch!** It's feeding time.”

Ethan picked himself up and did as he was told. With Asha's weight creating a depression in the center of the bed, it wasn't easy to right himself and take the proper position, but he managed. The chain connecting Ethan's collar to the bed frame rattled as he knelt before her. Asha was so tall that even now, his face wasn't level with her massive cock. It jutted out well above his eye level. Ethan found himself staring at her enormous, dangling scrotum.

It was a massive, drooping sack of brown skin containing two fat, fleshy watermelons. From his current position, it looked about as big as Ethan's head. Up close, it was even more fearsome; a fact he knew well since she usually fucked his mouth while he was on his back. That was, after all, the only way he could possibly take her entire length of dark meat. At least, that was the case for now.

Asha was dead set on changing that. She'd been training him to deepthroat her in the kneeling position. Not just every morning, but often throughout the day. His Domina had made it clear whether it took months or even a year, Ethan would eventually swallow her entire cock to the hilt while on his knees.

Her large breasts dripped sweat on him as she lowered herself and lined the dark chocolate tip of her cock up with his mouth. Her glans was the same color as her areolas; a shade darker than the rest of her skin. Even with her legs bent, it was no trouble for his hulking Mistress to hold the position for as long as she wished. Her mighty thighs and thick calves could fuck for hours. Her physique was equally impressive as her godly club of cock meat.

Was it eighteen inches? Twenty? It seemed to depend on how aroused she was. Ultimately, Ethan could only eyeball it. It's not like he'd ever gotten the chance to measure her colossal cock. He could only

estimate its menacing length as it plowed through his mouth and throat or stretched his anal walls wide.

Asha stroked her rock hard python up and down. Globes of pre-cum oozed from the tip as she brought it to his lips. Ethan obediently licked the slit of her glans from bottom to top, sucking her thick nectar into his lips before wrapping his mouth around the hot, spongy head. He swirled his tongue around the first few inches of her monster as she pressed it into his maw. With her free hand, she reached back and grabbed the back of his head. With the strength of a giant, she pulled his mouth onto her cock while spearing deep into his gullet with her hips.

HHHHRRRRKKKK

“MMMMMMmmmmmm...”

Ethan's mouth and the top of his throat were instantly filled with bulging, hot schlong. She'd shoved in eight or nine inches, yet all he could see before him was a highway of glistening brown cum pipe ahead. She hadn't yet bathed that day and her smell and taste were overwhelming. How many times had she nudded in Ethan's ass before bed last night? He could still taste the remnants of dried cum along her pulsing length.

This was the routine every morning. Asha liked a long, sloppy blowjob before her shower. Sometimes she'd give him a good ass fucking too, but only if she was especially horny. Regardless, she fed him breakfast directly from the tap each day without fail. It was a game to her, to see how long she could fuck his face before she came. How long she could torture his stretched lips, aching jaw and bulging throat before unloading a river of steaming filth in his gullet.

As Ethan began sucking and wagging his tongue all around, he looked up at Asha with innocent eyes. She stared back down with haughty, piercing slats of steely gray, surrounded by luscious dark eyelashes. She pulled his face another inch onto her twitching tower of cock. Ethan gagged on her schwanz, his eyes beginning to water as his neck muscles strained against her fearsome grip.

“Go ahead. Put your hands on my legs” she purred. “**Resist**. I love it.”

Asha was talkative and playful today. Often she went about her business, fucking his holes when she pleased without so much as a word. Other times she enjoyed toying with him. Her temperament was fickle, unlike her unceasing sex drive.

Ethan placed his hands on her thighs and pushed with all his might. She didn't budge an inch. Asha held his head steady with just one hand. He choked on her cock, its tip leaking pre-cum down his throat as he gurgled around her girth. Finally, Asha relented and let her cock slip out of his lips a few inches.

She then took a firm stance and grabbed his head with both hands. She dug her fingers into the thick latex of his hood and thrust forward. Despite his hands pushing on her well-muscled thighs, her cock drilled into his throat deeper than before. Ethan sputtered around her pungent length as it pummeled past his uvula and sank into his warm, wet depths.

“Is that the best you can do? You pathetic little shit! **PUSH HARDER!** Act like someone who doesn't enjoy smoking a foot and a half of musty dick!”

Ethan resisted with all his strength, but it didn't slow her advance one bit. She entered a steady mouth-

fucking rhythm, her hips gliding back and forth as her fat cock stretched his lips wide and turned his face into her personal pocket pussy yet again. She stabbed his face with her meat missile, guiding his mouth back and forth on her phlegm soaked rod with a tight grip on his bondage hood.

“Bitch made faggot! You like sucking cock and taking it up the ass, don't you?!? Yeah, open wide for Mistress you cum dump whore! Here comes your biggest breakfast yet!”

Ethan's face zoomed back and forth from Asha's pelvis as her fucking became fast and aggressive. Her cock slurped loudly in and out of his packed maw. Ethan's bleary eyes fluttered. Her relentless and increasingly sloppy shafting was straining him to the breaking point. His nostrils, barely able to inhale air between her forceful thrusts were now backing up with syrupy spit and viscous pre-cum.

GWWWK GUUUKKK GWWEKKK GAAAKKKK

Her frantic rutting into his warm, sludgy mouth went on for several minutes. Asha moaned in unfathomable bliss, trying her hardest to stave off her climax so she could bathe in the delicious pleasure of throat fucking a little longer. At some point, Ethan stopped pushing against her statuesque legs, realizing that part of the performance was over. His Mistress didn't care about that anymore. She was lost in carnal delight.

“Here... Here it comes you little bitch!!! NNNNGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Asha thrust herself deep one last time as she grunted in release. A canon blast of heavy cum shot from her tip and overflowed Ethan's mouth and throat in seconds. Wads of thick spunk siphoned down into his stomach as trickles of sticky nut seeped from the sides of his mouth and dribbled from his nose. He sputtered and choked in semen clogged desperation, his throat producing moist gagging and glomring sounds around her cock.

Ashaki held his head in a death grip, her powerful body shuddering in orgasm. Her scrotum danced below, discharging its massive load down her sperm channel and siphoning it into her kneeling slave.

After guzzling a torrent of creamy filth, she pulled her flesh hose from his sucking mouth and cooed in satisfaction. Asha wiped her oozing tip across his forehead and all over his cheeks as the last few strands of her nectar spat on Ethan's face. Soon, the latex of his hood was glazed in stringy cum.

Asha released her spent weapon, the heavy dong drooping as it slowly deflated. She placed her hands on her hips and looked down at her human cock sleeve with a thin smile.

“Good job, slut. You can rest until I'm done in the bathroom.”

Without another word, she turned and stepped off the bed. Heavy footfalls marked her passage as she marched to the bathroom for a hot shower.

Ethan swabbed up the excess cum in his mouth and swallowed one more time. He cleared his throat and spoke just before the bathroom door closed.

“Thank you, Mistress Goliath!”

He hoped Mistress had heard him. Failure to thank her properly after receiving her potent seed meant

guaranteed punishment later.

* * * * *

tap tap tap

“Hey, Ajax. How you doing buddy?”

Ethan watched his pet turtle scuttle across the rock island in the middle of the tank and slip back into the warm water. He opened the top of the tank and sprinkled a handful of food pellets into the habitat. The young turtle snapped away, chomping on them hungrily. At his age, Ajax only needed to be fed once every couple days. Once he was a full adult, it would be once every three days. Turtles often went days without eating in the wild, so it was important not to overfeed them.

Ethan sighed. He was, essentially, a sex slave and domestic servant now. Yet, the fact that Asha had taken him to check on his pet was proof she wasn't without mercy or compassion. She had a monster between her legs, but she wasn't a monster. Some people might see her as one, but Ethan didn't. All he saw was a big woman with a penchant for domination and an insanely high libido.

Watching Asha lift the twenty gallon tank and carry it on her right shoulder like it was no big deal had sent Ethan's heart aflutter. He'd become that much more smitten with her. Even after her big *surprise* and making him a prisoner in her home.

Ashaki had taken him to collect his car and then followed him to help collect his pet and put his affairs in order. If he'd wanted to make a break for it, to escape her captivity, that was his golden opportunity, but he hadn't taken it. It wasn't out of fear of what she might do in reprisal. For some reason that he couldn't quite explain to himself, he just hadn't.

Instead, he called his workplace and left a message, saying he'd be taking all of his paid time off. That he wasn't sure when he'd be back. He made some lame excuse about needing to find himself that probably sounded like a typical mid-life crisis. By now, they'd probably realized he wasn't coming back at all.

Why was he doing this? Was Ethan that needy for the love of a big woman that he was ready to throw everything else away? To discard the life he'd built for himself just to be in her presence? Was he that lonely and desperate for affection that he was prepared to be utterly subjugated and serve her every whim? It was increasingly looking like that was the case.

Having sex with a woman like Asha was the stuff of his dreams. Sure, Ethan never imagined her having a massive cock or being a strict and aggressive dominatrix, but oddly, he still felt like he'd won the lottery. Assuming he could even go back to his own life, how many more years would he fritter away looking for his Hippolyta? No, Hippolyta had found him, and he would be a fool to turn away from such fated fortune. This conclusion was the lodestar of all Ethan's decisions now. The few he got to make, that is.

He rose and left Ajax to his feeding, realizing he needed to get back to his chores. There was vacuuming, dusting and laundry to do. There was always something else to do in Asha's big house. It

made him wonder what she'd done before acquiring him. Had she hired maids? Did she have another domestic slave before him? One or the other was likely. Asha didn't seem like the type who enjoyed doing housework.

Just as he was about to pick the vacuum back up, Ethan caught himself in the hallway mirror. He stopped and examined his shiny garments, inspecting them for any dirt or flaws. The latex bits he wore on each extremity could hardly be called an outfit. Aside from those shiny adornments, he was nude.

The red latex briefs around his waist had an open pocket at the front where his caged dick hung out. His hands and forearms were sealed in long latex gloves. His lower legs shined in the glossy material up to the knees. His head was almost completely covered in thick rubber, except where his hood opened for his eyes, nose and mouth. All the other garments matched the color of his briefs and the red, studded collar around his neck.

Asha had purchased the same latex slave set for him in a number of different colors. Blue, green, purple and several sets of black. Each set had a matching collar and buttplug. The red buttplug was currently snug up his ass, making every step arduous and keeping him nice and stretched out for his well hung Goddess. This was his uniform and he was expected to wear it at all times unless otherwise instructed by Asha.

Ethan studied his short, thin body in the odd fetish costume. The truth was, he didn't look half bad! He felt a little silly wearing it, but at the same time, he could almost pass for a Luchador. If only he were a little bigger and stronger, he'd look right at home in the wrestling rings of Mexico.

There had to be a reason Asha chose him. A woman her size could turn virtually any man into her bitch. It seemed she liked small men as much as Ethan liked big women. He would use that to his advantage. Ethan would serve her faithfully, give her the pleasure and companionship she desired and, eventually, perhaps she would see him as more than just a human sex toy and rubberized butler.

Ethan smiled and gave himself a thumbs up in the mirror. He was going to make the most of this odd twist of fate and woo the mighty woman of his dreams.

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He'd just attached the bedspread to the giant, Alberta King mattress when he heard footsteps behind him. The heavy footfalls of his owner and Mistress were unmistakable. Ethan rushed to finish the task before she gave him another assignment. The bedding always needed changing after a night with her, so this had become a daily ritual. He spread the sheets out on the massive, eight by eight foot bed as Asha slowed to a stop just behind him.

PPFFFFFFF

She shoved him from behind, pushing him down onto the half-made bed while in the middle of his work. Asha slid up behind him and grabbed his small frame, lowering her considerable weight onto his back. Once Ethan yielded to her, she began pushing his body up the bed so she had more room to mount him comfortably. He could feel her naked body all over him, her heavy breasts pressing into his back and her thick cock settling on his crack.

“Guess who's horny again? It's time for your first deep fucking of the day, **bitch!**”

She reached down and yanked on Ethan's briefs. While pulling them down, the stretchy latex caught on his chastity device. It tugged on his caged cock, causing him to yelp in pain. Asha tore at it even harder, not satisfied until the shiny briefs were pulled down around his thighs and his butt-plugged ass was plainly visible.

“You should thank me for stuffing your ass with these cute little toys. This would hurt way more without stretching you out all day.”

Ethan grimaced and stifled a yell as she seized the plug and pulled it from his packed ass. The heat and pressure of the toy were replaced by the sudden rush of cool air. His asshole remained semi-gaped, slowly winking shut as his muscles were free to contract for the first time all day. Ethan knew what she wanted to hear and answered her obediently.

“Thank you, Mistress Asha, for plugging my slutty ass!”

Asha inspected the toy, ensuring her slave was clean enough for a thorough fucking. Happily, there was no excrement to be seen. Nothing but the usual sweat and clear slime that was the natural product of having one's ass stuffed for hours on end. Now that Ethan was on a mostly liquid diet, he didn't need enemas as often. His cleanliness was rarely an issue anymore.

She watched as her bitch boy quivered on the bed, his ass shivering from the sudden cold air and the hollow feeling of not being filled.

“Awww, I know David. It feels so empty now. Don't worry, **slut!** Mistress is here to fix that.”

Asha gave her already turgid length a few strokes. She brought the hot tip of her weighty cock to his soft pucker and Ethan cooed in surrender. His Mistress wasted no time feeding the first few inches into his fleshy ring. Asha repositioned her hips at the proper angle and thrust her steaming rod of flesh home. A freight train of cock speared through Ethan's sensitive walls and lurched deep into his hot, squishy insides.

Ashaki sighed as she went balls deep and immediately began sawing her hips back and forth. She took hold of Ethan's wrists and held them down. Her hefty fun-bags pressed on the back of his head as her thighs locked themselves to his sides. Asha's hips ground up and down, sliding her massive cum cannon in and out of his stretched wide boy pussy with long, deep strokes.

“**AhhhhhHHHHH!!! F-F-FUCCCKK!!!**” Ethan yelled into the now rumpled bedding.

“MMMMMMmmmmmmmm...”

Asha's rhythm picked up quickly. Her hips pistoned up and down, drilling deep and hard into his soft, warm anatomy. His pucker burned with red hot ache as she fucked him efficiently, building up a head of steam without delay. Mistress Goliath wasn't in the mood to play around.

There were times Asha drew out the action and put the emphasis on teasing and toying with him. Other times, Mistress just wanted to nut. She held him down fiercely, her hands around his forearms as she

fucked him harder and faster. There was nothing sensual about this. There was no love being made. It was nothing but primal, lust-driven, animal rutting, driving ever more insistently towards her climax. Asha's pleasure built more intensely by the second. Her face transitioned from dominant scorn to pleasure-wracked giddiness the longer she pumped him with her pulsing erection.

“Little fucking **cock sleeve!** That's all you're good for, David!!! **TAKING. MY. UUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!**”

Asha's body went slack and her muscled frame pressed Ethan into the bed as she hilted in his ass and flooded him with filth. His face was forced into the mattress by her heaving chest and the crushing weight of her enormous milkers. His metal-wrapped cock was mashed into the bed as she humped his ass with each sticky, voluminous injection.

After a guttural moan of bliss that went on for a dozen or so long spurts of stringy cum, Asha lifted herself and pulled out of his semen clogged sphincter. She backed off her utterly dominated anal whore and admired how well she'd destroyed his sloppy, gaping anus. Asha seized her still dribbling schlong and masturbated, causing several more ropes of clingy jizzum to hose all over Ethan's back and soil the bedding around him. She continued until her fat scrotum was empty and her balls clenched in release no more.

She dropped her cock and put her hands on her hips, murmuring pleurably as she studied the sticky mess she'd made. Before any more sperm could leak from her slave's dribbling man cunt, she grabbed the buttplug and shoved it back up his ass.

SMACK SMACK

Asha celebrated his cum packed state with a loud swat to each glazed cheek.

“Change the bedding **again**, slut! Then get back to your other chores.”

His Goddess turned and stalked off without another word, leaving Ethan an exhausted mess. He could still feel her hot spunk seeping deeper into his guts as he weakly pushed his arms through the cum drenched sheets.

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The next day got off to an interesting start. Breaking with newly formed tradition, Ethan was **not** asked to don his usual uniform. At least, not in full. A pile of his old, regular clothes was waiting for him along with a black leather gimp hood. It was one of the few sets of normal attire he'd been allowed to bring with him. Asha kept those clothes locked away for special occasions. Apparently, going shopping together was one of those instances.

It made sense, since having only a third of your body covered in latex wasn't really appropriate while out in public. Still, it became apparent quickly that Asha didn't care what most people considered *appropriate*. She was just doing the bare minimum so they wouldn't be arrested for indecency or being a public nuisance.

After a short drive into town, Asha pulled her large pickup truck into the parking lot of a grocery store. As Ethan stepped down from the tall vehicle, he looked like a normal member of society from the chest down. Above that, his black gimp hood and the spiked metal studs of his collar gleamed in the light of midday.

Mistress joined him, her powerful curves wrapped in a sumptuous black leather body suit. An officer's cap sat atop her head and thigh high boots completed the image. All she was missing was a crop or whip and the Dominatrix profile would've been complete. It seemed this was her version of *modesty*.

Asha secured a long leather leash to the O-ring on Ethan's collar, shouldered her big leather bag and walked off without a word. Ethan followed just a few steps behind her. He knew full well his neck would get wrung if he didn't keep up.

The seven foot leather Domme's boot heels struck the pavement loudly as she strode confidently through the parking lot. As they made their way into *Fast & Fresh Foods*, people were already starting to take notice of them. There were whispers, snickers and people pulling out their phones all around. Various patrons stopped in the middle of loading their cars with groceries to which the bizarre pair walk by.

Once inside, Asha selected a cart and tied Ethan's leash to the handle bar. She wheeled it down the aisles, acting like it was the most natural thing in the world to be pulling a collared slave with her as she did her shopping. Ethan was glad for the hood covering his face, if only so people didn't see the intense red of embarrassment in his cheeks. He kept close to the cart, hoping that the drooping slack in the leash would prevent more people from noticing it.

They went up and down the aisles together, encountering wide eyed patrons as Asha gathered everything she wanted. Protein powder, protein shakes, protein bars. Giant containers of almonds and cashews. Fruit, unflavored yogurt, cottage cheese, low fat milk. Quinoa, rice cakes, oatmeal, potatoes, corn and a shit ton of leafy greens. Occasionally, she'd grab a sweet or salty snack, identifying her guilty pleasures.

When they got to the meat section, that's when she really loaded up. Dozens of pre-cut packages of sirloin steak, ground beef, pork tenderloin, venison, chicken breast and several different types of fish. It was everything a hulking woman like Asha needed to keep her muscles bulging. As the cart filled, Ethan got a clear picture of the next few dozen meals he'd be expected to prepare. He was no chef, but his cooking skills were slowly improving under Asha's strict guidance.

When the cart was almost filled to the brim, she turned to him and put a hand on her hip. She looked down at him with her usual air of superiority, but the thin smile on her lips promised some measure of magnanimity. "You may choose one item. Anything you want."

Ethan's eyes lit up. Since becoming her slave, he'd mostly been fed a steady diet of semen between the healthy dinners he fixed for them both. Asha allowed him a treat sometimes when he performed his duties well. The prospect of suddenly getting whatever he wanted was overwhelming after weeks of meat, vegetables and thick, pungent jizzum.

"I'd kill for some ice cream, Mistress" he said with a smile.

Asha chuckled. "No need to kill anybody. C'mon, let's head back to the freezer aisle."

Ethan picked out a gallon of his favorite flavor and they headed for the checkout. Thankfully, it wasn't too busy this time of day. It wasn't long before Ethan was loading their purchases onto the conveyor belt while Asha inspected herself in a compact mirror. Everyone around them was staring at the gargantuan woman and her collared cart-bound submissive.

Out of the corner of his eye, Ethan noticed a grocery manager keeping tabs on them. The man looked nervous as he stood guard in the background with his arms folded over his chest. Aside from the occasional glance from side to side, his eyes remained locked on Asha and Ethan. He looked like he wanted to come over and ask them to leave, but seeing that they were already on the way out, he'd decided against it. Asha's massive stature likely had a discouraging effect as well.

Once the cart was reloaded with their bagged goodies, Asha rolled the rattling carriage out of the store with Ethan in tow. Virtually everyone standing in the checkout lanes watched them go, their expressions ranging from horrified to amused. Ethan breathed a sigh of relief as they made their way across the parking lot. Ironically, after surviving the minefield of the store, that was when they finally ran into trouble.

“**Hey!** What the hell is wrong with you?!?”

Asha stopped in her tracks and the cart's rattling came to an abrupt halt. Ethan stopped as well and they both turned to see an angry looking white woman with shoulder length brown hair. She looked to be in her thirties and wore a classic sun dress and straw hat.

“Excuse me?” Asha asked. Her hands went to her hips as she took a few steps toward the other woman. Ashaki towered over her by a foot and a half.

“I saw you in the store and so did my kids! Take your **freak show** elsewhere!”

“Freak show? And what exactly was this horrible thing your little ones were exposed to?”

“A couple of degenerate **perverts** making a spectacle of themselves at the supermarket!”

“Spectacle?” Asha turned to Ethan briefly. “Do you remember us making a spectacle?”

“No, Mistress” he answered with a quick shake of his head.

Asha turned back to the brunette. “I'm pretty sure we were just buying groceries.”

“**Fuck you!**” the woman yelled.

“Oh! Now who's making a spectacle?”

The furious woman took a couple more steps towards Asha, pointing her finger at her. “You disgusting people think you can do anything! Nobody consented to be a part of your **kink scene!**”

“Bitch, I don't need your consent to wear leather and he doesn't need your consent to wear a collar or mask. This isn't a *scene*. We didn't do anything but shop. You'd best back off. You're trying my patience.”

The woman grew even more hysterical. She pulled her phone from her pocket and hurriedly unlocked it. **“DID ANYONE ELSE HEAR THAT?!? SHE JUST THREATENED ME!”**

Asha rolled her eyes. She strutted forward, closing the distance between them before the woman could start the recording app on her device. The giant leather Goddess reached out with a long, powerful arm and swatted the smartphone from her hands with fearsome strength. It clattered to the ground as the middle aged brunette cowered. She held her arms up defensively as Ashaki bent down, daring her to respond.

“Take your **CROTCH SPAWN** and **FUCK OFF** back to the suburbs, **KAREN.**”

The woman sniveled and sobbed angrily as she slid around Asha to retrieve her battered phone. The Domina turned and stalked off, her heels clacking into the distance. She caught up with Ethan who was already loading the groceries into the truck.

“I’M GONNA FILE A POLICE REPORT!!!” the woman screamed in the distance.

“Be my guest, **hoe**” Asha muttered just loud enough for Ethan to hear. She untied him from the cart and pushed it into an empty space nearby. “Let’s go, slut.”

They climbed into the cab and Asha fired up the engine. They were both silent until she pulled out of the parking lot and onto the road.

“Can you believe that bitch?”

Ethan chose his words carefully. “She definitely went overboard. Though, I understand why some would be uncomfortable seeing us like this...”

Asha glanced to her side, flashing him an incredulous *stink eye*.

“But at the same time, we weren’t hurting anyone!” he followed up hastily.

“Damn, right” she concurred. “I’m so fuckin sick of kinksters being the only ones who have to stay in the closet. **Fuck that cunt** and everyone like her.”

“Yes, Mistress” he acknowledged.

Ethan had to admit, their little showdown had been fun to watch.

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Oddly, after unloading hundreds of dollars worth of groceries, Asha informed him they’d be getting dinner delivered. Ethan was even more puzzled when she explained they were having *company* tonight.

After changing back into his fetish uniform he got to enjoy a couple slices of delicious pizza with Asha. Mistress then gave him a thorough enema before putting him to work in the basement cleaning her sex

toys. As he waited for their guests to arrive, the puzzle started coming together. Of course! These weren't dinner guests. This was going to be some kind of **play date**.

Not too long after Asha left him shining her leather goods, he heard voices in the distance. His Mistress, another woman, and an older gentleman, by the sounds of it. Their chatter grew louder and more decipherable as they started down the stairs together. Ethan watched as another large woman in shining black leather and a thin man wearing a classic brown overcoat and fedora followed his Domina into the dungeon.

"I've taken to calling him my little *Winnie the Pooh*. Isn't that right, Winston?"

"*Ja, mein Herrin!*"

"Oh! You've been practicing German have you?"

"I have, Mistress. Just for you!"

"*Wunderbar!*" she replied with a smile.

Fittingly, the mystery woman now standing at the bottom of the stairs looked like a classic German Dominatrix. Or she would've, had she been shorter and not so immensely *thicc*. She didn't quite reach the lofty heights of Asha, but she was well over six and a half feet tall. The hefty Goddess was no gym rat, but seemed strong enough and her extra weight was in all the right places. Ethan guessed she was probably in her forties.

She wore a shiny, black leather top that wrapped around her shoulders, arms and midsection while propping up her massive white milkers. Even for a big woman, her breasts were huge. They jutted out proudly, eclipsing even Asha's ample mounds. Her blonde hair was pulled back tight and wrapped into an elegant bun behind her head. Her light blue eye shadow, dark red lips and leather choker gave her a strict look. The fancy gothic necklace featured a dozen or so lengths of shiny metallic beads hanging down and forming a glimmering arrow pointing to her mountainous cleavage.

A long, thick leather skirt, black leather boots and a riding crop completed her ensemble. The man beside her was just shy of six feet, yet still a shorty compared to his powerful Mistress. With his well trimmed mustache and completely normal clothes, he looked like he might be a social studies teacher. Truly, they were an odd couple.

"Get over here slave and greet our guests properly!" Asha ordered from across the room.

Ethan hurried to the small party and bowed to Asha and the newcomers.

"This is Mistress Adaleigh" she instructed, gesturing to her friend. "And her companion, Winston."

"A pleasure to meet you both" Ethan said with a nod of his head.

"You can call me **Mistress Ada** for short" the blonde said with a wink.

"And this is my new house boy, David."

“Ah, yes! I recall you mentioning him a couple weeks ago. Glad to see things are working out!” the busty Domme said cheerfully.

“Wait a minute!” Winston interjected. He gestured to Asha. “Mistress Goliath...” Then pointed at the half naked little man in latex. “And David... **David and Goliath!** I see what's going on here!”

Mistress Ada rolled her eyes. “I hope you didn't hurt yourself putting those pieces together, *dummkopf!*”

“I'm not bragging, Mistress. But the story has deep meaning, especially in my profession. I was appreciating the irony.”

Ada waved at Winston. “He's a pastor.”

“Not a pastor! A youth minister.”

WAP

She lashed out with her crop and swatted Winston across the chest. “Don't correct me, *schwein!* Just because you're a client and not a full time slave doesn't mean you can show poor manners! Take off your hat and coat! *Sich knien!*”

“Yes, Mistress Ada!”

Winston quickly removed his outdoor clothing and tossed the garments aside. The removal of his hat revealed thinning hair and a man entering the later half of his middle years. He got down on his knees before Mistress Ada, looking up at her with a sly smile.

“Crawl around the perimeter of Mistress Asha's dungeon three times. If you disturb anything, I will beat your ass severely. Go now, *kleine shizer!*”

“*Ja, mein Herrin!*”

As the man scuttled off on hands and knees, Adaleigh crossed her arms below her bulging bust. She returned her gaze to Asha and offered her a beaming smile. “Mistress Asha and Mistress Ada, *the Alpha Dommies*, together again! Thanks so much for letting us use your space tonight.”

“Of course! You know you're welcome here any time.”

“I appreciate it. This was short notice, so all the best play spaces were booked. I suppose I should set up shop here if I'm going to keep meeting clients in the area.”

“Would you like some assistance with your naughty little clergyman?” Asha asked as she watched the man crawl around her basement floor.

“We'll see. I have to be careful with this one. He has a couple medical conditions, so I can't give him **too** much excitement. He might straight-up die if we combine forces.”

The dark-skinned giantess laughed. “Alright. I guess I'll just enjoy the show, for now.”

“**Aufhoren!**” Ada called out as Winston made another pass. The man stopped in his tracks and waited on all fours like a well trained dog.

Adaleigh retrieved a collar and leash from one of Asha's many toy racks and moved to outfit her submissive. She ordered Winston out of his clothes and the man disrobed to reveal a bondage harness and women's panties underneath his ordinary attire. She buckled the collar around his neck, leashed him, and ordered him onto one of the dungeon's many bondage benches.

“*Gehen! Kopf Runter! Arsch Hoch!*”

Ethan watched with rapt attention. He'd been able to guess the meanings of some of the German phrases so far, but he was quickly losing track as she fired them off more regularly.

Asha turned to him. She noticed his confusion and grinned. “Face down, ass up” she translated.

'Interesting...'

It seemed Asha had picked up some German herself. Ethan wondered if it was from her history with Ada, traveling the world or her college years. There was so much about Asha he still didn't know. He was piecing things together the longer he served in her home, but his Goddess was tight lipped about her past and most personal matters.

They watched Ada secure Winston to the bench for a while before Asha broke the silence. “Speaking of *assuming positions*, get on that sofa, slut! You know where your face goes.”

Ethan trotted to the large leather couch and laid down, placing his head in the center of one of the thick, gripping cushions. Asha dropped her massive cheeks on him and his face was buried under an avalanche of leather-clad ass. She'd hadn't disrobed or ordered him to pleasure her, so it seemed she just wanted to sit on his face while she enjoyed the spectacle.

Asha unzipped the crotch of her bodysuit and freed her fat mocha python. She stroked it up and down slowly as she watched Ada lay into Winston with crop, whip and paddle. Even in the stifling darkness of weighty flesh and musty leather, Ethan could hear Ada yelling various commands and insults in German. Loud spansks and whipcracks echoed through the dungeon as the minutes flew by. Ethan heard them faintly even from the depths of Asha's all-consuming ass.

Mistress used his face as a human pillow for some twenty or thirty minutes. Finally, she lifted her derriere and Ethan could breathe easy again. Asha moved closer to the action, watching Ada and her sub with great interest. Ethan righted himself, his hooded face covered in leather tinged sweat.

He saw Ada not far away railing three fingers into Winston's pucker with excited glee. With her spare hand, she stroked her fat length of white, circumcised cock. It was standing at rigid attention and just waiting to plow deep into some lubricated man cunt. Her impressive unit wasn't quite as long as Asha's at full mast, but it was just as thick. With her leather skirt unzipped and cast aside, Ethan spotted her giant cum sack dangling below. Somehow, her fleshy scrotum was even bigger than Ashaki's.

As Mistress Ada increased her lube-slick thrusting in and out of Winston's ass, the man's moans transformed into an involuntary scream of pleasure. He pulled on his tight bindings and his cock fired several spurts of white paste onto the dungeon floor. Ada looked annoyed, but continued her finger

fucking until her submissive was done climaxing. When his groans and emissions ceased, she pulled her latex-sheathed fingers from his ass and blasted both his ass cheeks with her open palm

SMACK SMACK

“*Schmutzig hure!* Who gave you permission to cum?!?”

“I'm sorry, Mistress! I couldn't hold out any longer!”

“**Pathetic!** And before I graced you with your favorite cock! You're not the only one who wants to cum, *schlampe!* Time to put this stretched hole to good use!”

Ada brought the fat tip of her giant schwanz to his lube-drenched hole. She began to insert it and Winston grimaced. He endured it at first, but after just a few inches he threw in the towel.

“**ABRAHAM!** Abraham!” he shouted.

Mistress Ada relented, pulling her glans clear of his gripping pucker. Ethan watched her rise back to her full height and place her hands on her hips. The horny Domina looked frustrated. She didn't seem happy that her sub had *safe-worded* out before she got to have her own fun.

Asha joined them and helped Mistress Ada release Winston from his bonds. Once the man was able to stand, he immediately turned to Adaleigh and nodded in apologetic submission.

“Forgive me, Mistress, but my heart was beating a little too hard. I think that's all for me today.”

“No need to apologize, *mein schatz*. Safety always comes first. I just hope you had fun.”

“Very much so, *mein Herrin!*”

“Even so, there's still plenty of time left on the clock. You paid for two hours and there are no refunds. Would you like to cuddle? Perhaps Mistress Asha will offer us a drink?”

“Hmmm...” Winston said, placing a hand on his chin. He studied Ethan sitting on the sofa fifteen feet away. “Mistress, if I may be so bold... I have a proposal.”

Ada strolled to his side, her half-erect monster still hanging out in front of her. “Very well, *Winnie*, but be respectful of our host.”

“Go ahead. Speak up” Asha said, her eyebrows lifted in curiosity.

“I would hate to see *mein Herrin* go unsatisfied. Since I can't perform the deed myself tonight, I offer this! If all parties are willing, I'd like to see Mistresses Ada and Asha unleash their appetites on young David! Both Mistresses will receive a hefty bonus and I'll donate five hundred dollars to the charity of your choice. That will be my payment for the privilege of watching such fearsome domination!”

“**Winston!**” Ada seemed angry at first.

“No, it's okay” Asha interjected with a devious smile. “David and I are in, if you are” she confirmed to

her friend with a nod.

“Oh...” Mistress Ada tacked on, her concern transitioning into a giggle. “Alright then. Winnie, can you really afford this?”

The kinky gentleman turned back to the blonde in leather. “Oh, absolutely *mein Herrin*. The ponies have been **very** good to me lately!”

Ethan was astonished. Not that Asha had agreed. He was even less surprised that he had no say in it. But a *man of the cloth* who, apparently, saw a Dominatrix regularly and was also a compulsive gambler? Ethan was meeting some very interesting people since coming into Asha's orbit.

With their agreement reached, things snapped into action quickly. Asha pointed toward the large leather sex swing in another corner of the dungeon and Ethan hastened there immediately. As he loaded himself into the sturdy ceiling-mounted apparatus, Ada and Asha picked out some restraints. Winston took a seat on the nearest sofa and watched the proceedings in comfort.

“Face down” Asha informed him as she approached holding a pair of ankle cuffs.

Ethan turned himself over in the hammock of stretchy leather and waited for his ordeal to begin. The thick material held his torso snugly as his head drooped from one end and his ass and legs extended from the other.

“*Kopf Runter. Arsch Hoch!*” The German Domina repeated with a grin. She joined them holding a pair of leather wrist cuffs.

Both women had a laugh as they went to work binding Ethan's arms and legs. His hands were bound below with single snap-hook fastener that connected the tight leather cuffs. His legs were pulled up and back with connecting lengths of chain that ran to the swing's much thicker hanging links.

Once he was completely immobilized, Asha stepped in behind him and pushed his bent, dangling legs to the sides. Her fat, half-hard python had endured hundreds of strokes while watching Ada dominate Winston. It twitched, radiating heat and oozing pre-cum as she fisted it back to a full, tight erection. Asha sighed pleasantly as she prepared to invade her bitch boy anew.

Mistress Ada looked down at Ethan haughtily. She masturbated lewdly as her supple, peach toned club of flesh rose to bulging prominence once again. The lust driven Domina slapped him with her cock, her heavy dong beating him in the face repeatedly as it grew thicker and more mean. Soon, her leather wrapped bust was heaving as her craving to stuff his mouth and throat grew by the second.

The *Alpha Domme duo* shared a single glance up and a nod to each other before impaling Ethan utterly at both ends. Asha seized his hips and drove her steely pipe of dark meat into his warm, tight tunnel. Ada grabbed the top of Ethan's hood and plowed her hot, plump missile of flesh into his open mouth. She pulled his lips along her length, never stopping even as her glans slid all the way down the length of his tongue and entered the gooey nirvana of his throat.

“Oh! *Mein Gott!!!*”

Ada wasn't prepared for such a deep insertion in one stroke. Few could take her that deep, let alone in

one long swallow. Her eyes grew dreamy as she pressed her luck, pushing even more of her pulsing, veiny length into his stretched-wide maw.

“Mmmmm... You've trained him well! And in such a short time.”

Asha's insertion had slowed to a crawl. Her impossibly thick penis stretched Ethan's pucker painfully as she sank it as far as it would go in one thrust. She finally relented and slid back a few inches. She gave him only brief respite before making a second powerful push into his yielding ass. Ashaki spoke between ragged breaths as her cock drilled into warm, tight ass.

“He's got a long way to go, but David is learning. He understands his role now. A pleasure slave and play thing for his betters.”

Ada pulled back from his mouth with a wet slurp before lurching back in harder and deeper. “*Saug es! SUAGES GUT!!!*” she admonished him with a slap to the face.

Ethan gagged around her fleshy rod, its circumference expanding and pressing against the walls of his mouth even as it rammed its way further down his throat. He guessed the meaning of her foreign command and applied more suction with his tongue. He caressed her juicy rod lovingly and bathed it in thick, syrupy phlegm.

“*Ser gut...* As it should be. Let's show him what it means to serve two divine *Fuhrerin!*”

With no other warning, the libidinous Dommies took a tight grasp of their fuck toy and began railing him furiously. Ada gripped his latex-wrapped head with both hands as she plunged her cock in hard and deep. Asha's fingers dug into Ethan's flanks as she thrust with every bit of strength in her hips.

Ethan's eyes bulged as both powerful women hilted in his holes simultaneously. His mouth slid all the way to the base of Ada's cock, his nose immersed in her sweaty, blonde bush. His chin pressed into her fat scrotum as her supple sack plastered against his neck all the way to the Adam's apple. He felt the burning ring of his sphincter dilate beyond the breaking point as Asha sank all the way into his innards. Her humongous set of balls came to a rest behind his own, eclipsing his small scrotum and the caged cock hanging just in front of it.

Their targets reached, the lust crazed Mistresses drew back and slammed into his holes full force. They entered a wild fucking frenzy and the slurping of oversized cocks into undersized holes echoed off the dungeon walls. Moans and wails of pleasure went up from both women as they pounded the bound slave at both ends. The chains of the sex swing rattled as he was pushed back and forth, impaled on two poles of hot, slick beef.

Ethan grunted, gagged and pulled on his bindings involuntarily. It was all he could do as his body was rag dolled between the pre-cum spewing cannons being crammed into his holes. Ada and Asha completely lost themselves in the symphony of slurping, gagging, glorming and squelching.

The slave boy's vision went blurry as his face was roughly jammed into Ada's fleshy pubis over and over. His nose and lips smacked into her damp mane of blonde pubes as her twitching cum pipe kept his jaw forced open at its widest possible angle. Ethan lost feeling in his lower body as his chained up legs were pressed further and further outward by Asha's thrusting. Her heavy ball sack battered his body with each powerful fuck, smacking his nuts and rattling his steel wrapped dicklet as Ashaki

grunted and moaned.

It felt like his body would be ripped apart any second as Ethan's world became a shaking, gagging, slobbering mess. He gurgled and did his best to draw air through pre-cum clogged nostrils as two elephant-dicked shemales tried to split him open and meet somewhere in his soiled depths.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!! YESSSSSSSSS!!!! NGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“MMMMMMM GOTT!!!! *ICH KOMME!!! ICH KOMME!!!*”

Ethan hung helplessly as a deluge of sperm rushed into both his orifices and flooded his insides with gooey nut. Asha and Ada moaned in ecstasy as an ungodly quantity of creamy nut hosed into the plugged bitch boy. They held him with vice grips as their balls seized, their cocks spewed and their bodies shuddered in primal bliss.

Thick semen splattered from Ethan's nose and dribbled out between the seals of his tightly packed holes. His stomach began to bulge outward, distending down and pressing into the leathery holster in which he was bound. As the well hung women drained their balls and every wad of jizzum rippled into the cumdump slave, a noticeable bump formed in the stretchy bottom of the glossy black swing.

The panting Goddesses, reeling from the sheer amount of pleasure they'd just taken from a single rut, pulled their gargantuan cocks from the fleshy human sheath. Gooey sperm formed long, stringy ropes from Ethan's ravished holes to the glans of each engorged weapon. Not until Ada and Asha backed away did the white sludge slide and splatter to the floor.

Sludge-like cum seeped from both of Ethan's ends as he coughed, snorted and learned to breathe again. Not far away, Winston stood from the sofa and began clapping. His eyes were glossy and moist. Light tears threatened to form from the sheer beauty of what he'd just witnessed.

Ethan lay in a daze as the trio relaxed together. He had no idea how long they chatted in the background. Time had no meaning after what he'd just endured. Mercifully, Asha let him rest as she saw their guests off and got ready for bed. Ethan lay in the leather sling of congealed jizz, knowing he'd have to clean this disgusting mess tomorrow.

Eventually Asha came to collect him for one more blowjob before sleep. She would make his swollen belly grow a little more before Ethan could put another day of cocksucker slavery in the books.