

Quickie #40

Manwhore Emporium

Boleslava opened her eyes groggily. “Hmmmph?”

She stirred, even though it was still dark out and it wasn't yet time to get up. As her senses registered her surroundings, it became obvious why she'd woken early. Resting beside her mountainous curves in the luxurious king size bed was her bound and gagged slave, Ronan. He yelled muffled gibberish around the rubber ball strapped in his mouth as he nudged her repeatedly. His body squirmed and writhed the small amount it could with his wrists and ankles shackled in leather cuffs and their bindings chained together.

Bo sighed and reached for the lamp on her bedside table. She clicked it on before turning back to her whimpering slave. Her massive breasts and absurdly thick thighs turned in the rubber bedding, causing a loud series of stretching creaks to ripple out. Her dark gaze met the panicked hazel eyes of her submissive. Bo, or *Beebee* as she was known by her friends, eyed her bitchboy with sleep-deprived contempt.

“Unngh... it's so fucking early. What is it?!?”

Mistress Bo and *slaveboy Ro*. Their names were a perfect match. In the course of his training, he'd proven to be a good partner in every way that mattered. He was a trim, average sized guy at 5'10, but looked downright small next to Beebee's fulsome Futa frame. From the first time she saw him, she'd taken a liking to his short, dirty-blonde hair and cheeks that burned bashful red at the lightest kinky provocation. The rest was history.

By contrast, Boleslava's shoulder-length hair was jet black. She spoke fluent English, but her Russian accent still clung to every word that escaped her supple lips. *Bo-lay-sla-va* was a name most foreigners wouldn't pronounce correctly in a million years, so she went by Natasha most of her young life. When she grew up and underwent the Futanari transformation, she changed her name again. Not only did she reclaim her original first name, but she changed her last name to the much more fitting *Bitchbreaker*.

Her full name, Boleslava Bitchbreaker, is what gave rise to the nickname 'Beebee.' It allowed for lovely combinations like Madam Bo, Mistress Bo, Mistress Bitchbreaker and the title for which her business was named: *Madam Bitchbreaker's Manwhore Emporium*. Ronan, having been one of her favorite trainees of all time, was now her personal assistant by day and groveling pet by night.

“This better not be your walnut-sized bladder again” the big woman huffed as she unstrapped his gag. She pulled it free with a wet slurp. Syrupy spittle leaked from the slut-boy's quivering lips.

“Mistress! I'm sorry, but if I don't go soon, I'm gonna **explode!** I didn't want to soil your bed, my Queen! I had to wake you up!”

Boleslava sighed. In truth, it was her fault for making him sleep in bondage, but she couldn't help it.

She found it so overwhelmingly arousing that it was worth the occasional inconvenience. She wiped the sleep crust from her eyes before reaching down and unstrapping Ronan's ankles and disconnecting the chain that locked his hands at waist level.

“It's a damn good thing you **didn't** piss in my bed. If that **ever** happens I'm locking your dick up for an **entire fucking year!** There, you're free! Go, slave!”

Although his wrists were still locked together, Ronan's athletic frame slipped off the bed. He got to his feet and dashed for the bathroom with all speed. Beebee's hulking, voluptuous frame rose slower, but followed the same path. Her gigantic schwanz bobbed before her; the effects of morning wood manifesting as the first rays of sunlight appeared on the horizon.

The sound of trickling urine echoed off the bathroom walls as Boleslava entered. Ronan moaned in relief as he drained his aching bladder. The young man held his modest five-incher delicately. He was careful not to spill or splatter on the fine leather restraints that locked his wrists together.

Just as he finished, he was body-checked aside by his Goddess' bulbous curves. She held up her girthy eighteen inches of fearsome phallus and pointed it at the bowl. A torrent of hot piss gushed forth with many times the force and volume of Ronan's rushed release. He stood there, watching in awe, still as astounded by Futa superiority as the first day one of them had unveiled her colossal dong and inscribed eternal shame on his mind's eye.

The rushing river shrank to a slow stream and then stopped. Boleslava sighed in content, bent down and flushed the toilet. She slapped the lid closed before rising back to her six foot stature. She snagged Ronan by the O-ring at the center of his leather collar and pulled him back to the toilet. Beebee turned him and pushed his shoulders down until he was sitting on its cold seat.

Without so much as a courtesy wipe of her glans, she hefted her thick cum cannon and brought its fat tip to Ronan's lips. She stroked it up and down, her powerful legs flexing as she lined herself up perfectly with her submissive's waiting mouth.

“Open up, slut! It's time for your breakfast.”

Like the good manwhore he'd been trained into, Ronan said nothing. He simply parted his lips and put himself at Madam Bo's service. Her plump cockhead plunged through his lush portal, followed by a long train of hard, hot flesh. Boleslava took gentle hold of his head, her grip tightening as she shoved ever more of her fat prick deep in his maw. Ronan moaned around her length, his hands flexing in their restraints below as Mistress took full control and stretched his mouth open wide.

Boleslava suspected she wouldn't be able to go balls deep. Not at this angle. For a woman of her size, that usually involved the slave laying on his back with his head hanging off the side of some surface while she held him down and filled him to bursting. Then again, her constant training of Ronan's holes had yielded remarkable increases in flexibility. Maybe today would finally be the day. Either way, a long, hard face-fucking on the toilet was just what he deserved for waking her up early.

As Ronan's lips slid down to her half-way point and back, Madam Bo started getting into it. Her first guttural moans of pleasure reverberated through the bathroom as she settled into a strong, steady mouth-fucking rhythm. Her fleshy watermelons swayed below, seizing occasionally as they prepared Ronan's morning meal. She crammed ever more of her straining schwanz into his sucking lips as the

glorious high of decadent domination surged through her Futa frame.

Ronan's well-trained mouth and throat yielded the sweet song of oral abuse. The symphony of heavy slurping, wet coughs and syrupy gags grew more frequent as the fearsome fucks railed down the length of his tongue. Boleslava leaned forward, pushing Ronan harshly into the toilet and bathroom wall as her mammoth proportions eclipsed him fully. Her muscular thighs, nearly as thick as his torso, trapped him on both sides as she held his head tightly and sent her cock deeper into his throat.

The man-whore's vision became a tear-streaked blur as his mouth slid down Mistress Bo's prodigious prick. Her thick pre-cum clogged his passages and added to the already sticky mixture in his packed canal. Forcing him to wear a ball-gag all night had multiple benefits. It wasn't just a source of intense arousal, but a way to keep his jaw limber. It also ensured Ronan's mouth was perfectly lubricated for his morning duties. Mistress Bo wouldn't abide dry-mouth while enjoying her first nut of the day.

“Oh yeah! Nice and deep!!! There we go! Get ready you cumdump slut!!!”

She pushed Ronan lower and angled her thrusts down as three quarters of her impossibly long shaft plowed into his warm, fleshy guts. His mouth dripped with frothy spittle as syrupy gagging squelched around her thrusting schlong. Her hands curled into fists in his blonde hair as her thick curves shook with every depraved penetration.

“TAKE IT! TAKE IT ALL YOU FILTHY COCKSUCKER!!! THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR WAKING MOMMY EARLY!!!”

Sticky thwacking noises flowed from Ronan's packed mouth as her wide hips flew into overdrive. Her massive scrotum tensed in the moment before release. Her cock shuddered as the bliss of climax surged through Mistress Bo's powerful body.

“OHHHHH!!! OH GOD!!!! UUUUUUNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She slammed her body forward, burying as much of her cock in his stretched-wide lips as she could. Boleslava held him down as her cum cannon quaked and rope after rope of white, gelatinous jizzum siphoned into his throat and mouth. The webs of warm muck fired out in thick bursts, each accommodated by a deep moan of bliss from the convulsing Futazon.

Beyond a point, her copious emissions proved to be too much. Ronan gurgled as a large swath of semen burst from his mouth, dripping down around the base of Madam Bo's cock. Seeing that her slave was at his limit, she released his head and backed out. Her cum-slathered python slurched free and Ronan gasped for air. As he recovered, Beebee stroked herself, firing the last few blasts of sticky sludge all over her pet's face and chest.

She gathered up the residual spunk dripping from her cock and thrust her fingers into Ronan's mouth.

“Eat it! Every drop! Don't you dare waste my gift, slave. There are starving bitch-boys in Africa!”

He sucked her fingers eagerly, vacuuming them with spunk-glazed lips and a semen-drenched tongue. Ronan gobbled her goo down gladly, adding it to the liter of hot filth already bubbling in his stomach.

“Good” she remarked. Boleslava stepped back and placed her hands on her hips. She looked down at

Ronan with a smug grin. Her glorious curves were highlighted in a light sheen of sweat. Beebee's mighty appendage shrank from its otherworldly dimensions back down to its limp size that was still bigger than most erect porn stars. "Get cleaned up and make **my** breakfast. I want waffles and a fruit parfait. If you do a good job and don't keep me waiting, you can have the scraps. If you're not too full already, that is."

"Thank you, Mistress" he said with a respectful bow of the head. The young man rose from the porcelain throne and lifted his bound wrists. Mistress Bo unlocked them and tossed the leather bindings aside.

"Chop chop! We need to be at the office at nine sharp! We've got new trainees coming in. It's going to be a busy day."

"Yes, Mistress" he acknowledged.

As Ronan washed himself up in the sink, Boleslava sauntered back to bed and collapsed on the fluffy duvet and sleek fetish sheets. She would slumber a while longer until her breakfast was ready.

One would think that with three hours to spare, time wouldn't be a factor, but Ronan knew better. After breakfast, Mistress Bo typically craved a long, hard session of pounding his well-trained ass. Sometimes she'd bend him over the kitchen counter or take him out on the back deck to be fucked under the rising sun. Other days, they'd go down into her basement dungeon for a session of suspension bondage; her favorite way to ream a slave.

Only after their second morning tryst would they both shower, dress in fetish finery and head to the slave training facility that bore Boleslava's name.

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WHHHHPPPIISSHHH

"**Stand at attention, worms!**" Mistress Grim called out with the crack of her leather whip. "You're in the presence of Madam Bitchbreaker! Show respect, or you'll learn it the hard way!"

The three naked men in her care all reacted accordingly. They stood at their tallest with perfect posture and hands at their sides. Their bodies were bare aside from the slave collars buckled around their necks. Their fearful eyes traced the dark-skinned diva's movements as she reigned in her whip, curled it into a neat circle and hung it on her belt. The trainer in head-to-toe black leather stepped aside to reveal the Headmistress of the house.

Mistress Bo's oversized assets jiggled and flexed in shiny black as she walked down the central corridor toward the trainees. She was also decked out in leather, but considerably less than Mistress Grim. Boleslava wore only armgloves, a large black leather bra, thigh highs and a leather loin cloth that concealed her fearsome weapon. The rest of her smooth, peach-toned flesh was on display, from her strong shoulders and biceps to well-defined abs and her shapely tree-trunk thighs sheathed in glossy black leather boots.

She closed the distance to her new batch of man-sluts and gave them each a cursory glance. She walked back and forth across the width of the hall, side-eyeing them as she tapped a simple riding crop in her hands. In her high heeled boots, she towered over all of them. Even more intimidating than her height were the titanic proportions of her curves and the large indentation that formed in her loincloth with every forward stride. It was obvious the Headmistress had been taking Futa enhancement drugs for a long time.

After several passes back and forth, Madam Bo had seen enough. She was satisfied they possessed the most basic levels of decorum, patience and self-preservation instinct. Anyone who spoke out during this first phase was taken downstairs to be locked in the most harsh bondage where they'd be flogged and fucked periodically throughout the day. No trainee who experienced that ever spoke up again, unless they were a true masochist who wanted more. The emporium was happy to accommodate those types, but they were sadly rare.

Mistress Bo stopped in the center of the hallway and turned back to them. She addressed them with haughty disdain; reciting, more or less, the same speech she'd given a hundred times before.

“Welcome, whores. Perhaps, even after your experiences in the holding cells while awaiting trial, you believe yourself to be something more than a whore. A fuck toy. A servant for your Futa betters. I promise you, you're not. You've been sent to me because you haven't committed any serious crimes, but you also haven't learned your place in the world. By the end of your time here, you will. And when you leave, you will earn me and my girls a substantial amount of money, proving once and for all that you are, in fact, a whore.”

Boleslava was silent a few moments, allowing the words to sink in as she looked at them each in turn.

“The alternative is that I send you back to the holding facility along with a letter reporting on your disobedience, lack of progress, and whatever other failures you've accrued. At that point you will almost definitely be sent to a *Futamax prison*. And that, my filthy little man-slaves, is somewhere you definitely don't want to be. Is everything I've said so far **crystal clear**?”

“Yes, Mistress!” all three of them answered, almost in unison.

“Good” she replied, giving the recruits a second scan below. Her thin smile disappeared when she remembered the pressing issue that needed to be addressed. “Mistress Grim. Why aren't these sad little shrimp-dicks locked up?”

“Apologies, Madam!” she spoke up behind the Headmistress. “There was an oversight in the equipment department. We're completely out of cages, aside from a few bigger one that wouldn't fit this lot. Mistress Jade is out, right now, checking the local shops, but there seems to be a shortage. They can't make em fast enough.”

Boleslava smirked. “Well, it seems you whores will get a brief reprieve on chastity. That's fine. But know this! If any of you touches your pathetic dicklet without permission, your arms will be box-tied for the rest of the day. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress!” their replies echoed through the hall a second time.

Mistress Bo circled around them, giving the collared sluts a look from behind. As she strode by, she

poked each of their bottoms with her crop.

“A bit of ass... Barely an ass... **No ass!**”

WHAP

Her crop laced into the last slave's bottom. He barely stifled a yelp as the sting of leather pierced the hallway.

“There's nothing I hate more than a flat butt! Our clients don't like it, either. Mistress Grim, see to it these sluts get plenty of lower body exercise. Especially this one.”

“With pleasure, Madam Bitchbreaker!”

Boleslava stalked back to the men's front and turned to face them. “It's time for your first day of training. Here, you will learn to be everything your Futa betters could possibly want. And you will like it. **All of it.** If you don't show enthusiasm, your stay here will be brief. Mistress Grim, why don't you take these whores and introduce them to the rest of our helpful staff?”

“Gladly” she replied with a devious smile.

Boleslava looked on as Mistress Grim attached a chain leash to each male's collar and led them off for their first tour of the slave training complex. She would see them all again, soon enough. It was tradition for Madam Bitchbreaker to enjoy her new recruits at the end of their first day, when their bodies were exhausted and their holes were stretched out; ready to accommodate her enormous namesake.

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“AHHHHHH! YESSSSS!!! FEEL THAT, SLUT?!? I'LL SPLIT YOU IN HALF YOU COCKSLEEVE BITCH!!!”

Mistress Bo railed the third little piggy endlessly. He was face down in the lounge, being mashed into the floor as the Headmistress fucked him without end. His two friends lay not far away, their asses also up in the air. The naked slaves were covered in a semen glaze; their puckers gaped wide with thick trails of Futanari spunk dribbling out.

The owner and proprietress was far from done with these panting, drooling, cum-dumps. They were getting the first real taste of their new lives at the end of Bo's behemoth blood sausage. Boleslava drove her fuckstick home, diving deeper into the bitchboy's warm, tight flesh with every frenzied thrust. Her powerful legs flexed and her leviathan tits bounced as she grew close to unleashing her third, explosive cum bath.

“NNNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

The Headmistress plunged her pleasure piston deep and tensed, her body shaking sporadically as a river of white custard ejected into the overwhelmed trainee. Her fat cum tanks quivered, siphoning gunk

down her sperm channel until she filled him to the brim. Boleslava's luscious seed splattered out, coating the cock-packed submissive as she emptied her balls.

When her moans of ecstasy ceased, the well-hung amazon pulled out and stepped back from her third cum-stuffed victim. His ruined asshole erupted with her seed, the greasy gunk flowing from his puffy anal ring like a volcano of hot glue. The final stroke of her fuck stick finished the fuck-boy off. He groaned in the throes of forced anal orgasm as his untouched tadger fired forth a pitifully small trail of semen.

Boleslava marched to the red leather armchair at the center of the room and collapsed in it. Her sweaty curves meshed audibly with the luscious material. The only thing that would enhance her relaxation is the face of one of her spunk-glazed manwhores beneath her ass. The Headmistress considered the prospect as she placed a cigarette in her theater-length holder and lit it up.

Madam Bo grasped her sticky, supersized schlong at the base and traced it up and down. Her libido reignited as the warm, nougat filth squished between her fingers. She took a long drag of her smoke before blowing a wispy cloud into the air and gazing down at her latest crop of bitchmade bottoms.

“Alright, piggies. Who's hungry for supper?”

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