

Quickie #1

Like Tears In Cum

BAM BAM BAM

The loud banging on the bathroom door announced that his Mistress was growing impatient.

“Hurry up 285! It's been a long day and I need to nut!”

Two eighty five. Yes, that was his name now. He used to have a real name. A male name. He used to have a male face and body as well. No longer.

It started with a 'J', didn't it? Jerry? Jacob? John? John! That sounded right.

'Yes, my name is John! But I must never say it out loud or Mistress will be furious.'

The drugs, hormone treatments and hypnotherapy that Blossom Industries forced him to undertake made it difficult to recall details from his past. Every day it became a little harder to remember his real name and the details of his old life.

'I had a wife once... didn't I? Or was she just a girlfriend? I think I was... an architect?'

THUD THUD THUD

“Cmon slut! If I have to come in there, you're going to be sorry!”

“Yes Mistress! I'll be right out!”

John snapped out of his musings and finished his work. He had been spot cleaning the pink latex bodysuit that had become his second skin. While Mistress was away at Blossom Industries meetings, he spent most of the day cleaning her home and performing whatever activities she demanded of him.

Inevitably, his bodysuit got dirty from doing chores; not to mention the cum stains from his well hung Goddess. She had made it clear that his attire was to be shiny and spotless every day when she returned, or he would be punished severely.

He inspected himself in the mirror, still in disbelief at what he'd become. His body took on more womanly curves every day. His old eyebrows and eyelashes had been replaced with the permanent makeup of a back alley whore. His lips had received two collagen injections to date, making them puff out spectacularly. 'The better to suck cock with' Mistress had said.

John couldn't remember the last time she'd let him out of the suit. It had been at least four or five days since she last let him bathe. The latex remained glued to his skin with sweat and the remnants of Mistress' cum. He went to sleep every night bathed in it.

Realizing he was taking too long, he quickly moved to the toilet, unzipped himself at the bottom of his suit and began relieving himself. He looked down between his latex clad breasts and observed his sad little cock as his bladder emptied.

His penis had been four inches when soft, once upon a time. Now it was only two. It had continued to shrivel and shrink as his breasts grew fuller every day. Blossom Industries powerful treatments were on the cutting edge of forced transitioning. "Rehabilitation" as they called it.

John knew better than to keep his Mistress waiting. He flushed, zipped himself up, turned out the light and exited the bathroom. He made his way to the living room, knowing just where she'd be. It was the same place she sat almost every day after returning from her duties.

Sure enough, there was Mistress Alexandra in all her curvy mocha glory. She was seated in the middle of the plush leather sofa, her cock already out as she stroked it up and down hungrily. Mistress had discarded her leather top and leather pants. Only her shiny leather boots and gloves remained. She had traded the warm leather she'd sweated in all day for the sensual feeling of cool leather on her beautiful naked skin.

"On your knees" she ordered.

John obeyed at once and Mistress gestured at him with one finger to "come hither."

As he shuffled forward on hands and knees, her fat, half-erect length of dark meat grew closer. John's stomach groaned with hunger and the Blossom Industries conditioning kicked in.

'Cock! COCK! Yummy cock! YOU NEED COCK! Suck cock! SUCK IT DRY! You love cock! Only cum will cure your thirst! You need cum! SUCK UNTIL SHE CUMS!'

John's mouth began watering and his breathing grew ragged as he knelt before her. It was all he could do not to lunge into her lap and swallow her length immediately, but he knew better than to act without her instruction. He had done so before and been punished harshly.

Alexandra looked down at her latex clad charge; the former man that was slowly becoming a cock-craving bimbo. His eyes were full of longing, but traces of confusion and regret remained. The conditioning was working, but he needed more. More conditioning and much more training.

Nine weeks hadn't been enough to completely break this slut. Perhaps it would take another nine weeks. Alexandra was fine with that. Being given her own personal cum dump to train had resulted in the best two months of her life. She had never imagined she could be so sexually fulfilled before signing on with the company.

285 was her first special assignment as an officer at Blossom Industries, but he would not be her last. When his training was complete, Alexandra would get a generous cut of whatever sum he was auctioned for.

"Get to work, slave."

Alexandra reached back and stretched her arms across the top of the sofa as John dove into her crotch

and slid his fat, pink lips down her meaty pole. He moaned with relief as he set his hands on the sides of her powerful thighs and began working his mouth up and down her delicious dark phallus.

He sucked and slurped with such vigor that pockets of air escaped his lips periodically, providing a lovely symphony of suction that was music to Alexandra's ears. She wiggled her ample ass in the luscious leather, letting out a low moan as her cat suited bitch boy pressed his mouth all the way down to the base of her cock.

“Quite thirsty today, aren't you? I see you drank everything I left.”

Solid food was a rarity for John. Very occasionally, Mistress gave him dry cereal in a dog dish, but the vast majority of the time she kept him on a strict liquid diet. She left him a large batch of nutrition paste most days. It was a glue-like concoction that simulated the texture of fresh cum, but had all the essential vitamins, fats and proteins that a slave needed to survive.

He could drink from it whenever he wanted, but his sustenance had to be sucked from a serving dildo that was fixed by his dog dish in the kitchen. The dildo was fed by a locked feeding container that the mixture ran through. This feeding device had been Alexandra's design and as Blossom Industries sought to commercialize it, her standing in the company had risen swiftly.

As her cock rose to full raging stiffness, John was having a harder time pressing his face all the way down. He wanted her pungent penis deep in his throat, but the angle was hard to manage from his kneeling position. He sputtered on her cock as it grew harder and more girthy in his moist mouth, his oral ministrations growing more laborious by the minute.

Alexandra sighed.

“You'll never get me to cum like that, 285. You really need to work on your technique.”

He re-doubled his efforts, slurping and gagging on her glistening rod, but it was no use. John couldn't help but think how unfair it was. Any man would've cum by now. Blossom's female phallic implants already gave women cocks that put most men to shame, but the drugs they provided their members made them even more dynamic.

Sexual stamina and sex drive increased the longer a woman took the drugs. They required more stimulation to reach their impossibly powerful orgasms. Their scrotums swelled with ever more seed. Their ejaculations grew larger and more unmanageable. In the new world that was being born, sexual potency was the new currency and women were being given every advantage. Men would be relegated to a slave class of bimbofied, tiny dicked cock suckers.

“Enough!”

Alexandra pulled his face off her cock. She shoved him back and stood, clearly annoyed that her glorious ass had to leave the luscious touch of leather behind. She lined the tip of her cock up with his mouth before grasping the back of his latex clad head with one hand and pinching his nose with the other.

“Keep your mouth and throat open!”

She plunged her cock into his waiting maw, her thick phallus gliding through his plump, dick sucking lips and down the length of his tongue. Alexandra moaned in pleasure as she pulled his face all the way to her pubis, her thick phallus squelching down into his moist depths. Her fleshy ball sack pressed against his chin, pulsing with lust and churning with viscous batter.

Alexandra released his nose and placed both of her hands on the sides of his head, gripping her pink gimp slut firmly. She began sawing her cock in and out of his phlegmy canal with growing need. Her hips pumped firmly as he gagged and choked on her engorged dick, spittle and pre-cum sliding out of his glossy lips.

“**SUCK SLAVE!** And if I feel a single tooth on my cock, I swear I will have every one of your teeth extracted!”

Alexandra began plowing in and out of his mouth at a much faster pace. Sloppy gagging sounds and saliva choked gasps flowed from his slobbering maw as he tried to inhale air around her cock. She closed her eyes as her pleasure began to spike.

The sex crazed Domina silently thanked her colleague for recommending that she have tongue studs installed on her slave. With the amount of bliss they were delivering to her hot, bulging shaft, it wouldn't be long until she had several more implanted in his tongue.

As he became desperate to breathe, he raised his hands and pushed on Mistress' legs. She ignored his efforts completely, her strong thighs pushing his weak arms back with ease. He couldn't confirm it, but 285 suspected the enhancement drug made these cock wielding Amazons much stronger. Or perhaps the hormone treatments had simply made him more frail. Both were likely true.

She was throat fucking him to the point that he couldn't get oxygen, yet his lips and the walls of his mouth dutifully sucked away on her fat, fleshy invader. He wanted her thick, virile load in the bottom of his stomach. He craved a mouthful of gooey spunk like nothing else. His mind pleaded to be bathed in filth. He thirsted for it. He needed it.

'Wait... my name! What was my name? No! I forgot it again already?!?'

Alexandra reached the point of no return and began hammering her cock in and out of his soft, slippery lips. Bubbling phlegm ran from his mouth like a waterfall as she fucked his mouth with dire need. The small areas of his face that could be seen below the web of pink latex turned increasingly red as he inhaled but received nothing but a throat packed with hot, saliva drenched penis.

“UUUUNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Her giant scrotum clenched and a deluge of sticky paste fired into his depths. She held his head still; clamped to her body as her staff remained buried in his throat and spurt after spurt of pungent paste discharged into her human cum dumpster.

Alexandra threw back her head and let out several long moans as a thunderous orgasm coursed threw her body. Her breasts jiggled, her tongue curled and her fingers dug into his head harshly as her sack was drained into the filthy rubber slave that eagerly gulped down her seed.

As her climax began to ebb, Alexandra pulled her cock half way out so her gunked up gimp could get

the air he badly needed. She kept half of her mighty phallus in his velvety orifice, the last few spurts of her creamy jizz rippling into his waiting mouth. The sloppy jizz gathered on his tongue and when her cock was completely spent, Alexandra pulled it free.

Thick strands of semen connected her fat glans and the bottom of her shaft to the human fuck doll's face. His stomach protruded slightly, a belly full of cum bulging through his pink latex suit. He swabbed the white sludge around his mouth, tasting it thoroughly as he inhaled fresh air, then swallowed it down his sewer-like gullet.

Even as his conditioning rewarded him and the warm glow of satisfaction radiated from his cum packed torso to the rest of his body, tears streamed from the eyes of 285.

“My name.... What was my name? Who am I?”

“Tsk tsk 285. You shouldn't be crying. Not after the wonderful feeding Mistress just gave you.”

Alexandra reached over to the end table and picked up her tablet. She fisted her cock as she waited for it to boot up, wiping the excess cum across 285's face. Once she was on the Blossom Industries network, she filled out a report. She made some notes about 285's progress and scheduled some new surgeries to “enhance” him. Officially, they were punishments, but she had planned to do them regardless of his performance.

Her work complete, she set the tablet back down and turned her attention back to her cum glazed whore.

“On the sofa, now! Face down, ass up!”

He quickly moved to comply, hoisting himself onto the leather cushions and assuming the position. His latex suit meshed noisily with the plush leather; the sensual sounds pleasing Alexandra as she watched him wiggle into place. The sight of her rubber fuck slave sinking into the luxurious leather aroused Alexandra powerfully. Her cock was already stiffening once again as she moved to join him.

285 felt the weight of the couch shift as his Goddess settled behind him. He felt the back door of his suit unzip and her hot, weighty shaft lower onto his ass cheeks. She gave his ass a few slaps and pushed her cock up and down his crack, the length hardening to fleshy steel as she played with his ass to her heart's content.

In 285's experience, after her first orgasm of the night, Mistress often took much longer to reach her second climax. She could go for hours as her prodigious orbs slowly refilled with creamy custard. As Alexandra pushed his face down into the leather seat, he knew he wouldn't be going anywhere for a long while.

“Lick slave! Lick my ass sweat off the leather. If you do a good job, maybe I won't blow my second load in your slutty ass. You want it in your mouth, don't you?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“THEN LICK!”

As he began tonguing the leather in long, eager swaths, he felt her massive cock-head press through his pucker and sink into his silken depths. 285 moaned like the bimbo whore he was and begged for her to go deeper.

The world was changing rapidly. A new sexual paradigm would blossom on the Earth with the guidance of one powerful corporation. This was 285's life now. The future was Femdom.

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