

Quickie #36

Spreading The Good Bussy

“Ugh, it's so hot...” Jace complained as he entered the clearing. The tired femboy brushed his short, pink hair from his eyes and studied the thick brush ahead. “How much further?”

“Yeah, my feet are killing me” Harper agreed. The blonde slut-boy adjusted his glasses and straightened the hood of his cloak. “Can we stop for a break?”

“We had a break twenty minutes ago” Gabriel admonished them from behind. The third *siss-onary* with the platinum blonde locks was technically their leader, but after long hours of trekking through the forest, even he was getting tired. “We press on till midday.”

“Yeah, or until we die of heat stroke” Jace muttered.

“Eh... It's not that bad. Thanks to the tree cover” Harper countered.

All three twinks were garbed in the same fashion. A dark, hooded cloak with gold trim sheltered the front and back of their lithe bodies, but left their sides bare. Matching gloves covered their hands and forearms. Their shapely legs were sheathed in thigh-high leather boots with the same gold accent at the top. Beyond that, there was only a thin pair of black, satin panties, stretched over their twigs and berries.

This was the uniform of the Sissyhood. They were highly trained submissives of the Sisters of Modara. The well-hung nuns of their order worshiped the Trickster Goddess of Pleasure and Perversion. They saw it as their duty, after receiving the Goddess's divine gift between their legs, to spread her faith far and wide. As their ranks grew, Modara's gift had begun spreading throughout the land; even to the women of other races.

The sigil of Modara was embroidered on the Sissonaries vestments and etched on the holy books they carried. They brought little else on their journey. Just the odd personal effects they could stuff down their boots without the nuns noticing. This was a holy mission and they were expected to go into the wild *'as is.'* It was said that Modara would guide them and provide all they needed.

“Are you sure we're going the right way?” Jace queried with doubt in his voice.

Gabriel sighed. “Yes, this is the right way.”

“How can you tell?”

“From the position of the sun. I check it every time we hit a clearing.”

“Wow! Where'd you learn to do that?” Harper asked.

“The nuns sure didn't teach me any tracking skills...” Jace pouted.

“Me either” Gabriel confirmed. “I learned it long before I ended up with the Sisters. Before any of us changed.”

Hard as it might be for some to believe, the trio of young men had all been strapping lads at one point. Before falling victim to the nuns charms, they'd been taller, stronger, more masculine specimens of humanity. Each time they lay with the dominant Sisters and pleased their irresistible Futa cocks, the young men's bodies transformed a little more. After a long period of intense training, their transformations were complete, they adopted their sissy names and became lifetime servants of the order.

“Okay, but if this is orc territory, why haven't we encountered them yet? And how can we be sure we'll run into women and not a war party of males?”

“Oh ye of little faith...” Harper chided him, wagging a finger.

“The Headmistress is positive this is female orc territory, now. Scouts confirmed that the original detachments of the Sissyhood they sent out were taken in by them.”

“Those lucky sluts...” Jace said with longing in his voice. “Wish I'd been in the first group.”

“Well, the fact that we've been sent out means there's still lots of work to be done. Obviously, the Fem-orcs haven't been convinced, yet” Gabriel noted.

“Praise be to Modara!” Jace shouted cheerfully. “May her seed cleanse the world!”

c-crack

snap

The sound of branches and brush crackling underfoot echoed in the distance. All three of the femboys stopped in their tracks.

“Is that one of them?!?” Jace asked excitedly.

“If that's an orc scout, they're terrible at their job. They just gave away their position” Gabriel said with a smirk.

“Well, no one ever accused the orcs of being stealthy” Harper added with a giggle and a shrug.

“We're not scouts” a deep, female voice huffed from behind them.

The three femboys whirled around to find an imposing orc huntress had snuck up on them. Her tall, well-muscled, green body held a spear at the ready, pointed directly at them.

“We're sentries” the voice of a second huntress added, causing the sissies to turn in surprise again. Another green-skinned warrior woman advanced on their flank. This one carried an axe and had black war paint smeared around her eyes.

As the bitch-boys realized how effectively they'd been ambushed, a third orc closed in on them. Her footsteps continued to crunch and snap through the brush until she entered the clearing. Once her hulking form was revealed, she hefted her massive halberd and grinned.

“That's called a distraction, humans. It fooled you easy enough.”

Gabriel, Jace and Harper cast their gazes about, studying their assailants with mouths agape. Each of them had the characteristic bright red eyes, pointed ears and green skin of their kind along with heaving breasts and a gargantuan cock hanging from their pelvis. Below each girthy meat missile was a pendulous scrotum that contained multitudes of gelatinous seed. They were naked, carrying nothing but their weapons.

As the three orc barbarians closed in, their strong limbs, thick bodies and tanned skin came into stark contrast with the thin figures, flat chests and soft features of the surrounded sissies. When the orcs reached striking range with their weapons, the fearsome femmes halted.

“I'm Glasha” the one with the halberd spoke. She had thick, black hair streaking down the center of her head, but the sides were shaved clean. An old war wound was etched through her left eyebrow, leaving its mark forever. She sported two golden earrings hanging from her left ear and two more gold rings pierced through her plump nipples. They called even more attention to her massive mammaries, which were as big or bigger than any of the boys heads. Gabriel was pretty sure she was the leader.

“This is Bula” she continued, pointing to the one with the war paint. The axe wielder had whitish hair with red roots. One had to wonder if it was a dye job or the blood of her enemies.

“And Yotul” Glasha finished, indicating the red-headed huntress with the spear.

Gabriel did his best to compose himself. He nodded to Glasha and took a step forward, holding the holy text before him. “Hello! I'm Gabriel and this is Jace and Harper” he said, indicating his companions. “We apologize for intruding on your lands, but we come with good reason. We're here to-”

Glasha waved her off. “We know who you are and why you're here. Save your breath, sissy! We've heard the pitch before.”

“Have you? Yet I'm told the males of your kind still trouble you” he shot back. “From that, I gather you didn't listen very long.”

Bula snorted. “The pale skin whores we've captured don't get to talk much. They're usually gagged or have their mouths stuffed with cock.”

“You're not good for much else, are ya?” Yotul tacked on. All three sentries laughed.

“Of course, our bodies are yours to enjoy” Gabriel responded sincerely. “They are a gift from the Sisters of Modara. In return, we ask only that you listen to the Mistress of the Stars. Heed her words and learn her customs!”

Glasha lowered her weapon, freeing one of her hands. It shot out and swiped the holy book from Gabriel's grasp. She looked at it askance before tossing the tome aside. It hit the dirt with a dull thud.

“We follow Driuna, the orc Goddess of Wisdom and War. We have no use for other gods.”

“And what has she done for you?” Harper asked defiantly. “Certainly not delivered you from the men who still hunt you!”

“She led us to three human bitch boys to add to our tribe's harem” Yotul spat back. Her eyes narrowed as she closed in on the mouthy submissive.

“Or was it Modara?” Jace chimed in. “It was she who gave you those big, green cocks!” The pink-haired sissy shimmied closer to Bula and rubbed her ass against the woman's growing erection.

“Maybe. Maybe not” Glasha replied. “If this Goddess of yours is responsible for *the change*, she's also responsible for the trouble that came with it.”

“I told you, we can help with-” Gabriel began, but Glasha cut her off.

“**No!** Enough talk! Part of the change is that we're **constantly fucking horny!** Since you're so sure it was your depraved Goddess who did this, that makes it **your responsibility!** C'mon girls! Let's take these sluts for a test run before we bring them back to the village!”

“Finally” Bula said before casually grabbing Jace by his pink hair and leading him off.

“**Ow!** Hey! Be gentle!!!” the femboy protested.

Glasha watched them go with a raised eyebrow. “Hey! Where are you taking him?”

“Not far” Bula answered without looking back. “I know the perfect spot for this slut!”

While they were distracted, Harper pulled a hidden ruler from his boot and held it up to Yotul's thick, straining erection. It was longer than the twelve inches the simple tool could confirm. “Holy shit! You're at least fourteen inches. Maybe sixteen!”

Yotul leaned down with a wicked smile. “It's not even done growing yet, you cock-hungry tart! Now stop staring at it and get on your knees! It's not gonna suck itself.”

Harper's heart skipped a beat as he sheathed the ruler back in his boot. He set his holy book aside along with his glasses before assuming the position in front of the red-headed huntress. Yotul plunged her spear in the dirt as Harper crawled forth and placed himself eye level with her girthy schlong. He opened his mouth and planted a kiss and several licks around its bulbous, reddish tip.

“Oh, how sweet” Yotul mocked. “But I know you're trained to throat cock to the balls! Take it, slut!!!”

She grabbed Harper by the ears and buried her *other* spear deep in his sucking mouth. Half the supple, green length flowed into the sissy's velvety maw as the bitch boy moaned affectionately. Yotul wasted no time, maintaining a firm grip while sawing in and out of the obedient bitch boy's mouth.

Harper sucked, slurped and wagged his tongue lovingly along her undercarriage as the powerful huntress fed more cock into his mouth with every smooth insertion. He groaned around her cock greedily as Yotul smiled and fucked his face.

A few hundred feet away, Jace dropped his book as Bula continued marching him into the woods. They plodded on until they reached a smaller clearing. In the middle of a thicket, the vegetation ended, bordering a large pit of thick, brown mud.

Using some small fraction of her full strength, Bula shoved Jace and he stumbled forward. His booted legs slogged through ever deeper muck until he lost his balance and tumbled chest-first into the sticky, brown goo. His arms plunged all the way down to the elbow in the warm, disgusting slop. Jace's uniform was ruined in an instant, coated in the dark sludge.

“Acckkkk! **WHAT THE FUCK?!?**” Jace yelled between pockets of mud dripping from his face.

Bula tossed her weapon aside in the grass before wading into the thick morass. Her powerful frame hovered over Jace briefly before she lowered herself on top of him. She grabbed his shoulders and lined the tip of her weighty cock up with his exposed starfish. Before Jace could clear the mud from his eyes and nose, Bula thrust into his boy pussy. Her full weight crushed him into the warm, squelching muck as her cock dove hard and deep into his silky insides.

“Ahhhhhh! **OH GODDESS!!! SO BIG!!!**”

Bula said nothing at first, simply grinning as she reared back and plunged ever harder into his warm boy-hole. She put her entire musculature into the motion, driving fast and hard until she went balls deep in the sissy's well-trained ass. Her heavy breasts and slamming hips pounded him deeper into the warm, sucking muck with every powerful thrust.

“You're the dirtiest of the three! I could tell from the moment I saw you! That's why this is the perfect place for you, **filthy bitch!**”

“**NNGGGHH!!! Harder!**” Jace egged her on, despite the disgusting predicament. “Stretch my ass good! **WRECK MY HOLE!!!**”

“Mmmhmmm. That's what I thought, you **cock-hungy slut...**”

Glasha had been content to watch and listen at first, but that wasn't going to last. With Jace's groans of pleasure in the distance and the glucking sounds of Yotul face-fucking Harper not far away, Gabriel lowered himself to his knees.

The head huntress turned to observe him and offered a toothy smile. “That's more like it.” She dropped her heavy weapon at her side. “At least you know your place.”

“What does my new Mistress wish?” Gabriel asked softly. He was entranced by the fat, green monster protruding from Glasha's crotch and the massive ball sack hanging below it.

Glasha placed her hands on her mighty hips. “Worship my body, you sissy bitch! You know you want to...”

Gabriel's eyebrows lifted. If he played his cards right, this could work to his advantage. “With pleasure, Mistress Glasha.”

He shifted forth on his knees until the orc woman's massive cum pipe lay across his right shoulder. He dipped down and brought the soft ring of his mouth to her taut, fleshy plums below. As his warm, pink lips sucked away at her soft, green flesh, he reached up and began stroking her god-like erection. Glasha's girth was such that he couldn't close his fingers all the way around it. He glided his hand up and down her length, the satin of his gloves feeling wonderful on her cock.

“Mmmmm... Well-trained indeed.”

“You may call me Gabby, if you like, Mistress” he said between warm licks of her tender balls.

“I'll call you whatever I like, **slave**. But I admit... Gabby is a fine name for a cock sleeve.”

Gabriel tongued her sack up and down with warm, loving strokes. It drove the primal Futazon wild with tingling lust and buzzing bliss.

Glasha's eyes closed. It was always a contest to see how long she could hold herself back. How long before she would grab this silly slut and either impale his throat or throw him to the ground, mount him and stretch his pucker until he begged for mercy.

“Mistress...” Gabriel spoke softly between sultry sucks. “I know what troubles the women of your tribe. We can help...”

Glasha's eyes opened halfway. She looked down at the dutiful bottom bitch. “Help? What can a bunch of sissies do other than service my warriors?”

“The men of your kind. They, too, can be turned. Just like we were.”

“What? Ridiculous. Most of them hate us beyond measure. Even more than they hate you humans. They would never-”

“There are ways, Mistress. Modara will grant you more gifts, if only you follow her ways...”

“For a sissy whore, you sure like to talk! I've heard enough.” Glasha stepped away, pulling her spit-coated scrotum from Gabriel's sucking lips. The well-built woman turned on a dime and thrust her enormous ass into the kneeling twink's face. “Lick my ass, **Gabby**.”

“Yes, Mistress Glasha.”

Gabriel pressed his face into her warm, sweaty ass cheeks and resumed his oral servitude. He licked her supple flesh up and down, diving into her crack with a hungry tongue. He moaned into her bottom, his saliva-smearred features caressing her sensitive skin. His enthusiasm drove Glasha to new heights of giddy hedonism.

“There you go... Say your prayers into my asshole, slut! **Ohhhhhh!** Oh my... You're quite good at that, slave!”

Glasha reached out and grabbed the back of his head. With a fierce grip, she pulled his face deeper into her all-consuming ass. Gabriel disappeared into her green, fleshy darkness. He murmured in her depths while his tongue lapped along her crack and dove into her soft pucker.

“H-Holy fuck! They're going to love you back in the village!” Glasha said between panted breaths. With her free hand, she fisted her cock. It sailed up and down with smooth, deliberate strokes. “That's it! Tongue my asshole you **filthy human skank!** You think those nuns treated you like a cum bucket? You have no idea what's in store for you!”

All chatter ceased as the woods were filled with the sounds of rutting, squelching and moaning. Yotul throat-fucked Harper with increasingly harsh thrusts; the slut-boy's mouth stretched harshly around her immense girth. He held onto the huntress's legs for dear life, his vision zooming back and forth as his lips drew ever closer to her pelvis. Her bulging phallus speared into his gullet nonstop as pre-cum dribbled from his nose. The sloppy sounds of deepthroating rippled out as Yotul prepared to unload in his depths.

With Bula's heavy body pressing him deep into the mire, only Jace's head was left unburied in sticky, brown pudding. The deep-dicked sissy was practically cross-eyed, his body in a helpless state as Bula fucked him relentlessly into the muck.

“Ready for the big finish you **cum dump whore?!?**”

Bula slammed her hips into his ass with three especially strong thrusts before grabbing his slack-jawed face and shoving Jace's ahegao expression into the mud. With his face forced into the filth, Bula hilted in his ass one final time.

“**NGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Hearing her cry of climax in the distance, Glasha and Yotul popped off in quick succession. The red-head's hot cream fired into Harper's depths without warning. He tapped the Fem-orc's powerful legs and pleased for air. An audible river of sludge coursed down Yotul's cum pipe, forcing Harper to swallow or allow his lungs to be overwhelmed.

“**AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! TAKE IT!!!**” The vixen screamed as she held the sissy's face to her body and filled the blonde bitch-boy with her silken essence. Harper's stomach expanded in a visible bulge, his panicked eyes growing wider along with his mid-section.

With her view of Yotul's debauchery, Glasha could no longer contain herself. She held Gabriel's face deep in her ass with an iron grip. His tongue plunged in and out of her pucker with smooth regularity in between loving sucks of her musky rim. Glasha fisted her fearsome fuck-stick until her body quaked, her balls seized and a thick rope of nougat filth launched from her engorged glans. Several more followed, firing through the air and covering the ground with heavy strands of her sticky, white paste.

“**OHHHHHH!!! DRIUNA!!! YESSSSSSSSSSSS!!!**”

The wildlife of the forest was silenced by the orgasmic wails of three mighty Fem-orc Amazons. The chirp of birds and the steady drone of insects were drowned out by the deep groans and climatic screams of Futa ecstasy.

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After a short reprieve, the temporarily sated sentries brought their sissy companions back to the center of the clearing. Each of the soiled slut-boys lay in a heap, clutching their book of Modara as they recovered from their exertions.

They were all soiled to some degree, but Jace had gotten it the worst. Not only did his asshole still dribble with thick orc cum, but his body was slathered in mud from head to toe. Harper looked like he was six months pregnant. Gabriel wasn't sure if he'd ever again be free from the taste of Glasha's ass.

If this was the sorry state they found themselves in after just one romp with the amorous Futa orcs, it seems they'd drastically underestimated how rough a stay in their village would be. That suspicion, which all three femboys held, was about to be clarified in stark detail.

“Well, that was fun. Shall we head out?” Yotul asked.

“I don't know. It's still pretty early” the mud-caked Bula advanced. “Do we really want to hurry back?”

“Hmmm” Glasha pondered. “We probably should. They're gonna be so happy when they see we're bringing in three new sissies.”

“What's twelve plus three?” Bula asked. The burly axe wielder was apparently not too good with math.

“Fifteen. We'll have fifteen slaves now” Glasha answered.

“Still not enough for three hundred women” Yotul said with a sigh.

Jace, Harper and Gabriel all went wide-eyed with sudden, soul-shattering dread.

Three hundred women? To fifteen slaves?!? That was a ratio of twenty to one.

“Yeah, Bula's right” Glasha confirmed. “Let's hang out and enjoy these sluts a while longer. They're never gonna be as clean as they are right now.”

“Or as available” Bula added.

“Good call!” Yotul agreed.

The Fem-orcs were ready for round two and so each sissy got a new Mistress. Yotul started by planting her enormous ass on Jace's muddy face. Glasha curled up beside Harper, brought her still-hard cock to his quivering brown eye and thrust in deep. It looked like the blue-eyed blonde was going to be filled with orc cum at both ends very soon.

Gabriel, who'd gotten off fairly light so far, was planted in front of Bula and began the arduous task of cleaning her mammoth schlong with his mouth. Rather than Glasha's ass, he would soon have a good idea what his friend Jace's ass tasted like.

When their journey resumed, all three members of the Sissyhood would say a silent prayer. On their way to the village, they beseeched Modara and the Sisters to send more sissies to the Fem-orcs with all possible speed. It didn't seem like they were going to listen to reason any time soon. Or perhaps they

simply preferred human play-things and had no interest in feminizing their men.

Whatever the case, the best Gabriel, Jace and Harper could hope for was more of their companions to arrive. For more sissy slaves to share the burden of hundreds of insatiable Futa-orc cocks. That was the best outcome in a place where sleep was an afterthought, bondage was constant and there was only one source of sustenance for the prized, perpetually filled femboy slaves.

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