

## Quickie #39

FUKT

### An Athena Corp Chronicles Side Story

“Hey! **Hello**?!? Is anyone out there?!?”

The words were crystal clear in Corey's mind, but in reality they were nothing but a distorted series of muffled murmurs. If anyone had been in the room with him, they wouldn't have understood a thing. He could shout all he wanted around the penis gag lodged between his lips. It did no good. His garbled cries merely echoed into the long rubber hose connected to his forced open mouth.

Leather, latex and silicone were Corey's life now. The invincible fetish fitments wrapped his entire existence, invaded every orifice and permeated his very being. From his gagged mouth to his blindfolded eyes and the leather straps harnessing both to his face, he couldn't escape their pungent chemical smell.

It was no better below the neck. Much worse, in fact. His gimp-suited form was double-constrained due to the nature of his singular, all-consuming garment. It began as a straight jacket with latex limbs longer than his arms that wrapped around his body and locked into the metal anchor points of the suit. From the waist down, it more closely resembled a sleep sack. His legs were trapped in multiple, thick straps of buckled leather that held his rubberized legs close together.

Below the layers of bondage was the fat butt plug shoved up his ass, never allowing him to achieve even mild comfortable no matter what position he squirmed into. He couldn't see it, but the room around him, from the floor to the walls and ceiling, were also formed of shiny, black rubber. The puffy fetish layers creaked and rippled with every futile movement he made. His bodysuit rubbed and squeaked against the rubber room as he struggled in a fetish prison he had no hope of escaping.

That's how he spent his first, long night in the *Femdom Ultramax Kink Training* facility. His eyes were locked in pitch black darkness and his body was in the firm grip of unforgiving latex. It was a constant cycle of struggling, yelling, tiring and going slack in a hot, sweaty heap of rubber. The cock gag spewed at regular intervals, shooting small streams of liquid into his mouth. It was never enough to endanger him or to sate his brutal thirst and hunger. It was just enough to keep him from completely dehydrating or starving.

Sometimes it was cool water or a slightly sugary tonic; most likely an electrolyte drink. When it wasn't pure liquid, what splattered from the tip of the silicone dick was a greasy mixture of gooey paste. He had his suspicions, but Corey was happy not to know what it was composed of. It was his only form of sustenance and it's not like the *Athena Corps* was giving him a choice, so he swallowed down whatever the device fed him.

By morning, his intermittent struggles didn't stem simply from a desire to be free, but the dire need to

urinate. He writhed like a big rubber worm, groaning ever louder around the dildo in his mouth as he tried to catch the attention of anyone who might be watching or listening. At long last, he heard a door open and two sets of footsteps as a pair of strangers entered the room. Their boots meshed and squeaked against the rubbery floor as they came closer.

“Alright, let's see if the new guy pissed himself.”

“If he did, zip him right back up. Let him wallow in his own mess.”

“Of course” the first voice replied nonchalantly.

Two pairs of hands grabbed his arms and began lifting him and leaning him against the wall. Corey used what strength he could leverage in his bound legs to assist their efforts. Once he was standing, his blindfold was removed and the hose at his mouth was disconnected. Corey grunted around the gag, temporarily blinded by the intruding light. When his vision cleared, he was presented with the lovely sight of two beautiful Athena enforcers.

One was a white woman with long, blonde hair styled into a bun behind her head. The other a dark-haired Asian girl with medium length locks that hung loose. They wore matching outfits comprised of an officer's cap with the Athena Corps insignia at its crest and a black leather military coat that extended past their waist as far as a short skirt would. There was a small gap where the flesh of their thighs was visible before leather boots took over, completing their shiny ensemble.

The Asian woman unstrapped the penis gag from his mouth and pulled it free with a wet slurp. Corey coughed a few times before bellowing in raw satisfaction. His jaw was free to close for the first time in nine hours.

“**Please!** Let me use the bathroom! I have to piss so bad!!!”

**\*SMACK\***

The blonde lashed out, blasting him across the face with her leather-gloved palm for speaking without permission.

“We know. Now **shut up** and hold still!”

She lifted a plastic, portable urinal up and removed its large, round cap. Corey caught sight of it and realized, with overwhelming gratitude, that relief was only seconds away. The dark-haired woman bent down, unzipped his suit at the crotch and pulled the sides apart to make room. The blonde brought the receptacle to his penis and guided it into the oversized hole.

“Okay. Let er rip!”

Corey allowed his brutally sore pelvic muscles to relax and the deluge began. He groaned in release as the sound of hot, gushing piss reverberated from the jug. The stream continued with forceful, tap-like pressure and speed until his tortured bladder was empty.

When he was done, the blonde zipped him back up, capped the container and held up the clear, plastic cistern of yellow filth for Corey to see. “If you don't behave today, this'll be the next thing you drink

through a hose” she stated with steely green eyes and a no-nonsense frown.

“Yes, Ma'am” he replied in a shaky voice. Corey didn't doubt the veracity of her claim for a second.

“Alright, listen up **72641**, because I'm only going to say this once. I'm Lieutenant Hartley and this is Sergeant Chen. We're here to begin your rehabilitation. When interacting with us, or any other officers in this facility, you will refer to us as *Officer* or *Mistress*. You will speak only when prompted or in case of a legitimate safety concern or health emergency. If you speak out of turn for a reason we deem invalid, you **will** be punished. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Officer.”

“I prefer Mistress Mei” the pretty Asian woman said with a smile.

“Officer Hartley or Mistress Laura will do for me” the senior instructor informed him. “Now, tell me who **you** are, prisoner.”

Corey's face creased in fear and confusion. Surely, they knew what his name was? “I'm Corey Ro-”

**\*SMACK\***

Laura's hand streaked out and delivered a second fierce slap across the mouth.

“**NO!** You don't have a name, 72641.” She reached out and grabbed the leather collar around his neck. It featured a metal plate at the front engraved with his prisoner ID number. A D-ring protruded from the bottom of the shiny steel bit. “You aren't a citizen. You no longer have a name or legal rights. You're not even a slave. Slaves are **useful**. Right now, you're nothing but worthless meat in a rubber sack. That's **all** you'll be until you've been properly trained and rehabilitated. It's only through the grace of Athena that you're being given this chance to redeem yourself.”

Corey wisely said nothing, but his shocked expression and wide eyes conveyed his thoughts perfectly.

*'Redeem myself? For what?!?'*

As if reading his mind, Laura extended her hand to the junior officer. Mistress Mei handed her a clipboard where his profile and criminal history were listed in detail. She'd already read it earlier that morning, but Mistress Hartley gave it a second scan to refresh herself.

“**Misogyny. Futaphobia. Gaslighting** and other mental abuse of a spouse” she read off his list of offenses. “Procurement of **illegal banking services**. Resisting arrest. Assaulting an officer of the Athena Corp. And, worst of all, conspiring with a **known terrorist group**.”

Corey stood, stone-faced, listening to his list of crimes, most of which were greatly exaggerated. When Athena's new products began changing everything, he was one of the lucky few who remained skeptical and distanced himself from their services. His wife, Lilah, on the other hand, embraced Athena's new message and culture. Over time, she morphed into a completely different person and it led to a serious falling out between them.

By the time Lilah decided to alter her anatomy with *Athena enhancements*, Corey knew his marriage

was over, but the courts were no longer granting no-fault divorces. At least, not ones initiated by men. Nor was he allowed to open a new financial account without the approval of his wife, mother or another female executor appointed by the state. The woman authorizing the account would be listed as a secondary signer with permanent access to his records and funds.

It was about that time, when Corey realized how hopeless it was to continue pursuing a normal life, that he began to look into resistance groups like *Patriarch Front*. He was strongly considering joining up, but never got that far. His web activity alerted the authorities and a warrant was issued for his arrest. His wife's testimony along with the internet records and his other '*offenses*' were all they needed to throw the book at him.

“Quite the rap sheet!” Mei noted with a wink.

What the Athena enforcers were doing was classic good cop / bad cop. A tried and true technique to get someone to cooperate while also instilling the subject with fear and doubt. Unfortunately, it was working perfectly on him.

“What do you think?” the Asian Domme asked. “Should we get started? We've got a long day ahead.”

“Let's re-gag him, first” Officer Hartley answered.

“Really? For such a short trip? We're just going down a few halls.”

In that moment, Corey decided he definitely preferred the good cop.

“You think he'll be a good boy?”

“Hmmm. He looks nervous to me. Maybe a little gas before we go?”

'Gas?!?'

“Alright, go ahead and administer it. I'll go find a table and some help to prep him.”

Both women stalked off, but Officer Hartley exited the room while Officer Chen didn't go far. She returned to the bag of supplies they'd dropped on the way in and withdrew a gas mask connected to a re-breather with dual rubber air bags. She fiddled with it briefly, connecting it to a small, air-tight cylinder and sprayed in some of its contents. The slim, dark-haired beauty disconnected them, put the canister away and approached Corey holding the ominous web of black leather and rubber.

He opened his mouth to ask the obvious question, but quickly sealed his lips, remembering Mistress Laura's words.

Mistress Mei registered his anxiety and chose to put him at ease. “Relax, hon. It's only nitrous oxide. Same stuff they use at the dentist. Your bio says you have no allergies and you don't have asthma. Is that right?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Then you'll be fine.”

In the span of a few minutes, Mei pulled the gas mask over his face and tightened it around his head with a series of straps and buckles. She ordered him to take deep breaths and Corey obeyed. The cool air and smell of rubber overwhelmed him, flowing from the re-breather bags into his nose and lungs. A strong sense of giddy euphoria overtook Corey along with mild tingles in his extremities. His vision swam and his body relaxed completely for the first time since they'd sealed him in latex.

It was all he could do to stay upright, leaning against the wall, with Mistress Mei's help. Thankfully, Officer Hartley returned with two more enforcers and a portable bondage table in tow. Together, they helped him outside, got him up on the table and strapped him down with every D-ring and anchor point available along his gimp attire. The gas mask was removed and their brief journey began.

Corey felt like he was swimming through clouds as they wheeled him down several long hallways. He heard the chatter of four women around him, but couldn't follow their conversations. He was too blitzed out of his mind.

His senses began to clear five minutes later. Corey looked around, finding himself in an odd room with refrigeration units, several empty tables and a series of odd looking contraptions on wheels. It was hard to make sense of it while the gas was still wearing off.

Mistress Mei reappeared at his side and unzipped him below for the second time that morning. She seized his cock like she owned the thing and began stroking it gently. Her latex grip glided up and down his length, which responded quickly despite his still inebriated state. He went hard rapidly, his rising cock turning ever warmer in her cool, rubbery grasp.

“This is our milking room” she explained. “We're going to drain you dry this morning. The first of many times. This initial session is to see what you're capable of without the help of our drugs.”

“Milk?” he asked in a daze. “Cape-bull? Wha-?”

Officer Chen rolled her eyes and ignored his questions. He was lucky Laura was off chatting with the other girls, or he would've gotten a swat to the balls for his trouble. She continued stroking him until his erection was sticking straight up at the ceiling. It hovered in the cool air, sticking out from the single opening in Corey's latex prison.

Mei's boot heels clicked off the epoxy floor as she grabbed the milking machine, wheeled it over to the prisoner and locked the device's wheels in place. She took hold of the crane-like system and lowered its operating hub down to Corey's jutting prick. The instrument was a long metal protrusion with a single fleshy hole at its base. It's rubbery opening drooled with lubricating gel not unlike the pre-cum dribbling from the prisoner's cock.

Mistress Mei pulled the device down and Corey's hot, hard rod glided into the cool, squishy embrace of the milker. She set the speed to 'low' and it began pumping up and down, its sensors finding the perfect stroke to deliver maximum stimulation to the bound inmate. His eyes went wide and Corey jolted; suddenly awake with pure, pleasure induced clarity.

“**Ahhhhhh!** H-holy shit!!!”

The cool sensation didn't last long as the lubricating gel had a warming effect on his cock. The metal

tube pistoned proficiently, sliding the artificial pussy up and down his penis with perfect precision. It slapped into his pelvis with wet squelching sounds that highlighted each mechanical plunge. Corey lay in his restrained state, quivering in rubber confinement as the apparatus stroked him relentlessly. The longer it went on, the louder and more frequent his moans grew.

As Corey was rushed toward his first climax, Mistress Mei appeared above him. She stood at the head of the table, gazing down at him; her visage inverted from his point of view.

“I've been nice to you, haven't I?”

“Yes, Mistress Mei! **MMMHHMMMM!!!**”

“That's right, so you're going to be nice to me.”

The front portion of the table on which Corey's head rested was adjusted with a few turns of a knob. It bent down, giving him an even more fulsome view of Mei's bottom. She turned and lifted up the back of her long, leather military coat. Her shorts and undergarments followed, flowing down her legs until her well-sculpted cheeks hung free.

“Time to put that slutty tongue of yours to work, inmate!”

Mei lowered herself down, burying Corey's face in the crack of her ass. She wasn't a large woman, yet she still had plenty of fleshy acreage to cast the strapped-down prisoner into warm, smothering darkness. He moaned into her depths, extending his tongue and beginning his new feats of oral servitude without complaint. His tongue lapped up and down obediently, his nose gliding through her folds as he inhaled the fullness of her scent. Given all the terrible things Corey had imagined they might do, licking a pretty girl's butt while having his cock stroked wasn't so bad.

He was almost embarrassed to realize it, but just minutes into worshipping the ass of one of his jailers, his balls clenched and his body tensed in release. Strands of semen fired into the depths of the succulent masturbation sleeve, even as it continued to caress his wand lovingly. Oddly, he felt none of his own spunk slide down around his sputtering organ. The machine collected it efficiently, storing it away and continuing to stroke him long after his load had been spent.

Mistress Mei's moans replaced the man's, silenced as he was beneath her ass. She wiggled against his face gently, her eyes half-open as she felt her breasts through the thick leather of her uniform and rode the prisoner's face for her pleasure. At some point in the long session of Queening, her officer's cap toppled to the ground, freeing her dark hair as she continued to grind and groan. Corey ejaculated a second time and Mei came with a thunderous scream of bliss, practically suffocating him in the process.

Corey got only brief moments of relief when Officer Hartley came back and decided it was her turn. She dropped her significantly larger dumper on the prisoner's face as the machine continued to jerk his dick without end. His unit was growing increasingly red and chafed from the nonstop motion. The pleasure of mechanized masturbation he'd once reveled in was slowly turning painful.

The Lieutenant ground and mashed her ass into his face more aggressively than the Sergeant had, battering his head and smothering him for long periods of time. Corey struggled in his latex straight jacket, his legs pulling uselessly against the restraints of the table as the milker pumped him up and

down. Mistress Mei flipped a switch, increasing the speed of the stroke cycle greatly.

Corey grunted in oxygen-starved ache as his over-stimulated cock pulsed in pain. Officer Hartley kept her asshole directly over his mouth, demanding his tongue dive deep and taste of her fully. Her leather-clad curves shook as her head tilted back and she announced her first climax with a low-pitched groan. She paused, briefly, as her body soaked in the endorphin nirvana, but it wasn't long till she was back in a steady rhythm of riding the prisoner's face. Not long after, Corey's balls emptied their contents into the milker for the third time. Sadly, for his increasingly over-stressed form, it wouldn't be the last.

Laura continued moaning and riding his saliva and filth-smearred face long into the morning. The nonstop strokes grew increasingly harsh as his tortured cock went red with strain. His face was a sloppy mess of drool, sweat and musk as Mistress Laura abused it like a cheap sex toy. Only when she came a second time and Corey's fourth eruption fed some pitifully small amount of jizzum into the machine, did the ordeal finally end.

Once the device's silky tunnel was pulled off his aching rod, Corey lay in a daze, taking deep breaths and thanking merciful God it was over. As Mistress Laura recovered and spruced herself up, Mistress Mei retrieved the extraction tube from the machine. She held up the product of Corey's four orgasms, reading the level in disbelief.

“Wow, really? **This** is all you could manage?!?”

“Let's see” Laura added, popping up at her side. “Jesus! That's pathetic!”

“Yeah, even for a new guy, this is sad. I've seen our volume enhancers work miracles though.”

“He needs a regimen of them, for sure.”

They shared a laugh as Mei marked the sample with his prisoner ID and placed it in storage.

“What next? Hypnosis?”

“Nah. He was processed after dinner last night. He needs to eat. Let's take him to the feeding wing.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The sounds of multiple mouths slurping along stretches of fat rubber cock squelched, glommed and thwacked on either side of Corey. All along the wall, giant dildos pointed at the faces of kneeling prisoners. Each sucked their respective toy eagerly. They shoved their mouths as far down the girthy poles as they possibly could with each go. At times, a loud gag or retch would splutter out and one of the inmates would have to abandon their stroke. Always, they resumed their oral training quickly. Throating their assigned dildo to the base was the only way they received the next bit of their meal.

With each successful slide of their lips to the heavy silicone balls, a thick blast of hearty nutrition paste fired into their welcoming mouths and throats. The warm, gelatinous glue had everything a FUKT inmate needed, from vitamins and minerals to protein, essential fatty acids and carbs. It also had many things a FUKT inmate didn't need, but that Athena Corp very much wanted them to have.

In truth, the Athena *feed spunk* wasn't so different from *Huel* or other all-in-one meal drinks developed in the past. The biggest difference was the Athena drugs added to the gruel and the other ingredients that helped mimic the taste and texture of thick sperm. Many of the prisoners suspected that real ejaculate was part of the mix, although **whose** nut butter and what percentage of the mix was actual semen was a mystery.

Only the Domes who oversaw their training program knew that for sure. Each mixture was tailored to the prisoner, depending on what their Mistresses felt they needed and what form of rehabilitation they were undergoing. Perhaps it was best not to know.

That's the conclusion Corey settled on as he pressed his lips down the eight inch dong in front of him. He felt lucky. Not only had they unlocked his arm-straps so he could lean against the wall, but as feeding dildos went, his was small. The inmates at his sides were throating much longer, thicker cocks to coax out stringy spurts of liquid lunch.

Not long before she got *the procedure*, Lilah had told him to get on his knees and suck her strapon. At the time, he'd refused. Now, after being at the FUKT facility for less than twenty four hours, he was doing it willingly. Maybe it was the two guards standing by the door watching him or the knowledge that if he didn't, Officers Hartley and Chen would make him do something worse. Or maybe he was just that hungry. Either way, Corey's shame was evaporating at the speed of light.

He edged forward, pushing his mouth along the thick, pink eight-incher. He hacked and sputtered around its girth, pushing desperately to reach the base and receive another spurt of sticky meal-goo. With much effort and a reddened face, he slid down the last two inches and his lips touched the rubber ring and balls. The cock quivered on his tongue and slung another weighty dollop of white sludge into his waiting mouth.

“**Very good, 72641!**” a robotic female voice called from the speaker above the hanging dildo. “Keep going! You're still hungry, aren't you?”

“Yeph!” he replied as his lips slid down the shaft. His stomach winced, in spite of the meager ten calories he'd just ingested. “**Sill Huh-gry!**”

Laura and Mei watched with amusement through the concealed glass panel at the side of the room. Meal time was always fun to observe, but it was especially satisfying seeing a prisoner's first feeding.

“Does his wife even want him back?” Mei inquired.

“She hasn't decided” Laura answered, looking down at the paperwork.

“So we can train him however we want?”

“The only special request is that he gets lots of ass-to-mouth.”

“I bet I can guess why. He asked her to do it, right?”

“Yep.”



“He's going to regret that.”

“Or maybe he'll love it. Just look at him right now!”

“Hahahaha! No kidding. Too bad we can't skip this procedural bullshit and get right to the good part.”

“We'll get our chance soon enough. You know how it is the first few days. Athena wants us to cover the bases. After that, we'll have more freedom to tailor his schedule. We can spitroast him all day, if we want.”

“Pegging is great, but I'm looking forward to having the real thing even more. Punishing these fucks with a super size mega cock is the real dream!”

“You're on the waiting list too?”

“Duh! Why do you think I took this job? Athena Corp officers getting priority is the best reason to work here.”

“Same, girl. Same.”

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