

Biblical Proportions

Chapter 4 – Seedy Sex Shop Slave

The gentle lull of passing asphalt buzzed in Ethan's ears as he and Asha flew down the highway in her giant, black pickup. Following the big *DIVA* bash where he'd been introduced to many of Mistress Goliath's colleagues, they'd gone home to rest and pack. Now they were back on the road and heading to the first of many destinations on some kind of perverse BDSM tour. Asha said they'd be away for at least a month.

For a trip so long, Mistress Goliath had packed strangely few clothes for him. Just a couple of Ethan's standard slave outfits that covered only portions of his pale, thin body. Even more oddly, he'd been allowed to wear normal clothes today. He donned a t-shirt, a pair of jeans and sneakers that he hadn't worn since their trip to the grocery store. Only his slave collar remained, waiting to be leashed every time they made a pit stop. Becoming Asha's *bathroom bitch* whenever they stopped for food or gas had become a regular feature of their travels.

Just like their last trip, Ethan found himself getting more curious with each passing mile. He spent much of the time surfing the web or playing games on his tablet computer, but he couldn't dodge the questions swirling around his psyche forever.

Where were they going? Why so few clothes? Was this trip going to be another endurance test of nonstop debauchery? What had Asha meant when she said **any** woman could become like the members of *DIVA*? Was the last several months of his life some insane fever dream?

Ethan set his tablet on the dash and slowly worked up to the courage to question his giantess of an owner and Mistress. Asha glanced over and took notice of his anxious state before returning her attention to the road.

“Guise In Shine” she spoke.

Ethan's gaze turned to her and his eyebrows lifted. “Mistress?”

“That's where we're going. It's a kink apparel store, sex toy shop and private dungeon run by one of the *DIVAs*.”

“Guys in shine? Does that mean it caters only to men?”

“Not guys as in dudes. G-U-I-S-E. Get it?”

“Oh, I see. A clever play on words.”

“It is, isn't it? I'm not sure if *DIVA* leadership came up with it or Mistress Kayla. I guess we'll find out when we get there.”

“Do you know her, Mistress?”

“I met her at one of DIVA's fetish balls. We only chatted briefly, but she was nice. In any case, the dungeon clients are exclusively men, but the shop carries toys and outfits for everyone. It would hardly be a good sex shop if it didn't cater to the needs of the Mistresses, would it?”

“True” Ethan noted with a nod. He looked to the side window before letting out a light sigh.

Asha glanced his way again. “What's the matter, David? You're not worried about Ajax are you? I told you, the turtle will be fed while we're gone. I've arranged it.”

David. It was amazing he could remember his real name anymore with how many times Mistress Goliath called him that ever day. It was cute at first. Then Ethan found it grating for a time. After a while, he merely accepted his slave moniker. It was clear his real name would never mean anything to her.

“It's not that, Mistress.”

“Then what is it?” she asked, sounding increasingly annoyed. “Speak up before I disregard your sulking and beat your ass instead. Don't think I won't pull this truck over! I'll spank you in full view of traffic!”

Ethan turned back to the massive matriarch. “May I speak frankly, Mistress, without fear of punishment?”

“For the next minute, you may. Yes.”

He took a deep breath before speaking. “Mistress, I don't want to sound ungrateful. In many ways our time together has been a dream come true. I've always wanted to be with someone like you. Well, not **exactly** like you, but the fact that you have a cock doesn't bother me.”

Asha raised an eyebrow and shot him a dirty look. Her expression clearly read: *'This better be going somewhere.'*

Ethan gulped. “Anyway, what I mean to say is, I've always wanted to be with a beautiful amazon and be her little spoon. You've definitely fulfilled both of those desires. I can't deny that. But I was hoping for something more intimate. To have some affection as well. And the truth is, our relationship often feels cold. Like I'm nothing but a toy to you...”

Mistress Goliath's eyes, once thin slits of marked irritation, slowly softened to their normal size as Ethan spoke. She nodded.

“I understand. As well as we match up physically, we're never going to be a perfect couple. You know why, don't you?”

“No, Mistress. Please explain.”

“Well, it should be obvious by now that I'm a-romantic. Do you know what that means?”

“I’ve not heard the term before, but I can guess based on the etymology.”

“Little or no interest in romance, basically.”

“As I figured” he said glumly.

“Look, I know it's not ideal, but right now, we're both getting something we want out of this. And it won't stay like this forever. I've had slaves before you and I'll have ones after you.”

“So you're just going to toss me away, some day? Like a used condom?”

“Stop being so dramatic! Just because I'm a-romantic doesn't mean I'm a sociopath. I understand your needs. In exchange for your loyal service, I'll see about finding the right DIVA to hook you up with.”

Ethan's brow scrunched. “Wait. So you mean not all DIVAs are hypersexual and a-romantic, like you?”

Asha chuckled. “In my experience, all the DIVAs are **definitely** hypersexual. But no, they're not all a-romantic. They're all over the spectrum in that regard.”

“And you'll help me find one that wants more than just a human cock sleeve?”

“I'll do my best to introduce you to the strong woman of your dreams. A DIVA who will dote on you as much as she fucks you silly. Think of your time with me as extended training for that eventual hand-off. Pretty sweet deal, wouldn't you say?” Her lips lifted into a haughty grin as she looked his way.

Ethan's face broke into a smile of revelation. It seemed Asha wasn't a purely cruel woman after all. “Yes, Mistress! That would be wonderful! Though, I'm sure to miss your company when the time comes...”

“Oh, don't worry. I won't hand your leash to anyone who wouldn't let me borrow you from time to time. Us DIVAs are self-interested at the end of the day. Satisfying our needs comes first. That's what you slaves are for. In the spirit of that arrangement, you'll need to be patient. It may be a long while before I find the right sister. Even longer until she expresses sincere interest in you and I decide to place you in her care. Until then, you're my property. Mine to use, abuse and train into a top tier bottom bitch. That's the deal. Can you live with that, slave?”

Ethan saw light at the end of the tunnel for the first time. His decision not to attempt any escape from Asha's clutches, to not seek a return to his old life, finally felt like the right one. In the end, he might not need to settle for Asha's icy, authoritarian advances. There might be warmth and love to go with the frenzied sexual demands of another decadent DIVA.

“Yes, Mistress Goliath. And thank you.”

“Good to hear. Because even if you said no, I wasn't letting you go any time soon.”

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After hours of travel and servicing his Mistress with several rest stop blowjobs, Ethan found himself traversing a small city he'd never heard of. They proceeded down its thoroughfare before turning onto a side street between classy, well-kept three and four story buildings. It was a classic walkable community with commercial and civic infrastructure on the ground floor, staircases leading down to all kinds of shops on the lower level and residential units above.

Their destination was a fair distance from the main street, which wasn't too surprising given the kind of establishment it was. They found themselves in the unsavory district that most towns have, where bars, cheap motels and sex shops lay in close proximity. Ethan got a quick glance at the store's neon sign. The words '*Guise In Shine*' lit up in bright pink and purple. Asha drove around the side of the sizable shop, opting to park in the small lot at the back reserved for the owner, employees and special guests.

Asha stepped down from the elevated cab and Ethan slid to the foot rail. He hopped down, hanging onto the door as best he could until his feet hit the pavement. They converged in front of the truck and Mistress Goliath clipped a chain leash to his collar. Its steel links shined in the afternoon sun.

Her bulbous curves were outlined in luscious leather. A thick, black leather jacket was wrapped around her massive bust. Shiny burgundy leather pants hugged her powerful legs down to where they sunk into gleaming, black leather thigh highs. Her dark hair flowed to one side, tumbling down into an elegant wave that shined in the light of day.

Asha pulled him close to her sinful assets and the usual combination of smells smacked Ethan in the face. The heavy scent of oiled leather, her lavender perfume and the powerful musk of her cock, radiating through the thick fetishwear covering her body. That intoxicating miasma, combined with the blue shadow around her eyes and the ruby red painted on her lips cast a spell on him, as always. Then came her authoritative tone, compelling Ethan to follow her commands without question.

“While we're here, you will obey Mistress Kayla at all times. I've already explained to her my rules regarding your use, so you don't need to worry. You will follow her orders as if they came from me, especially if I'm not around. Is that clear, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. Now let's go get a look at our home for the next week.”

“Should we go in through the back?” he asked, pointing to the door not far away.

“Bitch, you know how much I love the back door, but since this is our first time here, let's head to the front.”

Ethan could only laugh as Asha tugged his leash and led him around the building. He watched the giant tower of muscle and plump flesh that was his dark-skinned Domina flex and strut, her leather creaking sumptuously the whole way. A couple months ago, he was mortified at the idea of being seen in public like this. Now, he almost wished the sex shop was on the main drag so more people could see his nearly seven foot tall Goddess with aviator glasses sauntering by with a slave in tow. It was an odd sort of pride he had, not necessarily in being a submissive, but for being owned by such an amazing woman.

They made their way to the front parking lot and climbed the short staircase leading to the entrance. As Asha opened the front door and led them inside, an electronic series of tones called out, altering any

staff on duty to new customers. Ethan was immediately ensconced by the usual smells he'd grown accustomed to in Asha's dungeon. Leather polish, rubber, lube and metal. Although not as powerful, Ethan was sure he caught a hint of cum in the air as well. The bizarre mixture of scents always struck him as a kind of deranged offspring; the bastard child of a hardware store and a brothel.

Guise In Shine had everything one would expect. Racks of fetish clothing, entire displays of shiny fetish boots in every size and type imaginable, endless shelves of sex toys, bondage equipment and stands of wearable accessories showcasing everything from elaborate body harnesses to simple slave collars.

A sign hanging from the ceiling displayed *'Try It On!'* between graphics of a pair of leather boots and a riding crop. It pointed down a short corridor that obviously led to some dressing rooms. Another sign just above an ominous looking door read *'Members Only'* with a depiction of a gagged gimp's face beside it. Ethan had a sneaking suspicion he knew where that led and that he'd be getting a personal tour of the facility before long.

Within seconds of their arrival, a young woman in an all black outfit appeared from a hallway behind the front counter.

“Asha!”

“Hey, girl!” Ashaki called back as she strolled through the center of the store. They met seconds later and entered a sisterly hug. Both women were all smiles as they stepped back and studied each other up and down. “Long time no see.”

“Yeah, it's been a while” the pale, curvy woman replied. She wasn't as big or bulky as Asha, but the woman had humongous breasts, bulging hips and a giant dumper. Her considerable assets were in stark contrast to a waist that was maybe half as wide. “I was thrilled when Freya told me you were coming to help promote the shop! Thanks for doing this.”

“Oh, it's my pleasure. As much as I enjoy my home dungeon, it's good to get out and explore every now and then. There's so many nice play spaces to enjoy. Especially when a DIVA is running the show.”

“Right?!?” the grinning goth girl replied. She looked beyond Asha and her gaze honed in on Ethan. “And this must be the new slave you told me all about?”

“Yes, this is my new David” Ashaki answered. She gave the leash a stern tug, pulling him closer to Asha's side. “Introduce yourself properly to Mistress Kayla, slave.”

Ethan placed his arms rigidly along the sides of his body and entered a full bow, speaking as he looked at the floor. “It's an honor to meet you, Mistress Kayla. Thank you for having us.”

“Mmmmm, how well behaved!” the shop owner replied. Her black lipstick extended into a warm smile as she sized up the little man standing before her.

As Ethan raised back to his full, pitiful height, he took the opportunity to get an eyeful of the shop owner. Kayla wasn't as tall as Asha or even Mistress Adaleigh, but she was still well over six feet. She had at least a foot on Ethan's 5'2” frame and the platform heels on her boots added a few more inches to her looming stature. Surprisingly, those boots represented the only leather the punkish DIVA was

wearing.

Her thick curves were almost entirely wrapped in black lace and fishnets, making her flesh look darker in most places. It was only her bare hands and face where her powder white complexion stood out from her dark apparel. She had several tattoos on her shoulders, arms and legs, but it was difficult to discern the designs below the tight, silky black garments. While her frame wasn't as bulky as Asha's, well toned muscle was still evident in her supple limbs.

Under her dark see-through top was a singular black bra keeping her double D's in place. Below her fish-netted midriff, a black skirt took over, sliding down to just above her knees. While leather and latex were in short supply, gleaming metal was abundant. Her entire ensemble was covered in metal studs, steel rings and slim silver chains that lined the creases of her outfit. A shining crescent moon pendant hung from the zipper at her waist, ready to be tugged down at a moment's notice.

Her lengthy hair was dyed jet black, matching the makeup around her eyes and lips. It spilled from all around the stylish, circular brimmed hat that sat on her head. If it had a cone at its center, it would've been a traditional witch's hat, but instead its top featured a small velvet dome. The young DIVA looked equally prepared to take part in a wiccan ritual or stride into a flashing rave and dance the night away. She could've easily starred in *The Craft* or *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo* if Hollywood allowed giant women to be their leads.

“He's been well trained in manners, domestic service and all the skills a good **bitch boy** needs to satisfy a woman of our appetites” Mistress Goliath spoke confidently. “David is your slave as much as mine for the duration of our stay. Enjoy him as you see fit, at will and without hesitation.” Asha held out the leash to emphasize her point.

Kayla raised an eyebrow, pausing only a moment before reaching out and accepting the leather strand. “Thank you, Mistress Goliath. You can't imagine how much I've been looking forward to this! The truth is, I've hit a lull recently. It's been frustrating.”

“Oh? A gorgeous woman like you? How so?”

“It took months to get this place setup properly. Ate up most of my days. My ex-boyfriend ghosted me in the middle of the process. He wasn't an amazing sub, but he was learning. A real hottie, too.”

“What a fool. I keep mine locked in the basement so he can't make such rash decisions.”

Kayla threw her head back and her lilting laughter filled the room. “Yeah, I think I'll follow suit with the next one. It's too much time invested, otherwise. I had another **bottom bitch** helping out with the store for a while. He was getting paid **AND** fucked on the reg. What more could a slut boy want? He split on me too.”

Asha looked flummoxed. “What the hell? Why?!?”

Kayla waved her hand in dismissal. “He was all talk, like so many of these so-called submissives. They say they want to be dominated until they're getting fucked in the ass five times a day. Then it's all *'Not again today, Mistress! Please, I'm sore!'* Fucking pansies.”

“Sounds like he needed more discipline.”

“Without a doubt. Unfortunately, things get a little more tricky when your sub is also an employee, so I had to let him go. I've been miserable ever since. Jerking off way more than I'd like to admit.”

Asha placed her hand on Ethan's back and shoved him forward a couple steps. “Well, that won't be necessary any longer. The title on his collar doesn't lie, I promise you.”

Kayla gazed down at the thick piece of leather buckled around Ethan's throat. She studied the words etched on its surface and a fresh grin spread across her face. “So, you're a good **cock sleeve** are you, David?”

“Yes, Mistress. At your service...”

“I think I'll put that to the test right now! If you don't mind, Mistress Goliath? I don't mean to rush things, but I'm **dying** to nut.”

Asha chuckled and nodded. “Of course. As I said, he's at your disposal any time.”

“Excellent! Follow me!”

Kayla led them behind the front counter and into a hallway, beyond. It was cluttered with empty clothing racks, non-assembled display stands and boxes of new merchandise, all waiting to be moved onto the shop floor. For once, Mistress Goliath walked behind Ethan, her massive bulk barely fitting down the cramped, narrow corridor. They passed a few rooms before Kayla opened a door to her office and tugged Ethan in.

Mistress Kayla's personal den was just as unorganized as the rest of the backrooms. There were piles of clothing, boxes of opened merchandise and stacks of mail all over the various furnishings outlining her executive suite. The walls were covered in a combination of gothic and fetish glamour photography along with framed posters featuring her favorite DJs and industrial bands. It was easy to see why DIVA had picked Kayla to head this operation. She had a true passion for fashion and a love of night life that was only outstripped by her carnal lust.

The sole piece of furniture that wasn't stacked with junk was a sturdy, leather padded bondage table that looked out of place in her otherwise normal office. It's shiny black surface had a padded hole near one end. The opening was presumably for the submissive's face to be shoved or strapped into while being fucked. The entire apparatus was surrounded by steel fixtures with metal O-rings hanging from them for easy use with all manner of bondage toys and accessories.

Kayla led him directly to the decadent device, her grip growing tighter on his leash. She reigned in the thick strand of leather, pulling Ethan close to her curvy body. She grabbed him by the back of the head and the ass of his pants, shoving him down on the table with impressive strength.

“Down, boy!”

SLAP

“Hands to the corners!”

Ethan stretched out his arms as instructed. Mistress Kayla lifted two pairs of handcuffs that were already dangling from two of the table's O-rings and ratcheted them around the little man's wrists. It was obvious this wasn't the first time she'd done this. Not only were the handcuffs a giveaway, but the heavy scent of semen was still strong on the leather Ethan's face was smooshed into. You could clean fetish gear, but DIVA cum was much more pungent than any man's. The smell never fully went away once an object had been bathed in it.

Ashaki watched Kayla work with a knowing smile. It had been a long time since she'd been that hard up for a rut, but Asha knew the feeling. The amused amazon studied her new surroundings as she waited for the fun to begin. "Nice office."

"Thanks!" Kayla said as she undid Ethan's belt and pulled it from his jeans. "I'm still setting the place up how I want, but it's coming together." She bent the the long leather loop between her hands and snapped it together.

CR-CRACK

"Oooh! Maybe we can use this later!"

Ethan winced, fearing for his bottom. He didn't know how fierce Mistress Kayla would be in comparison to Mistress Goliath, but he was about to find out.

"Why not right now?" Ashaki offered.

Kayla ripped his pants down, yanking the jeans until they were flat around his feet. "You know what? That's a great idea! I like my fuck boys **extra tight**."

She bent over and brought the thick leather belt to bear around Ethan's ankles. She wound it around the bottom of his legs several times before tugging it tightly and strapping the end back into its metal buckle harness. The young man was bent over the table with his torso strapped to the smelly leather and his legs bound together with his own belt. Ethan's ass and pucker felt cool air, his defenseless anatomy presented fully to the two DIVAs in attendance.

ZZZZZZZZrrrrrrrrpppp

As soon as she stood back up, Kayla grabbed the shiny moon pendant and her zipper came gliding down. Her luxurious piece of goth fashion parted and began to drop from her body. She caught it before it fell away and tossed the garment on a nearby sofa. Mistress Kayla's considerable hose of hefty white flesh sprang out, already growing rigid as she stared at the inviting target before her.

Mistress Goliath had just found a place to sit and enjoy the show when a sound pierced the hallway. It was the same series of soft, electronic tones that rang out when she and Ethan entered the store.

"**Shit!**" Kayla shouted. "It never fucking fails!"

"Don't worry" Asha said, waving her off. "I'll keep them busy for a while. You enjoy yourself."

"Are you sure?" the eager Domme inquired. She turned to face Ashaki, one hand stroking up and down her growing pole. "I haven't even given you the tour yet."

“Please, I've been through a few sex shops in my day. I know my clothes and toys. I'm sure I can find my way around.”

Kayla nodded with a beaming smile. “Thanks Asha!”

“No problem. It's not like you'd be able to hide that under your skirt anyway. Just don't keep me waiting too long.”

“Oh, don't worry. With how worked up I am, this shouldn't take long at all.”

Mistress Goliath marched from the room, her heavy boot-falls thudding into the distance. Kayla turned back to Ethan and her smile grew wicked. She pulled up behind his helpless form, still stroking her bulging python.

SMACK

Kayla blasted her hand off his right ass cheek, leaving a deep red imprint before reaching up and grabbing the bottom of his shirt. She pushed it up the length of his body, pulled the back of it over his face and snagged the garment around his head. With his arms stretched out and still stuck in the sleeves, it served as a creative, impromptu hood. She took hold of the leash, pulling it taut around his neck as the cotton of Ethan's shirt tightened around his face.

“This one will be a quickie, but don't worry, you'll be getting fucked **LONG** and **HARD** plenty of times over the next week. Think of this as an appetizer before the main course!”

Ethan moaned into his shirt as he felt Kayla's meaty missile slap against his cheeks. He couldn't see her cock, but from the impact alone, she had impressive length and girth. The slaps became moist and more distinct as pre-cum leaked from her thickening member and basted the supple cleft she was about to invade.

“Are you clean down there, slave? Or do I need a condom?”

“Yes, Mistress Kayla!” he struggled to move his lips against the tight fabric wrapped around his face. “I give myself an enema every morning, by order of Mistress Goliath!”

“Well trained, indeed. Good, then we can skip to the fun part!”

Ethan's eyes expanded in alarm as she hurriedly pressed her enormous glans to the soft ring of his anus. She grabbed his bare hips, her painted black fingernails digging into his flesh as she exerted pressure. He let out a heavy groan as her fat column of fuck meat thrust into his backdoor, splitting his hole a little wider with each inch it burrowed.

“MMMPPPHHH!!!! **AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

The determined Domina moaned in relief as she sank into his depths. Kayla didn't stop until every inch of her thick, twitching flesh was lodged in his silken tunnel and her weighty ball sack rested against the bottom of his thighs. Once she was balls deep, she waited for a few moments, stretching him out to meet her dimensions and enjoying the first full insertion she'd experienced in weeks.

Mistress Kayla was massive. Not as girthy or long as Mistress Goliath of course, but few among the DIVAs could measure up to her. It didn't matter. The sex-crazed goth was still huge and the fact that Ethan's legs were strapped together made her invasion that much more intense. His entire body below the waist was tightened by the belt. His ass cheeks and pucker, which had been prodigiously loosened by hundreds of lengthy poundings by Mistress Goliath, were constricted back into virgin man cunt. Now that she was inside him, Ethan had a clearer idea of her invasions. He was confident she had at least fourteen inches of thick schlong buried in his guts.

The combination of a well-trained bussy and the the deliciously tight fit of his gripping hole drove the sexy shop owner wild. She pulled out all but her sputtering tip and glided her fat length back into his velvety cavern. Her pre-cum sputtered all over with each powerful, pistoning fuck; lubricating his back passage and making it as pleurably wet as it was snug and warm.

As her fucking picked up speed, she wound the leash around her hand and tightened her grip even more. Ethan's straining face contended with the dual layers of cotton encasing his head at the same time the collar continued to tighten around his throat. Getting anything but brief, scant breaths became difficult as Kayla plowed into his asshole with increasing ferocity. Her balls slapped against the bottom of his ass cheeks and the tops of his thighs as a mixture of sweat and pre-cum leaked from his strained starfish.

“Mmmmmm! **YEAH!!! Fuck**, that's good! And you love it too! Don't you, David? Tell Mistress how much you love her cock!”

Ethan untied his tongue; pausing his grunting and pained groans just long enough to respond.

“Y... Yes, Mistress Kayla! I-- **Ahhh!** I... need your big cock inside me!!!”

SMACK

She took her right hand from his flank just long enough to blister his ass between fucks. Pain surged through his right cheek as she continued to feed him her enormous erection. Her grip tightened around his body and her slamming hips and thighs became even more aggressive, almost matching her spanks with brutal slapping force. The bondage table rocked slightly, jarred by Mistress Kayla's forceful fucks.

“That's more like it! **Moan for me you little faggot!**”

“Ahhhhhhh! **OH GODDDD!!!** AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Kayla drilled him deep and hard, pounding his slutty bottom as she periodically deprived him of the air he needed to mutter and groan. She slowed her thrusting only to swat his ass harshly, alternating between sides so both of his cheeks were sufficiently reddened. Eventually, her need to come overwhelmed her and she dropped the leash onto his back. Kayla abandoned her spankings to take a painfully tight grip of his hips. Her glossy black nails dug into his flesh as she pounded him with the most furious fucking yet.

Ethan's asshole widened and narrowed with each mighty thrust, making him drool into his shirt and yank on the cuffs binding his wrists to the table. He could do nothing but lay there and take it as her grotesquely bloated cum cannon speared into him without relent. Just when he thought it would never

end, he felt her enormous scrotum begin to twitch against his body, her column of cock following suit with a series of spasms as it rammed through his fleshy portal.

“FUUUUUUCKKKK! YESSSSS!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Kayla buried herself in his ass and threw her head back as pleasure crackled through her quivering body. A scalding river of sticky filth erupted from her tip, gushing through Ethan's intestines as her hiccuped and spewed. Glob after glob of hot splooeey spat into his rapidly filling intestines. The DIVA hung onto his body for balance, her eyes rolled backward as the delirious pleasure of extended ejaculation overwhelmed her.

She may not have been as tall or well endowed as Asha, but it seemed every DIVA was capable of unloading quarts of sludge-like semen into whatever holes their hungry erections filled. Ethan bit his lip as the familiar sensation of jizzum rushing up his bowels clogged him with sticky nut. He'd been filled to bursting more times than he could count by Asha. The women at the DIVA ball had overflowed his holes in the same depraved way. It seemed it was his fate to be doused in their luscious nut until it merged with his very DNA.

When his body could accept no more of her long, stringy spurts, Kayla's semen began spraying out around her cock and leaking all over the floor. She paused in her perch of victory, looked down, and grunted in annoyance. Reluctantly, she pulled her cock from the slave boy's ass and gripped it with her right hand. Kayla stroked herself, milking out the final blasts of her buttery fluids that landed on Ethan's back in heaps of gelatinous cream.

“Ahhhhhh! Mmmmmmm... Yesssss...”

Finally, Kayla's fearsome weapon twitched its last and stopped covering Ethan's sprawled out body in sticky paste. With her balls drained and her heart beating rapidly, the now sweaty goth girl dropped her weighty appendage and placed her hands on her hips.

“Holy fuck, I needed that!”

Kayla turned and looked to the wall-mounted clock behind her desk.

“Damn, I better go check on Asha!”

She gathered up her skirt, but didn't put it back on immediately. The excited DIVA needed another minute to *deflate* before the skirt would be anything but a parasol held up by her engorged cock. In the meantime, she rummaged through one of the open boxes in her office and pulled out a fat, cone shaped butt plug with a wide, flared base. Kayla strode back to Ethan and pushed the business end of the massive toy into the dribbling cum fountain that was his anus.

“EERRRGGGGGHHMMMMMM!!!!”

Ethan grunted as she plunged the rubber missile deep in his rectum. She didn't stop until it fully lodged in his greasy walls. His pucker closed around the thin section near the bottom as the wide end piece pressed against his blistered buttocks. The cruel toy not only re-ignited the pain of her brutal spanks and fucks but locked his backdoor shut so naught but the thinnest trickles of her ejaculate would escape.

“Hang tight, little David!” she said while slapping her palm into the bottom of the plug.

THWAP

“**AHHHHHHH!!!!**”

“I’ll be back in a bit, and then we’ll see about filling your other hole.”

* * * * *

Asha was prepared to rent a room at one of the local hotels during their stay, but Mistress Kayla would have none of it. As it turned out, the dungeon below the shop had a special suite that she occasionally lent to friends and rented out to repeat customers. She made sure the room would be available for the entirety of Mistress Goliath and David's stay, so the odd couple were now living in a BDSM lair for the duration.

As a smart business woman, Kayla knew this would free up more of Asha's funds to buy new outfits, toys and equipment to take home. Mistress Goliath didn't disappoint in that regard, finding many new bodysuits, dresses and accessories that were to her liking. Ethan, too, was put through the fashion ringer, being made to model a host of outfits that made him look like everything from a *Chippendale's* dancer to a latex mummy immobilized by the most debilitating metal and leather restraints.

Guise In Shine's facilities were much more comprehensive than any home dungeon's could hope to be. Going far beyond the average stockades, bondage benches and fuck horses, Kayla's dungeon was home to several forms of suspension bondage, a medical play room and half a dozen old school medieval devices, including an iron maiden. It became obvious quickly that more of the Goth Domme's time and planning had gone into preparing the bottom floor of the new establishment than the shop.

The feature Ethan found the most bewildering, because he'd never heard of such kinky play, was the rubber vacuum bed. Kayla had a large room setup just for rubber and leather confinement. This included two large, reinforced platforms on which vacuum beds or sleepsacks could be laid and secured or even suspended.

That's where Ethan found himself on the third night of their visit. He was stripping out of his usual slave attire, preparing to enter the odd sheath of extra thick black rubber fitted around PVC pipes. His chastity cage had been removed just minutes ago, allowing his limp cock to dangle free for the first time in months. Mistress Goliath was reluctant to do so, but Kayla made the necessity of it clear so as not to damage the equipment.

Ethan had grown used to wearing latex and he'd even been subject to extended rubber confinement a few times, but this would be more extreme than anything he'd tried before. There were no eye holes or nose holes in this device. Once locked in, the only portal to the outside of the rubber prison was a small hose that stuck up from the mouthpiece. This was to ensure the submissive could breathe until the session was over. Every other centimeter of his body would be sealed in ever tightening, glossy black.

Asha and Mistress Kayla looked excited for this new form of entertainment. Their smiles grew wide

as they watched Ethan pull down his tight, latex briefs and toss them aside with the rest of his outfit. Mistress Goliath wore a shiny black corset and matching arm-gloves that outlined her thick arms and fulsome curves. She wore nothing below the waist but thigh high boots, allowing her enormous erection to hang free.

Mistress Kayla was strapped in a purple latex bodysuit. It completely covered her fit, feminine form below the neck, aside from the single opening at her crotch where her fearsome schwanz hung out. Their cocks were stiffening by the second as they gazed at the unusual bed of layered, silky rubber and the waiting slave at its side. Now that he was nude, the fun could begin.

“Get in, David” Asha instructed with calm, cool authority.

“Right away, Mistress” Ethan answered before lifting the top layer of heavy latex and inserting his foot into the bottom. He gently shimmied his way into the large, rectangular structure, his legs and back rubbing against the outer PVC structure as the rubber sheets creaked and rippled. The further he inserted his body into the stretchy, gelatinous mass, the more difficult it became to move. Getting the second half of his body in was a struggle, forcing himself into the rubbery darkness as the top layer pressed down on his body and his skin dragged against the gripping bottom.

Ethan found the mouthpiece and let it sink between his lips. It was almost like having a ball gag in his mouth, but it wasn't quite as tight or restrictive. He took a deep breath through the tube, confirming that he would be fine as long as the hose wasn't obstructed. The long, air tight zipper on the side of the fetish apparatus was pulled closed by Mistress Kayla, sealing him in total latex darkness.

Seconds later, the industrial vacuum was flipped on. The whirring sound filled the room as the air was quickly sucked out between the thick rubber sheets. Bit by bit, Ethan felt the latex closing in. It molded to his skin, growing tighter by the second as it locked his body in place. Soon, he was nothing but the outline of a human that could scarcely move. He was encased in rubber the same way *Han Solo* had been frozen in carbonite and had almost the same range of motion.

Ethan tried to shift his arms and found they wouldn't budge an inch. They were plastered at his sides, just inches from his cocooned torso. His thighs could pull a bit within the tight rubbery grip, but they barely managed an inch or so of movement. Soon, every particle of air had been sucked from the stifling fetish sarcophagus and even his legs were locked in place. He lay motionless with only the sounds of breathing and occasional mutters coming from the hose sticking up from his rubberized face.

The suction device droned to a stop and the room fell silent aside from Ethan's breathing and muffled whimpering.

“Beautiful, isn't it?” Kayla asked. “To see a slave so completely subdued.”

“A work of art” Asha agreed. “I'd hang him on my wall if he wasn't such a good cum dump.”

Kayla snickered. “Shall we have some fun?”

“Of course.”

Mistress Kayla headed for a rack of sex toys while Asha made a beeline for Ethan's rubber-wrapped face. Mistress Goliath shifted her considerable bulk up onto the platform, lifting her giant legs over the

outline of the rubber vac bed. She hovered her massive ass in mid air until it was directly over her David's defenseless head. Asha brought the avalanche of dark, doughy ass down around his face, her massive weight adding to the already stifling effect of imprisoning latex.

Asha bucked her ass back and forth over his face, moaning gently as she reached below and began stroking her rapidly growing member. Her latex gloves glided over the hose of dark flesh, pre-cum leaking from its tip as she rode her slave's rubberized face. Her sweaty ass crack slid up and down his mummified form, bending the breathing house constantly and temporarily blocking it every time she lurched back and forth. Ethan could do nothing but groan as her massive bulk shifted over his face.

“**Mmmmm**... That feels quite nice” Asha bellowed as she continued her rhythmic motions. The feeling of her submissive's face and the quickly moistening rubber running along her taint was almost as pleasurable as the strumming of her fist up and down her bulging, black missile.

SCHNAP

The business end of a leather crop laced into Ethan's right thigh and he yelled into the breathing tube. He was caught off guard by the sudden blast of pain and the many strikes that followed.

SCHNAP SCHNAP SCHNAP SCHNAP SCHNAP

The thick rubber gave his lower body some cushion from Kayla's blows, but her love taps still stung like a son of a bitch. Ethan's squeals had to contend with his own breathing. His grunts and groans were often cut off as Mistress Goliath rocked back and forth, suffocating his safety tube as easily as she did his latex locked face.

As Ashaki's pleasure-wracked mast and giddy form grew closer to powerful climax, she backed off suddenly. Asha reached around and felt down Ethan's body, halting Kayla's discipline for a spell. She traced her hand over her slave boy's crotch and found a rock hard lump straining against the top of his rubber prison. Mistress Goliath shook her head and lifted her bulk from his face. She stared down at his pitiful figure, the sweat of her ass glistening on his well-smothered head.

“Who **the fuck** said you could get hard, David?!? Just because I take your cage off doesn't mean you get to come!”

“I'm sure I could provide the proper motivation to make sure he doesn't.” Kayla piped up.

“Please do!” Asha egged her on before dropping her massive shelf of thick, black ass back on Ethan's straining face.

The helpless rubber slave felt the massive weight of his Mistress crush down around his head once more. The breathing tube bent backwards and soon the only air he was getting was the stale remnants of Mistress Goliath's pungent fumes.

THWACK THWACK THWACK

Three harsh blows laced into Ethan's dick and balls, sending a flood of jarring pain through his entire body. His privates were an unmoving target, easily blasted for maximum agony when the subject was unable to writhe more than a centimeter. Ethan's muscles flexed in his rubber prison, but his body

remained fixed. He could do nothing but accept Mistress Kayla's strikes along his tortured frame while Mistress Goliath smothered him endlessly and rode his defenseless face like a Sybian.

Ethan suffered in stifling rubber as the welts raised down on his legs, cock and torso. He struggled to breath and his limbs strained in futility against the irresistible force of all-consuming latex. As he lay in tight, clinging darkness, enduring their depraved desires, the sputtering slave heard their cackles of glee and moans of pleasure above.

The sadistic DIVAs stroked themselves to sexual frenzy as they delighted in his torment. Eventually, the need to come eclipsed all other considerations and Mistress Goliath rose on her powerful haunches. Mistress Kayla tossed her leather wand aside and replaced it with a large, PVC funnel.

They gathered near the head of the rubber vac bed and Kayla lifted Ethan's mouth tube into the air. She inserted the bottom of the funnel into the rubber hose and held the makeshift cum catcher before herself and Asha. Both women pointed their meaty weapons at the open end of the device, their hot, glistening tools quivering with the need for release. They stroked themselves with fervor, their breathing becoming heavy as their scrotums churned with two more monstrous loads.

“Think he'll be able to drink all this before he runs out of air?”

“Only one way to find out.”

* * * * *

As brutal as day three in Mistress Kayla's dungeon had been, the days that followed were no easier. On the fifth night of their stay, four more DIVA Mistresses arrived for a visit with three slaves in tow. Guise In Shine's playspace quickly transformed into a massive nonstop fuckfest. The three guest slaves were strapped into suspension holsters, dangling from the ground in bondage and ready to be spit-roasted by whichever two Mistresses wanted his holes next.

Ethan found himself kneeling on the floor, his body surrounded in full body leather. His ankles were strapped together and his arms were locked behind him, fitted tightly into a thick leather arm-binder. The end of the binder was chained to his leg restraints, allowing virtually no movement. His eyes were blindfolded, leaving only the nose holes through which he breathed cool air and his unzipped mouth, waiting to be abused again.

He knelt on the unforgiving concrete, his knees going raw with deep ache as he listened to the sounds of the orgy all around him. The six DIVA Goddesses were moaning, panting and grunting in bliss as their fat cocks plowed in and out of three sets of cum blasted man holes. The slaves coughed and gagged around weighty shafts, groaning in submissive glee as their asses were rammed continuously and their prostates hummed on the edge of bliss.

Every time another Mistress cried out in climax, Ethan knew he'd be called again soon. He was the designated **cock cleaner** and they were making full use of him. Every time their curvy bodies spasmed in divine pleasure and funneled a river of sludge into one of the hanging boy holsters, it wasn't long before they strode over to Ethan and gave his cum-glazed throat another fucking.

The clacking of heels on the dungeon floor announced a Mistress was approaching. She stalked forward and stopped just in front of his face. Although he couldn't see it, Ethan could feel the heat from her giant, jutting cock and smell the rank flavor of residual cum and sloppy man phlegm dripping from her shaft.

“What's this fucking slut's name again?” the buxom Latina called over her shoulder.

“David!” Asha answered between heavy grunts and battering thrusts into a slave's gaping asshole.

“Ah, yes...” the woman spoke, taking a firm hold of Ethan's head with both of her gloved hands. “Open wide, David! Momma needs another cleaning!”

Ethan stretched his mouth open as wide as he could, yet he still felt his lips split further apart when the dark-haired Goddess speared her girthy cock into his face. It's slimy, hot length plowed through his mouth, down his tongue and rushed into the clingy confines of his throat, lodging in his depths with several moist gagging coughs.

“**GLLLRRRMMPPHHHHH!!!**”

The libidinous Domina didn't let his difficulty slow her advance one bit. She went balls deep, her heavy scrotum settling right into Ethan's leather-locked chin. She grabbed the leather straps of his head harness and immediately began shafting his mouth with a steady, determined rhythm. Sticky slurping, wet chokes and weak gasps for air leaked from the sides of his mouth as she pulled her cock only six inches back before continually ramming it back down into his warm, spongy passage.

“There we go, baby! **Throat my cock good!** Mistress Lucia saved a little just for you!”

Ethan doubted it was a *little*. Although he was officially there to clean their gunked up erections, rarely had any of them abused his mouth without sending another stream of heavy nut deep into his gullet. Whether it was leftover from the last orgasm or they fucked his face to a fresh climax, the DIVAs always had more to give. His stomach already swelled with a warm pocket of their combined emissions, distending from a bodysuit which was also glazed in strands of their sticky cum.

“**OH YEAH! MORE!!! DEEPER!!!**”

The pace of Lucia's fucking grew furious, her hips sailing back and forth as her girth was crammed through Ethan's sucking lips and warm walls. Moist slurps slipped out as easily as trails of sticky fluid flowed from his bottom lip. His face was nothing but a toy for her to pull over her gargantuan phallus; his stomach a tank to deposit her building batch of jizzum. Her heavy scrotum smacked into his chin repeatedly, taunting him with the enormous load about to be unleashed.

“**MMMMMMM! YESSSS! DRINK IT YOU GIMP BITCH!!! NNNNGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!**”

Ethan's eyes glazed over as another torrent of hot filth funneled into his forced open mouth. He suckled on her cock as it pulsed and sputtered, slinging streams of scalding yogurt down into his guts. He twitched and shuddered in her grasp, the chain between his armbinder and leg cuffs rattling as she filled him with her liquid love. Ethan wagged his tongue along the bottom of her sperm channel, delivering maximum pleasure as her cock quaked and fed him every strand of semen she had to give.

Finally, the voracious Latina cooed and pulled her prodigious penis from his mouth. She murmured happily and patted the side of his face.

“**Good boy!** I see Mistress Goliath has trained you well. I wish my slut was half as skilled a **cock sucker** as you are! See you again later, little David!”

As she sauntered off, Ethan sat there panting. His stomach now bulged more awkwardly from his leather suit. Before he could catch his breath, another DIVA stepped forward and brought her hot shaft within inches of his face. Her unfamiliar voice confirmed it was one of the new Mistresses whose names and cocks he was still growing familiar with.

“Open up, **slave!**”

* * * * *

SMACK

THWAP

SMACK SMACK

THWAP THWAP

Mistresses Goliath and Kayla took turns blasting Ethan's ass with their implements of choice. Asha wielded a long, sturdy, black leather paddle while Kayla held an old fashion wooden spanker. It was equally as long as Asha's weapon, but had large holes carved along its length which allowed for maximum swing speed, impact and pain.

Ethan was on the dungeon floor, kneeling forward with his head trapped in a large metal box. The wrist cuffs locked around his hands were shackled to the same structure, immobilizing the front half of his body as he waited in suspense for what would happen to his bottom half. The *lock box* was a fun way to completely isolate the slave from what was going on outside his field of vision and cone of hearing.

His savaged ass was bright red, the product of dozens of lashes as they delivered his punishment for coming without permission. Ethan's caged dicklet was separated from his scrotum by a length of rope that was coiled and tied around his flesh tautly. He grunted and screamed into the hollow steel contraption, his yelps of pains echoing around his head while scarcely being heard by his Mistresses. They chatted above his writhing form, decorating his bottom with fresh lines of pain in between bits of friendly banter.

THWACK

“So, you're taking off tomorrow?”

SMACK

“Yeah. It's been great, but we have other DIVA facilities to visit. Freya's sending me on a tour of all the

new hot spots.”

THWAP

“Oh really? How nice! Well, I hope you'll come back to visit. You've helped put this place on the map. I haven't seen the store this busy since we opened.”

SMACK

“Of course. There aren't many places that carry fetish gear in my size and you have an amazing dungeon. I'm sure we'll be back before long.”

“I'll have a new slave by then, I hope.”

“Girl, you just gotta find a guy you like and make him your bitch! David here didn't know what a submissive butt slut and cock sucker he was until I showed him! Men don't know what they want until you put a collar around their neck and chain them up! Trust me. Besides, it's the **DIVA** way!”

“Yeah, I know you're right. Thanks, Asha. I've learned a lot this week.”

“My pleasure, dear. Always glad to mentor our younger members.”

From the confines of the lock box, Ethan yelled as loud as he could. The cessation of swats to his bruised bottom gave him hope that maybe his punishment was finally at an end.

“**Mistress?!?** Is it over?? **Please!** I'm sorry I came! I couldn't help it!!!”

Asha sighed. “What do you think? One more round?”

Kayla looked down at Ethan's welted bottom and nodded. “Yeah, definitely.”

SMACK

THWACK