

Biblical Proportions

Chapter 6 – Pony Boy Fuck Toy

The drive to the final destination on their tour was even less eventful than the first two, mainly because Ethan was so exhausted. After days of being locked in latex, bondage and many compromised stress positions, he was glad that his intense period of feminization was over. As the truck cruised deep into the countryside, he rested, lulled to sleep by the gentle hum of tires on passing highway. But even in his dreams, Ethan wasn't safe from the DIVAs. Their dripping, meaty cocks intruded on his slumber, plunging through glory holes and demanding to be serviced, as if his final day at *Feminine Wiles* had never truly ended.

From the driver's seat, Asha glanced at his snoozing form from time to time and smirked. On the one hand, she was somewhat surprised Ethan hadn't made any attempt to escape her clutches. He'd endured so much kink and depravity to earn her favor, though most of their play was nothing he explicitly longed for. He was a willing bottom even as each session Asha inflicted on him became more demanding and degrading than the last.

At the same time, she knew how easy men were to keep under her thumb once she learned their weakness. Ethan's *Achilles heel* was big women, and he'd scarcely received any attention from them until Asha found him and sucked the young man into her life of decadent hedonism. He was cute, compliant and rarely complained, all fine qualities in a bottom bitch, but that wasn't the reason she'd kept him around longer than the average plaything.

Asha's sadistic streak relished in subjecting her slaves to BDSM torments they didn't naturally crave. If some cock-hungry slut boy enjoyed being fucked in public bathrooms, feminized and immobilized in bondage, it wasn't the same to her. She drank the fear, anxiety and apprehension of the confused, naive and gullible like a bloodthirsty vampire. It thrilled her like nothing else.

Likewise, if the slave was fully unwilling, that killed the fun as much as an enthusiastic partner. For Mistress Goliath, keeping her submissive firmly in the *reluctant* zone was the sweet spot. So far, Ethan had danced on that knife's edge, giving her exactly what she wanted. Eventually, he would fall off one side or the other or Asha would grow tired of him. Then, she would hand him over to another DIVA. Perhaps one more doting and affectionate who could give the love-starved sub what he truly desired.

Or maybe she wouldn't? Was her latest little *David* growing on Asha in a way none of the previous ones had? Only time would tell.

As they left civilization behind, the smells of farm country encroached on the speeding truck. Eventually, the odor was powerful enough to waken Ethan from his debauchery fueled dreams.

“Ughhh!” he scowled as he opened his eyes and was immediately blinded by bright sun. “That stench is terrible!”

“Welcome to cow land” Asha replied with a chuckle. “I guess you didn't grow up on a farm?”

“Thank goodness” Ethan groaned.

“Neither did I, but I had an uncle that owned one. Used to visit it all the time, as a kid. You get used to the smell after a while.”

“I don't think I want to get used to it.”

“Relax. The farm we're going to doesn't have any cows or horses. Well, not real horses anyway. Just lots of slutty pony boys.”

“What a relief! I don't have to smell animals. I'm just gonna be treated like one.”

“Humans **are** animals. Folks like to pretend otherwise, because they put on a suit and go to an office to waste away in a cubicle, but deep down, the animal nature is still there. Especially in men, who've continued to act like savages through every age of humanity, right up to this one.”

Ethan grinned, imagining he was about to put Asha in *checkmate*. “Then doesn't all this pet play and pony play justify men's behavior? After all, if we're animals, how can we be expected to act otherwise?”

“**Absolutely not!**” she answered defiantly. “When done the **proper** way, the **DIVA way**, with men being subjugated and women ruling, the world is brought into balance. Man's bestial nature is controlled, his behavior corrected and he learns to serve his betters. Conversely, women get to embrace their animal nature for the first time, to dominate and enjoy the pleasures of the flesh without shame.”

“You have a funny notion of *balance*, Mistress.”

“Do I? Answer me this, slut. If men have been in control for all of recorded history, for **thousands** of years, then what is required to truly balance those scales?”

Ethan grimaced. “I'm not sure they ever can be. Or should be.”

“Spoken like someone who's only ever benefited from the imbalance... until now.”

“So after five thousand years of femdom, feminization and pony play, you think humanity will be back on track?”

“Maybe” she answered with a side glance and a cocky smile. The bulky Amazon in full-body leather looked back to the road. “It's a good place to start, anyway. I hope the same can be said for the *Kinky Colt Corral*.”

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Twenty minutes later, they spotted a large, wood-carved sign sporting the name Mistress Goliath had spoken. They turned onto a long dirt and gravel road, leaving a trail of dust in the truck's wake as they headed toward a compound. The three buildings at the front were modern units that looked nothing like

the lodgings of a farm. If anything, they appeared to comprise a modern resort. However, the closer they drew, the farther Ethan could see into the distance. A endless series of barns, tracks, stables and other farm dwellings took shape behind the more ritzy accommodations.

The long path eventually turned into a paved driveway that ended in cul-de-sac with a large circular water fountain at its center. The entrance to the compound was straight ahead while large parking lots broke off to the left and right. It was apparent from the unfinished road and the mix of recently painted and old, withered buildings that the facilities were still under renovation.

As they drove around the water fountain, a trio of women emerged from the front entrance of the central building, a lavish hotel. They were dressed in various forms of leather fetishwear and *cowgirl* attire. They carried a horse whip, riding crop and flogger, respectively. The Dommies chatted and laughed as they strutted down the sidewalk, turned the corner and disappeared in the direction of the barns and stables.

Without yet visiting any of the attractions, Ethan could guess how this establishment worked. The resort area was for the women while the guys were kept in the filthy pens and paddocks of wood, steel, hay and mud. He'd seen allusions to *pony play* on the internet before, but like everything the DIVAs did, this was guaranteed to be an extreme version of the kink.

Asha parked the truck and they disembarked. After stepping down from the high cab, Ethan rolled his neck to disperse the tension of the long ride and stretched his stiff limbs. He said a silent goodbye to the t-shirt and jeans they'd provided him before leaving Feminine Wiles. Like both of their previous destinations, regular male garb wasn't likely to last long in this place.

Mistress Goliath checked her phone and quickly replied to a text. She pocketed it before marching to Ethan and attaching a black leather leash to his collar. She smiled and nodded toward the sidewalk.

“This place is run by a *Mistress Constance*. She says we're to head directly to the *Fitting Barn*. That's where all new pony boys begin orientation.”

“The same way those three ladies just went?”

“So it would seem. Let's go!”

With a tug of Ethan's leash, they were off. They strolled past the inviting hotel and turned down the same walkway the eager vixens had taken. Mistress Goliath's gargantuan curves flexed in black leather as she strutted ahead of him. The sumptuous material creaked with the bob of her massive ass and the stretch of shiny thigh highs around her powerful legs.

After a few minutes they stepped off the paved sidewalk and touched barren dirt. The steady thud of Asha's boots on concrete was replaced by muffled plodding across the dusty trail. Luckily, Asha's fetish footwear was suitable enough for the increasingly rugged terrain. Due to her unfathomable size, she naturally wore boots with wider and shorter heels. There weren't many pair of stilettos that could support Asha's bulk. Besides, any woman attempting to wear thin or high heels in a place like this would realize her error rather quickly. For his part, Ethan enjoyed his comfortable sneakers while he could. He expected they'd be forfeit as soon as they reached their destination.

They approached the wooden archway forming the entrance to the establishment's main attraction. *'The*

Kinky Colt Corral was spelled out in tempered steel the same color and quality as would typically be molded into horseshoes. They passed through the gate and Asha slowed to a halt as they came upon a billboard with a glass shielded map of the ranch. The attractions and facilities were appropriately labeled with amusing names and symbols. Ethan got the distinct impression they'd just wandered into the most perverted theme park in the world.

“There it is! The Fitting Barn is just ahead. Perfect!”

They resumed their march into the wild west of BDSM and the dedication to the setting really started to hit home. Ethan immediately thought of the brilliant, revealing crane shot of *Flagstone* near the beginning of *Once Upon A Time In The West*. The main drag of the compound was alive with eager participants, only instead of merchants, cowboys and women in bonnets, the road ahead was dotted with cackling cowgirls and gagged pony boys.

A cornucopia of pony play kink came into focus. The women, Stable Mistresses and visitors alike, were garbed in outfits of body-hugging leather. Brown and tan were the most common colors by far. Many Dommies wore cowgirl attire complete with duster hats, leather vests and legs sheathed in glossy chaps. Some opted for a more classic style with corsets, trench coats and leather skirts.

Whether they were western themed or conventional, all wore boots similar to Asha's with short or no heels. The power-drunk vixens stomped across the increasingly muddy thoroughfare, ordering about their charges and correcting them with stern swats of the crop and ferocious cracks of the whip. Most of the women featured fat pipes of fuck-meat, poorly hidden in leather pants and dungarees. Their bulges strained against their confines, waiting to be freed and inflicted on the pony slave each Mistress was training.

One Domme, in particular, stood out to Ethan as they passed a bar called the *Sissy Slut Saloon*. She was a large woman, almost as tall and thick as Mistress Goliath herself. She stuck out mainly due to her garb, which was an assortment of pink and white cowgirl leather. The strawberry blonde's yelling also caught his attention. She scolded the man lying on the muddy ground at her feet, repeatedly nudging him with her boot as she brandished her bull whip.

“Get up you **lazy shit!** We're not even half way through your morning workout! You're tired **already?!?** Fine, lay there as long as you like!”

She pressed the bottom of her boot to the back of his head and shoved hard, plunging his face into the muck. Once the pony boy was gurgling and struggling in the fudgy mire, she stepped back. As his leather-wrapped face popped up and gasped around the bit-gag, she readied her whip.

“You just need **PROPER-**”

THWAP

“**MOTIVATION!**”

THWAP

“Isn't that right?!?”

THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP

The leather cord lacerated his ass harshly each time, leaving stinging welts of red pain. Unfortunately, it also dredged up ribbons and splotches of mud with every violent snap. She looked down at what were once immaculate white leather chaps to see them dotted and streaked with clingy brown filth.

“**DAMMIT!**” she shrieked. The buxom blonde seethed at her wincing, mud-caked charge. “This is **your** fault! As soon as we get back to the pens, you're licking every inch of my chaps clean! Got it slave?!?”

Ethan looked back to see the man grunting in pain and weakly nodding an affirmative. The annoyed amazon continued to prod him with her boot until he pressed his leather-encased hoof hands into the sludge and pushed himself up.

Asha glanced behind her, taking note of Ethan's distraction. She laughed as they continued on. “See something you like, David?”

He turned his eyes back to Mistress Goliath, embarrassed to have been caught gawking. “No, Mistress!”

“Lies. I bet you're hard as a rock right now. Or as hard as you can get in that little cage, anyway!”

Ethan was ashamed to admit it, but his dick was indeed straining against the tight metal of his chastity device. He had no particular interest in being hobbled or whipped, but he'd endure it with grace for a chance to be under the curvy cowgirl's glorious ass. He'd do nearly anything to worship a supersized Goddess like her. The last several months he'd spent with Asha were proof of that.

They didn't walk much farther before their destination came into view. A hanging wooden sign announced the *Feisty Filly Fitting Barn*. On either side of the staircase leading up to the establishment's porch were statues of young men, half naked and half locked in leather bondage. They were blindfolded, gagged and their hands and legs were snug in leather bindings that each featured horseshoe laden hooves where hands and feet would normally be. It seemed this was the fate of every man who came to the unusual ranch.

At the top of the stairs, leaning against a support beam, was another blonde, but this woman was decked out in gleaming black. Her golden locks sprouted from her midnight cattleman hat and flowed down to just below her shoulder blades. Her work jacket and pants were both tight leather, wrapping her medium build curves exquisitely.

Ethan could only estimate, but he guessed she stood a couple inches taller than six feet. The only part of her ensemble that wasn't jet black were the thick brown belt and knee-high brown boots her legs sunk into. She was a leather Goddess from head to toe. The sizable bulge in her pants was the sure sign of a decadent DIVA. The black whip curled at her hip had obviously seen much use.

When she opened her mouth, a sweet British accent flowed forth. It simultaneously softened her image and reinforced her firmness, delivering certain words with vigorous bite.

“Mistress Goliath and her slutty David, I presume?”

“That's right” Asha answered with a smile. “And you must be Mistress Constance?”

The haughty blonde grinned back. Her boots thudded down the stairs as she extended a leather-gloved hand. “It's wonderful to finally meet you. We've been looking forward to your visit.”

“Please, call me Asha” she replied as they shook hands.

Constance stepped back and took a long, appraising gaze up and down. She admired every inch of Asha's fearsome form. “My goodness! They said you were big, but I had no idea! No wonder you've become such a valued spokeswoman for DIVA.”

“Thanks, dear. I was big before my transformation, but in the process I got **extra** blessed.”

“Blessed indeed! I hope some day we have the resources so any woman who wishes can be as *blessed* as you.”

“The work continues” Asha responded cryptically, but with a nod of encouragement.

“Well said. And, with that, I suppose **we** should get to work. The sooner we get this slut outfitted, the sooner we can go relax at the resort.”

“By all means, let's proceed.”

The tall blonde stepped forward, casting a shadow over Ethan. The young man gulped as he looked up at the gorgeous disciplinarian.

“Listen up, slave! I know you're Asha's favorite pet, but you'll get no special privileges here. You'll obey your betters every minute you're on this ranch. That means **any** woman! Our clients know the rules and we have Sheriffs and Deputies everywhere, participating and ensuring things go smoothly. You'll know them by the badge” she explained, pointing to her own.

Fixed just below the left collar of her leather jacket was a gold, six-pointed star with 'KCC' inscribed at the top and 'COMMANDRESS' etched below it in big letters.

“Our Sheriffs wear silver and our Deputies wear bronze. If you have any questions or concerns, direct them to our staff. Understood?”

“Yes, Mist-”

Ethan stopped himself, unsure of how to address the daunting proprietress.

“You will refer to me as Commandress, Stable Queen or Mistress Constance” she filled him in.

“Yes, Commandress.”

“Good. Now, let's get you out of those silly clothes and properly geared.”

Constance turned and stalked back up the stairs. She was followed by Asha, whose considerable bulk

made the wooden stairs creak and bend with audible strain. Ethan was just behind them, towed by his leash.

“So, are you the owner of the park?” Asha queried as they entered.

“Hah! I wish. As you can see from all the buildings, the Kinky Colt was a considerable investment. The park is owned by DIVA. I'm just the lucky girl who gets to run it” Constance answered with a grin.

They walked into the fitting barn, which was essentially a kink clothing shop. The expected racks of leather clothing, displays of bondage equipment and shelves of kinky toys and accessories were all present. The smells of leather, steel and lubricant melded with the scent of stained cedar wood emanating from the roof, walls and floorboards. A series of ceiling fans rotated quietly above, casting light on the shop floor and circulating air around the store.

“You have one minute to get out of those clothes, slave” Mistress Constance spoke over her shoulder. She headed for the nearest aisle of leather pony-boy fittings. “Or I'll cut them off your body and throw them in the bonfire.”

Ethan began disrobing immediately in the hopes that his outfit could be salvaged for when they eventually left this place. As he undressed, he got glances of the curvy cowgirl Commandress selecting a body harness, a head harness, arm bindings and leg bindings. They were all cruel looking stretches of thick leather with webs of buckles and straps attached. Ethan didn't know if Mistress Goliath had texted Constance his measurements or if she was just eyeballing him, but the haughty blonde selected his new attire with ease.

“I've been treated like royalty everywhere on this trip” Asha spoke up. “But really, I don't mind paying for the gear and accommodations.”

“Absolutely not!” Constance replied as she turned back to them with arms full of fetish clothing. “Everything is on the house for you, Mistress Goliath.”

“If you insist” she said with a shrug.

Mistress Constance stepped forward and dropped most of the equipment to the floor. The numerous pieces of S&M gear hit the ground with a thud and a series of light clangs. She retained the elaborate body harness, holding up the complex maze of leather straps and metal buckles for Ethan to observe.

“Oh, I insist.”

For the next twenty minutes, Asha and Constance went to work. Their combined efforts turned Ethan into a fully fledged pony boy in record time. Soon, his torso, shoulders and upper thighs were locked in the grip of thick leather straps and anchor-point bondage rings. The long, sleek armgloves and leg binders slid up his limbs, locking them in fetish cling for the duration of his visit and forcing his hands and feet into unwieldy hooves with heavy horseshoes.

His head got its own harness, to which blindfolds, blinders, gags, hoods and full rubber horse-head masks could be affixed any time. Uninterested in hearing his grunting and grumbling as they tightened the gear around his body, Constance silenced him with a bit gag. The thick leather strip sank deep in his mouth and remained fixed between his teeth. It held his jaw open uncomfortably and caused a

continuous stream of saliva to leak out around the pungent black hide.

“Okay, we're almost done. There's just one more piece, if you agree to it, Mistress Goliath.”

“What more does he need? He's pretty helpless already.”

“Here at the corral, we like to outfit our pony boys with electro-stim control collars. We find the slaves learn fastest with the looming threat of negative reinforcement.”

“I don't have a lot of experience with that particular kink. Are they safe?”

“Completely safe! The danger of shock devices has been greatly overstated in the BDSM community. Most don't even shock at a high enough level to be dangerous. Hell, these collars are used to train small dogs all the time and there's never been a case of a pet dying from the shocks they give. In truth, they don't even hurt that much, but they provide the right kind of awful sensation that the slave will do just about anything to make it stop.”

Asha chuckled. “Alright. Hook him up, then.”

“Great! If you'll remove his regular collar, I'll be right back.”

Ethan winced through his gag as Asha reached to his neck and unbuckled the personalized strip of leather and metal that read '*DAVID*' at the front. For a few precious minutes the skin of his neck could breathe and feel cool air, but Constance soon returned to seal his fate.

The collar she carried was much thicker and wider than his standard one. It almost looked like a posture collar. A thinner strip of leather ran around the outside of it, threaded snugly through loops like a belt. At the back of the collar, a small electronic box was fixed, secured to the collar's base by that same leather strip. It had short metal rods that pushed through small customized holes, appearing on the inside of the collar in the form of two rounded steel diodes.

Mistress Constance brought the diabolical device to his throat and wrapped it around him gently. After a short time adjusting its straps and buckles, the collar closed, applying gentle pressure. Ethan felt the cold metal diodes press into the back of his neck. His anxiety skyrocketed as he watched the Stable Queen retrieve a remote control from the packaging the collar came in. Constance fed the included batteries into it hastily and leveled it at him with a haughty grin.

BZZZZZZTTTTT

Ethan's hoofed hands wobbled in mid-air as he felt the muscles in his neck and shoulders seize. The pain wasn't terrible, but it was constant as long as the Commandress held down the button. He groaned into his gag as his eyes plead with the sadistic cowgirl for mercy. After a few moments, she released it and his body relaxed.

“That was fifty percent” she bragged, handing the device to Asha. “Usually more than enough to get them to comply, but some slaves need more encouragement.”

“Nice” Mistress Goliath replied before pocketing the remote. She re-attached her leash to the D-ring at the front of Ethan's new collar.

“We also have shock devices for their balls. I can get one if you'd like, but it comes with its own special cock cage, so we'd have to swap out the current one.”

“Let's pass on that for now” the dark-skinned DIVA decided.

Ethan said a silent thank you to his owner and Goddess. He owed Asha the deep-throating of a lifetime for sparing his testicles. This place would be trying enough without living in constant fear of his balls being zapped.

“Suit yourself. If you change your mind, just tell any of the staff and they'll bring him back here and finish the job. Regardless, we'll send you home with one so you'll always have it available.”

“Thank you” Asha said with a nod. She'd been patient so far, but it was obvious she was eager to get back outside and explore more of the ranch.

Constance tossed the leftover packaging in the nearest trash bin and dusted off her hands. “Alright! Let the tour begin!”

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Ethan got his first experience walking in hoof-boots as they strolled the perimeter of the ranch. One by one, he was introduced to the many activities he'd be enduring in the coming day. As one might expect at a pony play ranch, there were several race tracks. The arenas varied in size and length, each tailored for a specific kind of play. There was flat racing, steeple chasing and, what appeared to be most of the Dommies' favorite, a harness track where the pony boys pulled their tormentors behind them in elegant carts and chariots.

Between the race tracks and the resort was an entire wild west themed town. In addition to the buildings Ethan had already seen, there were many more facilities. The paddocks, where pony boys were kept when they weren't entertaining guests and stable Dommies. The rutting pens, filled with the raucous sounds of slapping, panting, moaning and grunting as pony boys were railed mercilessly in various states of bondage. There was even a strength and agility training center where slaves were motivated into productive workout routines with whip, crop and flogger.

Discipline and grooming barns were available for punishing naughty slaves and cleaning up dirty pony boys after their long sessions of sweaty, muddy abuse. Perhaps most alarming were the branding and gelding stations. They were the most extreme examples of BDSM in the pony play subculture, but popular enough to warrant specialized shacks of their own. The muffled screams of a man while passing those ominous attractions would likely haunt Ethan forever.

Each building had a cute, crude and/or amusing title that matched the candor of the 'Kinky Colt Corral.' Ethan was unsurprised to see many DIVA deputies and sheriffs as they explored the compound, easily identified by their badges and the bulges in the crotch of their fetish outfits. The guests were mostly regular women, though they were no less enthusiastic about tormenting pony boys or strapping on a dildo to fuck them silly. Ethan wondered how many of them were candidates for DIVA who would eventually embrace the supersized, powerful body and obscenely large schlong of Asha and her kind.

When the tour was almost complete, Mistress Constance received a message by two way radio and excused herself to deal with some urgent business. She and Asha agreed to meet back at the resort a while later. That worked fine for Asha, since she'd let Ethan sleep on the way there, foregoing sex for the entire morning. Now it was almost noon and her desire to ravage his holes had hit a fever peak. Touring the ranch and seeing so many other women flogging and fucking bound males had driven her into a lustful frenzy.

“Hurry up!” she yelled as she tugged on Ethan's leash, her boots squishing in the muck as they made their way back to the *Rutting Pens*.

Once insides, the smells of ass, lube and cum were overwhelming. It was almost enough to make Ethan faint, while Mistress Goliath seemed freshly invigorated. The pens contained long rows of stalls that any member of the ranch could utilize if they were unoccupied. Each featured different bondage devices to secure the pony boy in, from elaborate suspension rigs to traditional benches, tables and pillories.

Asha decided this was the perfect time to test the integrity of her slut's new leather body harness. She selected the first empty pen with a suspension system and led him inside. It didn't take long for Mistress Goliath to secure the straps to the anchor points in Ethan's harness and hoist him off the ground. As he dangled helplessly in the air, she locked his arms behind his back, binding his wrist cuffs together with a tight snap-hook fastener.

To his surprise, Ethan was able to watch the entire process. Just ahead of him, at the end of the pen, was a large mirror reflecting the full activities of everything that went on around and behind him. He groaned into his bit-gag as Asha wrapped his thighs and ankles with secondary suspension straps. She pulled his legs apart and tied off the ropes, opening his ass to full, unimpeded access for her pleasure. Ethan's dick hung below in its cage, stiffening into the steel bars in spite of his mental protests.

“There we go...” Asha spoke in hushed, hungry tones as she unzipped her leather skirt. “That's just how I like my *David*. Helpless and horny, with a tinge of terror.”

Her massive black python was freed, springing forth from her glossy attire and straightening into a steely pipe of thick, meaty passion. Asha stepped to the side, giving her slut boy a full, unobstructed view of her curvy, well-hung form. She stroked her mighty schwanz up and down with lecherous glee. Her gloved hand glided up and down its slick length as thick, white pre surged from its tip and lubricated her efforts.

Ethan could only stare at her glory in the mirror and mutter in awe as he swung gently in the cool barn air. Thankfully for his poor ass, DIVAs rarely needed lubrication. They always seemed to supply their own in abundance. It was the one saving grace of being savaged by such titanic, unwieldy erections.

“I've fucked your slutty holes so many times, but you're still scared I'm going to split you in two. I see it in your eyes, David. Every time. That's the beautiful thing about our relationship, the reason you're still my collared pet.”

She turned and moved back behind him, pulling up behind Ethan's hovering, exposed starfish. Asha hefted her cock and brought its weeping head to his her bitch-boy's well trained anus. She pressed forward and Ethan was pushed forward into the air. His body angled upward, the leather straps of his

body harness and the suspension web creaking audibly until his own weight caused Asha's glans to sink deep into his fleshy canal. Mistress Goliath grabbed the web of leather surrounding his hips and ass, pulling on them insistently.

“**MMMPPPHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!**”

Ethan's eyes shot open wide and he gazed into the mirror as he was overcome with ass-splitting agony. It was a brutal sensation he'd felt many times, but had never been able to see with so much clarity. He watched Mistress Goliath above him, grinning wildly as she pulled Ethan's body into hers and inch after inch of her thickening club sank into his tender back door.

Asha showed no mercy as she drilled deep; one long, continuous plunge into the depths of her favorite slave. When she passed the one foot mark and kept going, Ethan began to struggle. His wrists pulled pointlessly on their bindings behind his back. His legs strained against the suspension harness, but found nothing but air to flail against. Mistress Goliath merely chuckled, continuing to feed her colossal bitch-breaker into his dilating pucker. She thrust her hips forward and pulled him onto her bulging staff with equal vigor. Her light, taunting laughs turned to deep murmurs of pleasure as she forced three quarters of her magnificent cum cannon into his warm, tight guts.

Then, without warning, she pushed the harness forward and Ethan slid halfway up Mistress Goliath's mighty cock. Just as quickly, she pulled the harness back and her fat fuck-stick burrowed even deeper. She repeated the motion, aggressively, thrusting home further with every eager impalement. Ethan winced with every invasion, the pain growing along with the giddy pleasure of forced prostate massage. In half a dozen thrusts, she buried her impossibly huge penis completely, going balls deep in Ethan's tight man-cunt.

“Mmmmmmm! **YESSS!!!** So good...”

She waited only a few moments before pulling back and entering a slow ass-fucking rhythm. Ethan swung back and forth steadily, the leather creaking and ceiling fixtures clinking as Asha lost herself in the fully-enveloped nirvana of anal deep-dicking. Ethan studied his Goddess as her eyes closed and her lips opened with ever louder moans of bliss.

“Ohhhhhh! **FUCK!!!** I forgot how wonderful suspension is! Makes it so fucking easy to go deep.”

Her hips slapped into his ass powerfully as Ethan's body rocked back and forth in mid air. He could do nothing but endure the increasingly wild ride as Asha bucked into him with dire need. Her bloated ball sack slapped into his much smaller scrotum and caged dick, punishing him steadily as she reached ever more lofty heights of escalating pleasure.

At one point, her pounding sped up and Ethan thought this might be a mercifully short session of anal exploitation, but the over-excited Amazon reigned herself in.

“**NO!** No... Not yet. This feels so fucking good! I'll do this all fucking afternoon if I want! Constance can wait.”

Asha's moans grew steady but exhilarated as she entered the perfect DIVA flow state of sustained, anal pounding. The women of her kind could go for hours, extracting pleasure from their slaves endlessly if they wished. They had the discipline and stamina that men lacked, a lesson they would lord over them

forever with their superior physique and everlasting erections. Their climaxes were amazing, beyond compare of anything a normal man or would could hope to feel, but the lion's share of erotic bliss was to be found in the pure act of rutting; the nonstop stroking of the countless nerve endings only an enormous DIVA cock contained.

After twenty five minutes of continuous ass fucking, Ethan was in a similar overwhelmed state, his prostate overstimulated to the point of nearly breaking his mind. But even in his daze of pleasure and pain, he heard the metallic creaking as someone opened the door to the pen. He searched the mirror and saw a familiar figure walking in behind Asha. The bright white and pink of her outfit gave her away.

“Excuse me” She spoke up, striding into the stall and stopping beside the giant, rutting figure of Asha. “If his mouth isn't busy, do you mind if I join in?”

Mistress Goliath slowed her frenzied fucking. She looked slightly annoyed by the intrusion, but quickly remembered she was a guest in this place. “Sure... go ahead.”

“Thanks! I'm Cassidy, by the way” she said with a tip of her white leather cowgirl hat and a wink.

“Mistress Goliath” the dark-skinned DIVA responded curtly.

“Ah, nice to meet you! I think I heard Constance mention you were stopping by.” She circled around Ethan's dangling form as she introduced herself further. “I'm all pent up, cause I was babysitting some dork and his owner wouldn't let me have any real fun! No fucking. No branding. Not even a shock collar!”

“I can see how that would be frustrating” Asha admitted, her hips resuming their slow bucking into Ethan's blown-out bottom.

“Right? Well, nothing a little deep-throatin won't fix!”

Cassidy stepped into Ethan's field of vision and tossed her whip aside. He got a good look at her formerly mud-speckled chaps. He may not have been *fun*, but it seemed her last pony slave had at least done a good job of cleaning her white leather getup with his tongue.

The kinky cowgirl reached down and unzipped herself, unleashing her primary weapon of Futadom justice. It was a thick, pulsing length of white cockmeat with rich veins and a sizable sack that could almost rival Asha's. Ethan gasped into his gag as he beheld her fearsome size, suddenly realizing just how much trouble he was in.

“I see you let them put a control collar on your little pet. What's his name, by the way?”

“David” she answered, without missing a beat of her thrusting hips.

“David, huh? I guess that figures. I take it you have David's remote?”

“Yeah, you want it?”

“If you don't mind. There's nothing like a little shock therapy to make a slave's deep-throating even more enjoyable.”

Asha paused in her pumping again. She reached into her jacket, extracted the remote and tossed it to Cassidy. Realizing how warm she was getting, Mistress Goliath took the opportunity to also strip off her her skit and remove her jacket entirely. She tossed them aside, unveiling her full, curvy, dark and muscular body. With nothing left on her body but a black leather bra and her shiny thigh-high boots, Asha sank her fleshy spear back into Ethan's rectum and resumed her anal domination.

Cassidy set the remote on Ethan's back just long enough to unhook his bit gag and toss it the filthy floor. She retrieved the remote with one hand while guiding her straining, reddened cockhead to the bitch-boy's puckered lips.

“Now, be a good slave and open wide. Otherwise...” she taunted him by shaking the remote.

Ethan grimaced. He knew she was going to use it regardless, but if it would get her to use it *less*, he would cooperate fully. Not to mention he'd already seen how she treated slaves who didn't please her. It's not like he had much of a choice. “Yes, Mistress Cassidy.”

He opened his mouth as wide as he could and it was plugged with pungent cock in milliseconds. Cassidy grabbed the straps of his head harness and burrowed inside his wet walls, pulling his face down the length of her sweaty yogurt slinger without delay. Ethan coughed around her girth, immersed in the scents and tastes of leather, musk and residual cum.

It was likely the leftover filth from some morning tryst before she took her most recent client for his workout. Ethan gagged and retched as the cruel woman laughed and fed him her filthy schlong without relent. No matter how much he coughed and his eyes watered, Cassidy kept pushing her hips forward and pulling his mouth further along her widening pipe of greasy, white cock.

She tunneled in deep and soon was Ethan was part of a *twist* spitroast, being pummeled by fat lengths of vanilla and chocolate cock at both ends. If only Cassidy tasted like vanilla and not sweaty leather and some stranger's ass, he wouldn't be on the verge of vomiting. As if to silence his garbled protests, Cassidy pressed the button for the first time and Ethan's upper body spasmed with the jolt of jarring pain and shock.

“Ahhhhhh! That's the stuff!” Cassidy cooed between thrusts.

Asha scanned her submissive and the other DIVA skeptically. “Doesn't that cause him to bite down?”

Cassidy shook her head. “Naw. Not once your deep in their mouth and throat” She thrust even harder, sinking further between Ethan's stretched-wide lips and eliciting a nice, sloppy sputter of involuntary acceptance. “Maybe some small-dick loser would have to worry about it, but DIVA cock keeps them stretched to the max. No leverage to bite. And it feels so fucking good!”

To prove the point, Cassidy drove almost her entire saliva soaked length into Ethan's sucking lips, burying half of it in his clingy throat flesh. She pulled on his harness with one gloved hand while holding up the remote and pressing the button with the other.

“**NNNGGGHHHH!**” Cassidy's eyes rolled upward as Ethan's warm throat and sucking cheeks spasmed around her burgeoning fuck-meat. Her cock continued pressing deeper, insisting he take even more, as his helpless body buzzed and gagged around her length. Finally, she released the button and

pulled back, freeing his muscles and nerves before the next wet thrust.

Cassidy tossed the remote back between his shoulder blades and placed both hands on his head. She railed his mouth forcefully, pressing eagerly for the wonderful sensation Mistress Goliath was already enjoying.

“Open up, slave! **TAKE IT ALL OR I'LL SHOCK YOU AGAIN!**”

Ethan found some tiny reserve of will left that he didn't know he possessed. He strained his facial muscles and managed to open his jaw half an inch wider. In two more thrusts, Cassidy sank her schlong balls-deep, her fat, pink grapefruits bashing into the bottom of Ethan's neck as his chin and face were enveloped by her sweaty flesh.

“**MMMMMM!!! That's it! GOOD BOY!!!**”

From that point on, it was nothing but moans, gasps and the sounds of moist rutting as Mistress Goliath and Mistress Cassidy plowed him with ever more forceful fucks. At times he swung slightly back and forth between them as their fucking reached an alternating rhythm. At others, his aching, bound body was bunched up as they thrust their cocks in perfect synchronicity, crushing him between the rabid motions of their uncontrolled lust.

Their grunts of pain, pleasure and exertion sailed into the air, bouncing off the walls of the rutting pens and joining the larger chorus of chaotic, frenzied Futadom debauchery. The slurch of humongous cocks in and out of far too small male holes was omnipresent, sending libidos surging even higher. The sloppy sounds were only ever pierced by the deep wail of climax when a DIVA's considerable stamina was finally overcome by a tidal wave of bliss.

After thirty more minutes of furious fucking, Asha's turn arrived. She buried herself to the hilt in Ethan's ass as her scrotum clenched and a river of white custard ejected into his depths. As stream of stream of thick pasted exited through her sputtering, fully buried fuck rod, Asha watched Cassidy with half-open eyes. Her nonstop sodomy of Ethan's mouth only made the climax that much stronger, her Asha's body tingling and surging with pleasure as her balls drained and her slave gagged around the cowgirl's thrusting phallus.

Mistress Goliath's bra tightened, nearly snapping as she held Ethan's hips in a death grip and the last several bursts of clingy nut blasted from her tip. Before she even pulled free, the nougat slop leaked out around the seal of her cock, drizzling to the mud-smearred concrete floor and forming a pool of viscous filth below Asha.

With an exasperated gasp, Mistress Goliath backed out and even larger torrent of jizzum ran from Ethan's obliterated starfish. His ass hung in mid-air, semen running from his crack even as Cassidy continued to fuck his face undeterred.

Asha placed her hands on her hips and breathed deeply for a few moments before speaking. “I'm gonna head back to the resort and relax. He's all yours. You can leave him here when you're done. Let the others enjoy him.”

“Okay...” Cassidy answered with closed eyes. She was barely paying attention between vigorous thrusts; the sound of moist, sloppy rutting overwhelming everything else.

“Later, slut” Asha said in parting to her personal pony boy.

SMACK

She delivered one powerful spank to Ethan's ass which only caused another glob of thick spooge to bubble out of his ruined hole.

Ethan endured Cassidy's throat-fucking for another twenty minutes before she began making the same overwhelmed moans and guttural grunts that had announced Asha's lift-off. She grabbed the remote and held down the button in a fierce grip as her hips flew in a frenzy. Cassidy bottomed out in Ethan's throat nonstop, smacking his face with her sweaty pubis and heavy, saliva-slick nutsack as he spasmed around her thrusting erection.

With one final scream of climax, she dropped the remote and grabbed his head, plunging balls-deep as her cock-snot unloaded in waves. Untold quantities of her thick, pungent glue splattered into Ethan's throat and mouth, surging in both directions into his gullet and out his straining face. The kinky cowgirl kept his mouth locked to her body until every last ounce of her love honey spat deep in the suspended slave's anatomy. Having tasted her for so long and cleaned her cock so thoroughly, Ethan found, in the end, that her viscous cum did in fact have the faintest taste of vanilla.

Cassidy exited his mouth without ceremony and stumbled away without a word of praise or thanks. She walked to the end of the pens where bathrooms, coolers full of bottled water and volume enhancer tablets allowed DIVAs to refresh at will.

Fifteen minutes later, she walked back into Ethan's pen and stroked herself to renewed erection. She stepped up to his semen-streaked ass, brought her bulbous bitch-breaker to bear and thrust deep into his cum-clogged guts. Asha's seed eased her invasion, making the journey even more pleasurable as Cassidy seized his hips and went to town.

Ethan peered into the mirror with weary eyes, watching the cowgirl in white and pink rail his bottom, her expression growing more overjoyed by the second. He could barely speak as her semen continued to leak from his lips. At some point in her lengthy deep-dicking, he saw the pen door swing open again and another DIVA in brown leather saunter into the stall.

“Hey, is his mouth free?”

* * * * *

For the next two and a half weeks, Ethan was put through his paces on the ranch of endless sexual excess. They'd only planned a one week visit, but Constance wanted them to stay longer so Mistress Goliath could attract more attention to some of their prominent races. Asha was having such a good time that she had no problem with staying longer.

Ethan got to know most of the DIVA sheriffs and deputies intimately as he was put through the ringer of nearly every activity they offered. He didn't place in his first three races, but on the fourth try, he came in third place. The Domme whipping him around the harness track wasn't thrilled with the

outcome, but it was good enough to avoid a trip to the punishment barn and to receive a relaxing grooming treatment before his next exile to the rutting pens.

The pens was where he spent most of his time, especially once word got out that Mistress Goliath's personal slut was up for grabs. Ethan didn't mind, since he was used to servicing DIVA cock by this point. Besides, it sure beat what the more sadistic pain Dommies wanted to do with him. The frequent use of his shock collar was more than enough to contend with.

Not once during the entire visit were his arms, legs and torso free of the sweaty, cum stained leather that became his permanent costume. Pony boys weren't allowed out of their horse tack, ever; not even for a trip to the outhouse. They rarely needed to defecate, given their mostly liquid diet, but when they did, they were hosed down thoroughly and given an enema.

Thus did Ethan eat, sleep, 'play' and generally live as a pony for two and a half weeks. The longer he spent in the pens, the more the irony of his situation was clarified. It was called the kinky **colt** corral, but the male members were used more like mares than colts or studs. The men were pony slaves, but they were the ones being fucked by horsecock sized schlongs with stunning regularity.

On the second to last day, Ethan found himself in the branding barn, bound more tightly than he ever had been in his life. They'd used dozens of straps and restraints to immobilize him on the spanking bench. The pony slave had to be completely immobile, because any movement at all could screw up the branding and then the suffering was all for naught.

Asha, Constance and Cassidy stood behind his locked-down form, chatting with the Forge Mistress and making a final decision on what they were going to inscribe on his ass forever.

“You're sure you don't want your name in the brand?”

“No, thank you” Asha said with an emphatic shake of her head. “I'm likely going to hand him off to another DIVA before long, so it wouldn't be fair.”

“What's **fair** got to do with it?” Cassidy asked with a shrug and an impish grin.

“Cass!” Mistress Constance admonished her with a stern glance. “Understandable, Mistress Goliath, but you're quite sure he'll be staying in the hands of a DIVA for good?”

Asha glanced over at her nervous, red-faced *David*. His teeth ground against the leather bit-gag as he muttered gibberish. “Yeah, I think that's safe to say.”

“A **DIVA** brand then! And we have two canvasses to paint on, so we should do at least two words!”

“DIVA slut? DIVA slave?”

Ethan whimpered in the background, growing increasingly fearful by the second. His bare ass cheeks were pointed right at the circle of chatting Dommies. He couldn't flex his arms, legs or torso a millimeter. The fire of the forge smoldered and crackled not far away.

“I've got just the thing” the red-headed Forge Mistress spoke up. She lifted a pre-made brand that had '*Property of*' written in elegant script. She hefted a second one that simply read '*DIVA*' in big letters.

Asha nodded. "Perfect."

Constance clapped. "Awesome! It's settled then! Ready the irons, Clara!"

The next five minutes were the most tense of Ethan's life as he waited in suspense for his flesh to be scorched. He could've turned from this path long ago, but he hadn't. He'd made a bargain with Asha and the next bill had come due. How many more payments would be necessary before he could expect a little affection to go with his BBW domination?

He knew he'd never get it from Asha, yet parting with her was the last thing he wanted. Now that he had a Goddess like Mistress Goliath in his life, he couldn't imagine going back to the cold, gray world of solitude and celibacy. He'd ventured into Femdom *Mordor* by accident and stayed there willingly. Now it was time to face the fire.

"Okay David, listen up" the Forge Mistress bent down and spoke to him directly. "This is gonna hurt like a **son of a bitch**, but it'll be over fast. We're gonna do both cheeks at once so we don't drag it out. Understand?"

"Mmmhhhhmmm" Ethan acknowledged through leather-locked teeth. His head was strapped down so tightly that he couldn't even nod.

"Just try to breathe and you'll be fine" she said with a smile and a slap on his shoulder. "Ready, Stable Queen?"

"Yup. Let's do it."

He heard the hissing sounds of two irons being drawn from the fire in the background. Ethan closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He could feel their heat get brutally close as they prepared to scar him forever.

"On three. One! Two! **THREE!!!**"

Two wide, searing metal brands jammed into his buttocks and delivered agonizing pain the likes of which Ethan had never imagined. His body somehow heaved without moving. His screaming flesh was held in place as he shrieked into the gag and the dutiful Dommies held the flaming irons against his skin.

"**FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO-**" Clara called out.

Ethan didn't make it to the end of her countdown. He passed out and his world faded to black.

* * * * *

Asha's truck hit a pothole as they cruised down the road, jostling the cab considerably.

"**OW!!!**" Ethan yelled, his ass smarting viciously.

Mistress Goliath chuckled. “Sorry bout that.”

“It's okay, Mistress.”

Once the ache calmed down again, Ethan sighed in relief. As long as the road was smooth, the pain wasn't that bad. He hadn't even been awake for the use of disinfectant or the first application of antibiotic cream and aloe vera gel.

His bandages would have to be changed every day for the next couple weeks, and the ointments reapplied, but that was the only time the sting was bad. Forge Mistress Clara said the brands had turned out wonderfully. When he was fully healed, his ass would clearly and proudly display '*Property of DIVA*' as intended.

“You did great, David. Better than I expected!”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Are you looking forward to going home?”

“Yes! I've been dying to see Ajax. I hope he's doing okay.”

“My friend texted me yesterday. She said the turtle is doing fine. You'll have to wait a bit longer to see him, though.”

“Oh? Why is that, Mistress?”

“I've decided we're not going straight home. We're gonna make a little detour on the way back.”

“May I ask what for?”

Asha turned to him and grinned. The light gleamed off her shades as she eyed her collared bitch-boy. “You handled your first serious body mod so well, I've decided you're ready for another.”

Ethan did his best not to visibly cringe, but the anxiety in his voice was unmistakable. “Wh-What kind of body mod?!?”

“One that will make me very happy, my little David. Don't worry. This one won't be nearly as painful.”