

Biblical Proportions

Chapter 5 – Bitchmade Bimbo

The rain fell in such heavy, thunderous sheets, the windshield wipers could barely keep up with them. Asha normally drove a good fifteen to twenty over the speed limit, but the nasty weather was keeping her lead foot in check. Still, she seemed unfazed, cradling the steering wheel casually as her oversized truck plowed through the dreary, gray afternoon.

Ethan and his Mistress had been on the road for several hours, but they still had an hour and change to go. Thankfully, his amazon owner wasn't demanding as much rest stop *relief* during this leg of the journey. He'd only been bent over one toilet for a quick shag and made to sit on another while draining Asha's heavy, brown balls with his mouth. Their tour of newly opened DIVA facilities continued and it seemed the next one would be even stranger and more depraved than the last.

"You're sure it's called *Feminine Wiles*?" Ethan asked, his brow furrowed in confusion. "I don't see it on any of the online maps."

"They're still fairly new" Asha pointed out. "They probably haven't advertised yet. Or maybe they're keeping a low profile deliberately."

"Trying to keep it underground?"

"Well, it's not like most people are going to use the services of a feminization clinic. If they billed themselves as a woman's apparel shop, they'd get bombarded by normies. It's probably best if they stick to word-of-mouth."

"I see your point" Ethan said with a nod. He banished the map application and set his phone on the dash. "Are a lot of DIVAs into feminization?"

"A fair number" the big woman confirmed. "DIVAs and Femdom women in general. I'd say, maybe a third?"

"How about you, Mistress?"

Asha snickered. "If I was into dolling you up, don't you think I would've by now?"

"I suppose so."

"Why? Are **you** looking forward to it?"

"Me?!? **No!** I've never had any desire to cross-dress."

"There's more to it than cross-dressing. A lot more. It's a whole subculture and that rabbit hole goes very deep."

“Great. When you put it like that, now I'm getting nervous...”

The dark-skinned DIVA laughed and shot him a cheeky glance. “Good. To the extent you find this uncomfortable and humiliating, that's the part I'll enjoy the most. Giving subs what they want is so damn boring.”

Ethan looked back to her with a smile. “All I ever wanted is a strong, sexy woman in my life, and you gave me that.”

“Yes, but I'm making you go through hell to get it and that's the fun part.”

“I must be getting used to the heat and flames, because it feels less like hell every day.”

Asha scoffed. “We'll see if you still feel that way in a few weeks. These next two stops will make our trip to *Guise In Shine* feel like a walk in the park.”

Ethan swallowed involuntarily, looking out into the gloom as he considered that daunting prospect. “Yes, Mistress.”

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The storm had cleared up by the time they reached their destination, though it remained a dull, overcast day. Asha texted her DIVA contact that they'd arrived and received a reply, telling them the quickest route to her office. The building appeared to be an old halfway house that had been retrofitted to meet the DIVAs needs. There was no sign or banner proclaiming the name of the establishment. This made sense, given that he'd been unable to find it listed online, except on the DIVA's own website.

Asha locked up the truck and led Ethan inside. She reigned in his leash as they entered the foyer and walked past the unmanned front desk. They continued down a short corridor that opened into a large hall. The closer they got, the echoes of a woman's shouting grew louder, punctuated by cracks of a leather whip.

“**Posture!** Keep it steady, Margo! **Straighten your shoulders, Daphne!** Don't stop, you **stupid sluts!** The first one to stop or drop their book gets a beating!”

A line of collared, feminized slaves came into focus, all balancing books on their heads as they walked up and down the length of the hall. Half of them wore traditional dresses and maid uniforms. The other half were locked in full bodysuits of thick leather or latex. All of them wore high heels of varying lengths, their stilettos clicking across the marble floor as they moved with pained expressions and careful precision.

WHIPCRACK

“**Keep pace!** If you slow down, that counts as failure too!”

It was a tall, raven-haired woman in red leather who scolded and kept them in line. From her above

average size, strong build and the considerable bulge at her crotch, it was a good bet she was one of the DIVAs. Only her hair and the long black weapon in her hands defied the otherwise all-red color scheme of her ensemble. She strutted around in shining red thigh highs, barking orders in between loud snaps of leather across the floor.

She was about to launch into another verbal and physical attack when she noticed Asha and Ethan out of the corner of her eye. She turned and placed her hands on her hips, studying the odd couple briefly before speaking.

“Oh, hello! You must be Lady Elenor's three o'clock?”

Asha nodded. “That's right. She's that way?” The giant woman pointed down the adjacent hallway.

“Yup. First office on the right. Welcome Mistress Goliath! We're glad to have you.”

“Thanks. And you are?”

“Mistress Apex. It's a pleasure! I hope we get the chance to work together during your stay.”

“Likewise. I'm sure we'll talk later. Looks like you got your hands full right n-”

As if to prove her right, one of the slaves squealed in pain and tripped. The feminized slut in full body rubber stumbled to the floor as the book toppled from his head.

Mistress Apex wheeled around and cracked her whip. “**Dammit, Alice!** I knew it was gonna be you! I swear, you enjoy having your ass beat!”

“Sorry, Mistress Apex” he called out on shaky hands and knees.

“Get up and bend over that desk!” She screamed, pointing to the piece of furniture pressed up against the wall. “I'm gonna make sure you **don't** enjoy this one!”

Asha tugged Ethan's leash and led him off. He took a final look at the slave training session and thanked the heavens Mistress Goliath had let him wear normal clothes today. Given how all the submissives were attired, he knew that wouldn't last much longer. Once 'Alice' was bent over the desk, Mistress Apex abandoned her whip for a broad, thick, spanking paddle.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

“AHHH!!! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

The blows and howls of pain faded into the distance as they reached Lady Elenor's office. Asha knocked on the door and a muffled voice directed them to enter. As they walked in, they were greeted by a studious looking brunette sitting at her desk and typing away.

“Come in, come in! Welcome to *Feminine Wiles Finishing School!* Have a seat. I'll be with you in just a minute.”

“Thanks, but I'd rather stand” Asha replied. “We've been on the road for hours.”

Ethan nodded in agreement.

“Ah, yes. You're on quite the tour, aren't you? I was so excited when Freya told me you were available to spend some time with us. In fact, I'm updating our website with the news, right now! Asha, how would you feel about doing a workshop or two?”

“Workshop? Am I really qualified for that? I believe I mentioned feminization isn't one of my favored kinks.”

“Oh, I didn't mean that kind of workshop. We have that covered. I thought maybe you could offer an *intro to BDSM* course or a specific workshop on *impact play* or *rigging*. Something that might attract new business and help couples with less experience. Whatever you're comfortable with.”

“Sure. I'm down for that.”

Elenor released the keyboard, looked up from her monitor and waved her hand in dismissal. “We can discuss that further over dinner. Where are my manners?”

The woman stood and Ethan got his first full look at the curvy Headmistress. She was tall, like most DIVAs, but about half a foot shy of Asha's towering height. Her light blue eyes were framed by rectangular, black-rim librarian glasses. A slim nose led down to deep red lips flanked by high cheek bones and thin, golden hoops dangling from her ears.

Elenor wore a red top that remained open at the front, where her massive, F-cup cleavage asserted itself. A single, strained button toiled below her valley of gleaming flesh, struggling to hold up her mounds and not snap from the constant pressure. A black suit jacket covered most of her top and led down to a shiny leather skirt that extended halfway down her thighs.

The characteristic glossy bulge of a DIVA presented itself, forever threatening to spring free of whatever meager garments held it back. From there, garters slid down the remainder of her creamy thighs, clipping to leggings that were lined at the top with an elegant floral pattern.

“Hello, young man. So, you're Asha's new toy?”

“My latest *David*” the big woman added.

“It's a pleasure to meet you, Lady Elenor” Ethan replied with a humble bow.

“Hmph... He's well-mannered, at least. No doubt because of your training.”

“He's learned a thing or two in my hands” she said with a chuckle and a proud glance at her boy toy.

Elenor scanned him up and down. “A little man, too. We feminize all types here, but guys like David are the easiest to work our magic on. Assuming, that is, Mistress Goliath allows us to...” She looked back to her fellow DIVA.

“He's yours for the next week, within certain boundaries” Asha confirmed.

“Splendid! Let's discuss that, now” came Lady Elenor's enthusiastic reply. She picked up a clipboard and motioned to the armchairs in front of her desk before taking her own seat again.

This time, Asha obliged. She tugged Ethan's leash and moved him into place. With a shove on his shoulder, she pushed him into the seat with some small fraction of her strength. Mistress Goliath sat beside him, still clinging to the leather length running to his collar.

“We offer several different types of feminization. Each comes with supplemental services that you can customize. Let's start with the basic type. What kind of slut are we turning David into? A traditional house wife? A maid? A sex worker? Or a fully rubberized bimbo?”

“Bimbo” Asha said without hesitation.

Ethan cringed.

“Excellent choice! Let's go over all the options. Starting with shaving. Since he's going to be in a bimbo suit for at least a week, we typically give bimbo sluts a full shave. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, go ahead. It's not like he has much hair anyway.”

“That makes it simple. How about makeup? We have traditional and permanent options.”

“Just regular. I want to avoid any permanent changes, in general.”

“I thought as much. So tooth removal is out, then?”

Asha leaned back in her chair, considering it for a moment. “As enticing as that sounds, I'll pass, for now.”

“That's a shame. Toothless slaves give the best blowjobs! Perhaps you'd care to sample some of our other feminized sluts while you're here and see for yourself.”

Mistress Goliath smiled and nodded. “That does sound nice...”

Ethan looked from Elenor to Asha with alarmed eyes. They were discussing the modification of his body as if deciding what they were going to have for lunch.

“How about chastity?”

“He's already locked down there.”

“Perfect! Normally, I ask about tattoos next, but David won't have any skin showing, so there's not much point. How about piercings? Bimbo sluts look great with a nose ring. And tongue studs can be great for fellatio!”

Ethan's fingers dug into the arm rests as his anxiety shot through the roof.

“A nose ring sounds fun. I'll pass on the tongue stud. I fucked a slave who had one, years ago. Didn't like the feeling of metal on my cock.”

Elenor chuckled as she continued making notes. “Different strokes for different folks! How about lip enhancement? A favorite for bimbo slaves.”

“Isn't that permanent?”

“We have a non-permanent option that wears off in forty eight hours. He'll have to get fresh injections every couple days, though.”

“That's fine.”

“Speaking of injections... I'm guessing you don't want a full hormone regimen, since this is temporary, but we could still give him our custom DIVA cocktail?”

“What does it do?”

“It's a special new formula we've been working on. Chemical aphrodisiacs and mood modifiers. It pairs very well with hypnosis sessions to make them extra horny, submissive and craving cock 24/7.”

“Absolutely. Give him that.”

“I can put him on a double dose, if you like? Two patches a day.”

“By all means.”

Elenor snickered as she circled that instruction for emphasis. Ethan gritted his teeth.

“And, finally, there's the question of who gets to play with him. Beyond the trainers, that is. Our *'patients'* get training during the day, but in the early evening they're often set up for date nights. We offer access to any woman that currently has a slave enrolled. Also, we have an arrangement with a few kinky establishments in the area, including a gentleman's club, if you have any interest in that...”

“DIVA women only, for David” Asha insisted. “I want him on a steady diet of fem-cock. No pussy or shrimp dick males.”

Ethan breathed a sigh of relief.

'Thank god Mistress doesn't like forced bi...'

“Very well” Elenor said with a hint of disappointment in her voice. She made a few final notes on the page before setting her pen aside and leaning back in her chair. “I'll make a copy of this that you can take with you to the Wardrobe department. Mistress Yumi will get you started. We don't have time to do everything today, but we can at least get David dressed before heading out for dinner.”

Asha smiled. “That sounds lovely. Thank you, Lady Elenor.”

“You're most welcome.”

“Should I change before we leave?” Mistress Goliath gestured to her usual ensemble of head-to-toe

black leather.

“Oh, no need. You're perfect the way you are. We happen to have a kink-adjacent club in this town that serves great pub food. We can bring David with us, if you'd like.”

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The next two hours were a whirlwind of fetish feminization for Ethan. First, he said goodbye to all the hair on his head. It fell from his body in clumps until he was bald as the day he was born. The little bit of chest and pubic hair he had soon followed. It was slathered in cream and shaved away by the Asian DIVA until his entire form was smooth.

Next came the breast forms, a weighty set of silicone C-cups strapped to his chest by a matching, rubbery harness that also functioned as a bra. They didn't need a ton of support, because Ethan's new second skin would do most of the work. Over the course of a half hour, Mistress Yumi shoved his body into the tight latex suit bit by bit. Ethan said a silent goodbye to the feeling of cool air on his skin as he was zippered and locked into his new prison.

It was a metallic blue catsuit Mistress Goliath had picked out before she wandered off with Lady Elenor for a full tour of the facility. That and several other items. It was joined by a metallic blue hood, a sleek, black corset, shiny black latex gloves and knee-high black leather boots. Once no part of Ethan was visible except for his eyes and mouth, he stared into the mirror, astounded by how feminine he already looked. Makeup and other adornments would only add to the shocking transformation.

The suit had one special feature most catsuits didn't. Zippers on the back of the upper arms, which could be accessed to administer the special treatments Lady Elenor had promised. As her final act, Mistress Yumi applied the mystery DIVA patches to both his arms, sealed them shut and painted his mouth with a thick coat of red lipstick. Her work finished, the Domme in orange rubber stood back and studied him up and down.

“There! Now, don't you feel sexy?”

“It's so tight, my skin hurts. Not to mention my aching feet. I've only been wearing these boots for a half hour and they already sting.”

SMACK

She casually cuffed him across the face.

“Not what I asked, slave.”

Her firm strike and strict tone reminded Ethan of his place in the world. A role that even more degrading than he was used to as Asha's bitch boy. “I do look good. Can't deny that! Thank you, Mistress Yumi.”

“That's more like it. The rubber will stretch, in time, and you'll get used to the heels. Don't worry, though. We'll find **other** ways to make you uncomfortable.”

“I'm sure you will.”

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Dinner at *The Thirsty Thot* was a new experience for Ethan. He'd never seen an eatery so intertwined with kink subculture. At every booth, there were sets of velcro restraints hanging from chains that dangled from the walls. The cuffs were far from sturdy and could be easily removed, even by the people strapped into them, but it was mainly for show. A way to publicly identify the bottoms and add a little BDSM spice to the dining experience.

That's how Ethan found himself strapped into the unusual manacles, his arms raised on either side of his head as Asha and Elenor flanked him. Loud chatter and laughs flowed through the pub as they waited for their food.

Every once in a while, one of the submissive guests was bent over a table and given a paddling by their waitress. It seemed this was a common service offered when the bill came due. Patrons would offer higher tips if the Femdom server upped the number or intensity of spankings delivered to their slaves. Ethan fully expected his ass would be pulverized by their hostess before they left this place.

Mistress Goliath and Lady Elenor chatted away, catching up with each other. They swapped personal stories and eventually segued into talking shop. Ethan remained silent. He hadn't been prompted to speak and the sights and sounds of the restaurant were more than enough to keep him distracted. The servers and clientele represented a sea of food, alcohol and fetish attire. At least he didn't feel out of place, despite his new bimbo bodysuit. Hell, the rubber hood even afforded him a measure of anonymity that was comforting.

In time, the food and drinks arrived. Asha and Elenor dug into their meals and sipped their cocktails. Occasionally, Mistress Goliath reached over to shove a french fry or piece of chicken into Ethan's mouth. She fed him just enough to stop his stomach from wincing in brutal hunger, but no more. He was used to it by now, given that most of his meals were of the thick, liquid variety that came straight from the tap of a curvy DIVA Dominatrix.

As the night dragged on, the new drugs entering his system began to take effect. Ethan's libido surged and the feeling of thick, constraining latex against every inch of his shaved body felt more like a lover's embrace than a stinging prison. His cock swelled in its tiny cage, bulging against the metal housing with increasing red, hot tenderness.

Ethan shifted in his seat, biting his lip and uttering low moans under his breath. The chains holding his cuffs rattled as he squirmed in the leather upholstery of the booth. He couldn't believe it, but his desire to be fucked down by the hung women at his sides was growing by the second. He'd always indulged Asha and her friends because he was enamored with their beauty, size and strength, but until now, he'd never felt an earnest yearning to be spit-roasted with their unfathomable bitch breakers.

Lady Elenor was the first to notice his new disposition. “Oh my! It looks like someone's getting randy!” She reached out and seized Ethan's fake right tit, giving it a firm squeeze through the shining blue latex. “What's the matter, slut? Hungry for something other than food?”

“Y-Yes, Lady Elenor...”

“And what might that be?”

Ethan said nothing at first. The combination of newfound lust, his stifled erection and the full rubberization of his body was driving him insane.

“**Lady Elenor asked you a question!**” Asha reprimanded him with a stern tug of his leash.

“Cock...” he admitted in the quietest voice he could muster and still be heard.

“See that? He wants it, but he's still embarrassed!” Elenor noted. “Deep down, his reluctance is still there. Isn't it wonderful?”

“I'm impressed” Asha replied with a grin. “I might need a generous supply of those patches to take home when we leave.”

“I'm sure we can arrange that.”

The DIVA Domes finished their meal as Ethan grew more flustered and needy. Pre-cum leaked from his caged dicklet, making a mess in the bottom of his suit. As they waited for the check and Ethan's inevitable flogging, Lady Elenor reached below the table and squeezed the small bulge at his crotch.

“You know, it's custom for our new patients to take on a feminine name for the duration of their stay. Many of them end up keeping it forever. Any ideas for what we should call him?”

Asha smirked. “You obviously get a thrill out of this, so I'll let you choose.”

“Oh! I'm honored.” Elenor placed a hand over her chest, surprised by the gesture. “Hmmm...” She studied Ethan's bimbofied form up and down. They had a lot of work to do on him yet, but he was starting to look and act the part already. “This slut looks like a **Lexi** to me.”

“Lexi, huh? Alright. David, you will respond to 'Lexi' during your stay here. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress Goliath.”

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The original plan was to go back to Feminine Wiles so Elenor could retrieve her own slave and Mistress Goliath and Ethan could settle in, but that went by the wayside. After a few drinks and some flirty banter, Lady Elenor invited them back to her place for a nightcap and *menage a trois*.

Within minutes of arriving at her spacious home, Ethan's surging libido was put to good use. Lady Elenor led them to her living room and ditched her leather skirt and undergarments quickly, freeing her half-hard length of fearsome fuckmeat. She sat on one end of her classy, white leather sofa, stroked her growing phallus and pointed to the cushion just beside her.

“Here, Lexi! Come show me how well Mistress Goliath has trained you.”

Ethan didn't need a second invitation. He rushed to join her, propping himself up on the couch by his hands and placing his mouth at her disposal. Asha chuckled in the background as she stripped off her layers of leather, piece by piece.

Lady Elenor made him wait a spell as she masturbated with long, lewd strokes. Her girthy cock rose to an impressive fifteen inches of supple, white flesh. It wasn't as massive as the hole-destroying monster he regularly received from Asha, but it was still a mighty specimen.

With the new drugs circulating in his blood and nervous system, Ethan had an epiphany. He imagined that his new, sexually ravenous state must be akin to what the DIVAs felt all the time. An aggressive, wanton lust that was impossible to turn off. The main difference was their desire to dominate and his to submit. Their drive to fill mouths and asses and his to be filled and flooded with their seed.

In spite of himself, he stared at Elenor's increasingly moist erection as pre-cum flowed down with her sticky fingers. Saliva ran freely in his mouth. His entire body tingled in the grasp of tight, gripping latex. He was practically drooling.

With her cock at full mast, Elenor released her weighty shaft. She leaned back and placed her hands on the top of the sofa. The haughty brunette nodded at her fleshy monster.

“Go ahead. **Suck it**, you bimbo slut! Let's see how fast you can make me come.”

Ethan leaned forward, placed his mouth on her gooey glans and plunged his lips down the first third of her bulging mast. It was **he** who moaned in satisfaction, not Lady Elenor, as he slurped up and down, inhaling a bit more of her cock with each moist suck. He could hardly believe the pleased sounds he was making as he reveled in her mouth-stretching thickness and pungent taste.

Lady Elenor watched the bimbofied slave with cool inference as his mouth coasted up and down her prodigious prick. She offered no groan or sigh of pleasure at first, seemingly unimpressed. Ethan increased his efforts, shoving his face down more firmly and sucking in more of her smooth length. When he passed the halfway point and her cockhead mashed into the back of his throat, Elenor finally bit her lip and murmured in contentment.

“Not bad... You definitely need those lip injections, though. We'll get that sorted tomorrow.”

Ethan muttered an incoherent affirmative around the seven inches of cock in his mouth. His sucking became increasingly sloppy with audible smacks as her thick pre-cum built up in his maw. Soon, streams of gooey white froth leaked from his mouth, gliding down her tower of cock each time he pulled his lips back up to the tip.

He felt the weight of the sofa shift as Asha slid in behind him. The bottom of his suit was unzipped and the familiar, hefty weight of Asha's cum cannon lowered into his crack. She eased her hips back and forth, hotdogging her *BBC* in his lily white buns. Her hot, fleshy weapon grew thicker and meaner as it filled his crevice to bursting. It was Mistress Goliath's favorite way to masturbate, using his ass cheeks as a warm-up cocksleeve.

“Ugh... You're never going to make me come that way! **Open your fucking throat, Lexi!**”

Her patience gone, Elenor seized his hooded head and plunged his mouth down her shaft. Ethan gagged as two thirds of her sticky piston thrust past his lips, tunneled through his overstuffed mouth and charged into his throat. As she held him down, Ethan coughed and spluttered, sending even more strands of phlegmy filth sliding down her cock. As gobs of mixed spit and pre-cum drizzled all over her pelvis and coated her enormous, fleshy scrotum, Elenor released her first full moan.

“**Mmmmmmmmmmm**.... Atta girl!”

She loosened her grip, letting Ethan slide back up for a few quick breaths, but his relief was momentary. Her fingers clasped his rubberized face firmly and pulled his mouth down her bloated, gunked-up fuckstick. This time, rather than holding him down, she pulled him back up just as quickly.

As Elenor entered a steady mouth-fucking rhythm, Ethan felt Asha's imposing cockhead press into his yielding starfish. The big woman gripped his hips and entered a slow, powerful thrust. His soft portal opened for her, allowing a train of ever wider, thicker cock to stretch his well-trained boy pussy wide with little resistance. Mistress Goliath sighed pleasurably as inch after inch of her big, brown bitchbreaker sank deep into her prized slut.

While he was filled to bursting below, Lady Elenor's face-fucking grew increasingly needy and aggressive. She guided his mouth up and down her tingling, steel-hard erection. Ethan slobbered, coughed and retched out gummy drool as he sank to the three quarter mark on her twitching weapon.

“C'mon bitch! I know you're still hungry. We barely fed you! You want a tummy full of Mommy's thick, white sludge, don't you?!?”

“**MMMPPPHHHGLLMMM!!!**”

“Of course you do. The first of many you'll be getting this week you **cock craving bimbo slut!**”

She slammed his face down harshly, eager for the cock-gobbling submissive to feel her full length in his mouth and throat. As he came close to bottoming out, what little gag reflex Ethan had left asserted itself. He pressed his latex gloved hands into the frame of the leathery couch, doing the only thing he could to slow her advance.

“**What the fuck, slave?!?** Don't make me get up and fetch a pair of handcuffs! I'm comfortable, but I'll do it!”

Asha laughed as she thrust into his brutalized pucker and watched Ethan gag on Elenor's greasy meat missile. She grinned in triumph after a few more thrusts, managing to go balls deep in his ass before the busty brunette did in his throat. She increased her grip on his hips, fucking him like the shiny bimbo doll he'd been reduced to.

Ethan lifted his hands and obediently tucked them behind his back. He held them together for dear life as Lady Elenor went to town, gliding his face up and down her tower of jaw-stretching cock. If the Headmistress of the feminization clinic didn't already have full control, she did now.

Despite the increasing speed and harshness with which Elenor fucked his mouth, the woman proved to

When Asha and Elenor returned, they switched positions. They entered their second rutting spitroast of the night with even more amorous aggression than the first. Ethan went ass-to-mouth on Asha's enormous erection while Lady Elenor railed his warm, semen-drenched pucker.

After swapping places several times and exhausting their considerable reservoirs of cum, they abandoned Ethan to rest on the soiled, white leather sofa. He slept, glued to its surface with the same sticky strands that covered his metallic blue catsuit. In the morning he would be expected to give the couch and his own attire a thorough cleaning, in addition to his usual cock-sucking duties.

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After a busy morning with Mistress Goliath and the Headmistress of Feminine Wiles, they returned to the cleverly hidden fetish clinic. Ethan went from the frying pan into the fire, being left in Mistress Yumi's care to complete his feminization.

A painful septum piercing left him with his first piece of jewelry, a steel hoop that hung from his nostrils like an O-ring. Six stinging needles injected a mystery concoction into his lips, causing them to plump up to four times their natural size. Next came a fresh coating of lipstick along with a generous application of eyeshadow, eyeliner and mascara.

If Ethan had been shocked by how feminine he looked yesterday, now he was truly flabbergasted. When Mistress Yumi's work was done, she took him to Mistress Apex's discipline class, which was already in session. He was left in her care for the rest of the day and that's when the '*fun*' truly began.

He was just in time for the next activity, which was practicing a proper stride in high heels. All the sissies were locked into heels for the length of their stay, chosen by their respective owners. From the grunts and groans muttered by virtually every feminized slave, it was obvious they were unused to wearing the harsh footwear. To a man, their feet were in varying stages of ache and pain. Mistress Apex strode up and down the hall, observing them as they walked and correcting them with crop and paddle when needed.

Next came a twisted version of *musical chairs* where all the chairs featured dildos of varying lengths and girths strapped to the center of their seats. Each time the music stopped, the sissies had to rush to a chair, line up their anus with the jutting invader and plunge himself down to claim their seat. With every round another chair was removed and the slave who didn't claim a seat was subject to punishment by Mistress Apex.

One by one she strapped the losers into one of the many bondage racks throughout the hall and disciplined them with whip, flogger, slapping, spitting and kicks to the balls. Each slave was subject to any measures their owner had approved and whichever Mistress Apex was in the mood to deliver.

The '*winners*' of each round sat on their fat dildos, watching the BDSM spectacle or merely listening if they faced away. At the very least, it was nice to be seated and give their weary feet a rest from having their full weight on their heels. The losers weren't so lucky, being forced to stand in thorough bondage until the full game was finished.

Before the meager dinner the slaves were served, Ethan got his first session of hypnotherapy. His limbs

were strapped into the fetish equivalent of a dentist's chair and a set of virtual reality goggles were locked over his eyes. Shortly thereafter, a pair of headphones was secured around his head, a cock gag was forced into his mouth and a vibrating butt plug was inserted in his rectum. All were locked in place and his bindings were double checked before the video feed began.

A kneeling slave in a full latex bimbo suit, much like his own, came into focus. It was impossible to tell if it was a woman or feminized man below all the rubber, makeup and collagen stuffed lips, but Ethan suspected it was the latter. Their arms were secured behind their back with a shiny black leather arm binder, rendering them helpless. The camera remained focused on a closeup of the mystery slave from the side, showing nothing else until a giant, jutting cock entered the frame.

He couldn't see the owner of the massive dong from the waist up, but it was presumably one of the DIVAs. Ethan had never seen a male as 'blessed' as any of the DIVAs, not even in porn, so it was pretty much a dead giveaway. She reached down and grabbed the bimbo's head, bringing her glans to its lips and shoving her full, fearsome erection home in the sissy's stretched maw.

She entered a fast, harsh, aggressive face-fuck, giving no regard to the slave's comfort or ability to breathe. The big woman's hips flew in a frenzy as the sloppy sounds of forced fellatio flooded Ethan's ears. Another woman's voice rose in a low whisper, seeping into Ethan's subconscious as the mouth-fucking proceeded.

“I love bondage. I love cock. I crave Mistress' big, juicy cock. Fuck my mouth! Fuck my ass! Fill me with cum! I love the taste of cum. I love bondage. I love cock...”

The sound looped. The butt plug in Ethan's ass jumped to life, buzzing against his prostate in the most intense and pleasurable way. The well hung DIVA on screen throat-fucked the bimbo slave to climax, jettisoning thick wads of pungent nut in its mouth before pulling out and firing the rest of her clingy strands all over the submissive's bound, shiny body. Then the video restarted and the filthy act began again.

“I love bondage. I love cock. I crave Mistress' big, juicy cock. Fuck my mouth! Fuck my ass! Fill me with cum! I love the taste of cum...”

Ethan squirmed and struggled in the chair, wrestling pointlessly with his bonds. Even if he could free his hands and unzip himself below, it wouldn't matter. He had no way to unlock his chastity cage. It didn't stop him from trying though, or from wanting to squeeze the large rubbery mounds protruding from his chest. But what he wanted, most of all, was a real DIVA cock in his mouth instead of the fake rubber one he was sucking on so eagerly.

For the rest of the week, Ethan only saw Mistress Goliath occasionally. Lady Elenor kept her busy with workshops, having fun with other slaves and promoting the clinic at various events. For the remainder of his visit, Ethan was at the mercy of Mistress Apex and the many other DIVAs working at or visiting Feminine Wiles.

* * * * *

“Lights out! Goodnight, sluts” Mistress Apex called out before casting the room into darkness.

She shut the door, leaving her charges in the slave wing for the night with access to a single bathroom and a '*call for help*' button that wasn't to be used except in an emergency.

Ethan lay in one of the many beds setup along the walls. His eyes cast about in the darkness, familiarizing himself with his new surroundings as he heard the other slaves shift in their beds and drift off to sleep.

“Pssst. Hey!” The sissy maid in the bed next to him said under his breath. “You're the new girl, huh?”

“Who, me?” Ethan asked.

“Yeah! Nice to meet you. I'm Darla!”

The voice sounded somewhere between masculine and feminine. Ethan guessed he, or rather *she*, was on hormones and had already engaged in some voice training.

“Hi. I'm Lexi. Well, not really! I'm Ethan. I'm still a guy. Or, I will be next week. This is just temporary for me.”

“Really? You sure your Mistress won't change her mind?”

“I'm pretty sure. I'm not into it and neither is she. Not really. Although these drugs are throwing me for a loop...”

“What?!? Why would you come to place like this if neither of you is into feminization?”

“I'm owned by Mistress Goliath. She's here to promote the clinic. I guess she's a pretty big deal in DIVA circles, though I don't know the details.”

“Oh, yeah! I heard some of the trainers talking about her last week. They were excited for her visit.”

“Right. That's why I'm here. Just for a week, though.”

“So, she had you do this, even though you're not into it?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh my god... That's so hot!”

“What?”

“I wish I **wasn't** into it so Mistress could force me to do it. Non-con feminization is the hottest.”

“Are you okay?”

Darla snickered. “I'm fine. You just don't know how lucky-”

The door to the room burst open and the lights flickered back to life. The raven-haired Domina in fiery

red stomped into the hall and scanned the rows of beds.

“**Hey!** You're here to rest, not chit-chat all night! Who's the talker? Point them out now or you're all getting punished!”

Several of the slaves, now sitting up in their beds, pointed in Ethan's direction. Mistress Apex's eyes narrowed as she cast her stare in his direction.

“Oh, the new slut, huh? Alright. Come with me, **Lexi**. I know how to deal with a troublesome mouth.”

* * * * *

Ethan gagged in hot, sweaty darkness as Mistress Apex's penis plunged down his gullet. He couldn't see it to judge its size, but from the feeling of it filling his throat, she measured somewhere between Asha and Elenor.

He'd been face-fucked many times, but never quite like this. He was on his back, tightly restrained in the thick leather sleep sack with his head hanging off the edge of a table. Ethan guessed this was something Mistress Apex enjoyed frequently. Why else would she keep a sleep sack and a bondage table in her personal quarters, ready to ensnare some poor slave on a whim?

Ethan's arms were locked at his sides and his legs were strapped tightly together. Ropes interlaced the top of the sack, fed through D-rings lining both sides that pulled the leather prison to a tight, inescapable seal. The sack extended all the way to the top of his head, covering his eyes and leaving only his nose and mouth with a small portal to the cool, open air. This kind of confinement would be bad enough for a sissy maid or naked slave, but for someone who was already layered in rubber, it was twice as stifling.

Mistress Apex alternated between cackles of deviant glee and moans of pleasure as she sodomized Ethan's mouth endlessly. She'd already fired one volley of viscous cum down his throat and was working her way up to a second, bigger deluge before she turned in for the night. Her curvy body flexed as red leather creaked around her frame and her strong hips pumped meaty cock into his mouth.

Ethan's new, extra plump lips caressed her schwanz lovingly, delivering exquisite pleasure in concert with his succulent tongue and warm, wet walls. He moaned around her thrusting length and squirmed in his sleep sack bondage, much as he had in the hypno chair earlier that day.

“**Suck harder, you stupid slut!** This is what bimbo whores are good for, so you better get used to it! Silly fucking **throat-sleeve!** That's all you are...”

Her fleshy, round cum tanks smacked Ethan's face repeatedly, pressing into his leather and rubber wrapped form with every balls-deep drive. He couldn't see them, but every time her scrotum battered his mummified features, the strong smells of sweat, leather and cum flowed down his nostrils, intoxicating him further. Time had no meaning as he lay in slick, tight, clammy darkness; upside down as his throat was savaged into the night.

“**Oh fuck!** Yesssssss! **YEEESSS!!! HERE IT COMES SLAVE!!!**”

Ethan's second dinner of hot, gooey custard streamed into his mouth and throat. He gurgled as thick, frothy semen slipped from his plump dick-suckers and bubbled up through his oxygen-starved nostrils. Mistress Apex grabbed his fake tits through the leathery sack as she stood moaning and firing her abundant cream deep in his clogged anatomy.

Realizing that her newest cum dump needed air, she backed out of his mouth with a wet slurch. A weighty web of filth slid from his glossy lips and hit the floor with a wet smack. Ethan blew air through his nostrils, sending more spunk flying as he cleared his airway and sucked in ragged breaths. He took several deep inhales as his pointless struggling in the leather sack came to a stop.

Mistress Apex laughed, relishing his pitiful state. She leaned down and grasped the drawstrings on the sleep sack's head compartment. She pulled them event tighter, making the hole over Ethan's face so small, it even covered his mouth. Only his rubberized nose could be seen in the tiny window into his leathery hell.

“Listen up, cock breath!” she yelled so Ethan could hear her through the dual layers of leather and rubber. “I'm going to take a hot shower before I get in bed. You're going to stay in that sack all night, like the filthy bimbo slut you are! If you need to use the bathroom overnight, I suggest you hold it till morning. If I wake up and find you've soiled that sack, I'll make the hole just big enough for my cock and take my morning piss all over your face! **Then**, I'll leave you in there for another eight hours! Understood?!?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress Apex” he muttered through the small hole.

“Good. Now, for the second and last time, good night slave!”

Her boot heels thudded into the distance and Ethan was left to smolder in tight, sweaty darkness. He swabbed the residual semen around his mouth, savoring its taste fully before swallowing it down.

'Mistress Goliath will always be my one true Goddess, but what an amazing woman...'

* * * * *

It was the final night of Asha's stay at Feminine Wiles and everyone involved with the enterprise was gathered in the clinic's expansive basement. Several rooms on the bottom floor were used as play spaces for BDSM dungeon activities, but one large section had been carved out as a private bar and lounge.

Although the lounge was primarily for drinking and socializing, the DIVAs never built anything without accommodation for their special needs. It looked much like any social club with bar stools, booths, a jukebox pumping out pop music and colorful mood lightning. Where it differed was the special amenities for their slaves, like the gloryhole booth Ethan was locked in.

A camera in the corner of the booth captured his debasement as cock after cock sprang through the leather padded holes and demanded service from his slick, rubbery hands and semen caked lips. He was covered in thick strands of white filth, his bimbo suit barely visible through the frosting glaze of three

dozen DIVA cumshots.

He serviced them all gladly, gasping with fresh excitement each time a fat glans and thick hose of flesh invaded the cramped cock-sucking stall. The chain to his collar rattled as Ethan fumbled around the booth on his knees, trying to satisfy three massive meat swords all at once.

“So,” Elenor began as she pointed to the monitor in the corner, broadcasting Ethan's shame. “Have you reconsidered, by any chance?”

“Reconsidered what?” Asha asked before taking a swig of her beer.

“That maybe Lexi should **remain** Lexi.”

Mistress Goliath chuckled. Lady Elenor's enthusiasm was infectious, if a bit overzealous. “Afraid not. Tomorrow, he'll be David again.”

“Awww... That's a shame. I thought maybe you'd taken a liking to the new **her** by now.”

“I like **him** the way he is. Besides, where we're headed next is no place for bimbos.”

“Oh?”

“Quite the opposite. The final stop on this tour specializes in pony-boy himbos.”

“Ah! Headed to the new DIVA farm?”

“Yup. It should be fun.”

“I'm sure it will be. I hope you had fun here, too. We loved having you. Please come again, any time.”

“Of course. Always happy to help the cause. And although I'm not crazy for feminization, I love what those patches have done to David. You got my parting gift ready?”

“A three month supply, ready to go” Elenor answered with a smile.

“Awesome” Asha replied with a toothy grin. She held up her brew. “To DIVA supremacy.”

Lady Elenor raised her wine cooler and clinked it against Asha's bottle. “To DIVA supremacy!”