

Quickie #37

Sweet On The Pizza Boy

“Seven. Eight. Nine...” the burly woman called out, her voice growing more strained as she finished her final set. “**TEN!**”

With a grunt of relief, she set the heavy barbell back into its resting place in the metal frame. Marissa stared at the ceiling and took deep breaths as she felt her quickened heartbeat, the enhanced flow of blood and the burn of torn muscle in her pecs, delts and triceps. After a brief recovery period, she sat up on the bench and looked to the clock on her wall.

It was 8:40 PM. The perfect time to summon some late supper and, perhaps, other delights to her humble two bedroom flat. The sweaty, tired and now hungry red-head got to her feet and retrieved her phone. She pulled up her contact list, scrolled to her favorite pizza joint and hit the call button.

'Fuck. I hope he's on tonight... I could really use some relief.'

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“Toby! Take out the trash and start mopping. We're shutting down soon.”

“I'm on it” the young man replied with a grin and a nod.

'Finally! The end of another boring night at the cheese pit.'

The shop stayed open till 10 PM on Fridays and Sundays and 11 PM on Saturdays, but for the rest of the week, they closed promptly at nine. Dina, the owner of the establishment, was a shrewd woman and she knew there was little point in staying open once business dried up. Hell, in the sleepy suburban town they resided in, pretty much everything closed at nine o'clock aside from a bar and a few convenience stores.

As Toby made the rounds and collected half-full garbage bags of pizza crusts, stained paper plates and empty soda cups, the phone rang in the background. Dina, who was annoyed by the lack of business for the last hour, rolled her eyes and lifted the receiver.

“Ughhh. Sure, **now** they call... Pizza Shack! How can I help you?”

“Hi there. I hope it's not too late to get a delivery?”

“Ummm, we normally only deliver until a half hour before closing, but I recognize your address. This is Ms. Wallace at 14 Pinehurst, correct?”

“That's right.”

“We do our best to accommodate repeat customers. Let me check with the driver.” Dina blocked the receiver with her hand and called to Toby across the dining room. “Hey! You mind doing one more delivery on your way home? It's that woman on Pinehurst, again.”

Toby nodded in agreement, doing his utmost to hide the excitement welling up in him. “Sure. I don't mind.”

“You're in luck. Our driver agreed. What would you like?”

“A large Supreme pizza, hold the olives.”

“Alright. Anything else?”

“Nope, that's it.”

“Cash or card?”

“Card.”

Dina took her credit card number and punched in the order. “Did you want to put a tip on the card as well?”

“I have cash for the tip.”

“Okay! Give us about a half hour.”

“Is Toby on tonight?”

“Ummm, yeah... He'll be bringing your food.”

“Excellent. Thank you so much!”

“Sure. Thanks.” Dina looked perplexed as she hung up the phone.

After hauling the garbage out to the dumpster, Toby returned to find the proprietress making the night's final pizza. He grabbed the mop and was about to start cleaning the floors when Dina stopped him.

“Hey, Toby. What's the deal with that woman? Isn't this like the third time she's called late?”

“More than that, actually. You're not here every night.”

“And you're cool with these late deliveries, even if she does it every time?”

The young man shrugged. “Yeah. It's fine.”

“Let me guess. Either she's gorgeous or a **really** good tipper?”

“Both” he answered with a sheepish smile.

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It was a short drive to the apartment complex Marissa lived in. Toby knew the way well, not only from his multiple visits to her place, but several other customers in the area. The rental she lived in was part of a long row of one-story units built end to end. A few of the dwellings had their outdoor lamp lights turned on, including Marissa's.

Toby grabbed the pizza and locked up his car. If this visit was anything like the previous, he wouldn't be back for at least an hour. He started up the walkway, which was lit by small path lights on either side. They'd likely come on not long ago as the summer sunset faded on the horizon.

He reached Marissa's door, pressed the bell and listened to crickets chirp as he waited. Ten seconds later, the door flung open and there stood his well-muscled Goddess. She was a shoulder length red-head with deep blue eyes and a skin tone that was somewhere between olive and brown. She had an accent Toby couldn't quite place, but he was pretty sure she came from a mix of European and Middle Eastern heritage.

Tonight, Marissa was garbed in a white tank top that read '*SWEAXY*' in big orange letters across her considerable bust. Below, her legs were sheathed in glossy black track pants with a white stripe down the sides. Her meaty third leg slid down into her right pant leg, creating a visible bulge in the tight, shiny fabric. The well-built amazon had a mischievous twinkle in her eye and looked hungry in more ways than one.

“Hey, slut! Get in here.”

She stepped aside and Toby crossed the threshold. He guided the pizza in carefully, not wanting to drop her dinner at the last minute. The door swung shut behind him and Marissa motioned to the kitchen.

“Just put it on the table.”

Toby dropped the steaming hot pie off, as instructed. He returned to the foyer and saw Marissa standing in the living room, stripping out of her track pants. She wore no underwear below it, so once the pants were tossed aside, the woman's sizable schwanz jutted out, half-hard.

Femdom porn was playing on the big screen TV. A naked trans woman and a dominatrix in full leather were double-teaming some bound, blindfolded guy. Moans of pleasure and groans of submission flowed from the speakers as they doubled teamed the young man, one with her girthy cock and the other with a massive, purple strapon.

Marissa snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor in front of her. “Lose the shirt. On your knees.”

Toby tore the t-shirt over his head and cast it aside, leaving only his cargo shorts, boxers and sneakers. He hurried to assume the position and his knees dipped into the merciful carpet. When he looked back up, he found the powerful, 6'1 power lifter stroking her cock menacingly. He gazed at her in wonder, still amazed that such an impressive woman wanted him at her beck and call.

She gripped her cock at the base and smacked his face with it several times. Marissa grasped his short brown hair, pulling him even closer as she whipped her hefty hose of hot flesh against his brow, nose and cheeks. She chuckled as she looked down at him, her strong legs gleaming in the glow of the TV as her massive cock and heavy scrotum radiated heat and pungent musk.

“I haven't showered since my workout. You don't mind, do you bitch?”

“No, my Goddess...”

“That's a good little cock sleeve! I also haven't come in two days. Been saving it all for you! How bad do you want it?”

“So bad! Please, Goddess, let me pleasure you!”

“**Ooooh**, I love it when you beg! Lucky for you, I'm as hungry for pizza as I am for that tight throat of yours. Get to work, slut!”

Marissa directed her bulbous tip to the soft rim of Toby's lips and tunneled inside. Her hips pressed forward as her hand pulled his face onto her shaft, sending her thick column of supple flesh deep into the bitch-boy's welcoming maw. She moaned in bliss as his lips glided halfway down her length effortlessly. She kept pushing, slipping ever deeper into his tight, velvety mouth until his body shuddered and the first delicious, slurping retch originated from deep in his packed airway.

The giantess backed out a couple inches and let him suck in a fresh breath. “Hands behind your back! Hold them together! You know the drill! Don't you dare let go till I'm done with you!”

Toby followed her orders gladly. His body surged with submissive glee, a pleasure he'd never known until the She-Hulk standing overhead seduced him and revealed his true nature. Marissa guided her spare hand to his head and took a second, stern grip of his hair. She plowed back into his mouth, harder and deeper than the first.

The eager oral slave sucked her lovingly, wagging his tongue along the bottom of her fleshy missile as it burrowed in further, expanding his lips and filling his cheeks to bursting. She continued her slow, steady thrusting until, once again, Toby's body shivered and the syrupy clogging sound of a guttural gag welled up through his stuffed lips.

“Mmmmm... That's it! **Deeper!** Your training is going so well... I'm going to miss those lovely gagging noises once I've throat-fucked them out of you. It'll be worth it though! A true cock sleeve needs to deep throat on command. You want to make your Goddess happy, don't you?”

“**YYPPHHHHHH!!!**”

“Good. Then **OPEN UP!**”

Marissa reared back and plunged her straining phallus into his mouth with the longest, most insistent thrust yet. Her glans slid past his dangling uvula, its wet flesh getting doused in pre-cum as it ran across her leaking slit. Toby sputtered as her cockhead poised at the entrance to his throat and sank down into his warmest, tightest depths. He gripped his palms together behind his back, hanging on for dear life as

tears began trickling from his eyes and his airways were deprived.

Marissa moaned in pleasure as she hilted in his mouth and her weighty scrotum enveloped Toby's jawline. With no hesitation, she withdrew a few meager inches and rammed her twitching, spit-soaked cum cannon back into his stretched lips. She growled as her pace increased, fucking his face ever more vigorously as her tip speared down into the cock holster's spongy throat. The warm, wet tightness sent tingles through her tits, shivers through her every rippling muscle and stoked the growing buildup of bliss at the base of her mighty cock. The moans of excitement and wails of pleasure from the porn in the background only added to the growing frenzy.

The lustful amazon went into auto-pilot, fucking the boy's face with sloppy abandon. Phlegm and pre-cum spluttered from his mouth with each forceful thrust. Her heavy ball sack bathed in gooey froth every time it slapped into his chin with wet smacks. Marissa's grip on his hair grew painfully tight. Her groans were feral as she filled his mouth and throat with thick, throbbing erection.

Toby's vision was hazy as the warm, clammy flesh of her pubis mashed into his nose and brow relentlessly. Her bloated, slime-slick scrotum slapped him nonstop, bashing his Adam's apple as she packed his throat to bursting. Marissa's cock shuddered in his mouth, its circumference growing to its greatest width as her balls clenched and she reached the point of no return.

“**AHHHHHHHHHHH! YESSSSSS!!! NNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

She hilted in his face and clung to the back of Toby's head as a river of scalding spunk shot forth. Stream after stream of thick, musty cream siphoned into his sucking form as the muscle Domme screamed in glorious climax. Her powerful legs and well-defined abs spasmed as joy jolted through her body and she unloaded a monumental quantity of hot splooge in her gagging boy slave.

Toby sucked down what he could, but it quickly became too much. He coughed and retched around her spewing length, releasing his hands in desperation to pat her mighty legs in a frantic plea. His merciful Mistress leaned back and her cock exited his throat with a wet slurch. Thick cum slid from Toby's jizz-packed mouth in dangling webs of gooey filth.

Marissa reclaimed one hand to stroke her still pulsing phallus. She milked what was left of her voluminous strands all over Toby's face and chest. Clingy ropes of white custard shot all over his increasingly messy body. The frenzied Futa clung to his hair with her left hand until the last of her emissions spat out and her right hand released her spent schlong.

“**Oh fuck!** That was good... What do you have to say, slut?”

Toby gathered what spunk was still caked in the corners of his mouth and swallowed it down. He inhaled a much-needed breath before responding between panted sighs. “Thank you... my Goddess...”

“**Very good!**” She reached out and patted his semen-streaked cheek. “Now, run along and take a shower while Mama enjoys some dinner. I want a thorough clean-up back there!” Her right light leg swung forward and nudged his ass with her foot. “I mean it! If I see anything nasty on my *bitch breaker*, you're gonna get a spanking that won't stop hurting for days!”

“Yes, my Queen” he replied earnestly with a respectful bow of the head. “I'll do my best.”

“See that you do.”

Toby raised himself on weary legs and marched off to the bathroom. While he took a shower and did the closest thing to an anal cleansing one could do without an enema kit, Marissa strode to the kitchen and enjoyed a couple slices of her Supreme pizza. It wasn't piping hot anymore, but it was still warm enough to enjoy. She washed them down with a liter of spring water and took another volume enhancer pill. She was keen to cover her bottom bitch in fresh ropes of sticky semen before she sent the needy slut home.

When the young man returned from his scrub-down, they were both fully nude. Marissa had ditched her tank top and sports bra. She lounged on the sofa, her athletic form fully visible as she stroked her meaty mallet back to full, raging erection. Toby's shorts, socks and shoes were long gone. The slender, 5'8 pizza boy and his flaccid twig and berries were fully exposed and at her mercy.

The big woman dropped her mammoth cock, stood and motioned to him. “Come here” she beckoned sweetly.

Toby shuffled over bashfully. He closed in on her hulking form until the tip of her penis was almost touching his much smaller glans. The difference in their size was comedic, making a nonstop mockery of Toby's manhood.

Marissa held up one finger and twirled it with a smile. “Turn around.”

Toby obeyed and as soon as he did, the giantess closed in on him. Her prodigious yogurt slinger pressed into his soft, fleshy cheeks. Her massive mammaries cradled his neck and the back of his head as she reached around and took hold of his chest. Her body still reeked of musk, sweat and cum. Marissa rubbed herself along his back and crack as she groped Toby's torso up and down.

“You still seeing that skinny skank?” she muttered the question into his ear.

“Erica?” he asked, referring to the college sophomore he'd been dating. She was close to his own age, unlike Marissa, who was many years his senior. “Y-Yeah... kinda. We went out last weekend.”

“Why?” she demanded in a husky tone.

“She's nice...”

“But she can't give you what you want” Marissa insisted as she reached down and cradled his balls with her right hand. “What you **need**.” Her palm drifted upward and wrapped around his stiffening wick. “You must know that, by now. You **need** to be dominated. You crave it like nothing else in this world. You wouldn't still be coming here, otherwise.”

“I-I don't-”

Marissa stroked his cock with slow, smooth motions. Her skillful ministrations elicited low moans from Toby as she held him tightly and lorded her strong body over him.

“Stop kidding yourself. What do you think that scrawny cunt is gonna do when she finds out you like being **overpowered** and **fucked**? Bulk up? Strap on a giant dildo and give it to you? You think she's

into that?”

“...Probably not.”

“Not a chance. You're just setting yourself up for heartbreak. You and her. You should cut her loose. Then you could spend more time here. **I have what you need.**” Marissa pressed her engorged womanhood deeper into his crack, rubbing it up and down in smooth motions. “And I'm going to give it to you **again and again.**”

“Mmmmm! Yes, Goddess!” The young man squirmed in her grasp. His mind buzzed with such desire he was no longer in control of his own faculties. He pressed his ass back against her fat python, reflexively, practically begging for her to bend him over.

Marissa increased the pace of her strokes. “You'd like me to keep going, wouldn't you?” Her hand flew up and down his now rigid prick.

“Oh God! **Yes!!!**”

She released his cock abruptly and took hold of his right arm. “**TOO BAD!** From now on, you come **only** from getting your ass stuffed with my cock! **Got it?!?**”

“Ahhh... Y-Yes, Goddess!” he winced as his form shivered in her grasp.

Marissa turned and practically dragged Toby to the couch. With a shove that represented some pitiful fraction of her full strength, the young man toppled onto the sofa.

“**Face down! Ass up!**” the Futazon thundered. She slid into position behind him and took a firm grasp of Toby's hips. Her drooling cockhead homed in on the slut-boy's soft pucker like a heat seeking missile. It pressed through his fleshy starfish and Marissa pulled his smaller frame onto her slick, meaty shaft. Still grimy with sweat, cum and Toby's saliva, it tunneled deep into his freshly washed man cunt.

“MMMMMMMM-”

“**AHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

The busty behemoth wasted no time, entering a slow, steady rhythm of anal penetration. She drilled smoothly with each thrust, sending more sensitive flesh burrowing through his insides with each lustful rut. Toby grunted below her, his face mashed into the cushion as Marissa fucked him and cracked her palm against his ass.

SMACK

“You fucking **love it!** Don't you?!?”

“Yes, my Goddess!”

“Say it, you **little bitch!**”

“I love it! **I LOVE YOUR COCK, MY QUEEN!**”

“That's right!” she shouted while pumping him harshly. “Guess it's time I got a collar for your **bitch ass!** So there won't be any confusion who owns you!”

SMACK SMACK SMACK

“**AHHHH! YES!!!**”

“**TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!**”

“**FUCK ME! PLEASE FUCK ME, GODDESS!!! AHHHH!!!**”

Marissa railed him into the sofa, her thick schwanz disappearing deeper in his ass with every wanton thrust. Her veiny arms, tree trunk legs and six pack stomach flexed with fresh sweat as her vigorous anal pounding stretched on into the night. She belted his cheeks intermittently with her gigantic palms, leaving red hand prints on his jiggling bottom as she stretched his hungry cock hole into a more accommodating size.

After a lengthy period of loosening up his tourniquet bussy with her burgeoning bitch breaker, the amorous amazon went balls deep. With each forceful fuck he was mashed into the sofa. Marissa's swollen cum sack slapped into Toby's balls harshly as her inflated fuck stick strummed through his guts and caressed his prostate with every pass.

At some point in her grunting, snarling, moaning fuckfest, Marissa reached down and seized Toby's hair for the second time. She pulled him up from the drool-slick sofa, tugging on his brown locks as she hammered his quivering ass into total submission. The muscular matriarch lost herself in rapacious rutting, the bliss of full insertion building in her loins as she speared into her cum dump endlessly.

Toby found himself with blurry, tear streaked eyes and a rock hard penis yet again. There was no point denying that he was enjoying every minute of this. Marissa had unlocked his kinky side and there was no putting it back in Pandora's box. There was only the sound of his own voice, begging for her to go harder and faster.

At some point in the orgy of BDSM porn, ass slapping, hair pulling and being throttled with cheek-splitting mega cock, Toby lost himself completely. After several minutes of meeting her thrusts with reciprocating hips, Marissa bellowed in deep, earth-shattering ecstasy and the tidal wave of jizzum rushed forth.

As a torrent of sticky nut blasted through his innards, Toby's own cock seized and shot its load all over the sofa. The crazed Futa held him in a death grip as her fearsome form convulsed. Her balls drained, her seed overrunning his body, as it splattered all over the couch.

Toby felt the sticky mess beneath him grow. He knew full well he'd be expected to clean the gunked up cushions with his tongue before he could collect his tip, say goodnight, and drive home dripping in the essence of his muscular Mistress and Futanari Goddess.

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