

Quickie #31

The Sticky Life Of Cabana Bitch Boys

An **Athena Corp Chronicles** Side Story

Alyssa sipped her tea and enjoyed the sound of the waves rolling against the dock. The serenity settled in nicely as she sat in her office and browsed the morning reports. It was a peaceful start to the day at the *Taj Exotica Resort*, as it was most mornings. Unless a storm was brewing, the picturesque scene of brilliant sunlight, shimmering light blue water and neatly constructed bungalows put her at perpetual ease.

The morning calm was important to her. As the sole proprietress of the flourishing vacation spot, she bore much responsibility, not the least of which was looking after the many young men in her employ. She had an entire harem of slutty bottom boys at her disposal, ranging in age from twenty to thirty eight. They varied greatly in body type and temperament; the better to serve her vast clientele.

For those who weren't already on assignment, she held a morning meeting to bring them up to speed and prepare them for the next job. Sometimes she would have one report to her office early for a one-on-one briefing. Today was such a day, and she expected her newest hire to arrive any minute.

knock knock

The dark-haired beauty minimized her appointment book and web browser before turning from her screen. She straightened herself before leaning back in her executive chair.

“Come in!”

A fresh-faced young man with short, blonde hair entered and closed the door behind him. “Good morning, Madam Mayfield.” He crossed to the desk and bowed respectfully.

Alyssa gestured to the wicker chairs in front of her desk, indicating he should sit. “Good morning, Bright. You look well. I trust you enjoyed your time off?”

Brighton wasn't a name you encountered much these days, but it was a pretty one and Alyssa loved using the shorthand. So far, he'd proven to be very **bright** indeed, keeping her clients extremely happy and earning some hefty tips. Not bad at all, for someone who was still new to the team. Alyssa was so impressed, she'd granted him three days of leave.

“I did. Had a great time in the city. Saw a few shows, went to the new theme park and I met someone nice.”

“Ooooh” Alyssa perked up with immediate interest. “A girlfriend, you mean?”

Brighton blushed. "I don't know if I'd call her that, just yet."

"Did you fuck?" Alyssa asked pointedly with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah..."

"And did you cook for her?"

"I may have made breakfast."

"And she still wants to see you?"

"I think so."

"Then she's your girlfriend. Deal with it."

His shade of red deepened. "Yes, Ma'am."

A girlfriend, yes, but not one who wanted to keep him. That was evident by the fact that Brighton still wore the resort's collar. The black piece of leather was snug around his neck. A small metal plate at its front was engraved with the letters '**TE**.' A white t-shirt, khaki shorts and sandals were the only other items that adorned his slim body.

Alyssa figured it wouldn't be too long before some woman decided to tear that collar from his neck and replace it with her own. Bright was short, dangerously cute and looked amazing in femmy getups. There were plenty of women out there who loved his type and sooner or later, one of them would snatch him from Alyssa's grasp.

That was the way of the world now. The ascension of Athena had opened up so many possibilities for women and given men the discipline, structure and loving guidance they needed. But the thorough re-ordering of society had also left things chaotic in many ways. Alyssa had seen so many wonderful employees come and go. It was difficult to keep her subby sluts in stock, at times.

"How are you liking this summer gig?"

"It's great. The bay is beautiful and I love serving your clients. I wasn't crazy about it at first, but now that I've been here a while, I'm glad Mom sent me."

"I'm relieved to hear that. Especially after how nervous you looked your first week."

Brighton looked down and chuckled before returning his gaze to the Chief Executive Domina. "I was embarrassed to say anything back then, but it wasn't the job scaring me. I'm just terrified of sea monsters."

"**Sea monsters?!?**" she asked incredulously.

"Yeah, you know... Sharks, squids, jellyfish. That kinda stuff."

Alyssa let out a long belly laughed as she leaned back and the leather of her chair creaked. "You **are** a

silly one. As long as you stay close to the docks, the only *predators* you have to worry about are our guests.”

“So I've noticed” Bright replied with a smile.

“Speaking of which...” Alyssa's hand reached for the mouse and she glanced back at her laptop. She opened her client catalog and navigated to the '*NEW*' section. “Your next assignment is three women. They should be arriving this afternoon. Staying for three days and two nights. You'll be serving them for the entire stay. You're to do all they say, within the rules, of course. If they leave to see the sights and want to take you along, you'll accompany them, but no further than the city. Oh, and they've paid the cosplay fee.”

“Nice! What am I dressing as this time?”

“Catboy” Alyssa answered with a grin.

“No details beyond that?” he asked while crossing his arms over his slender chest. “I don't need to wear all pink, like last time?”

“They weren't specific, so do what you like.” She studied the young man up and down. “You should dye your hair and paint your nails something cute, though. Maybe purple?”

Brighton smiled and nodded. “Piece of cake.”

“That's all then. No need for you to attend the morning stand-up. You should get ready.”

“I will” he said while rising from the chair. “Thank you, Madam Mayfield.”

“You're welcome, Bright. I've sent the details to your email, as usual. See you in a few days!”

Alyssa watched him go, smiling until her office door closed. He was an attractive young man, but not her type. Mistress Mayfield preferred a more masculine subordinate. Besides, she didn't like to mix business with pleasure. In a world where that was now shockingly common, Alyssa maintained a strict wall of professionalism.

If she ever employed a slave that tempted her beyond all reason, she would simply tear off his work collar and gift him a new, more personal one. She'd done it before. If Jason, the tall, dark and leather-bound man currently scrubbing her floors and doing her laundry back home, didn't continue to honor and please her, she would do it again.

* * * * *

“Just a little farther, ladies” Brighton said over his shoulder as he continued down the long, wooden walkway. “We'll be there in no time.”

He was weighed down by a suitcase in each hand and a third heavy bag slung over his shoulder. Thankfully, the trio of women behind him hadn't forced him to carry **all** their luggage. The big redhead

was content to carry her own things and the other two held the few remaining bags.

“No hurry, dear” the platinum blonde spoke up.

“Yeah, we're enjoying the view” the brunette added with a giggle. She pointed at the cat ears sticking up from Brighton's headband and the fluffy tail hanging from the top of his short-shorts.

The white-haired woman snickered. The Amazonian ginger rolled her eyes.

'Ramona. Gabby. Jennifer. Ramona. Gabby. Jennifer...'

Brighton repeated the names in his mind as they strolled down the path. He was terrible with names, especially when it came to new people. He didn't want to forget them and start off on the wrong foot. Reciting them like a mantra until he got them to their room had become his default strategy for dealing with his deficiency.

Ramona was the short-haired platinum blonde. Her accent came from somewhere in Europe, though he wasn't sure which country. She wore a two-piece purple bathing suit and little else. Just a short, matching skirt that terminated halfway down her thighs and a pair of black slide-sandals.

Gabby was the tall, muscular woman with rectangular black-rim glasses. She also had short hair, but her locks were fire-kissed. The She-Hulk obviously spent considerable time in the gym. Her white tank top and flowing, silky black pants showed off her powerful arms, chiseled abs and tree trunk thighs prominently. Although she looked imposing, she had an unassuming demeanor and wasn't nearly as outgoing as her two comrades.

'Gabby... Did she say what that was short for? Gabriel? Gabriella? No, she just said Gabby.'

The final woman, Jennifer, had been the one to book their stay. It seemed Brighton had the cheerful brunette to thank for selecting his catboy attire. She had a mischievous aesthetic, starting with colorful full-sleeve arm tattoos. One arm displayed playing cards, a series of shooting stars and a skull with a dagger in it. The other showed off sharp, curling black ivy with a blue rose at its center. She wore a black bra and leather halter top that cut off just above her navel, exposing her midriff. Jean shorts and brown leather ankle boots were all that remained below the waist.

Bright turned his head for a quick look back at the buxom beauties following him. He blushed as deep a shade of red as he had in Madam Mayfield's office earlier that morning. Not only were all three of the short-haired vixens well stacked and gorgeous, they weren't even trying to hide the bulges in their clothes. Sizable lumps had formed in Ramona's skirt, Jennifer's shorts and especially Gabby's pants.

His cheeky ensemble was no doubt serving to inspire their erections. Bright wore a mesh nylon see-through top that showed off his slim, boyish chest. His lips and nails were deep purple, the same color as his freshly dyed hair. His tight shorts barely concealed his bubble butt and the fat toy plugged in his ass from which his tail extended. His legs were sheathed in purple and white striped stockings.

The girl's appendages were growing fatter and meaner by the minute as they stared at their femboy butler and prepared to unleash their first round of Futadom fury. It was clear all three of them were *Athena-enhanced*, blessed by the revolutionary biotech that had changed the world. Most of the resorts guests were, these days. Brighton knew from experience that satisfying even one of them would be a

daunting task. With three women to serve, he was in for a wild few days.

“Here we go. Number twenty two!” he called out before turning and heading toward the guest house.

The bungalows were more or less the same, with identical accommodations and the same magnificent view. Although they were uniform, that didn't detract one bit from their class and splendor. Each house contained the finest wood floors, supple leather furniture, brand new big screen TVs and a full bar. Whatever they did for a living, these women were obviously doing well for themselves if they could afford such a lavish location and a personal catboy servant for the weekend.

They strolled down a shorter walkway and entered the well-furnished bungalow. The smell of cleaning products was strong in the air; still detectable over the heavy scent of the sea. The place had recently been scrubbed down and purged of whatever gooey mess the previous visitors had left. The *Taj Exotica* had a small cleaning crew dedicated to just that task.

Gabby closed the door behind them as Brighton turned and greeted the trio with a smile. “Want me to take these to your rooms?”

“Just set them wherever, for now” Jennifer answered casually.

“Yes, Miss Jennifer” he replied with a nod.

“None of these stuffy formalities” she corrected him with a wink. “You can call me *Mommy* from here on out, young man.”

“Oh my god! You're shameless!” Gabby interjected as she set down her things.

Ramona let out a long, lilting laugh as she added her bags to the pile by the door.

“Yes, Mommy” Brighton acquiesced before walking across the room and placing the suitcases by the entrance to the hallway.

When he returned, he was treated to an invigorating sight. Incredibly, all three women were already stripping down. Ramona's skirt came off and her fat phallus flopped out, leaving only a stretch of purple spandex to cradle her weighty scrotum. Jennifer unhooked her bra and tossed it aside, freeing her large double D's. She unzipped herself below, pulling out her third big D and began stroking it with relish.

Gabby kicked off her shoes and pulled her silky pants down in a flash. There was no underwear waiting below it and Brighton found himself staring at one of the biggest cocks he'd seen since starting his job at the resort. It wasn't even fully erect yet and it was already a comically thick club of veiny flesh. Brighton couldn't help but swallow nervously as he scanned the impressive trio of Futazons back and forth.

“Oh... You don't want to go for a swim first? Or--”

“Yeah, a swim in **those guts**” Ramona cut him off.

That prompted a hearty laugh from Gabby.

“We can swim after. You're gonna need a soak after what we do to you” Jen said with a broad grin.

“Yes, Mommy” Bright replied bashfully.

“Get out of those clothes unless you want them ruined” Gabby spoke up.

“Leave the tail and ears, though” Jennifer added.

The increasingly horny femmes fisted their cocks to full, meaty mast as Brighton undressed. Pre-cum seeped from all three tips as they chatted and waited for their weekend plaything to prepare himself. Their weighty shafts grew glossy with natural lube and a light sheen of perspiration as they stroked themselves lewdly.

“So, what did you do with Andrew?” Jennifer asked the platinum blonde.

“Oh, I lent him to a friend for the weekend. He'll get plenty of cock and discipline while I'm away. No worries there.”

“How nice for him” Gabby remarked while gliding a hand up and down her massive schlong.

“What about you?” Jennifer queried the big woman. “Still no *special someone*?”

Gabby sighed and dropped her massive schwanz. She adjusted her glasses and set her hands on her hips. “I've decided I'm not the collaring type. Not that I don't love a collared slut, but I don't need that kind of responsibility. My job is more than enough. Besides, I enjoy fucking other women's slaves. Something about it just turns me on.”

“Going to *sow your wild oats* forever, huh?” Ramona posed with a smirk.

“That's the plan” the bulky Domina replied.

“Hah! And you called me shameless!”

“What about your bend-over boyfriend? Where's he at?”

“Grant? I dropped him off at a bondage and feminization camp for the weekend. I'm hoping he'll look half as tasty as this one when I get back” Jennifer said, pointing to the nearly undressed Bright. “I'm planning to change his name to Gladys, eventually.”

“Pretty” Ramona said with an approving nod.

Shed of all but his catboy adornments, Brighton stepped forth and presented himself. He clasped his hands behind his back sheepishly, displaying himself as coyly as possible. His thoroughly average cock hung below, a soft, sad emulation of the massive members jutting out before him.

Jennifer snapped her fingers and pointed to the gray rug stretched out before the living room furniture. “Right there” she directed him. “Wouldn't want you to get splinters.”

“Yes, Mommy” he answered before stepping onto the fuzzy expanse.

The women, all taller than his meager 5'7 stature, followed him and fanned out. Soon, they surrounded him. The sound of heavy fapping slapped out as they prepared to pounce.

“You girls better go first” Gabby admitted. “Stretch him out a bit.”

“Good idea. Wouldn't want you to snap him in two” Jen exclaimed with a laugh.

“With pleasure” Ramona added as she approached the boy's front.

Jennifer grabbed a handful of Brighton's purple locks and tugged it roughly from behind. She reached below, grabbed his tail at the base and pulled the thick plug from his stretched bottom with a wet schlop.

“**Ahhhhhhhh!**” he exhaled, bemoaning the sudden loss of the snug rubber invader.

“Don't worry, slut! We got something way better than that, for you!”

Jen tossed the toy aside and pushed his head down, bending him forward. Ramona took over from there, grabbing his head with both hands and guiding his mouth right to the tip of her steamy tool.

“**MMPPHHHHGGHHHMMMMMMMM!!!**”

Her fat, fleshy missile slid deep into his well trained mouth. Brighton felt a heavy glans circle around his pucker twice and then a second, long, slick beefstick plowed into his waiting body.

“**RRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!**”

The libidinous Dommies wasted no time settling into a steady fucking rhythm. The resort had promised them a well trained bottom boy, so there was no need to be gentle. Brighton was a professional cumdump and they knew it. Gabby's small bit of initial courtesy was probably the only leniency he could expect for the next three days.

Ramona dug her fingers into his purple hair and seized his leather collar with her other hand. She sawed in and out of his slobbering mouth, forcing her weighty schlong deeper with each impalement. The sex-crazed Futa reached the entrance to his throat in record time. Her glans plunged past his uvula and sank into his warmest, most succulent passage. Her thick, pulsing wand passed back and forth over his slippery tongue like an ear of corn over a stick of butter.

Jennifer grabbed his hips and dug her fingers deep into his flesh. She moaned as she penetrated hard and deep, sinking into his velvety depths and pulling back to strive for more. The impassioned brunette thrust into him eagerly, unsatisfied with her efforts until she felt her weighty scrotum press against his smaller sack. Then she entered a rough, steady plowing. Her flesh slapped into his as Jennifer's steel-hard length glided through his warm, fleshy tunnel. She cooed and growled lightly as she fucked him like a maniac and extracted the sweetest sensation one could channel through the body of another.

“**Fuck!** I needed this after that flight” Ramona said between panted breaths.

“Yeah...” Jen agreed between harsh, smacking fucks. “Haven't had a break in four months. Going to unload every ounce of stress in this filthy little fuckboy!”

Gabby chuckled and continued to stroke her massive cum pipe. “Heh. Never heard it called *stress* before.”

Brighton's shaky vision zoomed in and out of Ramona's pelvis. His stretched wide lips crept ever closer to her body as he gagged around her engorged length. Soon, her ballsack, snug in purple spandex, was slapping into his chin. He grasped her pumping thighs, holding on for dear life as best he could. It hardly mattered, though. Her death grip on his hair was directing the action.

The sounds of their fucking grew more frenzied and sloppy as both women bottomed out in his holes and spitroast him fiercely. Pockets of pre-cum and saliva slid from Brighton's mouth in between each wet, slapping fuck. A trail of creamy pre and glimmering sweat trickled from his savaged starfish as Jennifer railed him hungrily.

Each vicious thrust split his pucker painfully wide. It made him groan around Ramona's cock in brutal ache, yet it was the kind of pain Brighton had grown to love. The strumming of her greedy rod was lighting up his prostate with pleasurable pressure equal to the agony. Besides, he knew it was necessary if he was ever going to accommodate the gargantuan redhead patiently waiting her turn. A little pain now would make their session go so much smoother.

“Suck me good, catboy!” Ramona's voice demanded as she rammed her cock between his drooling lips. “Or I'll lock that filthy buttplug in your mouth for the night!”

“Pffft, I say we do that anyway” Jennifer remarked snidely in between brutal smacks into his ass.

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

GLORK GLORK GLURK GLURK

The quiet giant watched the increasingly erotic spectacle through half-closed eyes. Her teeth gritted as her hand flew up and down her colossal shaft with delirious speed. Despite the fact that she was standing on the sidelines and merely admiring the brutal spitroast, her climax arrived with great speed.

Just like her euphorically rutting friends, Gabby was dying to come. The volume enhancer pills she'd taken at the airport were working their magic, and her pendulous balls swelled with seed that could no longer be contained.

“SH-SHIT! I'M GONNA COME!!!”

Normally, this would've been a sign for Jennifer and Ramona to back out of range, but it was too late. All three women were on the brink, and neither of the pleasure-wracked, furiously pumping pair would abandon Brighton's succulent holes for all the riches in the world. The impending crossfire was inevitable.

“NNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

The muscled matriarch moaned and ropes of thick, sticky semen sling-shotted from her tip. They

slapped into Brighton's face, torso and legs, decorating him with glue-like Futa batter. As Gabby threw her head back and lost herself in bliss, her aim deteriorated. Heavy strands of filth fired over Bright's back and under his stomach, making a mess on the rug below. A few wet slaps across his body splattered wide and slathered Ramona and Jennifer with webs of sticky jizzum.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

The fornicating furies buried themselves in Brighton's holes and his eyes went wide. Blasts of sticky seed shot into his throat and the depths of his ass. Their thick rushes of ejaculate backed up in his depths quickly. He squeezed Ramona's thighs as her body tensed and she pumped his stomach full of pungent yogurt. The torrent of hot jizzum ejecting in his bottom sloshed through his colon and beyond. His packed holes overflowed and spurts of girl cream burst from his still-sucking lips and the tight seal of his cock-filled man cunt.

As Gabby's emissions continued to slap and drizzle over his body, Brighton put all his training and experience to work. He grunted, swallowed and focused on breathing through his gunked up nasal passages. He sucked on Ramona's moist, twitching pole with maximum enthusiasm. He tightened his anal muscles around Jennifer's squirting hose, milking her dry. The skilled bitchboy delivered every shockwave of ecstasy he could to the mumbling, moaning Futas buried in both his holes.

When the last wads of sticky glaze spat into his body, the overwhelmed women pulled their cocks free. Brighton slid to the floor, coughing. His hands glided down Ramona's cum-slick legs until they found the nut-glazed rug. Soon, there was nothing but panting and sighs of post-coital bliss as all three women descended from their high.

An inexperienced slave, not accustomed to dealing with Athena-enhanced women, might've expected a reprieve, but not Brighton. He was unsurprised when Gabby stepped forth and circled to Bright's front. She reached down, pulled the headband from his cum-greased hair and tossed the cat ears aside. The auburn-haired Giantess grabbed his chin and guided his gaze upward for an up-close view of her impossibly huge penis, still straining with desire.

“My turn.”

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Bright lay in a daze, as delirious with joy and flooded with happy chemicals as any of the women that had shot their cock-snot into him multiple times. The once handsome rug was now soaked with jizz and he lounged on it happily, bathing in the amazing taste and smell of his Futa betters. The cleaning crew were good at their job, but even they probably wouldn't be able to salvage this piece of the resort's property. It would simply need to be replaced.

Ramona, Gabby and Jennifer relaxed together, spread out on the leather furniture as they enjoyed a bottle of their favorite drink from the bungalow's extensive bar. Strands of semen still dribbled and leaked from their fierce erections. The last of their emissions leaked out after firing most of their reserves deep in Brighton's body and all over his sprawled-out form.

For an hour or two, perhaps, Brighton would be free of their sexual fury. It never lasted, though. You were never truly free. Not in the world Athena had built. And Brighton wouldn't have it any other way.

“You guys ready to go for a swim?” Jennifer piped up.

“Nah, not yet” Gabby replied.

“Yeah, still tired. Let's give it a while” Ramona concurred.

“Alright, might as well see what's on TV.” The brunette picked up the flatscreen's remote and hit the power button. It blinked on, opening to a disturbing news broadcast.

Black smoke rose from a helicopter view of a factory that was on fire in several places. The remnants of destroyed walls, burst pipes and patches of blackened metal lay strewn across the landscape. Smaller fires littered the ground outside the facility among the pockets of smoking debris. The camera zoomed in for a closeup and words spray-painted in black could be seen along one wall. The graffiti clearly read: ***'ATHENA MUST DIE!'***

A woman's voice spoke up, offering explanation for the grizzly spectacle.

“If you're just joining us, there's been a terrorist attack at an Athena facility in the industrial sector of downtown Miami. We have reporters on the ground attempting to learn more about this heinous and unprovoked act of barbarism. We take you now to Claire Atkinson.”

The screen transitioned to a woman in a full, black latex bodysuit standing at the gate of the industrial park. Her blonde hair was tied up in an efficient bun, her lips were ruby red and her eyes were ringed with black shadow. The woman carried a crop in one hand and held her microphone in the other. She pointed her instrument of discipline at the scene of destruction behind her.

“Thank you, Angela. As you can see, crews are still working to put out the fires caused by the explosions set off just hours ago. Authorities are combing the perimeter and looking for clues, though I'm told there are no definite leads yet. Online, two well known terrorist groups have already claimed responsibility. ***The Apostles of Zeus*** and ***Patriarch Front*** have both released statements--”

Jennifer muted the television and tossed the remote aside. “Not this shit again...”

“Those small dick neanderthal fucks!” Gabby muttered.

“I can't believe there's any of them left.” Ramona added. “I thought the *Athena Corps* had all but wiped them out?”

“You can bet they'll be going on a tear after this. I hope we get video of their subjugation.”

“Yeah, that'd be fun to watch!”

“The ones that are left are pure scum. Why bother trying to capture them? Just kill those pieces of shit and be done with it.”

“I'm sure they could, but that's not Athena's way. Besides, seeing them disciplined, broken down and re-trained into respectable males is always satisfying. Is it not?”

Gabby shrugged. “Maybe so, but if they have to go through all that are they really worthy of redemption? They don't deserve a place in the new world as far as I'm concerned.”

“You're talking about the **old** them” Ramona pointed out. “After the conditioning, they're as happy as pigs in shit! Like cute little Bright over here.” She pointed to the soiled slutboy on the floor. “Athena's grace extends to even the lowliest man. We can fix them.”

“Put them to work in a mine or turn them into pleasure slaves” Jennifer piped up. “I don't care, as long as I get to see them in bondage. Watching them squirm makes me **hard as a fucking rock.**”

“I'll drink to that!” Gabby responded, lifting her bottle of whiskey in the air.

The women laughed and each took a swig of their brews. Jennifer changed the channel and found something more entertaining to watch. Even the ominous news report couldn't put a damper on their vacation. A weekend of summer fun and unchecked debauchery had just begun.

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