

Quickie #29

Restroom Rumpus

A **Biblical Proportions** Side Story

Ethan dozed as the turbo-diesel engine of Ashaki's Chevy thrummed away. The sound of passing highway was a gentle lull. It was interrupted by occasional dull thuds as the consistency of the asphalt shifted. They'd been on the road for three hours. The combination of boredom, road hypnosis and the fact that Asha barely let him sleep the night before had conspired to put Ethan down for a lengthy nap.

Suddenly, the accelerator was released, the roar of the motor stopped and the truck turned, whistling down a long exit ramp. As the vehicle lost speed and the sounds around him changed, Ethan's eyes opened, groggily. They were getting off the highway, but based on the commercial plaza he saw in the distance, it didn't look like they'd reached their final destination yet.

“Wakey, wakey, slut! This is our last pit stop before the party.”

Ethan straightened himself and nodded. He rubbed his eyes, re-adjusting to the daylight as the truck cruised into the vast rest stop. Before long, Asha turned into the sprawling parking lot that preceded the many rows of gas pumps and the large building dotted with a dozen different fast food logos. It was essentially a giant strip mall, but with an interior corridor one could walk through while they decided what refreshments and supplies they wanted.

“I'm dying for a snack” Asha added. “And my cock is dying for something else, so get ready for another restroom rut, **bitch.**”

Since heading out in the early morning, they'd already stopped twice. Asha had taken him forcefully in two different bathrooms. In the first, the large stall was in use, so Mistress Asha pushed him into one of the smaller stalls before squeezing her bulbous curves into it. He'd sat on a filthy toilet while Mistress fed her big black hog into his mouth and fucked his throat long and hard.

At the second rest stop, they'd had better luck. Mistress led him to the large handicap stall; the kind that had plenty of room and a baby changing station. As soon as she locked the door, she'd flipped down the station, bent Ethan over the surface and entered his ass roughly. She'd fucked him powerfully while pressing his face into the unforgiving plastic. The same surface that had touched thousands of babies soiled diapers.

Ashaki, or as he knew her more fondly, Mistress Goliath, was insatiable in more ways than one. Not only did she need to eat constantly to fuel the sizable muscles that filled out her Amazon frame, but her unwieldy cock and pendulous balls yearned to be drained with startling regularity. Mistress had the sex drive of an entire football team rolled into one, dark-skinned alpha female. Since coming into her orbit, Ethan's sole responsibility was serving her and ensuring her heavy loads had two willing holes waiting for their deposit.

Asha stuffed her keys into her leather handbag before grabbing it and opening the door. Her yellow, latex bodysuit stretched around her powerful curves as she moved. Her black leather cap, boots and corset creaked as she stepped down to the foot rail and lowered herself to the pavement.

Ethan, likewise, opened the door and exited the cab. Rubber stretched around his smaller, lithe body as he stepped down. The only differences between this and his normal slave uniform were the color and the fact that his crotch was actually covered. Normally, his caged dicklet hung out freely. In the interest of not being arrested for public lewdness, Asha had allowed him to wear a matching set of latex briefs.

The tall Domina strutted around the giant pickup truck. Her heeled boots clicked across the pavement as she advanced. The late morning sunlight beamed off her shiny aviator glasses. She pulled a long leather leash from her bag and clipped it to Ethan's collar. By the time she sauntered off with him in tow, several strangers in the vicinity were already staring at them.

People on the way back to their cars, having just enjoyed a meal and a break from their drive, watched in shock as the unusual BDSM duo marched toward the rec center. Whispers and a few giggles cropped up as they passed multiple couples and families. Two teenage boys took an interest in the spectacle as Asha and Ethan strolled by.

“Whoa! Check her out!”

“Mom? Why is she walking that guy like a dog?”

The mother, whose head had been stuck in the back of her open mini-van, popped out and surveyed the parking lot. Her eyes practically bugged out of her head when she saw what her boys were referring to.

“**Mark! Jeffrey!** Come here! Don't look at them!”

“What? Why not?”

“Hahaha! That's so weird!”

Asha paid them no mind as she sauntered by. Ethan grinned sheepishly and re-directed his gaze, doing his best to act like he hadn't heard them. The mother continued scolding her boys as they gawked at the unusual couple. Soon, the family fell out of earshot as Ethan and Asha approached the curb.

Just as they stepped up on the sidewalk leading to the food court's entrance, a motorcycle swooped around the corner. Its motor ripped and grumbled, chugging loudly until its driver pulled into the bike lane near the curb. The large, leather clad woman killed the engine and lifted the weighty helmet from her thick, brunette locks. As she set it aside and flipped down the kickstand with her foot, she noticed the big black woman leading her slave by the leash.

“**Asha?!?** Is that you???” she called after them.

Ashaki stopped in her tracks and turned. When she realized who it was, she smiled. “**MEG!**” Asha changed course and waved before leading Ethan towards her waiting friend. The white woman in shiny black biker apparel lifted her leg over the seat and stood. It was revealed she was almost as tall as Asha and of equally titanic measurements.

“Hey girlfriend! Good to see you!” Ashaki said as their massive busts met in a friendly hug.

“You too” Megan said with a nod. “On your way to the **DIVA** meetup?”

“Sure am. You're coming too?”

“Yup.”

“Not bringing anyone, huh?”

“I'm between slaves right now” the leather hellcat confided. “But there'll be plenty at the party, I bet.”

“Oh, most definitely! Including **this** slut!” Asha said with a stern tug, pulling Ethan to the forefront.

“Meet my new **David**.”

Her use of the word bludgeoned Ethan's mind like a psychic hammer. It was funny; while Ethan's new name had almost completely displaced his old one, for brief moments, particularly right after he woke up, he could sometimes forget he'd been re-branded. His original name was a relic of the past. She was *Mistress Goliath* and he was *David*. The difference was, in **their** story, the little guy would never win. He would only be bound, railed, spanked, flogged and face-fucked until whatever ignominious ending awaited the end of his tale.

“Well hello there, David” the big woman said, leaning down and offering him a toothy grin.

“Hello... Mistress Megan?” he asked cautiously.

“That's right” Asha confirmed with a nod. “The **original** *Megan the Stallion!*”

“Ugh, don't remind me” Meg said with a grimace. “It was such a good nickname until that skanky rapper got famous.”

“Now, now...” Asha interjected. “She's a successful woman. Don't be jealous.”

“Jealous? **HAH!**” Megan replied, placing her hands on her hips. “I'll never be jealous of that hoe! I'm just annoyed she took my name. You'd be annoyed too if some snooty bitch called herself *Asha the Invincible*.”

“Asha the Invincible? I like that... Maybe I should trademark it” Ashaki said with a smug smile.

Megan laughed and crossed her arms below her enormous bust. “You gonna grab a bite to eat? We could have an early lunch together before getting back on the road.”

“I **am** hungry” Asha admitted. “But right now I'm hungering for something more than food, if I'm honest. Care to join us for some late morning delight?”

Meg looked down at Asha's collared slut and then back at the bodysuited Goddess. “**Fuck yeah!** I didn't want to wait another hour to unload, anyway. Let's make a mess the janitors will be talking about for years!”

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Asha and Megan would draw many eyes even in normal clothes, but dressed in fetish garb and leading a little man by a leash, they turned nearly every head in the large food court. Many were curious, but none were brave enough to follow them as they marched down the hallway to the public bathrooms and turned into the ladies facilities.

They made a bee line for the largest stall at the end of the long row of toilets. Thankfully, it was unoccupied, as no other stall would've been able to accommodate two busty Amazons and their collared man slut. As soon as the door was closed and latched, Asha began disrobing and issuing instructions to her pale-skinned play thing.

“Strip down, slut. I don't want your costume ruined before we get to the party.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

As Ethan unzipped himself and started wriggling out of the form-fitting blue latex, he looked up at a grinning Megan. She removed her leather adornments one by one. Her cap, gloves and jacket slid off with ease. She rested them on the long metal bar jutting from the wall; a mandatory feature of such stalls so the disabled had something to hold onto while maneuvering from their wheelchairs. Today it would serve as a clothes rack for leather and latex garments.

Next came her top and Megan's immense mammaries were freed. Her entire upper body glistened with a sheen of leathery sweat; the product of a long, hot ride. By the time she reached down to the clasp of her leather pants, a giant bulge was clearly visible against her left thigh. Ethan wondered how long it had been there and if the plaza's many patrons had noticed the growing swell in her shiny trousers.

Megan tugged the clingy black pants down until her hefty cock and well-muscled legs were free. She set them aside with her other things before placing her hands on her hips and displaying herself proudly to Ethan. Her cock was a fat club of rigid flesh, pointed at him and drooling a fat dollop of pre. It turned out Meg was similar to Asha in more ways than one.

Ethan had been shocked to learn there was, apparently, an entire society of women just like his daunting Mistress. First, he'd met her friend Ada. That had led to a brutal spit-roasting; the most intense sexual experience of his life. Now, another one of these huge, insatiable Futanari was standing before him. This meeting was coincidence, but they were on the way to an event that would host dozens of them.

As he stared at the fearsome woman, Ethan swallowed. It wasn't quite noon yet and he was beginning to wonder if he'd survive this long day of sexual tribulations.

“Go ahead and get started” Asha said with a nod to Megan. She undid the final buckles and straps of her plus sized corset. “My outfit takes a little longer to get out of...” Once she managed to remove the considerable leathery holster from her torso, she still had to peel off the yellow bodysuit glued to her dark flesh.

“With pleasure” Megan cooed, stepping forward. She grabbed Ethan's leash and pulled him toward her. Meg guided the now naked slut-boy to the side of her sweat drenched body. She towered over him; his head barely rising to the level of her jutting breasts.

The glistening white Giantess raised one arm and revealed a moist armpit for Ethan to observe. It was mercifully shaved, but he could smell the combination of thick musk and leather polish from the short distance that remained. Megan choked up on his leash, seizing it near the base of the collar and yanking him into her body more closely.

“Lick it clean, you **filthy bitch!**”

With She-Hulk strength she seized the back of his head and pressed his face into her wet pocket of flesh. Her fingers dug into his hair as she slid his face up and down her pungent armpit. Ethan's tongue extended as instructed, lapping away at her musty crevice.

Megan moaned lightly as the slave's tongue soothed her. Her body relaxed instantly; all but her right hand that was gripping him fiercely and shoving his every facial feature into the clammy skin under her left arm. She forced his head up and down. His silky tongue glided where she directed him. Megan continued this for a while until she was satisfied with his deviant efforts.

Just as quickly, Ethan's face was pulled from her moist skin. Now it dripped with saliva instead of salty sweat and leather musk. Ethan had scant few seconds to inhale fresh air before new demands were made upon him. Megan lowered her arm, snapped her fingers and pointed at the cold, tile floor.

“On your knees!”

Ethan moved quickly to obey. He wasn't surprised when Megan turned to display her gargantuan, sweat-glazed ass. She passed the end of his leash under her legs and pulled it up the front of her body. She backed up slowly, pulling the leash tight as her bulky balloons of glistening dough grew closer to his face.

“You know what to do, slave” she spoke over her shoulder with full confidence.

Ethan got one more breath before she pulled his face the remaining distance and his head was ensconced in her all-consuming ass. His hands reached up, taking gentle hold of the woman's mighty thighs as his tongue extended and he began his second bout of oral servitude.

Megan pulled the leash even tighter, it's leather strap gliding up against her balls as she roped Ethan even deeper into her fleshy cavern. Another moan echoed through the sizable restroom as Ethan's tongue stroked up and down her crack lovingly. Meg seized her right breast with her free hand, kneading it hungrily as the obedient slut worshiped her ass accordingly.

By this time, Asha had fully removed her elaborate costume. She strode closer to the pair, her dark skin and weighty missile of flesh on full display as much as Megan's birthday suit and twitching, white monster. Asha smiled wickedly and stroked her cock, enjoying the show as her girthy hose grew into a full, fearsome erection.

Ethan was lost in the darkness of Megan's gripping dumper. Her cheeks clamped on the sides of his head like a vice as she pulled on his leash fiercely and released it in equal measure. Ethan's head slid up

and down her increasingly slimy crack. Megan was coated with his juices as they replaced stinging sweat and the grimy leather residue of a long bike ride. His servitude to her bottom stretched on for long minutes, but after a spell, the leash went slack. Megan stepped forward and his face re-emerged into the light. His eyes blinked as Ethan's pupils readjusted.

As his vision cleared, Megan turned and Asha stepped in beside her. Two long, hefty yogurt slingers were leveled at his face, each dripping with a steady flow of abundant pre-cum.

“Get to work, **David**” Asha spoke in an insistent tone.

Mistress wasn't specific, so Ethan did what felt was natural. He reached up with both of his small hands and seized the weighty shafts before him. He stroked them eagerly, his fingers unable to encircle the full circumference of their hot, dripping lengths. Strands of stringy pre rained down on his face and Ethan opened his mouth for them. The women stood above him, grinning and murmuring pleurably as their mammoth members were given the final preparation for a full invasion.

“Which end do I get?” Megan asked breathlessly.

“Whichever you like, dear” Asha answered.

“In that case, his ass is **mine**” the biker replied. “I'll sample his throat next time.”

“A fine choice” Asha said with a chuckle.

Their fat, moist lengths of fuck-meat were yanked from Ethan's hands and both women snapped into action. Megan circled around him as Asha sauntered forth and pointed the dark tip of her steamy weapon at Ethan's mouth. It was a sight he was intimately familiar with, by now.

Both women seized him and raised him back to his feet. He was rapidly bent over into the position that would serve both his hung dominants. Megan's strong hands seized his hips, supporting him easily as Asha took firm hold of his head. The fat glans of her chocolate ramrod speared into his mouth at the same time Megan's massive invader plowed into his well-trained boy pussy.

Both went deep in little time and the familiar flavor of his Nubian Goddess mingled with the feeling of fresh, first-time cock in his tightly packed ass. Ethan groaned around Asha's spearing length of dark meat as it drilled past his uvula and sank into the entrance of his throat. Megan pressed forward, plowing her massive schlong into his warm depths without relent. She let out a loud, contented sigh as her cock sank past the halfway point and her sensitive, rock hard pole continued to slide home.

Asha built up a fucking rhythm first, sliding back and forth with ease and guiding her cock deep into his velvety maw. Her dribbling pre-cum gathered with Ethan's warm saliva, creating a rich, slippery lather that eased her passage. It built up quickly, facilitating the sloppy sounds of face-fucking as Ethan sucked dutifully on her pistoning shaft. Pockets of air and squelches of spittle-cum leaked from the sides of the bitch-boy's mouth as Asha fucked his throat aggressively.

A door opened in the background and the buzzing sounds of the food court could briefly be heard until it closed again. Footsteps pierced the room as some woman made her way to one of the stalls and entered the toilet. Asha and Megan kept their moans and sighs as low as possible, gazing at each other and smiling as they continued their constant plowing. Ethan attempted to keep his groans and sloppy

sucking sounds as quiet as possible, but they continued slurping out beyond his control. He just hoped they weren't loud enough for the stranger to hear, but that seemed unlikely in the acoustics friendly environment of a public bathroom.

Perhaps sensing that there was something untoward going on not far away, the mystery woman did her business and left quickly. As soon as the bathroom door opened and closed again, Asha and Megan returned to their loud moaning and more aggressive fucking.

SMACK

Ethan felt Meg's hand scorch his buttocks. His flesh jiggled as she fed him fat, greasy cock in harsh thrusts. The women's pleasurable bellows echoed off the walls, filling the filthy public space with the most depraved sounds it had likely ever witnessed.

“Let's turn this into a **real** spit roast, shall we?” Asha suggested.

“Gladly” Megan concurred.

Both women hilted their hot, steely rods of flesh in Ethan's stretched-out holes. Before he knew what was happening, Asha and Megan grabbed his limbs and began turning him. Ethan's body shifted to the side, his vision slowly turning upside down as he rotated on the schlongs stuffed in his body. Asha hadn't been kidding. He was like a pig being roasted on a spit. All that was missing was the fire below.

Asha held both of Ethan's wrists aloft with the grip of just one of her powerful hands. Megan had his right leg raised high in the air and her fingers clamped around his ankle. Her right arm was tucked under his left thigh, supporting most of his lower body weight with incredible ease. Ethan's upside down vision was now limited to Asha's fat, fleshy scrotum. He stared at it directly, seeing it twitch as it churned with the viscous meal he would soon be fed.

Her impossibly large sack began shifting back and forth again. Her balls, still rife with the smell of sweat and latex, smacked into his face as both Futas resumed their fucking. Megan pulled his legs wide apart, stretching open his pucker even further as she went balls deep with heavy slaps.

Ethan could do nothing but hover in mid air, overwhelmed as his life hung in their grasp and their weighty cocks slammed into his yielding holes. He moaned around Asha's length as his throat was stretched to the max and her heavy balls smacked into his face with ever more force. His legs squirmed in Megan's strong grip, reflexively bucking as she split his asshole more harshly than he could ever remember.

The moist sounds of slapping flesh and the squelching of pre-cum clogged holes grew louder as Asha and Megan breathed deep between louder moans. Their strong legs held fast; pillars of black and white muscle holding up Ethan's world. Their torsos pumped back and forth ruthlessly, filling him to the brim with bulging cock at both ends. As their moans and grunts grew frenzied, the spit-roasted fuck toy felt both hot lengths begin to twitch and seize in his body.

“OH YEAH! **HERE IT COMES!!!**” Asha wailed.

“**UNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**” Megan cried out as she hilted in his ass and her eyes closed in ecstatic release.

Thick streams of hot, liquid custard blasted into both portals of Ethan's dangling body. His hands opened and closed, uselessly, in Asha's grip. His legs attempted to push and pull, but Megan held him fast. His eyes widened to their biggest expanse as sludge-like semen rushed into his mouth, throat, and colon like overflowing rivers. Both of the fearsome Amazons grunted and moaned repeatedly as their cum sacks contracted and spurt after spurt of glue-like nectar spat into their levitating cumdump.

Ethan swallowed as quickly as he could, knowing he would be punished if he vomited semen all over Asha's sack. He gulped down his second considerable meal of the day, both having been fed to him in a rest stop bathroom. Her thick, warm jizzum rippled into his stomach. At least it helped soothe his developing hunger pangs.

There weren't many calories in semen, but if you consumed enough of it, you at least felt full for a while. He knew this well from past experience. He also knew that this was just the beginning. He would get nothing but a steady stream of Futazon cum until the party was over. It was the duty of a bottom bitch not to eat on the day of a big sex party and to remain free and clear below for the tops that would discharge their godly loads into his ass repeatedly.

When their sacks were all but drained, Asha and Megan pulled their cocks from his body with appreciable slurps. Cords of stringy semen stretched from the heads of their fat pythons to Ethan's violated rifts. They lowered him down gently and his body hit the dirty bathroom tile with a light slap.

Once he was stationary, both women seized their hoses of flesh and stroked themselves a few dozen times. They milked the last of their sticky butter onto his prone form. The final strands flew out, glazing his skin milky white and decorating *David* like a pastry. Their last few moans were low, followed by deep breaths as the hulking Amazons descended from the zenith of their climax.

“Goddamn... Now I'm **really** hungry!” Asha said as she walked back to her waiting fetishwear.

“Me too!” Megan agreed as she grabbed her leather pants. “Let's get some lunch before we take off.”

Ethan lay there, a sloppy mess in the middle of the stall as the two women dressed. He existed in a cum-glazed heap, resting and waiting for instructions from his gorgeous Mistress.

In a few minutes the two Dominas were re-attired in shiny black and yellow. Asha placed her officer's cap back on her head and turned to her ruined slut.

“Clean yourself up and then come find us in the food court” she ordered.

Ethan looked around. “But Mistress... how? With **what?!?**”

Asha scanned the stall, then peered over the top of the wall at the sinks in the distance. “I don't know. Use toilet paper or paper towels. Whatever works. Just wash up before you put your suit back on.”

“Yes, Mistress Goliath. But what if someone comes in when I'm washing? I'm not supposed to be here.”

Asha shrugged. “Then grab your stuff and run to the men's room, I guess. Figure it out.” She grabbed her bag, opened the stall door and headed out.

Megan laughed. “Yeah, not our problem!”

The buxom biker followed Asha to the sinks. The famished Divas chatted amicably as they washed their hands. The opening and closing of the bathroom door announced their departure and Ethan found himself alone in the ladies room.

He unstuck himself from the floor, rising slowly as strands of semen peeled from his flesh. Ethan studied the toilet paper dispenser, noticing that it was sadly low on product. His gaze shifted to the toilet bowl. Was it clean enough to wash himself here, or should he risk going to the front of the bathroom and being discovered by incoming women?

The young man placed his gunked up palms on his hips and sighed. It was going to be a very long day.

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