

Quickie #16

Muscle Futa Fuck Slave

Connor watched in awe as the parade of bulging, plump, curvaceous flesh jiggled, flexed and strutted down the runway. There were big, beautiful women in glimmering dresses, shiny leather, body hugging latex and softest satin. Their glamorous outfits showed off their *dummy thicc* bodies to all in attendance.

Many were BBWs with extra pounds in all the right places. Some were exceptionally tall women who were rail thin, like most models. Then there were the bodybuilder types. Those were the ones Connor was into, especially when they had *something extra*.

Several of the muscular Futa models he followed on social media were taking part in the event tonight. That's why Connor didn't mind paying the ridiculous coverage charge to get into the show. When would he get another chance to be this close to such devastating beauties?

His mouth hung open as he watched Liana Hale stalk down the stage. Her strong arms and powerful thighs extended from the skimpy, scarlet, spaghetti-strap dress she was wearing. Liana's hair was dyed azure blue and her face was painted to match. She wore a steely gray rubber choker and glossy gray latex gloves that trailed all the way up her forearms.

White, thigh-high leather boots drew all eyes to Liana's amazon legs. The shiny material crept a few inches above her knees, barely containing the bottoms of her massive thighs. Between that and the bulge she was proudly sporting in the front of her dress, Connor's mouth was watering.

Right behind her was Melanie Walker; a stunning red-head and another well-built Goddess. Her shoulders, back and leg muscles rippled around her strapless purple dress. Her statuesque legs were framed by silky stockings, flowing down into black high heels. Her bulge was equally prominent, stubbornly sticking out at her crotch despite the effort she'd gone to tuck her massive cock into a thong below her eveningwear.

Next to a lovely Giantess like Liana or Melanie, Connor felt completely overwhelmed and helpless. That was the appeal, of course. He'd long admired women who were as tall and strong as they were beautiful. In recent years, the emergence of Futanari and the growing popularity of women joining their ranks only added to the mystique of what was, in his mind, the perfect female dominant.

Both women towered over his five foot, eight inch height. Was that the primary reason he'd developed a fascination with larger women? The almost comedic taboo of a large-and-in-charge female with a smaller man? Was it the stark contrast between their burly feminine frames and his thin male body?

Or was it something in his past? The domineering demeanor of a loving, but overbearing mother. The early experiences of puberty when a certain bigger female classmate, unable to manage her budding feelings, resorted to expressing her affection through bullying. Whatever the reasons, Connor's predilections were now set in stone.

He was handsome enough; a young man with thick blonde hair and a fit body. He had a well toned physique from a youth and early adulthood spent learning a valuable trade. Any woman would be lucky to land someone so cordial and hard working. But most women wanted a taller man. And he could hardly blame them, since he desired a taller and stronger woman, himself.

Connor knew that Liana and Melanie were friends from their interactions online. They often appeared at plus size fashion shows like this one together. They regularly attended fetish parties and kink themed strong-woman events. Wherever they went, they raised awareness for Futa empowerment, encouraging women to follow their example and men to grovel at their feet.

He watched with rapt attention as the twin, gloriously hung she-hulks proceeded down the aisle, posed, then turned and strutted back behind the curtain. Once they and the other bulky shemales had their turn, he quickly lost interest. The other women were nice, but he hadn't bought a ticket to see them. The musical acts, product demos and hors d'oeuvres didn't entice him either.

Connor exhaled a wistful sigh before getting up and heading to the bar.

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“Something else, sir?”

“I'll have another.”

It was an open bar. Might as well take advantage of it. The dark skinned man in the white dress shirt and snazzy red vest re-filled his mug and placed it in front of him. Connor nodded in thanks before lifting it to his lips and taking a sip.

The man behind the counter was the only person he'd spoken to all night. Connor knew he didn't fit in here. He was wearing a simple button down shirt and slacks. That was as fancy as his clothes got unless he was going to a wedding, in which case he rented something. Everyone else was dressed in expensive suits and elegant dresses. He'd gotten more than a few odd looks from fashionistas who were probably wondering what he was doing there.

“Good evening, sir.”

A voice cut in from the right, rising over the din of chatter in the background. Connor glanced over to see a man in one of those dapper suits leaning against the bar and looking directly at him.

“Hey” Connor responded, nodding in acknowledgment.

“If you don't mind, I was hoping I could have a word.” The tall, fit, medium build man had deep blue eyes and slicked back hair of deepest black.

“You already are” Connor pointed out before taking another drink from his thick, glass mug.

The man chuckled as he reached into his suit. “Alright, I'll skip to the point.” He pulled a business card

from his pocket and handed it to Connor. “Spencer Owens. I represent Miss Hale and Miss Walker.”

Connor half-coughed as the drink caught in his throat. He set down the glass and turned to Spencer, his interest piqued. He took the business card and studied it briefly. Spencer was a talent agent and manager who offered a variety of professional services.

“No kidding? Lucky you! Though it must be hard getting work done around such gorgeous women.”

“It might be if I was into women” Spencer replied with a grin. “What's your name?”

“Connor.”

“And your profession?”

“I'm a pipe fitter” he answered proudly.

“Wow” Spencer replied with a snort. “That's a little on the nose.”

Connor's brow furrowed in confusion. “What's your interest in me?”

The Rod Serling look-alike held up his hands defensively. “Relax, I'm not hitting on you. On the contrary, I'm here because I noticed you enjoyed a very specific part of the show.”

The young man's cheeks turned a slight shade of red and he turned away from the talent agent. He looked at the rows of booze lining the wall as he responded. “Yeah... so?”

“It's obvious they're your type and that's why we're talking right now. Managing power lifting Futa models is no easy task. I don't just book their gigs and keep them on schedule. I see to their *recreational* needs as well. Liana and Mel are busy women. They're also, for lack of a better word, **insatiable**. At the end of a busy day, they like some companionship.”

Connor could barely believe this conversation was real, though he certainly liked where it was going. He turned to Spencer again, his curiosity as aroused as his loins had been during the show. “Don't women as popular as Liana and Melanie have boyfriends?”

Spencer laughed, amused by his old fashion sensibilities. “Mel does, but her guy is out of town and it's an open relationship. Liana did until a couple days ago, but her man broke up with her. I hope this isn't too presumptuous of me to say, since I don't know you personally, but not **every** man enjoys wearing a dog collar and getting pounded by a giant woman on the reg. I remind the girls of this all the time, but they refuse to believe me. Bottom line, most men can't handle it and eventually bow out. Liana and Mel go through boyfriends like pairs of underwear.”

Connor's eyes were as wide as saucers. It was becoming increasingly clear what this proposition represented, even though it hadn't been formally made yet. “So what are you saying, exactly? That I've won a free date with the women of my dreams?”

Spencer pulled out his phone. “Let me take a picture of you. I'll go back stage and show the girls. Tell them about the lovely young man I've just met. If they like what they see and hear, you'll be joining them when they leave in thirty minutes.”

The young man was flabbergasted. His mouth hung open, frozen on the precipice of agreement.

Spencer looked him up and down, quizzically. “That **is** what you want, yes? A night with Liana or Mel? Possibly both?”

“Yes!” Connor spoke up enthusiastically. “Absolutely.”

Spencer readied his camera app and held up his phone to take the picture, but paused momentarily. “Just to be clear, you've heard all I've said so far and have some idea what you're getting into? They're not looking for romance. They expect an obedient bottom and they aren't going to be gentle with you. That's as much a warning as you're going to get.”

“If I was looking for gentle, I wouldn't be into women like Liana” Connor replied confidently.

Spencer chuckled as the camera focused on Connor. “Famous last words. Alright, big smile now!”

Connor showed off his pearly whites. The flash went off and the classic snapshot sound effect blared from the phone's speaker.

“Perfect!” the smug manager announced. “Give me your number and I'll text you in a bit.”

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It was just over a half hour later as Connor walked into the cool night air, escorted by the tall talent agent. It was raining lightly as they stepped onto the sidewalk. He pointed down the street to wear a long, black limousine was parked.

“There's your ride” Spencer confirmed. “Good luck, Connor. Have fun!”

The raven haired man clapped him on the back and hurried off in the opposite direction. He jogged to his car in an effort to get out of the drizzle.

“Thanks! See ya!” The blonde called after him before turning and heading to the long, sleek, purring vehicle.

Connor approached the passenger door and tapped gently on the tinted window. The door opened within seconds and two female voices called from within.

“Get in!”

“Hurry up, before you get soaked!”

Connor stepped into the spacious backseat area and his nose was assaulted by perfume and leather. To his astonishment, Liana and Melanie were both already half naked. Their boots had been tossed aside along with their undergarments. Their dresses were pulled up around their thick, muscular bodies. Their six packs were shown off as prominently as the massive cocks and fat sets of balls that hung from their

curvy bodies.

“Hey cutie!” Melanie said with a wink. Her short red hair and ruby lips made her stand out in the gloom.

“Get out of those clothes” Liana instructed as she leaned back in her seat and stroked her meaty schlong. Her eyes closed and she began moaning lightly as she worked her fat shaft up to full, pulsing erection.

“Liana! You could at least say hello, first!”

Her eyes reopened. She shot Mel an annoyed side glance before looking up at the young man. “Hi, there. It's Connor, right?”

“Yeah” he answered with a stupid grin. He was too star-struck and horny to say anything more.

“Nice to meet you. Now, get out of your fuckin clothes, please! I'm dying to nut.”

Melanie giggled, her powerful body lounging back into the sensual leather. She began stroking her thick length of fuck meat as well. The aroused amazons enjoyed their private strip show as Connor tore off his garments one by one in haste.

As he removed his boxers and threw them aside, Liana reached for the intercom button. “Roger, we can head back now. Be sure to drive slow in this nasty weather. We're gonna have some fun back here, so there's no hurry.”

“Yes, Ma'am” the answer came back.

Liana shot Connor a stern glance. She snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor in front of her. “On your knees. Crawl to me, **bitch!**”

Connor's heart was thumping harder than it had since his final track practice in high school. He gladly lowered to his hands and knees and shuffled forward. His flaccid cock and balls swung below as he advanced. They were like miniature scale models compared to the fat baseball bats and glossy cantaloupes of spongy flesh that awaited him ahead.

As soon as he came within range, Liana grabbed him by the hair and guided his mouth to the end of her massive member. Connor didn't need any further commands. He opened his mouth wide as she guided her heat seeking missile into his wet cavern of eager, sucking flesh.

“**Mmmmmmm**... Good boy!” she exclaimed as she seized his ears and began moving his face back and forth on her meaty pole. “Yeah, just like that! Lots of tongue...”

Melanie's eyebrows raised as she watched him bathe Liana's cock in warm, velvety pleasure. His eagerness to please became evident by the slurping sounds of his increasingly sloppy efforts. “Wow, looks like Spencer picked a winner tonight!”

Liana let go of his ears, satisfied that he was doing his best to give her a proper blowjob. She ran her latex fingers through his blonde locks as he gagged on her fat schlong. The young man looked up at her

with awestruck eyes.

“Yeah, this little slut came to the show just to peep on us. I bet he's been dreaming of futa cock for years. Of being *turned out* like the cocksucker and butt slut he truly is. Isn't that right, slut?”

Melanie shifted closer to Liana on the seat. The redhead snapped her fingers to catch Connor's attention and pointed at her fleshy pole. “Get to work, **whore.**”

Connor reached over with his right hand and began stroking her thick, fleshy length. The pungent smell and silky feel of their cocks was amazing. Their strong bodies shined with a light sheen of sweat as they writhed on the rippling leather seats and moaned lightly. He was sucking one massive dick and stroking another as two giant sets of balls churned with their first loads of the night.

After a few minutes of dutiful suction, Melanie grew impatient. “My turn!”

She grabbed Connor by the hair and pulled his sucking lips off Liana's rock hard length. His mouth slipped off with a pop. A thick strand of syrupy phlegm connected his face to her glans until Mel pulled him far enough to break the sticky strand. She forced his mouth onto her steamy tip and Connor immediately extended his left hand and stroked Liana's spit-lubed weapon.

“Oh yeah!” Melanie shouted as she pressed Connor's head down and he sucked half her thirteen inch length into his mouth and throat in one go. “**Holy shit!!!**”

“Mmmm, this cocksucker has had practice, I think” Liana noted. “Not to mention he's a **pipe fitter**. Appropriate for a bottom bitch who's about to get **piped** all night.”

Connor chuckled internally. Now Spencer's reaction at the bar made sense. He bobbed his head on Melanie's thick shaft, doing his best to get her fat head past his uvula and suck more of her hot schlong into his welcoming throat. He wagged his tongue along the bottom of her cock, tracing her sperm channel lovingly.

“**Oh fuck!!!** Too good!!!” Melanie moaned.

He stroked Liana and slurped on Mel for a few more minutes, amazed that neither of them had cum yet. Soon, the blue-haired hellion who grew tired of waiting.

“Get him up! This slut has **two holes** to fill.”

Melanie pulled his mouth from her cock and shimmied back on the seat. The two strong-women put their bulging biceps and gigantic thighs to good use, grabbing Connor and rearranging him how they pleased. He was suspended in the air briefly before being set on the seat, his ass pointed back at Melanie and his head pressed against Liana's hot, sticky erection.

Liana re-positioned herself for optimal mouth-fucking while Mel speared two fingers into his pucker below. “**Oooh**, pretty loose down here! Has someone been playing with anal toys?”

“Answer her” Liana commanded, grabbing his hair and giving his head a stern tug.

“Y-Yes... I use a big dildo at home.”

“While looking at Futa porn?” Melanie asked, adding two more fingers. She speared them through his anal ring with ease. “Futa fucking guys, right?”

“Yes...” Connor answered, grunting as her thick digits stretched him open wide.

“What color is your favorite toy?” Liana asked.

“Black” he admitted.

“And it's a long, fat one, isn't it?”

“Yes...”

“Of course it is.”

Connor got a thick taste of dripping pre-cum as Liana pulled his face back onto her shaft. Her cock was even thicker, hotter and meaner than the first time, her raging erection at full attention now. She pulled on his hair, guiding his mouth up and down her bloated length with increasing need. Her moans were getting louder as her fist tightened around his hair and she grew more demanding.

He felt Melanie's tip at his quivering back door. She gave him only a few seconds of anticipation before plowing her fat, rock hard cock inward. She invaded his silky tunnel with almost her full length in one, strong thrust. Mel wasted no time, transitioning into a steady ass-fucking rhythm. She rocked back and forth on the seat as she thrust ever more of her fearsome cum cannon into his delicate back door.

“Ohhhhhhh! **Ohhhh god!!! Yes! Take it like a good slut!**”

Connor's palms and knees were pressed firmly into the leather cushioning as Liana and Melanie went to town on him. His field of vision was forced up and down, zooming in and out of Liana's crotch as she pulled on his face with both hands. Every trip downward was a glorming, cock spearing, mouth widening odyssey as he sank down to the widest part of her shaft.

Liana was face-fucking him with vigor and getting closer to bottoming out in his throat with every second. Connor's eyes watered and he gagged heavily, but he never stopped sucking her luscious length. Pre-cum flowed in gobs from her tip, greasing the way for each sloppy suck and creating a heavenly mixture of hot glue and warm phlegm that only added to Liana's pleasure.

Melanie fucked Connor's ass full force, delighted that she didn't need to patiently open him up. She loved when they found an experienced bottom with a pliable ass and well-trained mouth. The twin muscle Goddesses had wrecked so many boy holes in their day. She just hoped Connor would prove to have endurance equal to his skill. It would be nice to have a new sub that lasted for at least a month.

The slapping sounds of flesh on flesh filled the limo as Melanie bottomed out in his pucker and battered him with her hips. Her silk encased legs brushed up around his lower body, adding to the wonderful sensation of being dominated and spit-roasted by powerful Futa.

Liana plowed his mouth aggressively, holding his hair and right ear with a death grip as she speared his drooling gullet with abandon. Moist gagging sounds choked out every time she shoved her hips

our bodies.”

“**Every. Drop.**” Melanie added, a devious smile on her face.

Connor set to the task and within moments another message came across the limo's speakers.

“We're almost home, Miss Liana. Just thought I'd let you know.”

“Thank you” the blue-haired vixen answered before releasing the intercom button and turning to her friend. “So, what do you think? Want to stay tonight, or should I have Roger take you home?”

“**Hell yes, I'm staying!**” Melanie answered passionately. “I'm going ass-to-mouth in this little faggot as soon as we get inside!”

Liana grinned and looked down at their new sperm guzzling slave. “Did you hear that, **slut**? I think she likes you. I do too. In fact, I have a collar and a bondage bench with your name on them. This is going to be your new home for a while, so you'd better call your little Pipe Fitter's guild and tell them you're taking some time off. What do you say to that?”

Connor removed his happily swabbing tongue from the black leather. Their semen was thick on his lips. He swallowed before looking back and forth at the bulky, steaming hot amazons to his left and right. The eager bottom hoped he wasn't being presumptuous, but given what Liana had just said, it seemed fair to use the honorific.

“Yes, Mistress!”

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