

## Quickie #46

### Mad Maxima

Two anxious young men scaled the scalding wall of sand with great caution. The hot, grainy silt made no difference to their already grimy bodies and tattered clothes. Like most vagabonds in the wasteland they wore some combination of sun-scorched leather and rags. They carried on their shoulders and hips only what they needed to survive.

They'd been eating a less than appetizing lunch of lizard meat and bush tomatoes when the desperate cries of a woman pierced the desert winds. They heard it only faintly at first, but abruptly abandoned their meal to track the sound to its source. Her screams were closer now and much louder, which is why they climbed the dune with utmost care.

“**Hellllppp! Pilleeassssee!**” her shrill, sobbing voice echoed in the distance.

When they reached the top, their heads peeked over the ridge, scouting for the source of the disturbance. The taller of the two companions pulled a set of small binoculars from a pouch on his leather vest and brought them to his eyes. His vision zoomed in on the stranger, a half naked woman stumbling through the waste.

A large plank of wood was set on her shoulders with her head and hands locked in its three holes. It was essentially a pillory, but without a base. She trudged through the sand, trying her best not to tip over as she called for aid. Behind her, a long chain led from the back of the pillory to a weighted metal box that dragged through the sand, making her trek even more grueling.

“I don't like it” Baylen said as he passed the binoculars to Levi. “Feels like bait.”

The shorter, blonde young man studied the helpless woman in the distance. “Oh, c'mon Bay! She needs our help. Poor lass... Who do you think did this to her?”

“We're not too far from the *Pounders* territory. Probably them.”

“You think they'd come out this far just to try and lure in some strangers?”

“Maybe. Or maybe she pissed them off and this is her punishment. None of our business either way.”

“Baylen, she's clearly suffering. And I don't know about you, but I haven't enjoyed the company of a woman in over a year. Maybe she can cook? Better than either of us, I bet. If we find somewhere to settle down, maybe we could-”

“If they left her out here, she's **barren**” Baylen cut him off. “She's not gonna be starting a family with anyone.”

“Even if she can't have kids, she could be useful. And it'd be nice to have someone to talk to other than

your grumpy ass!”

“Your really want to get captured by a bunch of sex-crazed mutant freaks, don't you?”

“Pfffft” he scoffed. “At least I'd get some action other than **my hand!** I'm going down there. You do whatever you want.”

“No! **Wait!**” Baylen beseeched him, but his words fell on deaf ears.

Levi stood, stepped over the peak and started down the dune.

“Goddammit...”

Baylen got to his feet and plodded after him, reluctantly.

As they descended, Levi cupped his hands and called to the woman. Her march of attrition halted and she turned, gasping in relief. Even from far away, it was clear the bound, sweaty, sun-bleached brunette was deliriously happy to see other human beings. Normally, that wouldn't be the case, especially for a solitary woman in the waste, but without help anyone in her predicament had hours to live, at best.

When they closed to within three hundred feet of the hobbled stranger, Baylen's worst fears were realized. The woman activated some hidden release lever and the twin boards of the pillory disconnected and slid from her body. She ran back to the metal box on the end of the chain. Within seconds she'd opened it and pulled a flare gun from its compartment.

“Oh, **shit...**” Levi remarked, stopping in his tracks.

Baylen eyes went wide and he turned, taking off at top speed across the searing sand.

The now-smiling brunette pointed the utility gun in the air and fired. A great plume of red smoke exploded in the sky over their position. It wasn't long before the dull roar of motor bikes, ATVs and other desert-adapted vehicles rose in the background.

“**FUCK ME DEAD!**” Levi shouted as he tried to catch up with his friend.

“That's exactly what they're going to do if they catch us!” Baylen shot back over his shoulder. “**I FUCKING TOLD YOU!!!**”

“**I'M SORRY!**” Levi pleaded as they charged back up the dune.

As they reached the top, a regiment of armed Amazons converged on the clearing they'd just fled. The woman serving as lure pointed in the men's direction and the buxom hellions surged after them. They hoisted their spears, nets and other assorted weapons as their vehicles charged and their war cries filled the air.

Baylen and Levi didn't even make it halfway back to camp before they were set upon. The Pounders flew by them on either side, tires spinning in the sand as they cast their heavy, weighted nets on the fleeing males. The boys tripped and tumbled to the ground, cursing. By the time they clawed their way out of the restricting latticework of mesh, ropes and rocks, they were surrounded.

The abnormally tall, freakishly strong, thoroughly tanned Amazons pointed their spears at the kneeling men. Their *other* spears were also plainly visible, poking through the fabric of their loincloths or bulging in the confines of their leather pants. The women's victorious hooting was deafening until the leader of their pack stepped forward. The black-haired beauty grinned, delighted to see their trap had finally snagged some prey.

“Sorry to use your good intentions against ya, fellas, but you're of no use to anyone out here. The Pounders got everything you could possibly want back at our encampment. So why don't you come quietly?”

In a final act of desperation, Baylen drew his pistol and pointed it at the leader. A gasp went up among the Amazons, followed by a round of mocking laughter. The woman in charge of the hunting party stepped forward fearlessly, her upward pointing pony tail waving in the breeze behind her.

“Oh, **please!** We both know that thing isn't loaded. Even if it was, it's not getting you out of this. What you got? One bullet? Two? When was the last time that thing was oiled?”

It was a fairly safe bet on her part. Ammunition was insanely rare this late into the apocalypse. Well maintained guns that could fire them were almost as rare. It was usually only gangs, like hers, who had the resources to keep some vehicles and ballistic weapons operational. More to the point, Baylen had used his last three bullets fighting off some attackers months ago. She'd successfully called his bluff.

“Hand it over, *waster*.”

Not wishing to antagonize her further, Baylen spun the gun on his finger and offered her the grip. His steely expression of determined resistance melted to one of surrender and acquiescence. She took the pistol and raised it in triumph.

“Good job, girls! Mistress Maxima will be pleased! Let's get these **slags** back home!”

A raucous Amazon victory cry went up around them. Levi looked to Baylen with a forlorn expression, the guilt and regret etched on his face. It was often said in the wasteland that if a man was lucky enough to have a gun, he should save the last bullet for himself, lest he be captured by one of the roving gangs of Futazons. Baylen had not heeded that lesson and so, technically, he was at fault too.

The impressive grip of a dozen warrior femmes lifted them to their feet and bound their arms behind their backs. As they were box-tied, Baylen and Levi both realized they were about to discover how much of the rumors were true. Was being a slave to the Pounders as bad as they'd heard? Or was it so much worse?

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The large metal gates of the walled Amazon encampment slammed shut behind them. Once inside, it was short ride to where the vehicles were parked and maintained. Their convoy buzzed to a stop, at which point Baylen and Levi were unloaded along with the raid's non-human spoils; an assortment of scavenged food and salvaged materials from the waste.

Thick collars of brown leather were brought to bear at both men's necks. Baylen accepted his fate stoically while Levi kicked, cursed and pulled away from his captives. A punch to the gut and swift kick to the balls by one of the largest Futazons shut the blonde up as they wrapped the symbol of slavery around his throat, buckled it and secured it with a small padlock. The O-rings at the front of their collars were fixed with chain leashes ending in looped leather hand-holds. Another cry of victory went up among the gathered Amazons as Baylen and Levi's leashed were tugged and they were lead deeper into the camp.

With their arms bound behind them, the young men focused on putting one foot in front of the other and not falling face first into the dirt. As they left the wasteland behind, the ground turned from dusty road to increasingly dark, solid earth. Baylen studied their surroundings as they passed individual hovels, then larger multi-story living quarters, street vendors, shops and crude, re-purposed factories.

After a lengthy trek, the soil became soft and doughy. The Amazon's sandals, moccasins and in many cases, bare feet, squished lightly in the brown muck as they plodded on. They paid it no mind at all, apparently used to living in the marshy spot. Baylen and Levi's feet, by contrast, made loud sucking noises in the increasingly sticky terrain. With each step, it became harder to extract their boots from the mire as they moved forward.

Eventually, the newly minted slaves lost their footwear, their boots remaining firmly planted in the muck as their feet pulled free. The women laughed as Baylen and Levi cursed and stumbled forward, their already dirty socks getting even grimmer as they slipped, slid and became stuck in the sludge. The leader of the raiding party paused their march and ordered her Sisters to cut and strip the socks from the slaves feet. When they resumed their journey, the males grimaced as their feet sunk into warm, clingy gunk with each step.

They passed a series of industrial clay pits with many residents, male slaves and Futazons alike, manning each area. Some of the Futazons aided in the work, while others stood guard. Nearly everyone was streaked or covered in the clingy bronze or gray custard. The color of the filth varied from pit to pit, but spending any time in this place meant you were going to be doused in the sticky stuff.

The more Baylen thought about what they were doing here, the more it made sense. Not only were they fashioning new building materials and useful items from the clay, it was also a rare source of moisture in the wastes. It was likely arduous to obtain, but there were ways to filter water from the sediment. It was an oasis of mud, the closest thing to a spring that the remnants of humanity would likely ever know.

The grunts and slogging noises of people working and moving around the two and three foot deep pits of sucking muck mingled with groans of submission and moans of pleasure. Just as often as Baylen saw slaves and Amazons working or keeping watch, he saw tools and weapons abandoned as the warrior women bent their slaves over and sodomized them in the mud.

Fat futa cocks plunged into male mouths and asses with equal fervor as the Amazon jailers enjoyed their captive eagerly. Some men were even designated for this purpose, locked in wooden stockades or strung up in leather harnesses with their legs sunk in the gripping clay. Their asses and ring-gagged mouths hung open, ready to be used by any woman of the tribe that cared to.

But that didn't stop the Amazons from being picky. They would choose any slave they liked, stopping

them in the midst of their work and enjoying a long, filthy rut in the warm, sticky clay for as many powerful climaxes as they wished. Baylen gawked at the spectacle of messy, degenerate sex in amazement as they continued on.

One poor man, in particular, was being bucked into powerfully by two towering She-bulls. Their massive, mud-streaked schlongs pistoned back and forth aggressively. Their bloated, fleshy scrotums were nearly as large as their fuck toy's head; churning with abundant seed as they slid back and forth in the mire, pleasurably. The collared slave was bent over in the sludge, his hands tied behind his back and his chin barely above the surface of gray gunk.

The women sighed and moaned in bliss as they rutted endlessly. Their powerful hips pumped into the helpless male, splashing sticky clay all over with every eager thrust. He gagged on the filthy schwanz sliding in and out of his lips while the Amazon behind him battered his balls with her much larger, weightier orbs. Hidden below the surface, deep in the fudgy clay, his own penis was locked in a steel cage, leaking pre-cum into the sucking earth.

Moments after passing the delirious trio, the sounds of frenzied, sloppy spit-roasting came to a halt. Both women buried their cum cannons deep and cried out in climax. They screamed in pleasure as long, viscous strands of buttery Amazon nut flooded the muck-bound slave. Even thirty seconds later, as their wails of orgasm faded into the distance, Baylen could hear the fearsome femmes still grunting in relief as the last of their thick emissions splattered out and filled their dazed cum dump to overflowing.

Levi and Baylen had a few minutes to dwell on what this meant for their immediate future as they left the pits behind and ascended back into less marshy territory. As they approached the center of the Futazon fortress, the ground turned solid again and their feet began to dry. The buildings here were taller and better maintained. It was a taste of the old world, or what was left of it.

As their group entered the town square, the raid leader raised her spear and prepared to announce herself. As it turned out, that wouldn't be necessary. There was no need to call the Amazon Queen out to behold the spoils of war. The buxom, leather-wrapped blonde was already holding court.

She was exactly as Baylen had imagined; a tall, statuesque vixen with fulsome curves. Most of her well tanned flesh was visible, except for the bits covered by her skimpy, black leather outfit. Like most of the other Amazons, her blonde locks were done up in a high pony tail, but she had way more hair than the others; more abundant and more luscious hair than anyone Baylen had ever seen. Maintaining stylish hair with volume was a luxury few could afford in these desolate times.

Her thick lips were crimson red, the same color as the wide war band painted across her eyeline and the ridge of her nose. The war paint continued all the way around her head, which was shaved at the sides. A series of three interlocking hoops dangled from both of her ears, jingling lightly with her every movement. An elegant cape flowed from her shoulders, black on the outside and red satin from within.

Heavy breasts protruded proudly from her chest. They were pushed up by her leather bodice, presenting pierced nipples for all to see. Tiny golden rods sprouted from both sides of her naughty bits, gleaming in the afternoon sun. Likewise, her entire leather body harness was dotted along every strap with small golden spikes, giving her an intimidation factor that rivaled her considerable sex appeal.

Her strong arms were bare aside from the colorful tattoo presenting red roses and their thorns along her

right bicep. Despite the rugged nature of the encampment, the Amazon leader wore black platform shoes with high heels, adding an additional five inches to her already commanding stature. As they got closer, it was clear the feisty femme towered over Baylen and the vast majority of men.

“**WHO RUNS POUND TOWN?!?**” One of her lieutenants called out.

“**MAXIMA! MAXIMA! QUEEN MAXIMA!**” the chant of the gathered Futazons followed.

Two of the Amazon soldiers held one of their own; a bound, disheveled woman with tears leaking from her eyes. Her clothes had been ripped off, aside from a few tattered remnants still clinging to her body. Her limp, girthy cock hung below, a strand of cum leaking from its tip to the cobblestone surface of the square.

Maxima inspected the shackled woman, a sneer forming on her lips as she grew increasingly annoyed. Her heels clicked off the stone as she paced back and forth, cape blowing in the breeze as she decided what to do with her wayward acolyte.

“You disappoint me, Lorelai. You'd done so well, until now. You had a promotion coming soon. We have such a wonderful life here! So few rules, and yet you insist on breaking them! What am I to do with you?”

“**I'm sorry, my Queen!** It was a moment of wea-”

“**DON'T!**” Maxima shouted with a wave of her hand. “I'm not interested in your excuses! You know our rules and why we have them! Our *breeders* are strictly off limits to women of the tribe. There's so few of them left! What were you thinking?!?”

“I... I was only going to...” she spoke through half-sobs. “I was only... in her ass.”

Maxima's eyes went wide with anger and incredulity. “**ONLY?!?** I didn't take you for an **IDIOT**, Lorelai! You know the **messes** our kind make! The sheer **VOLUME** we produce! What happens if even a tiny bit of your seed dribbles down and gets in her slit? HmMMM?”

“She... she's ruined” Lorelai admitted, her head bowing in shame.

“That's right! Ruined! **BARREN!** Useless to help build our future! And what kind of future will we have without children?”

“Mistress Maxima! **I'm sorry!**”

“Not as sorry as you're **going to be!**” Maxima turned to the squad leader. “Bring her to the smith and cage her cock. Then take her to the pits. She'll be working there for the next three months. For two hours, every day, she'll be locked in the stocks along with the men. Gag and blindfold her whenever she's there. Since she **ONLY** wanted anal, that's what she'll receive.”

The two Amazons holding her arms began to drag her off. Lorelai resisted, digging her feet into the ground as she sobbed and screamed.

“**WAIT! MY QUEEN! PLEASE! NOOOO!!!**”

“This is **lenience**, Lorelai!” Maxima called after her. “I’ve exiled people for less. If it ever happens again, you’ll be left in the waste with nothing but a cage on your dick! Do your penance and you can rejoin us. Until then, reflect on your choices!”

As the hysterical woman's sobbing faded into the distance, the raid leader holding Baylen and Levi's leashes stepped forward.

“My Queen!”

“Ah, Captain Neira! Welcome back. What have you brought me today?”

“Two new servants for the tribe” she replied, holding up the leashes. “Along with a decent amount of salvage.”

“Very good. Why don't you-”

With a renewed sense of panic, Levi took off at his best speed, his leash flying from the Captain's hand. He sprinted across the cobblestone, but he didn't get far. Neira's entire contingent raced after him. They chased him down and tackled him to the ground. The angry blonde snarled as they subdued him and the leather collar tightened around his neck. Even without the use of his arms, he fought back, kicking and attempting to head-butt his abductors.

“Hmph..” Maxima studied him with amusement. “I see we have a feisty one.”

“My apologies, Mistress Maxima.”

“No worries. You can take that one back down to the pits and break him in. A reward for your hard work. I'm sure he'll calm down once all your girls have had a turn.”

“Thank you, my Queen!” Neira said with a bow. “What about this one?” She asked, gesturing to Baylen.

Maxima turned and studied him. Her right eyebrow rose as she scanned the tall, handsome dark-haired waster. He had soft, hazel eyes and light stubble on his cheeks and chin. Much more her type than the short, rambunctious slut boy wrestling with her soldiers in the background. They would likely feminize the prickly blonde before locking him in some mudhole for a lengthy welcome gangbang. The quiet one, Maxima would handle herself.

“You can leave him with me. I hadn't planned out my evening entertainment. This saves me the trouble.”

Neira handed over the leash dutifully. “As you wish, my Queen.”

Baylen watched as they led Levi away. He continued flailing and yelling until one of the Amazons kned him in the balls. Another brought a ball gag to his mouth and buckled it around his head with practiced ease. He muttered into the cum stained rubber as they tugged his leash, laughed and poked him with their spears.

“Excuse me, *Queen Maxima*?” Baylen risked asking without permission. “Is my friend going to be okay.”

She smiled, pleased with his proper etiquette. “He'll be fine. But unless he wants to spend his entire time here tied up, he should probably start doing what he's told.”

“I'll be sure to tell him next time I see him” he responded dryly.

Maxima snickered. “What's your name?”

“Baylen.”

“Ooooh, cute name!” she replied, reigning in his leash. “I might even let you keep it.”

“I'm honored. Any chance of getting out of these ropes?” he asked. Baylen turned to the side, showcasing his box-tied arms to the Amazon Queen.

“Maybe later, if you're a good boy” she answered matter-of-factly. “For now, just follow me and watch your step.”

She led him across the square and deeper into the heart of their settlement. Civic buildings and residential units rose on either side of them, dotted with shops and vendors along each avenue. Wherever they went, Amazon guards bowed to Maxima and greeted her with reverence. It seemed like most her fellow Futazons lived in this part of town. For a band of violent, sex crazed marauders, they were surprisingly organized.

“I take it we'll be staying here indefinitely?” Baylen spoke up.

“I'll level with you” Maxima spoke over her shoulder. She walked just ahead of him, Baylen's leash tight in her grasp. “We've got a good thing going here, even for you pitiful males. Food, water, time off for recreation. You'll even be taken to the breeders quarters twice a week and allowed to consort with them. We encourage procreation at every opportunity. All of this is yours as long as you behave and do what's expected of you.”

“And what, exactly, is expected of me?”

“Do your share of the work. Keep my girls happy. We have a sex drive that's ten times what the horniest man ever had. It **has** to be satisfied, or none of this works.”

“That's our job now? Sating your libido?”

“The inverse of how it was for ages. Fitting atonement, if you ask me! Besides, my girls are stronger **and** faster than you” she said pointedly. “It's not like you're good for much but manual labor, sperm donation and **sucking cock!**”

“I suppose I don't need to ask why it's called *Pound Town*” Baylen quipped.

Maxima laughed. “We pound many things here. Clay into bricks, building tiles and all kinds of tradable objects. We can even make ceramic dildos! We pound old metal into new, usable forms. But it's true...



More than anything, we pound mouths and asses. The slutty holes of wasters like you. As is our right.”

Baylen scoffed.

Maxima glanced over her shoulder, eyeing him mischievously. “You shouldn't be so cynical. By the time I'm done with you, you just might be begging for more!”

Not long after her taunting ceased, they turned into a well-guarded estate that had to be Maxima's home. Baylen said nothing as they passed through debris laden hallways and various rooms littered with dusty books, worn furniture and trinkets of the old world. Her heels clicked off scuffed hardwood floors as the curvy Domina led him to his doom.

Eventually they emerged onto a back porch setting that had been retrofitted with the shells of old vehicles. It was a playland of leather seats, makeshift bondage furniture and a private bar stocked with home-brew drugs and booze. The smells of leather, alcohol and cum permeated the muggy wasteland air. The scents of warm mud, clay and tar seeped through the windows, where more of Pound Town's sludge pits could be seen in the distance.

Maxima released Baylen's leash, snapped her fingers and pointed at the ground. He knelt down, obediently, as the Queen unclasped her cape and tossed it aside. She strode to the grimy, plush leather seat just opposite Baylen and lowered herself down, sighing as she relaxed. She'd made no effort to hide the bulge in her leather costume before, but now it was much more prominent.

The Amazon Queen unzipped herself below and freed her fleshy weapon. It sprang up, half hard, pointing at the ceiling as her balls slid out of the musty leather hammock. Baylen gazed at her, wide-eyed, surprised that their leader wasn't packing something bigger. She was about his size, but after what Baylen had witnessed on the way here, he'd feared the worst.

“Oh, baby, don't judge a book by it's cover” she advised, reading the false relief on his face. “I'm a grower. Now come over here and help Momma grow some more.”

Her index finger curled in the classic '*come hither*', urging him forward before pointing at the ground just in front of her.

Baylen edged himself closer, shuffling forward on his knees as fast as he could with his arms still bound behind him. Maxima watched him with a wicked smile, enjoying his once proud figure as it waddled forward woefully. She stroked her cock up and down, licking her lips as her new boy toy inched closer.

As his mouth grew ever closer to her growing package, Baylen got another surprise. Instead of guiding his mouth onto her cock, Maxima reached down, stuck out her ass and pulled her leather thong aside and revealed her ample ass cheeks. The untanned flesh of her crack stood out much lighter, except for her spongy, puckered brown-eye.

“You can start there” she instructed, pointing to it.

Baylen took a deep breath, braced himself and brought his lips to her soft, steamy asshole. He extended his tongue and began lapping away, growing as the taste of musty leather, sweat and pungent ass flesh coated his probing tongue. He swabbed his tongue up and down her crack obediently and it wasn't long

before Maxima let out a deep, long moan.

She reached down and seized Baylen's hair in a tight grip, mashing his face into her ass. He sucked, swabbed and blew hot breath across Maxima's crack. With her legs outspread, she reached down with her other hand and took full control. The lust-wracked Amazon zeroed his mouth directly over her pucker and pulled his face into her doughy bottom.

“Tongue it! **TONGUE IT BITCH! CLEAN MY ASS**, you **FUCKING SLUT!** And when you're done, you can clean your own mouth by **GARGLING MY CUM!!!**”

Maxima bathed in the rapturous pleasure of forcing a new slave to eat her ass, raw. She moaned and looked down with half-open eyes, enjoying her lengthy rimjob as her cock grew longer and expanded to its full, impressive girth. Her glans wept a steady stream of sticky pre on her stomach as the slut boy moaned between her ass cheeks. Maxima's scrotum was plastered into his forehead, coating his face with ball sweat as he serviced her supple hole.

Unable to wait another second, the exhilarated Amazon pushed him away. She kicked off her platform heels and stood, bringing her bulging masthead to Baylen's mouth. His eyes shot open in disbelief as she positioned her giant, weeping glans at his lips. The train of cock leading to her leather-decked body was now twice as long as thick as he'd glimpsed previously. Her hips pushed forward insistently, mashing her hot, gooey cockhead into his waiting dick pillows.

“Remember, Baylen” she spoke with expectation in her voice. “First impressions are lasting ones.”

She seized the hair on the back of his head with both hands and tunneled into his warm, sucking mouth. Her initial moan, low at first, grew in volume and length as her thick, foot long fuck stick slid deep in his yielding maw. At the halfway point, she encountered her first resistance, but what a lovely barrier it was. His hot, spongy tonsils massaging the tip of her quivering phallus as his velvety walls sucked her succulent meat from all sides.

The amorous Amazon backed out and thrust back in, determined to make short work of his delicious defenses. Her love rocket slid in further, slurping moistly down his tongue and into the entrance to his throat each time she pulled out and slammed her hips in harder. Soon, thrust elicited a wet gagging squelch and each withdrawal yielded a long, sumptuous suck as the slave learned his place.

Baylen worked his tongue along the bottom of her hot, weighty shaft, trying his best to bring the haughty shemale to climax as quickly as possible. He caressed her sperm channel and suckled her girth with all the force his cheeks could muster, but it did nothing to speed up the process. He would soon learn that much like their unnaturally large cocks, the sexual stamina of the Futazons was freakish.

Maxima redoubled her effort, thrusting between his drooling lips and face-fucking Baylen with ever-growing lust. Her fleshy cantaloupes swung below, eager to slap the cum dump's chin and complete his subjugation. Maxima's burgeoning schwanz stretched his lips even wider, getting harder and more insistent as it inched deeper into his throat.

“**YES! JUST LIKE THAT! OPEN UP FOR YOUR QUEEN!!!**”

Baylen's eyes watered as she forced her way into his throat. He watched ever more cock disappear into his mouth with each frenzied thrust. His arms pulled on his bindings in futility, the expert box tie

keeping them trapped behind his back. He was nothing but Maxima's subservient sex toy, and he knew it. Nothing but a vessel for her bulging bitch breaker and slick, sticky scrotum. A vessel waiting to be filled with her seed for the first of countless times.

His first oral ordeal carried on for some time. She railed his mouth until the light from the windows dimmed and the first hints of cool evening air whisked into the the Queen's cum-caked fuck pad. Her bulbous scrotum, now covered in a mixture of phlegm and milky pre, smacked Baylen's chin with wet, loud regularity. She curled her fingers in his sweaty hair as she rammed herself balls deep in glorious, steady rhythm. His throat welcomed each insertion, stretching the little bit necessary to accommodate her girth in between eat loud, squelching fuck.

Baylen wavered in her grasp with hazy eyes. His arms tingled with numbness in the tight web of bondage behind him. The part of him that was still conscious continued to suck and slide his tongue along her swelling undercarriage. Would it ever end?!?

“Ahhhhhhhh! AHHHHHHHHH!!!! NGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Maxima hilted in his mouth, burying his nose in her sweaty pubis and his chin in her glistening balls. Volley after volley of thick, hot cream unloaded in his throat as the Amazon Queen screamed and shuddered in bliss. Her nipples tingled with electric joy, the piercings dancing with each shake of her curvy, pleasure-wracked form. Her scrotum heaved as jets of jizzum discharged from her tip, filled his stomach and funneled up the fuck boy's throat. Maxima's clingy seed overflowed his oral passage and blasted from the seal of his mouth, splattering her essence all over the orgasmic Domme and the leather seating behind her.

Not wanting to lose such a talented new slave on his first night as an Amazon cum dump, she pulled free from Baylen's mouth and let the poor man cough and reoxygenate. As he sputtered and groaned before her, Maxima milked her greasy shaft, firing the final ribbons of nougat filth across Baylen's gasping face and disheveled hair.

Maxima placed her hands on her hips and breathed deep as the thunderous orgasm ended and she regained some semblance of sanity and composure. Unfortunately, for her kind, post-nut clarity was not a condition that lasted long. A few minutes maybe, before the raging desire to dominate and fuck returned. Especially when a bound, cum-slathered slave sat before you with one hole still unspoiled.

The Amazon Queen helped Baylen to his feet and tossed him on the jizz-slick sofa. She pressed his face into the grimy leather, a wicked, possessive grin playing across her face as she mashed him into the space her ass had graced so many times.

“Lick it! **Lick up every drop!** It better be clean by the time I get your pants off, **SLAVE!**”

Baylen tongued the musty, spooge coated leather as Maxima unbuckled his trousers and pulled them down. His face burned with shame as the fiery Futazon spat on his rectum, the only lubrication it would ever receive other than abundant Amazon spunk. He grunted as two fingers speared into his pucker, preparing him for his second lengthy deep fucking. Maxima's digits strummed over his prostate, making him red-faced with unexpected pleasure as she stretched out his virgin pucker.

The newly bitch-made bottom could hardly believe the thought was creeping into his mind, especially so soon into his total enslavement, but...

*'Maybe this isn't dystopia after all?'*

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