

Quickie #41

Squire No More

Edmund woke to the feeling of cool air on his bare skin and the slow, steady sound of dripping water. It echoed in the background as his eyes opened and he deciphered his surroundings. As his grogginess faded, it became obvious he was in some kind of dungeon cell. Where? He had no way of knowing.

As he emerged from the fog of deep sleep, the memories of the battle rushed to the forefront of Edmund's mind. Sir Danyll, his lord and master, had been cut down along with the other knights of their house. They'd heard little about the *She-Devils* before they appeared; only rumors that they were from another world and nigh invincible. Most thought of them as nothing but a legend or fairy tale, but once the demonic hellions appeared on the border of the kingdom, it was clear they were no myth.

Every battle against them had been a disaster. A futile gesture in the face of overwhelming superiority. The She-Devils were as powerful and sinister as they were darkly beautiful. To a woman, they stood taller than any man Edmund have ever seen. The war-mongering harpies often bore horns, a tail or both. Their skin was typically red or purple, though he'd spotted some with light green and dark brown hues. Their bodies were well-muscled and often covered in scars, runes and tribal tattoos.

Their physical might wasn't their most ominous feature, though. It was the magic they wielded. They could summon blasts of wind and water; cones of scalding fire and crystallizing cold. When in battle, their bodies crackled with mystical energy that protected them and could be redirected to knock their opponents aside like rag dolls. The humans never stood a chance.

Edmund had planted himself in the last line of defense after seeing his lord fall in battle. One of the conquering succubi, a red-skinned Demoness carrying a fearsome poleaxe, had beaten him back easily. With a single swing of her weapon, she'd disarmed Edmund. Following that, she lunged at him and grabbed him by the throat, lifting him into the air. She could've easily ended his life, but instead she laughed, chanted a few arcane words and the world went dark.

After that, events were hazy. Edmund had only a few scattered memories of waking up while being transported to wherever he was now. Each time, one of the She-Devils recited their incantation and put him back under. Between the bondage and constant application of sleep spells, he'd had no chance to resist further. Even now, upon waking up, he found himself in tight confinement.

He was flat on his back on a large wooden table, his wrists and ankles shackled to its corners. A thick steel collar was snug around his neck and a leather strap was wrapped tightly around his face, serving as a makeshift gag. Edmund bit down on the crude thing and tried to dislodge it with his tongue, to no effect.

“Hmmppphhhh! **HMMMMMPPPPHHHHH!!!**”

He muttered and yanked on his bindings, his muffled cries reverberating through the cold cell of stone and steel. Edmund continued to struggle for a while, but all he got for his trouble were sore wrists and

ankles with increasingly strained patches of chafed skin. It was pointless. All he could do was wait.

As it turned out, he didn't have to wait for long.

Within ten minutes of ceasing his attempts to break free, the sound of a door unlocking was followed by the groan of a metal latch. The sturdy portal creaked open and heavy footfalls announced Edmund had company. He looked down his naked, spread eagle form to see the same towering, female hellspawn who'd nearly strangled him. Her mouth stretched into a toothy grin as she studied his bound and waiting body.

The extent to which she had to lean down and duck her head to enter the room indicated that she was somewhere between seven and eight feet tall. Thick brown horns sprouted through her long, jet black hair and curved upward. Her eyes glowed pale white, creating a stark contrast with her light red skin. Her lips were painted deep purple and her long ears pointed up and back at a forty five degree angle; almost elvish in appearance.

The rest of her demonic, red body was all curves and muscle. She sported biceps almost as big as Edmund's head and two massive mammaries that were even bigger. Well-defined abs and a slim waist trailed down into herculean legs and strong calves that were outlined in her leather thigh-highs. A shiny black loincloth, made from a material Edmund had no name for, draped between her mighty thighs.

Adorning her giantess frame was a black leather body harness that had small bits of plate armor covering her shoulders, breasts and upper thighs. It seems they didn't need much armor, especially when dealing with Edmund's kind. Despite being creatures from another realm, the She-Devils were surprisingly humanoid in their features. Their freakish size and hellish embellishments were what made them stand out the most.

"Hello, slave" she opened before leaning her gleaming poleaxe against the far wall.

Edmund looked on in wide-eyed surprise and awe, half due to her amazing body, but also from the revelation that she could communicate in English.

"Oh, yes! We speak your language. Mastering it was easy. It took considerably less time than conquering you, though that didn't take long, either."

The big woman reached to the shoulder straps of her body harness and began unbuckling the complex web of leather. Edmund watched in fascination as she undressed casually. The straps and strategically placed bits of armor fell away gradually, leaving her red flesh and the dark areolas of her breasts visible. Large, hefty metal rings dangled from her pierced nipples.

The young squire noted that, unlike many of her allies, this She-Devil had no tail. Why was that? Also, he'd yet to see any males of her kind. If they had a female form, it seemed reasonable to think there was a male form as well, but perhaps that assumed too much. These were magical beings, after all.

It seemed equally possible that their males were even greater warriors, sent to subdue more difficult worlds, that their males were an enslaved lower class, or the She-Devils had done away with them entirely, using their power to combine the male and female attributes into one all-powerful gender. Perhaps they'd only ever had one gender. Only time would tell, if he was lucky enough to survive this encounter.

“My name is Zaiya” she spoke authoritatively “And you are my new pet.”

She untied and tossed away her loincloth, revealing her monumental surprise. It was one that sent Edmund's eyes wide-open in fresh shock and panic. It all but confirmed that his speculation of Zaiya's species defying traditional gender norms was true.

Hanging from her pelvis was an enormous, girthy pole of equine flesh. Like many horses he'd tended to over the years, the woman standing before him had a colossal column of cock with a flared, circular tip, a wide shaft and an even thicker root section at the base of her monstrous unit. Below it lay an equally giant sperm sack that was at least as large as one of her oversized funbags.

“**HHHRRRHHPPPP! NNNPPHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Edmund pulled on his bonds anew, reigniting the stress and ache in his already sore extremities. He seized on the table, accomplishing nothing as Zaiya looked on and chuckled. She grabbed herself below and stroked her titanic schwanz, muttering pleurably as her big red beef stick grew to full, fearsome erection.

As Edmund's futile attempts to escape lost their zeal and faded, Zaiya released her jutting sex and approached the table. Upon reaching its side, she stopped and placed her hands on her hips.

“Are you done struggling? Carry on if you wish. It's very cute, but it won't change anything.”

“Ypphh...”

“Good. Listen carefully, because I'm only going to explain this once. You're my new pet, because my old pet grew **boring** and no longer pleased me. Would you like to know what happens to boring pets?”

“Nnnnph-” he mumbled through the gag with a shake of his head.

“Too bad. When you no longer please me, you'll be sent to the milking pens. In the milking pens, you are locked in a stall, in very heavy bondage, around the clock. You will be milked several dozen times a day. At random intervals, you will be visited by bored guards and horny soldiers. Women just like me who will use your filthy holes for their pleasure. And I promise you, my sisters are **much** rougher with slaves who **aren't** their personal pet; less interested in their comfort, care and cleanliness. You will be locked down, fucked at will in one or both holes and milked constantly until your dying day. Now, would you like to skip to that? Or are you going to do your best to please me?”

The tiniest sliver of hope entered Edmund's eyes as he accepted the gravity of his situation. Better to be the toy of one demonic Mistress and stay in her good graces than to become the public plaything of hundreds of these depraved fiends.

“**Yppph!** Ypphh...” He nodded his head vigorously.

Zaiya's thin, black eyebrows lifted. “A wise decision” she stated with a gentle tap to his nose. “Not that you had much of a choice.”

She sauntered off to a table on the other side of the room. On it were piled all manner of toys,

restraints, implements of discipline and bottles of mysterious liquids. She took hold of one such potion and squeezed a thick coating of glossy gel over the fingers of her left hand. The sultry sorceress set the bottle down and returned to Edmund's side, her lubricated digits gleaming in the overhead light.

“Alright, slave. Before the real fun begins, I want to see what you taste like.”

Zaiya knelt beside the table and leaned forward. Her mammoth knockers lowered onto the left side of Edmund's body. Her supple red flesh caressed his anxious form. The metal rings hanging from her nipples dragged across his skin; making him shiver. With no hesitation, she grasped his still-soft cock in her right hand and positioned her greased fingers at the fleshy entrance to his ass.

“I want thick ropes! Don't disappoint me, slut!”

Without another word, she jammed her index finger home in Edmund's virgin starfish. He groaned into his gag, his head dipping back as the brutal ache of first time anal insertion flooded his bound form. A finger might not have been so bad, if Zaiya's weren't twice as big as the largest man. The hellions digits were almost as thick as some men's cocks. As a result, the deep, gliding plunge of her pointer was no small feat.

She worked it back and forth a few times before inserting a second lube-drenched digit. Zaiya stroked his cock continuously as she pistoned two eager, fleshy sausages in and out of his yielding pucker. The sound of her finger fucking grew increasingly moist as she buried her fingers to the knuckle. In spite of the stuttering, aching squire, his cock began to respond, lurching in Zaiya's hand to a more firm, presentable form.

“Mmmmm.... There we go. See that, slave? I've found your **bitch switch!**”

Her fingers curved on every slick retreat, gliding over his prostate and sending a different kind of shiver through his body. Shudders of growing pleasure coursed through his frame. Edmund could do nothing to limit or control her efforts.

“Ahhmmphh! **AHHHHMMMMM!!!**”

Zaiya laughed as her slave bucked against his bindings. This time his struggles were involuntary, a reaction to the building bliss, rather than any desire to escape. She re-doubled her efforts, stabbing her sticky fingers deep in his tight boy pussy and retracting them with skilled, euphoric flourishes. She never stopped stroking his straining cock. It's length twitched in her hand as she stared at it longingly and licked her lips.

“We've only just conquered your world and we already understand your bodies better than you do! Aren't you grateful, slave?”

“**YPPPHH! YPPPPHHHH!!!**”

“This is better than you deserve. You've done nothing to earn it, yet. But Mistress is thirsty, so...”

The speed of her strokes increased, both over his swollen wand and in and out of his silken flower. Pre-cum oozed from Edmund's tip as her fingers dove deep in his warm, clutching cavern. Zaiya grinned at him knowingly as she sent her new boy toy hurtling over the edge of budding climax.

Edmund groaned around his gag as his back arched and his body tensed. Ribbons of thick, creamy white erupted from his tip, shooting into the air and slinging across Zaiya's luscious jugs. If it wouldn't be so undignified, the amazonian mage might've sealed her mouth over his glans and drank directly from his pulsating member, but that was the job of cumdump slaves, as he would soon find out.

Zaiya milked him dry, ceasing her silky handjob and fluid finger-fucking only when the last strands of milky nut spat from his heaving phallus. The hungry Domina slid her hand up his shaft one last time, gathering as much sticky semen as possible before bringing the palm to her mouth and licking it wildly. She cleansed her hand and then dove back for more, wiping his body clean and licking the nectar from her hand each time.

Finally, she reached down and grabbed her glazed jubbies. The weighty tits eclipsed even her extra-large hands. Zaiya's palms dug into soft flesh as she pushed their heft up to her mouth. Her tongue lapped at the surface of her fleshy watermelons, licking clear every bit of succulent custard she could siphon into her lips.

When her breasts shined with nothing but her own saliva, Zaiya released her heavy rack and sighed in satisfaction. "Humans... Such pathetic creatures, but you have one redeeming quality. Never have I tasted cum so sweet! We're going to breed more of you so every woman in the empire can enjoy your taste. And you'll be on a regimen of our special serums to increase your output. Your flavor is wonderful, but you produce much too little for our appetites."

Zaiya spotted one last dollop of Edmund's batter she'd missed. She wiped it from his thigh and devoured it from her fingers, eagerly. "Yes... So sweet. In such small quantities. Not like my *ball-schlime*."

She reached down to her flagging staff and stroked it back to life. Her impossibly long fuck-pole bulged with fresh blood. Edmund could feel its heat and smell her overpowering musk as she stimulated herself and held up the hefty cum-pipe for him to see.

"Hot. Thick. Pungent and salty. That's what our seed is like. And it comes in drenching waves."

Edmund's eyes grew wide as he watched her masturbate. The afterglow of intense orgasm slipped away and was replaced by fresh terror as he watched her vast, equine truncheon rise and thicken. The long, red rod of flesh looked like it would mangle him if it entered either of his insufficient orifices.

"You'll retch when you taste it. Once I fill your body with my filth, you'll never feel clean again. But I assure you, in a month's time, maybe even less, you'll be begging for more. You'll be on your knees, licking my ass while you plead to be flooded with *Yirsan* jizzum."

Yirsan? Is that what her kind called themselves? Edmund didn't have long to ponder it before Zaiya raised her free hand and chanted some arcane words. He felt the pull of unnatural force against his limbs. His ankle and wrists cuffs were released from their steel bindings and his naked form floated down the length of the table.

Before Edmund realized what was happening, his body rotated in mid-air and he was bent over the surface he'd just been lying on. His legs splayed to the sides and his shackles locked into new metal fittings below. His arms were pulled wide and his cuffs secured to D-rings that hung from the sides of

the table. The young man tested his new bonds and found they were just as impervious as the first set. He could do nothing but wiggle his bottom and shimmy slightly as Zaiya approached him from behind.

“You were what your people call a *squire*, yes? A servant to one of your warriors?”

“Yppphhh!” he answered through his gag with a nod.

“How ironic! So much has changed, but you're still servant to a warrior. A different kind of servant, to be sure. You're a squire no more, human. Now, you're a slave. To be more specific, the proper job title for you would be **SLEEVE**. A slave-boy sleeve for my cock!”

Edmund felt Zaiya's colossal length of bulging red fuck-meat slide up his crack for the first time. He muttered fresh gibberish around the sloppy bit in his mouth and pulled on the chains locking him to the frame of the heavy table. The bindings were short and tight, offering him very little slack.

“This is what you'll be serving for the rest of your days. Well, mine and the cock of any friends I choose to share you with. Luckily for you, I've never been big on sharing. You probably won't have to endure a spitroasting too often. As long as you keep me happy...”

Edmund felt her slick length slide between his cheeks one last time before her round, flared head pressed against his still-slick pucker. Even with the stretching her sizable fingers had done, his hole was nowhere near ready to accept a tool as girthy as hers; one that would only grow thicker the farther it pierced into his depths.

“Ngggppphhh! **Phhhmmpphh!!!**”

“Oh, yes. I almost forgot.”

Zaiya raised her right hand and chanted another creed of magical phrases in her undecipherable language. Within moments, a warm giddy sensation fell over Edmund's form, concentrated particularly in his lower body. His frame relaxed and his muscles went slack as the soothing balm of mystical energy put him at sudden ease.

“There. That will prevent any injury while you get used to my size. Wouldn't want to split my new slave in two on the first go! That wouldn't do at all.”

Edmund laughed nervously, but it exited his mouth as nothing but a series of moist bleats. Within moments, his anxious mumbling transitioned to a groan of strain and shock as Zaiya's glans plunged into his pucker followed by a slow, steady train of ever-widening cock.

Eight inches of her red bitch-breaker tunneled into his warm flesh. Soon, Zaiya was close enough to take hold of Edmund's hips. She grasped him tightly and continued pushing forward. More of her enormous erection slid into his tight, spongy depths with each strained second. The pain of her insertion grew steadily, but it mingled with the odd, soothing tingles that her ward of protection offered.

Sweat leaked from his chin and tears dripped from Edmund's eyes, but it never grew so bad that he screamed. His grunts of stress and groans of pain were steady as Zaiya began backing out a few inches before each fresh thrust into his gaping starfish. She cooed in blissful celebration as two thirds of her mammoth dong tunneled into her new cock-sleeve.

“Mmmmm... **Yes!** That's good. So good!”

Her hips backed out and drove forward at a steadily increasing pace. Her hunger to feel her cock fully enveloped in anal nirvana grew exponentially. Her giant, round cum factories swung below, churning with untold quantities of thick splooge. Zaiya's heavy tits rocked back and forth, her nipples growing diamond-hard as her excitement soared.

Edmund's mind went blank as his anus was stretched to an impossible diameter. With every smooth thrust, her steely schlong dug deeper in his body. Her cock coursed up his tight, fleshy canal to unreasonable depths. Zaiya's moans climbed in frequency and volume as the final, thickest section of her cock grazed his soft folds. As the edge of her root pressed into Edmund's glistening cheeks, the Warmaiden went insane with lust.

“**YES! YES!!! TAKE IT, SLAVE! ALL OF IT!!!**”

A final, forceful push was brought to bear and Zaiya's thick, fleshy root burrowed into the young man's yielding anus. The demoness grunted with open mouth and upturned eyes as the fullness of her cock speared into her tight, groaning fuck toy. The warm, moist, velvet snugness of subservient flesh surrounded her length from base to tip. Zaiya paused, enjoying her latest conquest for a brief spell before resuming her fucking at breakneck speed.

The demonic Mistress flew into overdrive, deep-dicking her slave with an iron grip and ferocious thrusts. The chains and the very table itself rattled as the force of her hips battered flesh and solid matter alike. Edmund's eyes were wide, glossy spheres of worry, bulging as he held on for dear life. He could do nothing but whimper as Zaiya's cum cannon glided through his walls and battered his depths.

Her grunts and moans grew increasingly visceral; animal-like noises that complimented her style of rutting. Pre-cum leaked from Edmund's savaged pucker, running down Zaiya's body and dripping from her balls. Her heavy sack pounded the cock-sleeve's smaller, drained scrotum, slapping it steadily and adding another layer of pain and humiliation to every forceful fuck.

Even more impressive than Zaiya's size was her staying-power. The Yirsan were capable of bathing in the pleasure of penetration for inordinately long periods of time, keeping their climax just out of reach as they edged themselves in the depths of their slaves. Edmund wasn't sure how long his first fucking went on for, but it felt like hours as he sweated, strained and shuddered in her grasp. Time stood still as Mistress Zaiya stuffed him to bursting with bulbous cock.

When he'd forgotten there was anything to life other than being pulled, pummeled and endlessly fucked, the She-Devil went balls-deep one last time and wailed in earth-shattering climax. Her scream filled the cell, echoing off the dungeon walls as her massive balls seized and her tip spat the first volley of scalding jizzum into the deepest part of her slave.

The river of warm splooeey continued as Zaiya's cock pulsed in his body. Her ejaculate hosed out in thick streams, coursing through Edmund's anatomy in both directions. A bulge formed in the bottom of the former squire's stomach as he swelled with viscous cum. At the same time, her seed splattered from the tight seal of her crammed cock and his strained rim.

Gobs of thick cream leaked down, coating her scrotum and sliding to the floor with wet smacks.

Smaller webs of Yirsan nut drizzled down in thick strands, frothing with air bubbles before they hit the stone and dispersed into pure paste. Edmund got his first taste of tangy sperm at the back of his throat, even though her spunk had yet to grace his tongue. Zaiya never stopped crying out in ecstasy until the final deluge of cock-snot charged down her cum channel and deposited itself in Edmund's soiled guts.

The young man lay in a daze as his new owner and Mistress slowly backed out of her human cock sleeve. His anus was left gaping as cool air rushed in to join the trail of warm gunk coating every inch of his insides. She stroked her fat, cum-drenched phallus with a wicked smile, admiring the remnants of the virgin hole she'd just destroyed.

SMACK

Zaiya's palm blasted Edmund's semen-greased ass, sending his glistening flesh jiggling.

“Not bad, slave! Not bad at all for your first time. Now, let's get that gag off so you can clean me properly.”

Copyright © 2023 James Bondage. All rights reserved.