

Quickie #24

Resident Bitchboy

Ethan scowled as he slid down the winding hallway. He was dragged over sleek marble, lush carpets and glossy hardwood as cackling women towed him to his doom. Various candlelight fixtures zoomed by as he was yanked through the corridors at unnatural speed. Ethan flailed at the passing furnishings, but none were close enough to grab onto.

Were these fiendish creatures still women? Their pale skin, blood-stained faces and ability to disappear into thin air suggested they were vampires. But vampires usually appeared in a cloud of bats, not a mass of menacing flies. The insects buzzed loudly as they flew down the halls. The two girls dragging him disappeared into the swirling masses and re-appeared at will.

The short-haired systems engineer yelped as their sharp sickles dug deeper into his legs. The women dragged his slim body with ease, not even needing their supernatural strength to manhandle him. As painful as it was, Ethan knew he didn't have to worry about the wounds. He was more concerned about how he would talk or fight his way out of this predicament.

Ethan looked back to find the third woman grinning and following close behind. The three wild-eyed femmes looked similar in their black hoods, black capes and flowing black dresses. They even wore matching leather gloves. Only the color of their hair and their various adornments differed. They were fairly thin, but each stood a few inches over six feet, easily surpassing Ethan's 5'11 frame.

'**MAN BLOOD!**' the first one had yelled when she dug her weapon into his leg. They certainly looked like vampires. Encountering such hellish beings no longer surprised Ethan. Not with all he'd been through in recent years. Not after the creatures he'd fought his way through just to get to Castle Dimitrescu and continue the search for his daughter.

An ordinary man would be terrified, and rightly so. Thankfully, Ethan was no longer what anyone could call ordinary. He had an ace up his sleeve. An advantage which was allowing him to survive in this nightmare land of mutated monstrosities and sentient bioweapons. He'd leveraged it to escape such situations before and hopefully would again.

Ethan kept his cool, saying nothing and looking about for something he could grab and use to his advantage. Finally, the dark hallway ended and they advanced through a large pair of double doors. His captors dragged him into a cavernous room with a high vaulted ceiling and much brighter candlelight along the walls.

In the distance was a towering figure in a silky white dress. An exceptionally tall woman in a broad Victorian hat. Her back was turned as she savored the ornate room. There was so much to admire, from the architecture and the carvings along the walls to the sculptures and paintings that dotted the castle's private cathedral.

"Look what we found, mother!" Bela called out.

“A filthy man-thing skulking about the manor” Daniela spat.

As they drew closer, Ethan was amazed by just how tall the mystery woman was. If the girls were over six feet, the giantess in white was well over nine. She had an equally hulking figure with massive curves. Her proportions would make smothering a man to death child's play. She was four hundred pounds if she was an ounce, yet her buxom figure was dripping in style. It was as if the She-Hulk had taken a trip back to the 1920's and taken up lounge singing.

They slowed to a stop and the women in the lead ripped their curved blades from Ethan's bleeding calves. He screamed as they extracted their weapons, less from the pain and more to hide what he was capable of. He writhed on the ground, putting on a show of anguish as his assailants gazed down at him contemptuously.

“He should be good for a snack, if nothing else” Cassandra added from behind.

The towering Domina in alabaster turned and Ethan's groans ceased. His eyes went wide as awe overtook him. He'd seen this gigantic woman once before, briefly. He'd hoped never to meet her again. Lady Dimitrescu sauntered forth, her enormous eight inch heels striking the stone floor loudly as she advanced.

“Ah, of course. It's you.” Her eyes darted to the shorter women. “This is the one my foolish brother let slip away.” Her gaze turned back to the man bleeding on the floor. “Hello, Mr. Winters! I'm pleasantly surprised to see you alive.”

The colossal woman took a long drag from her opera-length cigarette holder as she studied their captive up and down. She exhaled and purred contentedly as she drank in his dread. The wispy cloud exiting her lips was as pale as her skin and the silk dress that clung to her enormous hourglass frame.

Her mostly snow-white figure was contrasted starkly with several touches of midnight. Her broad-rimmed Victorian hat, her short, permed curls, the rose corsage decorating the upper left of her dress and the designer gloves sheathing her hands were all of darkest black. No creature Ethan had encountered thus far filled him with fear quite like this beastly woman.

“Where's Rose?” he asked, his voice cracking despite his best effort. Even though he was in mortal peril, his singular mission remained clear.

“Not here” she answered in a bored tone before taking another puff. “Not that it matters. You will never leave this castle again.”

“Can we feast, mother?!?” Daniela asked, unable to contain her hunger a second longer.

“I'm **soooooo** thirsty!” Bela complained, doing an anxious little dance in place.

“Patience, my daughters. Have you not learned the value of delayed gratification?”

Cassandra pulled a large metal ring-gag from the pocket of her dress. “Mother is right. All the servants have been drained and eaten. Who knows when we'll get another play thing? We should take our time with this one.”

Lady Dimitrescu pointed at Cassandra with her long smoke stick and nodded. “Your sister has the right idea. Prepare him, girls...”

Ethan's legs had ceased bleeding, but they stung like hell as he started to back away across the floor.

“Wait! No!”

The two robed sisters at his front leapt on him, grabbing Ethan's arms and halting his sad attempt at escape.

“You're not going anywhere, man-thing!”

“Fight if you want! That means I get to hurt you more.”

As Ethan squirmed in their grasp, Cassandra reached over his head and brought the gag to his lips.

“Open wide, slave!”

He grunted and muttered wordless protests. Ethan pulled against the impossibly strong women's grips. He denied the web of leather and metal entry to his mouth for as long as he could.

With a sneer of annoyance, Daniela ducked in and kneed Ethan in the crotch with brutal strength. His vision cracked and swam as he gasped in awful pain. The gag slid into his mouth with ease and Cassandra tugged its straps forcefully, pulling it even further in. The large leather-coated metal ring forced his jaw opened wide as the other two sisters held him firm.

By the time the gag was secured around his head permanently, Lady Dimitrescu had set her cigarette aside and was stalking back to the tussling foursome. With all three sisters hands on him, they brought their new slave under control. The Mistress of the house pointed to his torso with a look of disapproval.

“What are you waiting for? Strip him and get him in position.”

Cassandra released him and took up her sickle. She brought its blade to his body and began slicing downward, cutting through his clothes and stripping them off piece by piece. Ethan attempted a fresh struggle, but it was pointless. He was already tired from running and struggling. These demonic women were impossibly strong. His feeble jolts in their grasp only caused the third sister's weapon to bite into his flesh, drawing blood in several spots.

“Dammit Cass! Be careful!”

“Yeah, I won't be able to hold back if he's bleeding all over.”

“Control yourselves” she admonished her thirsty siblings.

As the last of his clothes were stripped away, Ethan watched in horror as a truly massive tent was pitched in the bottom of the big woman's gown. A humongous bulge stretched against the fabric of her dress, creating an outline of a cock so big, it seemed too large even for a creature of her size. Her devious grin and growing, god-like erection were the last thing he saw before the sisters turned him

around and bent him over.

Ethan yelled objections that came out as pathetic, singular barks. He was no longer able to form words and he could do nothing to stop the blood thirsty femmes as they pushed him down to his knees and forced him into the position they wanted. Their legs hooked around his, pulling his bottom open as his face was pushed to the floor.

Lady Dimitrescu lifted her long white dress and her mega-cock sprouted forward, holding up the fabric like the entrance to a tent. She was only half-erect and it was already an inhuman length of fat, glistening flesh, drooling with thick pre-cum. At the base of her mammoth schwanz, a nest of black hair waited, held back by the the bottom of her gown as she stroked herself up and down.

Even Alcina's giant hand couldn't fit all the way around her girth. She exhaled low murmurs of anticipatory pleasure as her giant fuck-stick grew, though it was nothing compared to the joy she would soon claim. Her balls hung far below, drooping in long columns of taunt, pale flesh. Her giant oval testicles hung, each roughly the size of Alcina's head; roiling with batter that yearned to be free of her powerful body.

Ethan could see little from his view on the floor, but he watched as Cassandra undid her robe and cast it aside. A glance up her naked curves revealed that Lady Dimitrescu wasn't the only one packing a large cock. Cassandra's 6'3 frame featured at least ten inches of thick penis, and like her mother, she was only half-erect. The decadent demoness seized her shaft, stroking it up and down until it lengthened well past a foot of fuck-meat. Her large scrotum swelled as her cock expanded to a girth that would barely fit through Ethan's ring gag.

“Mother is going to split you in two, you sad little worm!”

“But not before we each have a turn with your mouth.”

“Pfffft, he'll be lucky to last that long.”

The final taunt came from Cassandra as she lowered herself to the ground. She slid her lower body closer to his forced-open mouth, stroking her cock continuously. It was now a thick fourteen inches and spewing hot, stringy glue from its tip. It might have scared Ethan if the woman currently closing in on his ass wasn't twice her size.

Cassandra seized his hair and lifted his face over her tower of cock. Ethan was forced to stare at it as he waited for the inevitable. She guided her pulsing missile into the soft, leather-kissed ring of metal that held Ethan's mouth open in a permanent 'O.' A loud slurp and a series of wet coughs emitted as she pulled his face down her twitching length. The depraved Domina moaned in rapture as Ethan's face gagged on more than a foot of bulging penis.

Lady Dimitrescu crouched down, bringing the tip of her massive weapon to his pucker. She speared it into his spongy hole, thrusting her hips as her cum-pipe tunneled deep into his body. She moved with haste to fill him with cock, knowing that if she waited much longer her girth would be too much to enter without tearing his hole apart.

She preferred to let that happen naturally, over time, as her phallus grew fatter and meaner within the slave's body. Alcina adored the feeling of stretching a play-thing ever tighter and thinner with her

Goddess cock. She would continue until his walls broke and she was fucking a mass of squishy, ruptured skin and blood, bathing in the ultimate pleasures of the flesh.

Ethan's eyes bugged as the monster cock speared deep into his bowels and his mouth was pulled all the way to the bottom of Cassandra's shaft. His lips and tongue made wet squelching noises as she guided his head up and down her hot, throbbing missile. Phlegm and pre-cum ran from his mouth, dribbling down her shaft and pooling on her gleaming scrotum. Ethan lips smacked into her flesh repeatedly, his stretched-wide mouth forming trails of white, warm slime with each wet slurp.

“OH FUCK!!! YEAH!!! KEEP MAKING THOSE NOISES BITCH!!!”

She grabbed his ears and fucked his mouth in a lustful frenzy. His face glormed up and down her increasingly sloppy cock a dozen more times before Cassandra grunted in bliss.

“UUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The enraptured vixen locked his face to her sweaty pelvis as thick, hot cream surged into his mouth and throat. The other three women watched with wide grins as Cassandra fed their prisoner a deluge of sticky filth. Ethan's face remained fixed to her torso, gagging and gurgling as her cock throbbed, spitting load after load in his stuffed maw.

Bela and Daniela waited impatiently for their turn. Lady Dimitrescu never missed a beat, pumping Ethan's ass with long, hard strokes as her demonic length grew thicker. The daunting Domina cooed as her two and a half foot weapon sank to the halfway point in his rapidly stretching man-cunt.

“Drink it all, slut!” Bela exclaimed with a laugh.

“How does it taste, **faggot?**” Daniela chided him. She reached down and gave the side of his ass a firm slap for good measure.

SMACK

Ethan drank her essence out of necessity. As bad as his prospects for the future seemed, he didn't want to drown in demonic jizzum. Cassandra resumed working his face up and down her shaft, milking every last ounce of hot butter into his mouth. When her last few strands had oozed from her tip, she pulled his lips from her cock with a wet pop.

She sighed in contentment before moving to stand. “Who's next?”

“I am!” Daniela yelled, releasing Ethan's left arm.

“Awww...” Bela grumbled.

Ethan flailed his freed limb, but it served nothing. The two sisters switched places and Cassandra wrapped her strong grip around him, resuming control. Alcina let out a long groan of pleasure as her girthy monster sank a few inches deeper in his ass. Her balls slid back and forth across the marble floor, gliding in an ooze of pre-cum that had leaked from Ethan's ass all over the ground.

“More, my daughters! Feed him more while there's still room!”

Lady Dimitrescu's pale face grew increasingly placid as her pleasure heightened. She gasped and lost herself in lustful rutting as she watched her second daughter stroke her cock and Ethan cough up viscous sperm. Just a little further and she would have two feet of her weighty cum cannon buried in the shuddering man-slave. They would fill Ethan Winters with more sperm than any fuck-toy graced with the death of drowning in their noble fluids.

Daniela's cock was equally thick and perhaps a bit longer than her sated sister. She maneuvered her drooling length below his raised face and plunged his open mouth down her warm, waiting rod. Daniela seized his hair with a death grip, slamming his mouth up and down her shaft aggressively. She was even more needy and insistent, turning a mouth-fucking into a throat-fucking in record time.

Her glans plowed past his uvula as the angry cock sank into the depths of his throat. Ethan's vision zoomed up and down her crotch as Cassandra's abundant cum greased the way for her sister. He wretched around her length as Daniela humped her hips into his face, making sure his stretched lips slapped into her pelvis wetly with each thrust.

Alcina watched her daughter with a growing smile, her cock sinking past the point that a human being could safely take it. Ethan's eyes watered and the pain in his lower half surged as he was rail-fucked at both ends with increasing hostility.

“Mmmmmmm! Yeeeeeaaahhhh! **JUST LIKE THAT!!!**”

HHHRRRRWWWRRRKKKKKK

A loud, wet sputter sounded in Ethan's packed throat as Daniela exploded with surprising speed. She never stopped shoving his face up and down her erupting phallus as streams of luscious nut milked into his sucking maw. Waves of spunk drizzled down her cock even as most of her pungent emissions siphoned into Ethan's rapidly filling stomach. A fresh wave of nausea washed over him, separate from the ones that came with being forcefully face-fucked.

In the brief time he didn't have a cock crammed in his mouth, Ethan wailed in fresh agony. Lady Dimitrescu was at full mast and growing ever closer to burying her massive weapon to the hilt in his brutally stretched ass. She dug her fingers deep into his flanks, gripping him painfully as she drilled ever further in his tight, warm flesh.

“Take heart, Mr. Winters. It will all be over soon! Fitting that your story concludes at the end of my **bitch-breaker**. You are, after all, so very much **A BITCH!**”

She yelled the last two words and thrust her unfathomable schwanz home. Ethan's ravaged pucker dilated a few more centimeters as her train of cock continued inward. His reddened face pleaded for mercy as Bela grabbed his mouth and slid it down her fat, sweaty python. Within seconds, he was being throat-fucked again, his mouth nothing but a used sex toy for the licentious succubus.

Ethan's struggles ceased as his exhausted body gave in to their demands. He slobbered up and down Bela's swelling fuck-stick as Alcina's massive body slapped into him. He felt her invader re-arranging his guts with every mighty thrust. So tight was the seal of his anus around her tree-trunk shaft that her pre-cum could no longer escape. It seeped up his winding anatomy even as she threatened to puncture his soft inner folds with her aggressive piercing fucks.

Bela pulled his mouth all the way down, hilding her cock in Ethan's throat. He was completely filled with cock at both ends, his body straining and vision blurring as he sputtered around her base. He felt the fat dong puff, twitch and spasm in his mouth as her powerful climax built.

“Here it comes you filthy cum dump! **YOUR LAST SUPPER!!!**”

Her scrotum convulsed below Ethan's chin. The captive sex slave felt every heavy spurt of hot nectar as it shot up her sperm channel and spat into his mouth and throat. He chugged her viscous cock-snot until he could take no more. Ethan's eyes bulged as his belly swelled.

Lady Dimitrescu flew into overdrive as she watched her final daughter pop off in blissful orgasm. She sank her pulsing two and a half feet of demonic cock to the hilt in Ethan's destroyed asshole. His warm walls came undone, giving way to her thrusting length. She pressed deep past his bowels, smacking his hips with thunderous fury as she filled him beyond reckoning.

The last of her sticky ropes deposited in his guts, Bela released his barely conscious face. With what little awareness he had left, Ethan focused on coughing up her abundant semen and clearing his lungs and nose of runny, cum-strewn drool. He clang desperately to life as the Mistress of the castle pistoned her full, equine-length yogurt slinger deep in his guts.

Just as he was in the middle of retching, Alcina stretched out one long, muscular arm and grabbed Ethan by the hair. She pulled back his head, buried her godly member all the way in his ass and exhaled a deep, world-shattering moan.

A river of hot gunk blasted into Ethan's depths with hurricane force. Like an ocean current it gushed forth, clogging every nook and cranny of his bowels as it forced its way up what was left of his digestive tract. Alcina's massive orbs convulsed below, sending ever more bountiful nut into Ethan's quickly bloating body. His stomach distended, the large sludge-filled pocket making a mockery of the small protrusion her daughters had created.

“**AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! NNNNGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!
YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!**”

Lady Dimitrescu held onto his floundering form with a death grip. Her body shuddered in heavenly glee with each indomitable ejaculation. Her scrotum slowly emptied, sending charges of pure ecstatic bliss through her mighty frame as her cock remained buried in his snug, failing body.

With his stomach filled to bursting, Alcina's emissions continued upward and Ethan's eyes centered in alarm. As his consciousness slipped away, her luscious cum splattered from the young man's mouth, raining down to join the runny mess of her daughter's filth below. Ethan's head shook in her grasp as her body shuddered, a perverse fountain for her nougat sludge. As her discharges petered out, Alcina released his head and Ethan's front half slumped down into the sprawling puddle of white pudding.

SCCCHHLLLLLOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRKKKKKKKK

On weary legs, Lady Dimitrescu backed our and withdrew her massive schwanz from the man-thing's ruined form. Warm cum bubbled from the bowling-ball sized hole where a fleshy pucker used to be. She gave herself only a few moments to catch her breath and enjoy the sight of the destroyed slave. Her

hands sat on her hips as she surveyed his wrecked, cum-splattered body up and down.

Bela, Daniela and Cassandra stood all around him, enjoying the sight with equal relish. Their cum glazed bodies panted and shivered in residual pleasure. Still, their eyes sparkled with hunger, waiting for mother to grant them their heart's true desire.

Alcina reached down, grabbed one limp arm and tossed Ethan's unconscious body on its back with a flick of her powerful wrist.

SPLAT

“Alright, my daughters. **NOW**, you may feast.”

All four of the half-naked, cum drenched women dove on him, eager to feed while his body was still warm. Daniela was the fastest, claiming the most prized position as she sank her teeth into his waiting neck. She drank deeply of the richest, steaming path to his heart. Cassandra and Bela settled for his wrists, biting deep and drinking of the red river with an unquenchable thirst.

Lady Dimitrescu lifted his left leg like a drumstick and bit deeply past bone and cartilage into his femoral artery. She snarled, sucked, slobbered, hissed and moaned as hot plasma flowed down her throat. All four of the ravenous women writhed and feasted as they drained away every liter of life they could reach from the increasingly hollow husk.

After several minutes of feeding, they rose one by one. Mother and daughter alike were giddy; sky high from the banquet of flesh and blood. They stood, panting and rubbing their curvy bodies all over as their second climaxes, the nirvana of *blood orgy*, slowly ebbed.

When their minds cleared, they looked down at the fallen man. Alcina removed the black glove from her right hand and stretched forth her arm. Her fingers extended into shiny, metallic claws and her eyes lit up with glee. She reached back, taking aim at Ethan's neck. Lady Dimitrescu prepared to deliver the *coup-de-grace* and collect a trophy for the castle walls.

cough

Ethan's body shuddered. Unbelievably, his chest rose and fell. Once. Then three times. Then a slow, steady rhythm developed, his once still form now beating with life.

COUGH COUGH COUGH

“What?!?” Bela cried out in shock.

“How is that possible?” Cassandra asked incredulously.

“No one can survive that...” Daniela stated.

His eyes half-opened. Ever so slowly, color began to return to Ethan's now pale flesh. His stretched stomach slowly receded. His many wounds were knitting. All four women watched on in shock.

Lady Dimitrescu's expression changed from surprise to deep contemplation. Long moments passed as

they watched him regenerate. Alcina's puzzled look shifted into a wide smile. Her claws retracted and the big woman re-fitted her hand with its designer glove.

“Well, well, Mr. Winters! I knew there had to be **something** special about you. You wouldn't have gotten this far, otherwise.”

“But mother, how?” Bela piped up.

“It's **the mold**. Has to be. It did something unique to him. He'd be a mutant by now, if not.”

They watched as his body continued to heal. Ethan coughed again, clearing his throat. He rolled to the side and took several deep breaths before slipping back into unconsciousness.

“What shall we do with him, mother?” Cassandra inquired.

Bela and Daniela looked up, awaiting her decision.

“My daughters, we've been given a great gift, today. You see that, yes?”

“An endless blood bag!” Bela chirped happily.

“A play-thing that can be used more than once, even by mother” Daniela said in awe.

“Exactly” Alcina confirmed with a nod. “Take him downstairs. Fit him with our finest leathers. The last suit he'll ever wear. I want him bound, shackled and restrained in every way possible. He stays that way when we're not using him. Also, make sure there's nothing sharp in his cell. Leave him no possibility of escape.”

“Yes, mother” the three spoke in unison.

Lady Dimitrescu watched as her daughters carried the unusual man out. What a lucky twist of fate. Finding new help had become increasingly difficult now that the castle had a reputation and the town was filled with monstrous creatures. Even if you could find servants, the temptation to turn them into slaves and then *food*, was ever present. The urge couldn't be held back forever.

Now, at least, Alcina Dimitrescu and her lovely daughters would never lack for blood or sex.