

Biblical Proportions

Chapter 1 – David & Goliath

It was a cool October day as Ethan looked out his bedroom window, admiring the splashes of orange and yellow that marked this time of year. He could be raking his yard, going for a walk in the autumn sunshine or heading to the store to get apple cider and Halloween candy, but none of that was appealing. Not when he had **love** on his mind. Ethan had ignored his dating profile for long enough and it was long past time to get back into the fray.

He sighed as he turned to his desktop computer. Ethan scrolled up and down his profile page wondering if there was anything he could improve. His bio was fairly straight forward. Confident but not cocky. It outlined his accomplishments without being too boastful. He'd shared his varied interests and hobbies.

Ethan had posted pictures of himself from a number of angles. They showed off his medium build, full head of hair and his most dashing smile. The bio hinted at some of his proclivities, but never in an insulting way. He wasn't telling women to “swipe left” if they failed to meet some ridiculous checklist.

So many people were terrible at online dating, especially men, and it made the task even more difficult for those who weren't. It's no wonder women didn't want to spend hours scrolling through the profiles of obnoxious guys, many of whom were childish, entitled, overbearing and horny to the point where their brains no longer functioned.

It's regarded as cliché these days, but Ethan truly was one of the nice guys. Not a doormat, but someone who respected women and always treated them right. Not in an old fashion “chivalrous” way where there were expectations about gender roles. Just in a modern, normal way that viewed women as equal partners.

Despite his good nature, there was no getting around the physical. Some stigmas of the old world still remained. Ethan wasn't ugly, by any means, but he was quite short at only five feet, two inches and barely a hundred forty pounds. He was a little guy with a bit of an ass. Ethan would've made a fine *fem-boy* if he'd applied himself in that manner, but he had no desire to present himself that way.

He knew his short stature caused many women to dismiss him out of hand. Some of those women might've had a fantastic time with him, if they'd only give him the time of day, but they rarely did. That was their right, of course, but it was hard to feel good about yourself when you were rejected, so often, due to something you had no control over.

Most men, stupidly, obsessed over the size of their penis even though the vast majority of women didn't care about penis size and certainly didn't want a man who was too well endowed. Size Queens were a rarity, unless by “size” you meant height, in which case they were common. Short men knew the real struggle. Height was something that was immediately noticeable, ever present and inescapable. It colored people's perceptions of you instantly, whether they realized it or not.

Short men tended to deal with this in one of two ways. Either they sought out women that were even

shorter than themselves or they went in the completely opposite direction and embraced the cultural taboo. Ethan was one of the latter.

He loved large women. The taller and stronger the better. Always had since he saw the 1960 classic film “The Loves of Hercules” as a young boy. Oh, to be Hercules and sought after by so many sexy, powerful women! Ethan had gotten his first erection watching Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, grasp Hercules by the hair and thrust him down on her bed; demanding his affections.

Ethan knew he would never be Hercules. It wouldn't matter if he ate like a power lifter and worked out three hours a day. He didn't have the body type for it. The young man, swiftly approaching middle age, had moved beyond those kind of fantasies. He had friends and a steady, successful career as an accountant, but no romance. Now, he was looking for a BBW that either wanted, or at least was content to be with, a smaller man.

In many ways, the psychological and dating difficulties small men and big women experienced were similar. Their body types lay outside normative gender expectations and that made finding the right partner wearying. Ethan wasn't a “plumper” fetishist, so he wasn't looking for the kind of BBW that was more common in image searches. He didn't mind a woman with a little extra weight, but that wasn't what excited him. He liked a woman that was powerful and willing to lead the relationship.

In many ways, Ethan was looking for a needle in a haystack, but he hadn't given up hope after years of searching and he wasn't about to now. He performed a search for new profile matches and began scrolling through them. Ethan passed by the first few with only a cursory glance before stopping in his digital tracks on a certain woman's profile. His mouth hung open as his hand released the mouse.

A woman named “Ashaki” was presented in all her glory. She was tall, beautiful and well toned. Not *model beautiful*, which was good, since Ethan probably would've had no shot with her, but quite attractive. With her body type, she probably could've played in the WNBA if she'd wanted.

The name, dark hair and light olive tone to her otherwise fair skin suggested she was of middle eastern origin. What country her family hailed from, originally, wasn't listed in her bio and was impossible to tell from her looks alone. She was probably a second or third generation descendant of immigrants. In one of her pictures, she stood in front of a waterfall with one of her friends. She was head and shoulders above the other woman. The picture showed off just how tall she really was.

Ethan consumed the rest of her bio hungrily. Her profession? A personal trainer “in multiple ways.” He didn't know what that meant, but Ethan couldn't wait to find out. She was looking for “fun times” and “something long term with the right guy.” Fantastic! She wasn't just looking for hookups. And the best part? She was marked as *online* right now!

He took a deep breath and rubbed his hands together. You only get one shot at a first impression. Ethan thought carefully about how he'd message her. His gut said to keep things cool and casual. Don't be weird or try too hard just because she's, physically, everything you love in a woman. Your personalities might not even match. Just go in easy, play it smooth and see if there's a spark!

Ethan hit the heart-shaped *like* button on her profile and then opened the window to message her. His eager fingers flew across the keyboard.

Ethan: Hi there! How's it going? The site matched us up and I looked at your profile. Loved everything I read, so thought I would say hi.

Now the hard part. The waiting. Her status still said *online* so hopefully it wouldn't be long. Then again, a woman like her probably had tons of messages to respond to. The tension built as he waited for a reply. Ethan could look at more profiles in the meantime, but he didn't want to. He scrolled through Ashaki's pictures again as he waited.

CHIME

The *message received* sound triggered and he flipped back to the IM window immediately.

Ashaki: Heya! I'm doing good, thanks. How are you? Hang on, I'm gonna take a look at your page.

Ethan: Having a great weekend so far. Sure, take your time. :)

'Don't get too excited... Yes, she answered, but she hasn't even looked at your pics yet.'

Ethan grabbed a stress ball from his desk along with a pen. He began squeezing and tapping away, channeling his nervous energy as he waited for a reply. Ethan knew he was being silly, but he couldn't help it. Could this woman be his Hippolyta?

Ten long minutes passed. Ethan began bouncing his stress ball off the ceiling as another five minutes crawled by. He was starting to lose hope that he'd hear from her again. Another woman who'd taken one look and passed him by?

CHIME

Ashaki: Sorry, had to take a phone call. I like your bio. You're cute.

Ethan's heart leapt. Sure, "cute" wasn't the compliment most men were after, but it was still a compliment. He'd take it. And now that she'd mentioned the physical, he could respond in kind without it feeling too forward.

Ethan: It seems your parents named you well! "Ashaki" means "beautiful woman" if I'm not mistaken?

Ashaki: Oooh! Thank you! Did you know that already or did you look it up?

Ethan: I may have done a quick search.

Ashaki: Haha! Fair enough.

Ethan: It's a pleasure to meet you, Ashaki.

Ashaki: Just call me Asha. It's what I go by. The full name is awkward.

Ethan: Sure thing, Asha. :)

Ashaki: So, you're one of "the chosen people", huh?

Ethan: Yep. I'm really more of a cultural Jew. Not overly religious. I hope that's not a problem?

Ashaki: Not at all. Momma tried to steer me toward successful Jewish men when I was younger. She loves you already.

Ethan: I'm no doctor or lawyer, but I've done pretty well as a bean counter.

Ashaki: That's less important to me than the kind of person you are. If you've seen my pics, you've probably noticed I'm tall, which tends to scare off a lot of men. I don't list it in the bio, but you should know, I'm just over seven feet. Are you comfortable with that?

'Seven feet! Holy shit!!!'

Ethan: Absolutely. As long as you're comfortable with a shorty like me?

Ashaki: Very comfortable. Makes you easier to throw around. ;-)

Ethan: Oh, wow! Hahahaha! =D

A little unusual and very forward, but Ethan didn't care. He liked where this was going.

Ashaki: Just kidding! Or am I?

Ethan: You certainly look like you could do it. It says you're a personal trainer? Maybe you could help me bulk up?

Ashaki: I stick to female clients in the gym, but sometimes I give men private training elsewhere. ;-)

Ethan: I would love to be your date or your student.

Ashaki: Are you brave enough to go on some adventures? Open to new experiences? That's very important to me.

Ethan: Hell yes, I am!

Ashaki: That's what I like to hear, but let me ask an important question. Just to be clear, you're really single, right? You're not some guy in a bad marriage looking for action on the side? I've met too many of those types on this site. Some are better at hiding it than others. I don't want to waste my time on another one.

Ethan: I am 100% an eligible bachelor. Scout's honor. Pinky swear. On my ancestor's graves, I pledge this is the unvarnished truth!

Ashaki: Hah! Alright then. I'm going to a Halloween party next week and you're going to be my date. How does that sound?

Ethan: Sounds like you should tell me the date and time so I can cancel whatever plans I might have.

Ashaki: Good answer. It'll be Thursday evening. I'll text you a time and place to meet up in a couple days.

Ethan: Awesome. Are we wearing costumes?

Ashaki: Yes! I'd like you to dress as a knight or barbarian if you can. Some kind of warrior. Something old school and manly!

Ethan: I'll head to a costume store tomorrow. What will you be dressed as?

Ashaki: It's a surprise. ;-)

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It was just before six o'clock and Ethan was waiting in the parking lot of a forest preserve. This is where he'd agreed to meet Asha; a location that wasn't too far from the party, apparently. He leaned against his small sedan as he looked for signs of approaching vehicles. His car was nothing fancy, but it got good gas mileage and got him around.

The faux fur of his viking costume caused much of his body to itch. It was a silly ensemble of fake hides and skins along with a set of plastic accessories. He had an axe, a round shield and a dual-horned Viking helm atop his head. Along with a pair of his fur-lined winter boots, it made for a "manly" enough presentation, or so he hoped. It was the best costume the store had that matched Asha's request.

In the distance he heard the roar of a turbo-diesel engine and a giant Chevy pickup truck cruised into his field of vision. The large, black vehicle glided up the small incline that led to the parking lot. Ethan squinted, trying to get a glimpse of the driver, but the half-tinted windows made it difficult to see inside.

The truck came to a stop and parked just a couple spaces from Ethan's car. Within moments the door opened and out stepped a long pair of black-booted legs. The rest of Asha shimmied out of the cab and her massive form came into view. The vision that trailed upward genuinely shocked him.

All eighty five inches of Asha stepped down from the foot rail of her truck; her outfit gleaming in the waning sunlight. She was wrapped in leather and latex from shoulders to toes. Her shiny latex top held up massive breasts and wrapped around her thick core snugly. The top was sleeveless, ending at her shoulders and revealing large biceps covered in colorful tattoos. Asha's arms were visible down to her elbows, where black latex gloves took over anew.

A long, thick, glossy leather skirt covered most of her lower body, but ended a foot and a half above the ground. Her leather boots stuck out below them, molding to thick, powerful calves. Unsurprisingly, the boots had no heels. Asha didn't need heels to tower over virtually everybody.

Her thighs were enormous, bulging with muscle that had developed not only in the gym, but carrying around her giantess figure. Her ass, likewise, was supersized, sticking out prominently and highlighted in glossy black rubber. Her long, dark hair fell around her head in a silky wave and her lips were painted deep crimson. Her thick, curvy body filled out the fetish-wear nicely. Asha was a knockout in

her Dominatrix costume!

She removed her shades and clipped them to her bust. An amused smile spread over her face as she stalked forward, closing in on him. Ethan straightened himself and approached her, the two stopping just a few feet apart. Asha put her hands on her hips and raised an eyebrow, looking down on him haughtily.

“So, what do you think?”

“Wow! You really went all out! You look amazing, Asha!”

“Thank you, dear. I see you decided to be a viking.”

“They didn't have a lot of 'warrior' costumes, so this was the best I could do.”

“It'll work” she said with a wink. “I hope you don't mind, but I plan to fully enjoy my role while we're at the party. You don't mind a little role play, do you?”

“Sure” he said with a sheepish grin. “I'm ready to be adventurous.”

“Excellent” she replied, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a thick, leather collar with metal studs. “Then let the games begin!”

She walked around him, wrapping the strap around his neck and buckling it behind him. Ethan's breathing grew heavy the closer she got. The scents of latex, leather and her lovely perfume washed over him. His line of sight barely came up to the humongous woman's bust. His body shivered as Asha took hold of him and secured the collar around his neck.

Her task done, Asha circled back to his front. She looked him up and down, her smile growing wider.

“The brave warrior *David*, captured and brought to heel. Now prisoner of the mighty Mistress *Goliath*! This will be fun.”

“I dig it” Ethan replied, even though the suddenness of it made him a bit anxious. David and Goliath was one of the most well known stories within the Jewish tradition. It wasn't a tale that ended in David's capture. Still, if that excited her, he'd play along. Ethan would've agreed to almost anything to be in the presence of this Goddess.

“I've got a leash in the truck to **really** complete the look. Cmon! Let's get going. They promised pizza and I'm starving!”

“Oh, yeah, I guess we're taking yours?”

“No way I'd be comfortable in that little car. It's fine. I'm used to being in the driver's seat. Most of my friend's cars are too small. I'll bring you back when our date is over.”

Ethan couldn't take his eyes off her. She was Hippolyta come to life in leather. It was all he could do not to drool. “Sounds good. Lead on, *Mistress Goliath!*”

A satisfied chuckle pierced her lips before she turned and strutted towards the truck. Her long leather boots clomped on the pavement as Ethan followed, staring at her massive, shiny, bouncing rump.

* * * * *

DING DONG

Anxiety welled up in Ethan. It was difficult not to be nervous when a woman was about to lead him, by a leash, into a house of complete strangers. Asha glanced down at him as they waited and her beaming smile put him at ease.

'It's just a costume, Ethan. Relax!'

The door opened and the odd couple was greeted by a woman dressed as a witch. She, too, was dressed in leather, latex and a glossy vinyl witch's cap. Silky, black mesh stockings connected the woman's costume to her leather boots below.

“ASHA!”

“Cassie!”

“So glad you made it!”

Asha bent down and the two ladies embraced in a warm hug. Once they parted, she straightened her back, tugged on the leash and gestured to Ethan.

“This is my little David.”

“Oh, hello there David” Cassie said with a nod and a smile before turning back to Asha.

“That's not my real--” Ethan began, but trailed off, realizing she didn't care.

“Cmon in! The girls were so excited when I told them you were coming tonight!”

“Awesome! Is the food ready?”

The trio marched into the sizable suburban McMansion. Ethan followed on their heels as the leash guided him forward. They walked through the foyer and the sound of loud chatter indicated many guests had already arrived. They stepped into a large living room that expanded into a dining room further down. Ethan scanned the place and got his first look at the guests. He realized quickly this was a different kind of Halloween party than he'd ever been to before.

The decorations, food and music were all the normal trappings you'd expect, but the people were another story. The women were all dressed as powerful figures. Queens, witches, Dominatrices, Amazons, Goddesses and more than a couple stern looking, sexy debutantes. Leather and latex were common, as were furs.

The costumes of the men were much more varied, or at least for half the men. They were dressed as everything from Fred Flintstone to Socrates. The other half were much more uniform. Leather gimps and bondage fiends took up half the room. Almost every man was on the end of a woman's leash.

'Hmmm. A theme is emerging... But at least I'm not the only one being led around.'

Asha was greeted by more friends as they made their way to the banquet table. Ethan nodded and said hello to each couple as they passed. He tried his best to play it cool. He didn't want to make it obvious this was his first time at an *adult-themed* Halloween gathering.

They reached the food and the salivating Giantess scanned the smorgasbord as Ethan spoke.

“You didn't mention everyone else would be *role-playing* too.”

“I didn't want to scare you off.”

“I'm not going to be whipped in front of a live audience tonight, am I?”

“Not if you behave” she retorted with a wink.

Asha grabbed a plate with a slice of pizza and shoveled the slice into her mouth. She consumed most of it in three bites, requiring only two more to suck down the crust. Ethan stared up at her, fascinated. Even watching her eat resulted in a strange kind of magnetism. He couldn't take his eyes off her.

She grabbed a cup of punch and downed it in one gulp like a shot glass. Asha finally noticed her viking slave with mouth agape and chuckled. She grabbed another glass of punch and shoved it in his direction.

“Drink.”

Ethan smiled and took the cup. He took his first gulp and balked, half-coughing as the strong drink made its way down his esophagus. He wasn't sure what kind of liquor was in it, but it had significant alcohol content.

“Holy... Damn, that's got a kick!”

Asha's eyebrows raised. “Adventurous, remember?”

He nodded and downed the rest of the heavily spiked punch. “Yes, Mistress” he responded jokingly with a grimacing face.

She took the cup from him and set it on the table. Smug satisfaction settled into her grin. “Good boy. Now follow me. I have some more mingling to do.”

For the next hour, Ethan accompanied her and listened to brief conversations between Asha and many guests. They mostly consisted of pleasantries and remarks about how nice each other's costumes were. The collared men rarely said or did anything, unless directed by the holder of their leash. Some were instructed to kiss Asha's boots.

'Damn, they're taking this role-playing really seriously!'

As the night went on, Asha would thrust several more cups of the punch into Ethan's hands and demand he drink. He obeyed every time, not wanting to disappoint his date. Seeing her interact with the others, her aura of confidence and how much deference they showed her only increased his infatuation for the bulky Goddess.

After one cup too many, not only was Ethan's buzz beginning to overwhelm him, but he realized how badly he needed to pee.

“Asha, I'll be right back. Need to use the facilities.”

He started off, but his advance was caught short by a stern tug from her strong arms. The leather collar constricted around his throat and Ethan was yanked back in Asha's direction fiercely. Her light gray eyes glared down at him, cold as the grave.

“You don't tell me. You ask permission! And you address me as Mistress Goliath.”

Ethan was taken aback. She actually looked miffed. “S-Sorry, Mistress Goliath. Can I use the bathroom?”

“You **may** use the bathroom” she corrected him. “I'll take you.”

She guided him through a mass of dancing guests while tugging his leash much more aggressively. They walked down a short hallway where she opened the door and shoved Ethan in. He got another surprise when he felt Asha's heavy curves just behind him. She followed him in and pushed him further into the small bathroom. Like most of the doors and entrance-ways they'd passed, Asha had to duck just to get inside.

He turned, shocked to find her beside him as he was about to take down his pants. She locked the door before turning back to Ethan and folding her arms.

“Go ahead” she instructed with a wicked smile. “Do your thing. I want to see what I'm working with here.”

Ethan wanted to protest, but he'd already gotten in trouble for not sticking to his role. Plus he badly needed to urinate. His costume had no zipper, so he pulled his trousers down without delay. A steady stream of piss hosed into the bowl as Asha watched.

The towering woman in Dominatrix gear giggled as she leaned side to side, observing his front and back. “Mmmmm” she intoned as she reached one gloved hand down and seized his right ass cheek. “I thought I detected a *bubble butt* in one of those pictures. Nice to see I was right. And you have a cute little cock, too.”

Ooof. There it was again. The c-word, but this time in relation to his penis. It was only four and a half inches when hard and he didn't want to think about what it measured right now in a cold bathroom. Not the compliment he would've liked, but at least Asha wasn't mocking him or running for the hills. That had to be good news, right?

His cheeks burned with embarrassment as he finished emptying his bladder. Ethan moved to pull up his pants but he was interrupted by another firm yank of the leash.

“**NO!** Not yet. You owe me something, first.”

Asha wrapped a tattooed arm around his back and gripped the front of his torso with her open palm. She bent him down, his arms trapped at his sides as she tightened her grasp around him. Ethan's bare ass was hanging out. Asha grinned deviously as she got a closer look at his plump little tush.

“You're getting a round of spankings for speaking out of turn. Understood, David?”

He was surprised she was taking it this far, but Ethan had promised to be open minded and adventurous. He didn't want the date to end badly. Asha was a woman who'd stepped directly out of his dreams. Maybe it was the alcohol or just how beautiful she was, but despite being a little weirded out, Ethan agreed.

“Yes, Mistress Goliath.”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“One! Two! Three! Four!”

The loud slaps echoed through the bathroom as her hand blistered his ass with incredible force. Ethan let out a few grunts as the trauma accumulated and his ass started to burn. He bit down on his tongue, not wanting to cry out and disappoint her. Or perhaps that's what she wanted? He had no experience with this kind of thing. Either way, his pride told him to 'take it like a man' even as the pain ratcheted up.

Asha's strength was massive and each shot to his ass cheeks sent them rippling with fresh ache.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

“Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen! **TWENTY!**”

Once she was finished, Ethan opened his eyes. He was startled to realize he was dangling over the floor. Asha had lifted him into the air in the course of her discipline.

She set him down and took a step back, a pleased smile on her face. The huge woman put her hands on her hips and waited for a reaction.

Ethan was overwhelmed. His face registered conflicted emotions. This kind of kinky play wasn't really his thing, yet he was in awe of her prowess. There was blood rushing to his cock purely from her ability to manhandle him so easily. On top of that, Asha seemed to be **into him**. Being desired, even in such an unconventional way, was a feeling he craved after many years alone.

“May I pull up my pants, Mistress Goliath?”

“You may” she answered. She watched as his half-hard cock and bright red ass disappeared under the faux animal-skin pants. “Now, let's get another drink and find some more trouble for you to get into.”

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The loud diesel engine rumbled as Asha and Ethan cruised into the night. Their fun evening had grown hazier the longer it went on. Ethan must have drunk nine or ten cups of the punch before they left. Michael Jackson's "Thriller" pulsed through the speakers and eerie moonlight crept down on the road between patches of dark clouds.

Even through his stupor, Ethan was growing aware that something was off. More than 10 minutes had passed since they left the party. They should've been back at his car by now.

"Is this the way back to the parking lot?"

"You could barely get in the truck. There's no way I'm letting you drive home tonight."

"Oh... yeah. That's probably for the best. Drop me at a hotel then?"

"Don't be silly, David. You can stay with me tonight."

Ethan chuckled. "Why are you still calling me David? Isn't our role play over?"

She shot him a lustful glance. "It doesn't have to be."

His eyes grew wide as saucers. A chill shot through Ethan's body and he couldn't tell if it was from fear or intrigue. Maybe both. Asha seemed so wild, dangerous and sexy. It didn't sound like he'd be sleeping alone tonight if she had her way.

"You mean..."

"I've enjoyed our little game" she interrupted him. "So, why don't we keep playing? It'll be a night you won't forget. I promise."

He laughed nervously. "I don't even know if I can get it up right now."

Asha's looked his way again, a soothing lilt entering her voice. "Don't you worry your pretty little head about that. Just let Mistress Goliath take control."

His body tingled with giddiness at the thought of this Giantess overwhelming him again.

"I can do that."

* * * * *

Everything that occurred between Asha's garage and her bedroom was a frantic blur. Once she parked the truck, the dark-haired Goddess crossed to his side and kissed Ethan as he stood on the foot rail. It

was the only time their faces had been level and she used it to sink her hooks in deep. When the long kiss was over, she helped him down. Asha tugged his leash and led him into her swanky home. Ethan was only too happy to follow her like a love-sick puppy.

The trip through her kitchen, the view of her living room and the journey down a long hallway revealed Asha was a woman of considerable means. Ethan didn't have long to study her lush furniture, collection of antiques and multiple framed works of art. He was ushered into a bedroom hurriedly and his costume was torn from his body in short order.

Once the mighty woman had disrobed all but his boxer briefs, her smile turned devilish.

“Hands behind your back” she instructed as she crossed to a toy chest and dug through it. As she returned, Ethan could see a set of thick leather cuffs with a short metal chain dangling from one of her hands. Asha motioned with the other for him to turn around.

Any reluctance Ethan might have had was banished by booze, a deep tongue kiss and the stunning vision of a leather-clad Amazon in heat. She wanted him and Ethan had never wanted a woman more in his life. He turned and gladly offered Asha his arms. In a hot minute, she buckled the cuffs around his wrists securely.

“Stay right there” she commanded as she stalked back to the chest and rummaged around some more.

When she returned, Ethan got a surprise as a blindfold was pulled over his face and the world went dark.

“Sensory deprivation, eh? Kinky.”

“Mmmhmm” she acknowledged.

“WHOOOAAA!!!” Ethan lost all sense of balance as he was swept off his feet and slung over Asha's shoulder.

“Relax” she assured him. “I got ya.”

She walked a dozen paces and ducked down, no doubt passing through the doorway.

“W-Where are we going?”

“Somewhere fun, my little David.”

“What's wrong with the bedroom?!?”

“It doesn't have all the things I need.”

“What things???”

Ethan felt her reach up with her free hand and yank his boxers down fiercely.

SMACK

Her left palm scorched his already-sore ass. Ethan had lost track of the spankings she'd delivered at the party.

“Stop asking impertinent questions. You will speak only when spoken to.”

Ethan's nervous laughter returned as he started to wonder if he hadn't bitten off more than he could chew. “Yes, Mistress Goliath.”

“That's better.”

They traveled down the hallway briefly. A door was opened and Asha's boots clomped down a long line of stairs. The temperature grew cooler and the smells of leather and rubber grew intense. Ethan could see nothing but blackness, but his other senses clued him in as the alcohol began to lose its sway on his mind. Their “role play” tonight had not just been some contrivance of the party. Asha enjoyed this kind of play regularly and she had a dungeon.

Once they reached the floor, she carried him a little further before hefting his body and laying it down. Ethan felt the embrace of cool leather as he was laid on a long, supple couch. Asha turned away, but was back in moments. She pulled off his boxer briefs and tossed them aside.

She strapped leather cuffs around his ankles and bound them together with a short chain, just like his hands. She hooked her arms around his shoulders and pulled his body to the end of the sofa. Soon Ethan's head was hanging off the soft, leather arm-rest; his vision upside down.

Unbuckling sounds rattled not far from his head. They were followed by the unwinding sound of a long zipper. He could hear her leather skirt fall to the ground as a sigh of release escaped Asha's lips. After a few seconds of silence, the sigh was replaced by low moans as the moist sounds of fingers on flesh pierced the quiet darkness.

'Holy shit! Is she masturbating while I'm laying here, bound?!? She's a super freak!'

Ethan had dreamed of pressing his face into her giant, moist muff all night. It seemed like his chance to please this humongous Goddess was finally upon him. He licked his lips in anticipation.

The blindfold was snapped off his head and there was Asha stroking an incomprehensibly huge length of steamy, bulging cock.

“**WHAT THE FU---**” he started, but his words were halted by her giant hand closing over his mouth. Likewise, his spasm-like jump on the sofa was cut short by his bindings. All he could do was squirm on the leather cushioning as Asha stroked herself up and down.

Thick beads of pre-cum oozed from the tip of her enormous weapon and drooled down on Ethan's neck and chest. His line of sight was pushed down as she arranged his face just how she wanted it. It was then that Ethan caught a glimpse of her massive scrotum. They were like two fleshy cantaloupes shining with leather-tinged perspiration.

Asha lifted her hand from his mouth and immediately began slapping her cock against his face. Her rapidly hardening shaft smacked into his right cheek. Then his left. The force of it took Ethan by

surprise. It was nothing compared to what her hands could do, but one doesn't imagine getting slapped by a dick; let alone it being painful. Asha's weighty python smacked his face repeatedly, leaving small red marks and globs of pre-cum all over his face.

She looked down at him sternly, her body pulsing with lust. "Sorry to leave you upside-down like this, but there's no way you'd be able to deep-throat me otherwise."

Asha brought the tip of her drooling weapon to his soft, sealed lips. "Open."

Ethan's lips remained sealed. And yet, what could he do? If he opened his mouth to protest, he was in trouble.

Asha held up a thick leather crop in her right hand, displaying it to her bound bitch-boy. "I said, **OPEN!**"

He didn't budge. The reckoning was swift.

WHHHHHHHHAAAAPPPP

The business end of her crop slammed into his crotch and Ethan felt agony he never imagined possible surge through his body. He belted out a yell, followed by coughs and retching. In his flailing and gasping, Asha shoved her thick, fleshy length into his gaping mouth. Her long, supple rod plowed down into his throat, plastering his tongue to the bottom of his mouth and bloating his cheeks to their maximum width.

"If I feel a single tooth, you'll get **five more** like that" she warned him.

Asha squatted down with her strong, meaty thighs and began sawing in and out of his mouth. Ethan got a swift lesson in what it was like to gag on an eighteen inch sausage. Actually, a sausage would've been more pleasant. The She-Hulk's cock had the taste of sweat and leather and viscous pre-cum continued to dribble from its tip. The sludge-like substance trailed down his gullet as she seized his head on both sides and began pummeling his mouth full-force.

GWWUULLCKK GWWAACKK GWUUULLCKK GWWOCCKKK SCHLLOORPP SCHLLLUURRRP SCHLLLOORRRPP SCHLLLUURRRPPP

Ethan's eyes bulged and watered as she sodomized his mouth powerfully. His body spasmed, unaccustomed to deep-throating anything, let alone a behemoth length of cock. His convulsing body was kept in check by the tight leather and metal bonds on all four limbs. All he could do was try to breathe around her fleshy python and not panic as her hips grew ever closer to his face. Soon, her fat cum-sack was smacking into his nose and eyes as she buried herself to the hilt in his drooling stretched-wide mouth.

"**OH GOD!!! THIS IS WHAT MOMMA NEEDED!!!** Suck it, **David**, you little whore!!!"

Her pounding hips mashed Ethan's head into the leather cushioning over and over. She withdrew a foot of cock from his velvety maw each time and plowed it back into his helpless body. With his throat stretched as wide as it was, Ethan couldn't have closed his mouth if he wanted to. It felt like his jaw was going to unhinge any second as she fucked his face with abandon.

She brought him to a sturdy wood and metal stockade and began loading her latest fuck-pig into its iron-clad slots. As she released his hands and legs from their chains, he offered what mild resistance he could, but his strength was feeble compared to the well muscled Mistress Goliath.

She forced his arms and legs into new bindings one by one and locked them anew. Within minutes his head and hands were sticking out of the holes in the front of the stockade. His back and ass were exposed behind him, defenseless with his leg cuffs chained firmly to the floor.

Ethan felt the cool touch of metal as some kind of device was fastened around his penis. He yelped as his balls were pulled through a much-too small hole and the sinister toy was ratcheted and locked shut over his pathetically small, flaccid dicklet.

“Most cock cages allow the slave's cock to get somewhat hard. This one allows no erection whatsoever. Your sorry little button-dick is going to stay a button-dick from now on!”

Ethan's nostrils flared in his first show of anger as Asha cackled at his predicament. He'd only been wearing it for a minute and his balls ached brutally. He could feel the rigid steel pressed against his soft glans. He didn't want to think about how painful it would be the next time blood rushed to his crotch.

Asha wandered off and examined her toys as Ethan looked on. By contrast, her penis was an impressive specimen even when limp. It hung from her pelvis twice as long as most men's cocks when they were hard. In time, she settled on a Cat-o'-nine-tails and withdrew it from one of her many toy racks. As she returned to the stocks, she sent the multi-whip whizzing through the air. The ominous sound made Ethan's every hair stand on end.

“I knew you'd be perfect as my new David.”

WHHHPPPIIISSSHHHHHHHH

All nine lengths of the braided leather implement of doom raked across Ethan's back. He groaned into his gag as his body shook. The stocks rattled and his small frame jolted the tiny bit his bondage would allow.

“Lonely fuck-boy with soft lips and a nice, round little ass.”

WHHHPPPIIISSSHHHHHHHH

The tails lashed across his already wounded ass cheeks and Ethan screamed muffled nonsense around his gag. All he could taste was rubber and jizz as fresh torment inflamed his tortured bottom.

“And, if I'm not mistaken, a **fetish** for *big women*... That's why you're here, isn't it, bitch?”

She waited a moment, then unleashed fresh hell.

WHHHPPPIIISSSHHHHHHHH* *WHHHPPPIIISSSHHHHHHHH

“MMMPPPGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!”

“I asked you a question.”

“YETHHMTTHRRHHH! YETHHHMTHHRRGOLATTH!!!”

“That's more like it.”

She stalked around him, examining his bound body with an evil smile.

Asha sent one volley of lashes flying up into his chest.

WHHHPPPPPIISSSHHHHHHHHH

Two more across his back, now painted with thin red lines.

WHHHPPPPPIISSSHHHHHHHHH* *WHHHPPPPPIISSSHHHHHHHHH

Three more into his already reddened ass.

WHHHPPPPPIISSSHHHHHHHHH

WHHHPPPPPIISSSHHHHHHHHH

WHHHPPPPPIISSSHHHHHHHHH

Ethan's torso and legs quivered as the pain overwhelmed him. Her strength was monstrous. His cheeks would be bloody hamburger soon if she didn't stop.

Asha tossed the whip aside on a nearby bondage table. “Ah, would you look at that? I'm hard again already! Can't imagine why...”

She glided one latex-clad hand up and down her shaft as she approached Ethan's locked form. The massive meat missile pulsed angrily, lustfully, ready to claim a new hole for the first time.

A bottle of lube was shoved into his pucker and squirted hastily. A thick stream of cold slime ejected into his depths, coating his insides with greasy goo.

“I could've done this raw. I'm way too good to you, aren't I, David?”

“THANNNYUUU MMTTRITTTTHHHH.”

“Good. You're learning.”

Asha brought the fat glans of her cock to his small, stretchy pucker and pushed it in fiercely. Ethan groaned loudly as it passed through his fleshy ring, stretching it wide. She moved in hard and fast, ten inches of thick cock gliding into him without stopping. His arms and legs yanked on their bindings. The stockade creaked and shuddered as she entered him roughly. His sea of silky flesh and the ocean of anal lube parted as her gargantuan schlong filled him beyond measure. As his muffled protests grew louder, she stopped briefly.

“I'm barely halfway in... Brace yourself, slut.”

Ethan felt strong, latex-clad hands on his hips and Asha began pumping herself back and forth. The

colossal cock began re-arranging his insides, sliding out a few inches and plunging home a bit deeper with each thrust. Her cock-head speared harder and further into his anatomy with each stroke, causing Ethan's eyes to water again. He grunted and groaned into the slick, cum-soaked ball gagging his mouth.

Asha moaned in intense satisfaction as she drilled into his ass further with each fuck. The soft ring of his pucker squelched as lube-drenched cock entered and exited unabated. This was what she loved more than anything, Stretching out a new slave for the first time. Molding his ass to the impossible dimensions of her penis. Hearing the moist sounds of deep dicking as her weapon grew ever closer to being buried in the ass of her bound David.

***SCHLUURRRP SCHLLOPPPP SLLLUURRRRPP SLLORRRRP GLUUURRRP
GLLLOPPPP SCLOPPPP SCHLORRPPPP***

“**Oh fuck!!!** Definitely picked the right one...”

Her fucking grew frantic as her bulging cum pipe sank in ever farther. She was three quarters of the way to the hilt and Asha's pleasure was building rapidly. She wanted to go balls deep before she came, but she didn't know if she could hold out. The warm tightness of his luscious walls were firing off her nerve endings like magic. Ethan's nonstop grunting and the rattling of the stockade were turning her on powerfully.

“Fucking whore... You wanted a big woman and now you got her! Is it everything you hoped, **DAVID?!?**”

“MMMMPPPPGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

***GLORRRRP GLUUURRRP SCLLOPPPP SCHLLUURRRP PLLAAP PLLAAP PLLAAP
PLLAAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP***

Asha's rhythm grew furious as she reached the point of no return. She moaned like a woman possessed as her fat, fleshy cannon railed in and out of his helpless rear. Asha fucked Ethan as fast as her hips could pump. Lube and pre-cum sprayed all over the floor as her balls seethed and prepared to unleash their second torrent.

“AAAAHHHHHHH! **OH GOODDDDD!!!!** HHHHHMMMMMGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Mistress Goliath didn't slow her fucking even as her glans burst with its second volley of ropy jizzum. Impossibly thick semen blasted from her tip, rippling into Ethan's depths and congealing in the furthest reaches of his intestines. He wailed into his gag as Asha continued shafting him right through her climax. With nowhere left to go, the cum doubled back, coating her thrusting cock before spraying from the seal of his anus.

Ethan felt his stomach bulge as Mistress Goliath grunted in pleasurable release. Her fucking slowly came to a stop. Once her powerful thrusting ceased, he could still feel thick nut bursting from her tip. It shot out in forceful bursts and pushed mounds of clingy seed through every inch of his soiled innards.

* * * * *

A beaten, bruised and cum packed Ethan lay in Mistress Goliath's bed, pondering his fate. He wanted to fall asleep but his flesh screamed at him and his stomach was filled with the Goddess' viscous semen. She had used numerous other tools of corporal punishment on him throughout the night. Asha had locked him in two other cruel bondage devices and fucked his ass twice more before bringing him back to the ground floor.

She was showering in the bathroom of the master bedroom, not far from where he lay. Ethan wondered if he would ever taste anything but her pungent seed ever again? If his ass had gone from “exit only” to “entrance only” for good? His shackled hands, locked ankles and the cum-slathered gag in his mouth suggested those answers were obvious.

How long would she keep him like this? Would she grow tired of him and let him go eventually? Use him until he died from illness or injury? Sell him into perpetual sexual slavery? Or would he be there for a very long time? Possibly until the end of a long life? Those answers were less clear.

Ethan heard the click of the bathroom light and a freshly washed Asha sauntered into view. A silky, flowing nightgown hung from her powerful, seven-foot frame elegantly. She studied his bound form for a while before giggling to herself. She turned off the overhead light and crawled onto the bed.

Mistress Goliath surrounded him with her muscular, tattooed arms and massive legs. She stroked him up and down, showing some tenderness for the first time since they'd arrived at her home.

“I know it's hard the first night, but I promise you, it'll get easier. You're going to love being my little cock sleeve, pain slut and bondage slave. Isn't that right?”

Now that she was relaxed, Ethan wanted desperately to keep her that way. He would give her no reason to subject him to any more punishments tonight.

“Yettthhh Miththreth Goliaff.”

“Very good, David.”

She shifted her body into a “big spoon” position. Half of her weight leaned over and pressed him into the mattress firmly. Ethan felt her semi-erect monster poised at his backdoor. He knew that in the morning, or perhaps even some point in the night, he would be in for a very rude awakening.