Community Service pt.1

(Futanari on Male)

THERESHEGOES123



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Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futanari on female and Futanari on Male domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only.

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Community Service pt.1

Zack fidgeted with the edge of his desk, still coming to terms with how he had ended up with 3 months of community service, plus social classes.

For littering.

His insides burned with the injustice of it. One miserly crisp packet. A piece of foil.

He fiddled with his T-shirt showing ‘The Flight Life’, (his favourite band), scratching a bit of dirt off the guitarists face which fell onto his ripped jeans.

It wasn’t like Futa-town was particularly clean anyway… The river was full of used condoms floating down the river, and that was just the people who bothered to use protection.

He hunched over his desk, mulling over how unfair the cops had been. True, their annoyance might have had something to do with him peeping on the female cop as she fed her dick to her partner in the park bushes, but it wasn’t exactly an arrestable offence. She hadn’t even bothered to take her cock out of the man’s mouth as she booked him.

He stared around the tiny classroom filled with bodies. A few desks in the sauna-like room were occupied by young, nervous looking men, all of whom were petite (which was considered the norm for men in Futa-town). The rest were occupied by intimidating looking women of all shapes but definitely not sizes, all tall enough to knock the doorframe with their foreheads on the way in.

Zack knew he was in a dangerous environment for rosy-cheeked mouse-haired individuals: a room full of beautiful, horny futas. Worse, the longer no official turned up, the more restless they were becoming; an experience akin to being crushed in a cage with wild animals, packed so tight that he could hear the girls at the back murmuring exactly what they were going to do to him in the janitor’s closet (in eye-watering detail).

He saw movement under his desk. Two feet had started peeking out beneath his chair. The feet kicked his heels sharply and he gasped, turning to the culprit.

The girl sat behind him was beautiful, and gazing straight at him. She had long white hair, a nose piercing, and dark purple makeup that almost made her eyes look bruised beneath the shadow of her fringe. This plus the sulky expression and black dress almost disguised the fact she was extremely pretty in a girl-next door kind of way, if the girl in question had been built like an Olympian.

“Hey,” she said, glowering. “I’m Peach.”

“Hi,” he replied quickly, “Z-Zack.”

“You know when we get out of here, I’m going to split your cheeks open,” she said casually.

“W-what?” he said softly.

“Wow, dumb too huh?….. well, do you like games baby? I have one. It’s called, ‘How deep can you throat my cock.”

“No, no thank you,” he said, spinning back to the front. He let out a wince as Peach kicked him hard in the heels, and he put his legs out as far as he could. Then a huge force hit the back of his chair hard, slamming him into the front edge of the wooden table. Zack wheezed, huffing air back into his body whilst he recovered from the brutal kick

‘Oh God, she wants to fuck me... might even have enjoyed the thought if she wasn’t so violent…’ he thought as the chair crushed him again, making his ribs ache.

His train of thought was interrupted by a late-thirties woman sauntering through the door, wearing a leather skirt, open leopard skin top which revealed her prodigious breasts, and dirty blond hair with cheap lipstick to match. Her cheeks looked sharp enough to draw blood.

‘Clearly some sort of hooker or prostitute who turned up late….wow she’s hot though…’

Her eyes snapped to a boy in the front row, then to one in the middle, and finally

to Zack.

“Well, hello there, I spy new blood.....”

Zack had the uncomfortable sensation that she was looking through his eyeballs and directly into his brain, making him feel woozy. Every ounce of his willpower was needed to prevent his eyes straying to her open chest.

“What’s your name?”

Zack’s voice fluttered as he puffed his chest.

“Excuse me, but I don’t really want to say anything until the community service office-…”

The sentence died in his mouth as the woman cocked her head, his jaw dropping in horror as he took in the badge hiding beneath her humungous breasts and realised that the woman in the hooker outfit was indeed their community service officer, who was now eyeing him up like a juicy steak.

She swung the door shut, and it settled in place with a deafening *CLUNK*.

“Come here boy.”

He got up slowly, shaking like a leaf, his nerves not assuaged by Peach who reached forward and grabbed a chunk of his ass, squeezing and sending him yelping towards the front of the class. He didn’t think to dodge the ginger girl in the next row either, who took a hold of his crotch until he was bent double, squawking as she gave his balls a squeeze.

“Hurry up,” quipped the woman, and he half walked, half crawled towards the front as lecherous women around him began grabbing ass cheeks, nipples and every sensitive area within reach.

Zack whimpered as they slapped, pinched and fondled him towards the front. Why wasn’t the officer stopping them?!

A girl with a tall pink mohican fanning out from her shaved head distracted him far more than the other girls without even touching him by leaning into his ear as he shuffled past and whispering, “I like your shirt.”

His head snapped to her, and his heart boomed in his chest as her sultry eyes, cute nose and pale, soft complexion gazed back. She had an awkward smile between furtive lips, and he found himself smiling back until a sharp grip on his thigh from the girl in the next aisle made him flee to the safety of the whiteboard.

Eventually, when the final girl could no longer reach his derrière with one last jealous swipe, he managed to stagger to the feet of the service Officer, looking like something that had been dragged out of bed and straight through a forest.

“Stop slouching boy,” she sniped, regarding him as if he had just crawled out of a sewer.

“Yes Miss… Sorry Miss.”

She walked to the whiteboard, writing down a name in a way that suggested she’d done it a hundred times.

“My name, is Miss Magdalene Scott… and I am your community support officer.”

There was a small murmur, but no-one spoke as the eyes glared round the room.

“This class is for young, misunderstood women,” she said simpering to a particularly brutish looking young girl on the front row wearing skin-tight jeans alongside what was potentially the world’s least subtle attempt to sneak in a bra on the pretext of being a top, clutching her breasts tightly to her chest. Dark skin, a shaved hairstyle and a chiselled jaw completed the ensemble.

“….and young troublemaking men,” she uttered savagely, swooping in to the neighbouring desk containing a raven-haired boy with blossomed lips and puffy cheeks. She got so close that he looked like he might faint. Tall figures around him snickered, and the brutish girl decided to ball up a fist and land a hard punch on the pale twink’s arm in full view of Magdalene.

He moaned in surprise, head whipping round to face huge orbs of flesh squeezed into cups that barely passed above her nipples. Mouth opened in shock, he drank in every curvy, musclebound inch of the girl’s legs and ass rippling through the taut blue material. The girl’s biceps looked like they had been oiled earlier in the day, and the blue-eyed boy was so mesmerised by her physique that he

completely forgot the service officer staring at the side of his head.

“H-hi,” he whispered, the flicker of a shy smile crossing his face.

“NO TALKING IN THE CLASS!” Magdalene screamed, directly into his ear. The boy squealed in shock, curling up in his seat.

The security officer leered at him, and Zack’s eyebrows shot up as the girl next to him snaked her hand into the boy’s hair, curling his dark locks into her fingers.

“Huh…W-…what.. um..? he uttered as she inexorably pulled him face first towards her lap.

“Berta, shut Jonathon up would you sweetie?” Magdalene said, simpering as she stood up before busying herself writing on the whiteboard.

Berta’s hurried actions betraying her eagerness as the loud *ZZZWAP* of a zipper being opened cut through the air like a knife.

Jonathon’s bleating became louder, and he began trembling in her grasp, before his head was buried in her crotch.

“Wait OH GOD THAT’S- gluhgh!”

Jonathon’s body jerked, his mewling suddenly muffled by something under Berta’s desk, as if a large object had just been stuffed into his mouth.

A sharp intake of breath swept the room, particularly from the boy sitting the other side of Berta who could see exactly what was happening to Jonathon and uttered a strangled whine, eyes popping out of his skull. Another boy couldn’t hold back and cried out.

“Please, stop her Miss, I… I think she’s using her cock on him!”

Magdalane turned heavily, breasts heaving as her cold gaze swept right past the enforced swallowing being meted out in front of her eyes, and straight to the Native American-looking young boy who was staring rebelliously back.

Silence gripped the classroom, punctuated by the muffled gagging becoming

loud and high pitched as Zack realised the girl had reached across and thrust her hand into Jonathon's pants, finding something sensitive to touch.

It made his eyes water as an eager whine was issued and the tiny struggles immediately ceased, the room now treated to a new background noise of gentle sucking sounds and saliva *pop*s from Berta's lap. Berta seemed to be ecstatic with this arrangement, eyes lolling back and muttering soft 'Oooh's and 'yeah boy, right there on the slit' as the unseen head of Jonathon gargled and wretched away.

The boys in the room all turned pale, sharing the same look of uneasiness, and all the girls started to become even more restless, licking lips whilst rubbing breasts and scary-looking bulges. Zack pleaded in his head for Magdalene to finish the class quickly, glancing at Peach who was kneading a particularly vicious-looking tent in her dress.

Magdalene spoke after what must have been thirty seconds of staring the boy down, and he was quivering like Jonathon had been moments earlier, still with a measure of defiance in his gaze.

"It looks like we've found ourselves another volunteer."

With that she clicked her fingers and pointed at the spot next to her, and the slightly athletic-looking boy, who at least seemed a little more switched on than the other men, got the message immediately and flew up to the front before any girls could so much as brush his arm.

"Smart boy," she said, towering over him as she stroked his chin, "what's your name?"

"M-m… Mark," he said, shaking, but with his head held high.

"I like you Mark," she said, tracing her finger lightly across his cheek, "you've got spirit."

Zack couldn't believe it but a glimmer of pride came across his features.

"Thanks…I-I lived in Brooklyn.. so…"

"Brooklyn?" she enquired, and she had leant forwards now so her breasts were

almost teasing his chin as well.

Mark's eyes flicked down, unable to avoid gazing into the enticing crevasse, the boy being fed Berta's cock in the first row now ignored despite the fervent *GLUGHHH!* sounds issuing from her lap every so often.

"Y-Yes."

He seemed unable to break his gaze from Magdalene's breasts, eyes sliding helplessly up and down the woman's curves.

GLUGHHUGHUGH

Berta let out a huge groan, and winked at one of the girls nearby who threw her a jealous stare.

Mark was no longer watching, too busy drinking in Magdalene's honeyed tone.

"I used to live in Brooklyn you know…… Perhaps that's why I prefer the fiery types," she said, and Zack noticed her mouth was becoming wet as she drew closer to Mark, who was now pleading with his eyes for her to pounce on him.

"One second darling" Magdalene whispered, before drawing herself up to address the class.

"And THAT, ladies, is how to connect with a man."

Zack did a double take.

"Watch and learn, because in this class, we will be showing you arguably the most important information that the education system fails to teach: how to seduce men."

'Wait…. What?'

She stared pointedly around the room, and many of the girls began to lean forwards in their seats. Most of the boys were dumbstruck, astonishment on their faces.

"Women often succumb to their lust, not knowing how to seduce the man or

woman of their choice…. hence we end up in places like this," she gestured to the packed classroom.

"I say to you now, learn these techniques, and none of you need to end up in here again."

She looked primly around the class.

Mark looked like he had awoken from a dream, and was now turning to see bullet points on the board behind him. Zack read them, struggling to comprehend the direction the class had taken.

'HOW TO SEDUCE YOUR MAN USING THE 'CAPS' SYSTEM.'

'Connection'

'Attraction'

'Persuasion'

'Seduction'

Beside them was a diagram with ticks and crosses next to stick figures in a variety of sexual positions. Zack spied a tick next to missionary, doggystyle and some other positions that he didn't know, and a cross next to some scary looking ones including four female stick figures surrounding one male, and three females all trying to insert themselves into one male stick figure's posterior.

He let out a subconscious whimper, echoed by most other boys in the room.

Mark looked like he had been hit by a train, ensnared by a cruel trick until Magdalene grabbed him and pulled him to her curvy waist with a long grope of his right buttock before she nonchalantly resumed her monologue. He settled, pacified, into her side.

"The C-A-P-S' rule is a simple system that will allow all girls to satisfy all their desires and sexual deviancies, whilst… Oh yes Mark, squeeze it…good boy…. adhering to the law and ensuring complete satisfaction for their chosen lover."

All the girls were now leaning in, listening intently apart from Berta who had

pulled Jonathon fully out of his chair a few minutes earlier, and was now fucking the young man's mouth so hard under her table that they could hear the *SMACK* *GHLUGHH!* SMACK* of her balls on his face as she connected them together. Jonathon was letting out little moans on the occasions when Berta let him breath, whispering cruel nothings to him, little words of humiliation and encouragement. Zack could just make out small hands sneaking either side of her ass-cheeks to massage the muscled glutes, which flexed between the dainty fingers with each slobbery suck from the boy hidden from view.

"For instance," she continued over the filthy slurping noises, gesturing to Mark who was still attached to her side, "you saw the connection between us? We found something that we can both relate to, and with my natural feminine charms he found himself quite unable to resist, didn't you darling," she cooed, clutching Mark's buttcheeks as he pulled himself more centrally into her breasts.

Peach, the girl that had been kicking Zack's chair earlier, raised her hand.

"Yes dear?"

"Well…. What if we don't have anything to connect with… I mean I'm still fucking their ass whatever." She gave a pointed look at Zack as she said this and he shivered, eyes flickering hopefully to the mohawk girl who was too busy playing with her gum and idly watching Berta moaning.

"Darling, you can't force them if they don't want to," said Magdalene, giving a look of understanding, "but with these techniques you won't have to… Connecting with your chosen love interest will increase the chances of sexual intercourse by up to fifty percent!"

The corner of the girl's mouth drew upwards in a smirk.

"Oh yeah, right, just say 'tell me your personality please', and then they'll suck my dick?"

The class tittered, but Magdalene flashed her a knowing smile.

"Not so bluntly, but… how about we play a game? Darling, you tell Zack here something you're proud of, and you," she placed her hand on Zack's shoulder, "will do the same for her."

The girl looked at him and Zack could already see the disinterested persona cracking, a deep hunger lying underneath.

“I’m proud of my cock,” she said immediately.

The class snickered.

“That is nothing to do with your personality,” Magdalene said tartly. “Try again, and connect with… What was your name?” she said sharply to Zack.

“Zack.”

He looked over at the mohawk girl who was now watching him thoughtfully, but he didn’t have time to linger on it as the girl continued the awkward role-play.

“Hi Zack, my name is Peach, and….”

The girl rolled her eyes.

“That’s it,” whispered Magdalene, “keep going.”

“… And I’m proud of my ability to fuck little bitches like you.”

Magdalene’s eyebrows rose, and Zack shivered.

“Okay, well not exactly what we’re looking for but…. Zack, your turn.”

He fixed his eyes on Peach who was staring at him like an ice cream that needed to be slowly, mercilessly licked to extinction.

“Uh…I uh… I can play guitar,” he muttered.

Peach snorted.

“Who cares!” sniggered Berta.

“Alright, alright, settle down,” snapped Magdalene as many of the girls chortled, some whispering snide comments to each other.

“That was fine,” she said to Zack, although none of the other girls in the class seemed at all impressed by his answer. More than one was still eyeing his pert

ass with feverish enthusiasm, however.

He watched Mohawk girl, whose face remained neutral, and wished he could figure out what her unflinching stare meant.

‘At least she hadn’t found it funny….’

At this point Mark had decided to take matters into his own hands and slid his arm down to take a nice firm grip on the bulge straining Miss Scott’s skirt, rubbing it like a precious diamond that required the most reverent maintenance procedure.

“OHhhhh Jesus wept,” she muttered as he tried to kneel down in front of her, forcing her to clutch him tight to her body to keep him upright.

“God I love the enthusiasm,” she groaned, “just hang on you dirty boy!”

She said it strictly but the pleased look on her face suggested she very much wanted him to continue.

“Att…Attraction,” she breathed, trying to focus on the lesson but finding it hard because Mark was worming his face inside her bra cup, trying to get to her nipple.

“Stop it boy,” she hissed, grabbing his head and placing him centrally into her breasts, heaving as she tried to control herself.

The boy looked up with watery eyes and she gave him a softer look, whispering something in his ear which made his face light up, and he happily clutched her once more, mewling into her chest.

“As…As I was saying… Attraction, it simply requires a bit of confidence…. And,” she glanced over at a girl who had a chocolate bar halfway down her throat, and was huge in every department, belly, breasts and ass, “…A healthier lifestyle.”

The girl paused midway through her bite, but as soon as Magdalene’s head turned back she greedily gobbled down the rest.

“If you struggle to attract men, find clothes that bring out your figure, make sure

you are well groomed, and be confident, stand up straight, look them in the eye…..”

Most of the girls in the room were avidly following her every word, apart from one or two who seemed either disinterested or seemed to think most of what she said was quite obvious, snickering to each other.

“I can see a few of you already understand these merits,” she said airily, “but for many this will be new information.”

“But why are you telling us all this?” replied Zack incredulously, and suddenly wished he hadn’t because the air had suddenly been sucked out of the room. Even Mark had stopped fondling Magdalene to turn his head just enough to look at him whilst keeping his face pressed against the warm surface of her melons.

Magdalene looked at him icily.

“I’m not telling you boy, I am telling the young ladies here.”

Zack was smart enough not to offer a response.

“Let me ask you a question Zack…. why exactly were you sent here?”

“L-…Littering.”

She smirked.

“No, why did the police officer actually send you here.”

“Oh?” he said, confused, “Well… I saw her… I mean…”

Magdalene seemed to see straight through him.

“Ahhh, of course. You saw her releasing pent-up sexual frustration yes?… What was the officer doing… Fucking your girlfriend? Joggers in the park? Mother perhaps?”

His eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“N-no…. her partner…”

Magdalane chuckled.

“A fellow officer? Well no wonder she booked you,” she chuckled. “Here we see the problem! A woman so sexually frustrated that she was willing to fuck her co-worker in a public park….”

Zack’s mind churned. They were here to educate girls on how to seduce men.

“…If she had known what you girls are learning here today… why she could have had two cock-suckers instead of one!” she said beaming at Zack who couldn’t stop himself flashing her a look of revulsion.

Why would she call him a cock sucker, he would never…

His eyes flickered to Mohawk girl who was blowing a bubble of gum steadily wider and wider, before gently letting it collapse and starting again. The black leather garb and matching combat boots made him mightily aware that this was the kind of girl his mother had warned him about when he was young, but he didn’t want to peel his gaze away. He unwittingly caught her eye and she gave a tiny wave and snaffled the gum into her mouth, sliding it across her pierced tongue.

He felt warmth that had nothing to do with the temperature of the room worming its way down to his groin.

“Now, raise your hands if any of you are here wholly or partly due to feelings of sexual frustration!”

Almost every hand that belonged to a woman shot up in the air. Zack noticed mohawk girl was one of the few that did not raise their hand.

“There you have it,” she said blithely, “it is the single biggest problem in futa-town, and in my opinion this is the best way to solve it. Let’s try another demonstration I think… Why don’t you pick a new volunteer to assist you in our second exercise?”

He glanced at Mohawk girl who was watching him, expressionless, and Peach, who was staring at him with something approaching starvation.

“Um, h-him,” he squeaked, pointing at a blond boy who looked about nineteen at

the back of the class.

Magdalene seemed displeased.

“Well I had hoped you would pick a lady, but….. You!” she snapped, pointing to the boy. “Get up here!”

The boy’s face went white as a ghost, and he didn’t have time to prepare before women were snapping at his ankles, leaning in to put a finger or two against his asshole as he scrambled out of his chair and began an ungainly run down the aisle. He had gotten barely four feet from his desk when Peach stuck a long leg out just as he was building momentum, sending him flying to land face down on the floor, at which point two girls that looked dressed for prom-night in figure-hugging dresses and heels pounced on him.

“Avoiding the ladies hmm?” muttered Magdalene into Zack’s ear, whore tore his eyes from the poor boy about to be dry-humped in the centre of the class.

“N…. no,” he mumbled, feeling the intense urge to cower as once again her gaze seemed to see straight through him.

“Don’t worry, it’ll only keep you fresh for the final exercise,” she grinned, and he felt the passion radiating from her as she turned back to enjoy the struggle taking place.

It was a breath-taking thirty seconds as the two girls clamped themselves to the boy mewling on the floor, fingers snaking around his wrists and ankles before Magdalene deigned to comment.

“Stacey, Mary, settle down,” she offered drily as they humped his ass and face with severe bulges under their dark red pencil skirt and white strapless dress respectively, faces gleaming with delight.

“MMPhhhleave me ammphhhone!” he moaned, and the girls looked up expectantly at the teacher with grins on their faces.

“Come on now girls, let him up.”

The boy seemed shaken as the two girls, both of whom had elegant, flowing hairstyles and seemed no older than the boy although far superior physically,

came out of their crouches and sat back in their desks, expectant and, giggling at one another.

Eventually the blond boy managed to steady himself enough to crawl to the front and emerge, breathing heavily, next to Zack and fix him with a bitter stare.

Zack's cheeks went red and he decided to focus instead on mohawk girl, but his gaze was collared by Peach, openly leering at him and jittering in her seat, fists clenched and seemingly wanting to snap him in two.

'Uh-oh.'

He hastily pulled his gaze away and found himself drawn towards Berta's desk, where the sucking sounds coming from under it were becoming spluttery and wet. She let out a huge groan, and every bit of her bulging biceps and shoulders flexed, sweat dappling the muscles as Jonathon's head hit the underside of her desk, beginning to choke as he spluttered on what sounded like thick, creamy liquid.

Zack felt his stomach turn as white globs began to fly everywhere, droplets landing on the floor, Berta's stomach, the desks either side…. a few flecks even reaching her face as she hosed Jonathon thoroughly beneath the wooden table. The girl spasmed, clenching her jaw as she hosed her bitch down, and Magdalene had even paused to watch with a look of immense satisfaction.

"Beautiful," she murmured, as if regarding a rather fine sixteenth century painting instead of Jonathon's dazed frame as he staggered up a few seconds later, rubbing his knees. He burped, and Zack nearly threw up when he turned around, revealing a face glazed in cum, confirmed by the smell that had wafted to the front, the other girls in the room drooling as they took in the incredible facial dripping from the boy's eyelids and chin.

The smell was…. Intriguing, and he had to admit it was sending a shiver down his spine. For some reason he felt a small trill of jealousy as Jonathon sat down happily at his seat and began licking the cum from around lips, scooping large dollops with his finger and popping them quickly into his mouth.

Magdalene clasped her hands together.

"Oh wonderful…. As you can see, once exposed to feminine charms, a boy

cannot resist…. OHHHH Mark I am going to do some truly wicked things to you, you little slut!" she gasped, because he had finally succeeded in prying her bra down enough to latch onto her left nipple, and was greedily sucking it, rolling around the nub with his tongue.

She seemed to be caught between allowing him to continue and actually getting on with the class, attempting to do both as she addressed the quivering boy who Zack had picked out with a hazy smile on her face.

"What's… Oh Goodness… W-What's your name boy?"

"…Jared," he mumbled.

"And girls, what are…. What are your names…? Ohhh yes….."

"Jennifer and Shawna," said the red dressed girl.

"Well I must say I loved your energy…" said Magdalene, her voice jumping in time with each eager suckle of her nipple, "I-I think you've earnt a little release. If you could show the class how… how you would satisfy a boy….," she said, eyes lazily rolling down to Mark and ignoring Jared who blanched and began to sidle behind Zack, perhaps in the hope he might disappear out of sight of the girls staring him down.

"Absolutely!" the girls chimed together, and they both stood up and sprinted to the front of the class, laser guided warheads aimed straight at the boy who was now squeaking as they closed in either side of him.

"Hi," said Jennifer aggressively, shoving her front against him.

"Hi," grinned Shawna, who mashed her body against his back.

"H…h-h-hel….hello…," whispered Jared; a tiny blond creature surrounded by tall, powerful wolves as the girls began to literally tear his clothes off him.

"H… please…," he squeaked as they pushed and pulled him, ripping his shirt and pants to pieces and leaving him clutching some leftover rags in front of his crotch.

"Five minutes ought to do it," Magdalene muttered, putting her lips to Mark's

ear and attacking it with her tongue, making him moan far louder than he needed to. He certainly seemed far less shy than he had been at the start of the class, having been snaffled up by his voluptuous blond MILF, and when Magdalene finally clawed his face from her cleavage it was only so she could plunge her tongue down his throat, snared in an embrace so passionate that it looked like they didn't care a jot what was happening on the other side of the desk.

Zack didn't know what to do, awkwardly stood between a woman playing tonsil-hockey with her young twink and two girls ensnaring their charming plaything.

"Oooh, he's so soft," whispered Jennifer, rubbing her hand over Jared's chest.

"So sexy," agreed Shawna, grinding against his back, and Jared seemed to find some strange comfort from being enclosed by their bodies, his naked form protected from the eyes of the class as they enveloped him in their taller frames.

"Want to be our good boy?" whispered Shawna, slipping the white dress off, revealing a healthy, toned body with tear-drop breasts and a cute ass not big enough to jiggle, but tight enough to be cupped by eager hands.

Jared's hands were anything but, still clutched to his manhood as Jennifer and Shawna pawed at him, gripping his arms and biceps with terrifying strength and squeezing, making him whimper.

"Show us," ordered Jennifer, and Jared's arms fell to his sides, a solitary tear licking his chin as his two inch baby carrot was revealed.

"Hah!" yelled the fat girl as Jared snivelled, feeling the eyes of the class crawling over his naked body as Jennifer caressed his head and began to direct him.

Zack found himself hardening under his trousers and felt guilt flicker in his chest for poor Jared, but said nothing.

"Lift up my dress."

Trembling fingers reached under the hem of her long skirt, and lifted up the material all the way to the top. A current seemed amp up in the room with every inch of the dress being unfurled, and Jared couldn't stifle his gasp as it revealed the stuffed, lace red panties which contained a huge bulge glued to the side of

Jennifer’s hip like a pistol.

Jennifer grabbed the rest and threw it straight up and over her head. At the same time a white dress flew through the air, and Jared felt Shawna’s hair tickling his back as she peeked over his shoulder.

“Don’t forget the rest,” she whispered.

She pressed her body against him so he could feel her warm breasts against his back, her lacy pantie-laden crotch grinding into his ass. She guided his hands to Jennifer’s top, little more than a bra, and he reached around her slowly. Excitement blossomed in his chest.

“Faster,” she hissed, and the girls laughed as he jerked, shivering violently as he tried to undo the back clasp with inexperienced fingers.

After a bit of fumbling and a growl from Jennifer which made him sob, the top finally fell away, and Jared was enclosed by the two naked women.

“We’re going to fuck you so bad,” whispered Jennifer,

“Little slut boy is going to go home to Mummie with cum in his belly,” said Shawna.

“Ohhh jeese,” whined Jared, who was at this point was teary-eyed and yet so hard that his little mushroom was throbbing happily against Jennifer’s thigh, and when Jennifer brushed it with her fingers he let out a long moan of need. It jumped at her touch.

“Oh, he likes us.”

“Yeah, I bet he needs real dicks, to make him feel better about his baby cock” agreed Shawna.

“Definitely.”

They began to grind up against him, and Jared was enveloped in the taut muscles, tight bellies and heat of the two women mashing their erections against his ass and thigh, whilst their hands explored him, squeezing hair and pulling nipples.

Shawna sneaked a hand underneath and cupped his testicles with a snigger, bouncing them in her palm like stress balls, making him whine in a higher pitch as Jennifer snaked her tongue into his mouth. Everything was so open that some of the girls at the back were almost standing from their desks, leaning forward to get a better look as Jennifer stopped Jared from licking her tits.

He looked up at her confused, eyes widening at her face which was a picture of starvation.

“She said five minutes,” she hissed, “you’ve had your foreplay.”

With that she grabbed his head and brought it down to crotch level, bending him at the waist.

At this point Magdalene seemed to extract some of her brain from Mark’s mouth and reached over, plunging her arm into a handbag on the desk whilst trying to keep the other one on Mark’s head as she tongued him. She found a huge bottle, mostly by feel, and slammed it down on the desk.

“Mlubphm,” she grunted through Mark’s mouth, gesturing to Shawna before wrapping her arm back around Mark’s body and sliding it under his shirt, her attention gone once more.

Shawna grinned and opened up the large tub of lube, dipping her hand in and emerging with a wet hand dripping large globs of transparent liquid from the fingers.

“Yes!” whispered the fat girl nearby, chins wobbling with excitement.

Shawna wasted no time in applying huge dollops of lube all over her rigid shaft, taking care to add extra to the head; a purple, leering mushroom, now slippery and prepared for the tightness of Jared’s entrance.

Jared would probably have been concerned if he hadn’t been focused on Jennifer’s sausage aimed squarely at his lips.

“Open.”

He whined as he obediently winched his lips wide, and barely a second of his mouth opening had passed before her hands grasped his head and he found

himself sliding face-first onto Jennifer's erection, mewling as she kicked off her heels and raised a large foot onto the desk to give her a better angle to fuck his face. He was dimly aware that she had given it enough careful thought to have the standing leg on the class side, so that everyone had a full view of her cock entering his mouth, her swinging balls rapidly closing in on his chin.

His eyes widened and he squealed around her cock as her trimmed pubes grew in his vision, moving steadily towards his eyeballs.

The taste and smell was vibrant; a musky, testosterone filled stench that filled his mouth and nostrils, sending him into a state of thirst, of readiness as he breathed in her crotch scent. His lips were pulled wide by the width of her weapon, and he had to open his jaw as far as it could go to let her sink her cock into his throat, sliding across his tongue like a filthy great snake.

Suddenly her crotch was pressing flush against his nose as he gazed into the milky whiteness of her stomach, only able to look up enough to see her belly button pointed at his forehead.

Her face was once of total concentration, as she gazed down at her subject.

"Shawna, you've gotta feel this," she muttered, breathing slowly as she tried to master the urge to pump him like a rhino.

"Oh, I'm about to!" said the blond girl eagerly, placing a hand on both hips, her fingers digging into the puppy fat as she slid her fat dong directly onto Jared's flower.

"MmmHHHHH!!" he moaned into a mouthful of cock as she gave a spurt of pressure and began to push the slippery limb into his asshole. The sensation of being widened, penetrated, invaded was all-consuming, and every sense in his body was being wrenched to one of submission as new sensations began to ripple through him, his cock beginning to judder. Shawna clamped down on his hips even harder and forced the purple head a few more vital inches into Jared's body.

"MMMhhhhh Mhhhhhmmmm," sobbed Jared, as Shawna rested inside him, and Jennifer's cock pulsed in his mouth, tongue flicking at her shaft in a panicked motion that made the girl in front of him let out a long guttural groan of delight.

“Oh yeah, there he is,” she groaned, grabbing his hair and gyrating her lower half slowly, moving the cock around his mouth and throat, letting him taste it, feel the mass of her weapon pressed into his face.

Jared put his hands on Jennifer’s hips, feeling the pert cheeks and giving them a soft fondle, before digging his nails in because Shawna had popped her hips and shoved three quarters of her 9 inch penis inside his asshole.

“MHMHMH!!” He squealed, moving his hips wildly which made Shawna grunt so loud it would be a surprise if every room in the correction facility didn’t hear it.

“God he’s tight!” she gasped, as he trembled around her weapon.

“Yeahhhhh,” moaned Jennifer, as he slobbered on her girth.

Jared’s knees were turned inwards. He was trembling as the two girls held him in a solid spitroast with Shawna’s hips rapidly closing into his buttcheeks, and he whimpered as the final few inches slid in and he stood there, shaking, with two cocks hilted inside him in full view of a full class of mortified boys and ecstatic Futas licking their lips.

“Hmmmgh,” he murmured, strangely placated by the girl’s cocks, and Shawna and Jennifer shared a tender moment, leaning over to kiss one another.

Magdalene glanced over in surprise, but quickly busied herself again with sucking on Mark. who was now sat on the edge of her desk, whimpering, legs wrapped around her waist as she teased his nipples.

Zack at this point carefully stepped back to the corner of the room, still unable to tear his eyes from the scene of growing carnal ecstasy as Shawna retracted herself from Jared until she was poised with about eight inches of slick cock clear of his body.

Jennifer saw what she was doing and did the same, muttering something to her partner who giggled, slipping her womanhood to the edge of his tongue.

Another tender moment was shared between them as Jared waited, knees shaking, and then Shawna popped her hips, the lube slathered all over her penis sending it clean into Jared’s anus like a train down a tunnel, and Jared squealed,

a horse-like sound immediately cut off by eight inches of prime cock burying itself in his throat.

The two girls began to fuck Jared so hard that the boy bounced between their bodies like a vicious game of tennis as they smacked the boy's ass and face backwards and forwards between their pelvises. Zack was both aroused and horrified by the carnal act, and Jared looked like he was going to collapse from orgasmic overload, everything in his body being stimulated by rough horsecock brutality too seismic for the young man's system to cope. His eyes rolled up and desperate hands clawed at Jennifer's ass for more as his cock waved beneath him like a broken soap dispenser, trickling white liquid across the floor in big looping circles as it was oscillated back and forth by the women claiming the body attached to it.

Shawna was popping her hips so hard it was like she was trying to pound Jared's asshole all the way up into his skull, and Jared heaved a huge moan that had some of the girls in the second row openly drooling at the sight of it.

Even Magdalene and Mark stopped to watch, Mark occasionally squeezing one of her butt cheeks or slipping a hand under her skirt, only have it slapped away by a doting Magdalene. At one point he managed to push past her stopping hand and grasp something under her skirt, and she loosened her grip on his wrist in shock, letting out a long moan as he began to kneed it roughly with determination flush on his face.

"Oh God… Oh God Mark….. in front of… I'm going to….. you naughty little boy…."

Jennifer was gasping, her pretty face beginning to dapple with sweat as she drove herself into Jared over, and over again.

"Fuck," she squeaked, banging his nose against her belly, "I'm gonna… GONNA- UGHHHHNNN!"

She let out an odious groan as she pulled Jared's face flush to her crotch, the boy stunned at having been disturbed from his orgasmic rhythm.

Jennifer's whole body began spasming like she was having a fit; then the cock flexed in his mouth, and a tsunami of heavy splooge smashed into Jared's throat. At the same time Shawna rammed her cock into his prostate, releasing a toe

curling scream as she dumped her load deep into his ass, and his body seized up, brain unable to deal with the pleasure

The boy held on for dear life as liquid poured into both ends from what felt like two broken dams, filled with unending lakes of cum that went everywhere inside his body. He couldn't have been more thoroughly hosed down if he had been submerged, the heat of the girl's bodies flooding his insides, and Shawna was chuntering, knees turned inwards whilst Jennifer hooted with flush cheeks. Both extracted themselves and began pouring the rest all over his body, his hair instantly turned into a greasy white soup, his face painted white and sticky like an iced bun, moans slipping out from beneath a healthy layer of frosting.

Shawna gurned, launching rope after rope of ejaculate on his butt and thighs, and finished off with long lines across his back, trails of her seed connecting his tailbone to the top of his spine as she carefully poured her mayonnaise over Jared's back like a human-shaped hot dog.

Their long moans of relief were echoed by girls in the audience, some of whom were exploding like cum volcanos that doused their surrounding areas, others whining in frustration at not being given enough time to release their tightening balls.

Steam rose lazily off of Jared's back, and Magdalene eventually broke the heavy silence, broken only by the two girls who were panting like dogs fresh from a day in the park.

"So…. Let's… let's analyse this," she uttered, drinking in the scene as the girls rubbed some vestiges of cum from their helmets onto a few parts of Jared's body that hadn't been touched by dick-juice.

"They certainly achieved attraction, yes… but did they miss anything that might have improved the experience for their lover?"

Peach raised her hand.

"His ear-hole?"

More tittering.

"NO Peach… They forgot Connection!"

She looked down at the glazed figure bent over, seemingly scared to move from between the two smiling women.

“Jared?”

The boy held onto Jennifer’s waist, clutching her for support, legs shaking as cum dribbled down them.

“Mphgh?” he uttered, a cum bubble growing from his mouth as he tried to breath through all the white liquid in his throat.

“Would you say you would want to see Jennifer and Shawna again?”

His eyes couldn’t open, being glued together with cum, but there was an unmistakeable thrill of fear and excitement that ran through his body. It didn’t reach his cock, which was pointing at a small puddle of steaming cum directly in front of it on the floor, and was already rock hard again.

“I’d say it’s fifty-fifty,” she said, saving him the trouble.

She addressed the girls who had just given each other a fist bump, grinning over their lover.

“Girls, you showed the class an important lesson, that you both look after your health and appearance, and no doubt he was attracted! But if you had shown CARE, and perhaps given a little more gentle encouragement, a little bit more foreplay…..”

Jennifer looked incredulous, but Shawna seemed to be listening intently.

“… You could probably have seduced him into a healthy sexual relationship quite easily!” she finished, gesturing to Mark who was wrapped so tightly to her that it looked like he was trying to fuse himself permanently to her body.

Jennifer eyed her haughtily.

“Hey, we care a lot about Jerry,”

“Jared,” he mumbled, waves of white rolling from his lips before his eyes bulged because Jennifer had slapped him across the cheek with her penis.

Jared whimpered, and a few tears seemed to dilute lines of cum on his cheeks, making it somehow even messier than it had been before.

“Hang on, there you are, you see? If you continue like that you’ll surely scare him away unless you manage to corner him!” said Magdalene, unimpressed.

Shawna looked down at the boy quivering between them, and reached underneath him, gently stroking his penis.

“Thanks Je… Jared…”

She looked up questioningly at Magdalene who nodded eagerly.

“You ah… felt amazing…”

Jared’s ears pricked up, and his mushroom began to leak a little pre-cum as she gently massaged it.

“And you should be really proud of your… p-penis..” She couldn’t contain herself and snorted, but Magdalene shook her head as some of the girls in the room, Jennifer included, chuckled.

“Urm… your body… you should be proud of your body…”

He moaned as her wrist got a little faster.

“And maybe we can do something together…. Talk… maybe watch a movie…”

She plugged away at his manhood, which he was eagerly humping into her hand now.

“Mphyeah,” moaned Jared.

“Here it comes baby,” she said, her voice still a little unsure, but warm enough for Jared to let out a high-pitched cry as he fired a few pathetic, tension-popping ropes of his Jizz that widened the puddle on the floor.

“Marvellous!” cried Magdalene who began to clap, with a few of the class joining in. “I think you three could be looking forward to a nice cool down session tonight, perhaps a romantic comedy, they really love those,” she beamed.

Shawna groused, as she had briefly formed ideas of forcing him to watch brutal bareback porn whilst fucking his ass, but she nodded and walked over to their dresses discarded in a pile on the floor, throwing Jennifer her dress and looking down at the torn rags that used to be Jared's clothes.

"Ah , erm…. Not to worry dear, there's a unisex changing room just down the hall with Showers and dressing gowns."

Jennifer nodded and grabbed Jared by the hair to lead him out, and he let out a small cry.

"Um, Jennifer?"

She stopped, scowling at Magdalene, as well as Shawna who gave her an encouraging smile.

She released his head and begrudgingly grabbed his hand instead, marching naked to the door whilst pulling the trembling boy along. Zack noticed a dazed smile cross his lips as the trio exited the door, which closed again with a dull *CLUNK*

"Now….Zack,"

Magdalene peeled her eyes, homing in on him as he hugged the corner tightly.

"Why don't you pick another volunteer, seeing as you did such a good job before?"

Zack began sweating again as he gazed across a sea of hungry lions. He paused hopefully at a boy near the front, but the sheer apoplectic terror on the boys face, who looked like he was having a combination of panic, heart and anxiety attack all in one go made him relent and look for someone who didn't seem so scared…..

His eyes flickered to Mohawk girl, and she leaned forwards slightly. Zack took a breath and opened his mouth, but before he could get the words out Peach stood up sharply and began to march towards the front with ferocity in her gaze.

"Wait!" he whimpered, "but… but I didn't pick…!"

“I think we’ve found our volunteer,” beamed Magdalene, as the girl came up to Zack, towering over him. She stared down, face inches from his which meant he had to crane his neck up. The molten pits of lava pierced into him, emanating so much desire that Zack’s cowardly penis couldn’t help itself, rising excitedly against the front of his jeans as his brain screamed at him not to listen to it and run as far as possible from the predator standing before him.

“So Peach, let’s see if you can do it this time” said Magdalene as Zack’s eyes began to water, taking in the lines of rage forming deep cuts across the smooth skin of her face.

“Just, start with connection… then move onto attraction and persuasion.”

Zack looked up at Magdalene who was eyeing him with a cruel hunger. He realised that she was fully expecting him to be torn in two by Peach, and probably couldn’t wait for it to begin.

‘She’s going to let Peach fuck me in the ass…. in front of everyone….’

“What do…. What positions do you like?” said Peach glowering even more deeply.

“Urm… d-do you mean-”

“Doggystyle?

He whimpered, trying not to focus too much on the way her crotch was growing.

“Reverse cowboy? Yeah… you look like a little ass slut.”

“Steady Peach!” sang Magdalene.

“Just….”

The frustration of not being allowed to run straight to the fucking was clearly infuriating to Peach.

“Well…. What’s your favourite flavour of lube?!”

He stammered.

“F-f-flavour?”

“YES,” she screeched, and he backed away, whimpering.

“Let me try!”

A new voice had spoken out, a voice that was soft and lilting.

Zack peered past Peach, whose face had gone a deep burgundy, to see Mohawk girl standing breathlessly, looking more beautiful than Zack could ever have thought possible. She was looking slightly awkward now, perhaps already unsure as to how to proceed.

“I’m sorry… what’s your name dear?” asked Magdalene.

“P.”

“pardon?”

“Just P…”

“Right… P…. Well, seeing as you are so keen, then why don’t you try? It could be quite instructive to see a different approach.”

Zack heartily agreed, although Peach was looking positively murderous at the girl intruding on her love scene.

P moved level with Peach (who seemed to be contemplating shoulder barging her into the desk) and cleared her throat.

“Urm… Hi Zack… I like that you play guitar… what sort of things do you play?”

“Oh! Well I, I like playing rocky kind of stuff like Air-Crunch, Final Sense…”

“Fantastic!”

They both turned, confused to Magdalene, who gestured for them to continue, nodding her head excitedly.

“Erm… and ‘The Flight Life’, yeah, that kind of stuff…

Mohawk girl scratched the side of her head.

“Yeah I like them… I mean, I did think your shirt was pretty cool.”

Zack could feel himself becoming nervous in a completely different way.

“Y-yeah you did… yeah…”

“You know I kind of play drums…Still learning but….”

Holy crap this girl was perfect.

“… so maybe we could.. you know, play together… jam or something like that….”

“…if you wanted to!” she added hastily.

Zack tried to remain composed whilst having a mild heart attack.

“Yeah… yeah sure, that, that sounds good.”

Their dazed awkward smiles were cut across by Magdalene who let out a huge groan because Mark was now openly folding her skirt up and trying desperately to suck her cock.

“UGHHHH VERY good P, well done….”

The looked at her and then back at each other, bemused, Zack sparing a glance for Peach in case she acted out what her expression seemed to be suggesting which was to snap him in two.

Magdalene sat back on the edge of the desk and opened her legs out as Mark began to fish out a large cock from a black jock-strap. He popped his lips onto the spongy tip and began licking with a tongue that seemed to be gyrating over the slit and edges of her helmet like it wanted to show off how slutty it was.

“Sit down…..s-sit down now girls, we’re going to skip ahead a bit… OHHHhhhh!”

Mark dribbled saliva around the top of her penis and ran his hands up the side of her waist.

“S-s-so… seDUCTION!”

A slobbery wet pop was loud enough to make everyone fix their eyes on the young man as he briefly looked at the thirty pairs of eyes on him, and slowly, slurped his way down Magdalene’s shaft.

This was too much for some girls, who moaned as they pre-came under their skirts, or into the hair of the girl in front, or onto themselves, dousing their faces in ropes of cum.

“S-seduction is…. Oh by Christ….”

Magdalene looked like she was in fact being taught a lesson by Mark, who was suckling every inch of her throbbing member, caressing it with such love and affection that it was driving the woman wild, hair coming loose, unzipping her skirt and flinging it aside.

“Seduction is about m-m-m-mutual… mmmmm….”

She stopped talking and placed her hands either side of Mark’s cheeks, pumping her cock slowly into his face. He waited on his hands and knees, obediently opening up his throat, and Magdalene grunted as she began to slide herself steadily inside, gaining a measure of control over the situation.

“Right… right…. S-Seduction is about mutual satisfaction,” she breathed, steadily pumping between Mark’s lips.

“You can give your partner equal pleasure, and make them come back for mooOOOOOOORRRREEE-!”

Mark had slammed his face flush against her crotch, bouncing his nose on her belly as he deep-throated her like a grade-A pornstar.

“Fuck, you little slut…. You….little…..UHNNN”

A frothing expansion seemed to take place in Mark’s mouth, and Zack watched in amazement as cum trickled from the sides of his mouth, slathering over her shaft.

Magdalene seemed to be holding in her final load with tremendous effort, having

pre-cummed so gloriously into his mouth, and it seemed to spur him onto new heights of oral submission.

“GET ON THE DESK,” she bellowed, and he sprang up, removing his face from her cock with a sound like a plunger being pulled.

Mark seemed ecstatic at finally being taken by Magdalene, scrambling his pants and boxers off, and he barely had time to remove the shirt as well because Magdalene was already on top of him, pushing his small frame flat on its back as she ripped her leopard print top from her body, revealing a black bra with her rack squeezed into them.

Even one of the girls let out a low whistle as her weighty chest came into full view, and every curvy inch of her was exposed barring the front of her chest.

Zack had to admit she was spellbinding, and now she had her saliva and cum-covered cock lined up to Mark’s bottom. He didn’t seem perturbed, wiggling his hips with a smile, which Magdalene returned with a tinge of knowing arrogance.

“Have you ever felt a cock in you before boy?”

He nodded.

“Ever one this big?”

He looked down at the baseball bat being lined up with his asshole, and then back up at Magdalene, shaking his head with slightly less confidence than before.

She smirked.

“Well I think we’d better crush just a little of that ego darling…. You can often have too much of a good thing…”

And with that she pushed her hips, and Zack saw immense muscles under the puppy fat of her thighs, ass and belly slam into gear, and suddenly her cock was disappearing inside Mark. His expression changed from one of total whimsy to one of fear, because his asshole gave almost zero resistance to the woman now sliding deep inside him.

“UHHHHHHHHH!” he whined as she speared him on her love-stick.

“Usually I would go a bit slower than this,” she heaved, turning her head to the class, “but this bitch needs to learn who’s in charge first.”

Mark’s look of fear was smashed aside by her shaft exiting and then rocketing back into him, a lightning strike that wiped all expression from his face.

A small murmur came out as he clung to the desk, eyes looking up, unseeing, because everything was focused on the huge object inside him at that very moment.

Magdalene breathed in, pausing to enjoy how tight he was on her throbbing organ, his asshole spasming as it adjusted to a new width that it seemed unable go to, but had no choice.

Zack found his cock become fully hard in his pants, and he hoped no-one noticed his raging boner as Magdalene began to blast away at her new fuck-toy’s hole, the boy clinging to the desk for dear life as she tore his ass to shreds, a pitiless machine driving itself again and again inside the boys battered body.

Almost every girl in the room at this point had pulled out their throbbing dicks and were beginning to openly masturbate; one of the girls grabbed a boy and began furiously making out with him as she pumped herself to completion; Berta had Jonathon back on her lap and was now eating his face. Zack looked round and even P’s face had gone red, covering up a subtle bulge growing in her pants. He bit his lip at her gorgeous arousal, before turning back to enjoy the scene of carnal passion taking place on the service officer’s desk.

Mark was shuddering as a string of cum began issuing steadily from the slit of his five-inch penis, letting out high moans of pleasure as Magdalene found all the right places inside him. She slowed down to a loving pace, aiming herself now, pressing buttons with her dick that made Mark light up, expression changing to one of bliss whenever she found one of those perfect places inside.

It was incredible to watch. She broke him down, layer by layer, stripping him of his defences, until he was nothing left but a babbling slut, with only the pleasure she was giving him that remained. Everybody in the room could see that Magdalene was an exceptional lover, and after barely five minutes of precise, torturous excavation of Mark’s anus, his legs began to tremble, and a squeal

came from her shoulder as he shook from head to toe, a sound of release, of bone shaking joy.

She cooed into his ear, whispering sweet nothings as he shook from the formidable high, and his cognition didn't come back for another minute, during which Magdalene didn't stop, but continued to break him, gyrating against his body with long, harsh strokes that didn't give him time to breath, to regain his bearings, because the next orgasm was already forcing its way through his body, rewiring his brain.

On the outside it seemed like he was in a trance, besotted with the sweating, devilish woman on top of him, but inside she was unmaking him in a way that he could not have known would be this dangerous until it was too late. Any notions of being inside women were being removed, deleted as she moulded him into an instrument of cock-taking pleasure that would accept nothing less than being a bottom for monster-sized cocks.

Magdalene knew she was enslaving him, turning him towards a life of obedience, and she didn't care, having decided thirty minutes ago that Mark would be hers forever, and he would be claimed properly in front of everyone so that there was no debate as to who owned him.

She pushed her full weight down, crushing him beneath her tits as she rubbed her hands up and down his body, letting him feel her touch, enjoying the full length of his inferior physique.

A moan rumbled into her tits as he clasped her to him, and it was this that truly began the syphoning of cum from her balls as she let out a huge roar. Her face went vacant, feeling every inch of her cock tighten and release a pipeline of steaming hot cum directly into her new boyfriend's ass.

She watched Mark's expression change to one of realisation and euphoria as her horse cock doused his insides in her body-heat. So much ejaculate found its way inside that he felt his stomach expand slightly, looking down through the fog of heady bliss as her schlong filled him like a jizz-filled firehose.

Everyone in the room sank into various states of orgasms, moaning and writhing as they watched the heavy sputtering of cum exploding from Mark's wrecked asshole, and the smell of cum was so strong that Zack had to avoid making eye contact with P in case he threw himself at her crotch and tried to extract her own

tasty seed.

Instead his attention was caught by Peach who had snuck up to his side, wanking her cock so hard that he was worried she might rip it off.

“P….Peach?” he whimpered, but he didn’t have time to react as her expression turning to one of utter relief, her cock pointing right at him as it exploded. He remained frozen as she soaked him from head to toe in frothing ejaculate that was so warm it was as if she had microwaved it beforehand.

When she had finished he looked like an iced bun, and she sighed, not exactly satisfied, but at least possessing an air of subtle contentment. .

“Enjoy, bitch,” she drawled, smirking as she sauntered back to her seat, cock waving in front of her like a dick-shaped metal detector.

P saw this with her face scrunched up in intense dislike. Zack decided not to automatically shovel cum in his mouth like he desperately wanted to, instead wiping as much of it off as he could with his shirt.

Meanwhile Magdalene was withdrawing her softening cock with a wet *POP* from Mark’s asshole, turning him on his back to show the class a cream-pie so heavy that it poured cum continuously onto the floor like a heinous water fountain. Some of the girls clapped at this incredible piece of work, and Magdalene gave a small bow, regaining her breath before continuing, still rubbing Mark’s belly as she stood up.

“Well, I apologise for not quiet sticking to the lesson plan, I had planned to show you persuasion before that, but my dirty little boy here..” she squeezed Mark’s balls lovingly and he stared up at her with such an adorable look on his face that she had the striking urge to slide straight back into him. “..didn’t exactly need persuading.”

Mark put his hands out and cupped her significantly bigger balls, treating them with the same gentle care and affection that she was treating his.

“I… I will say that the way you treat your partner after seduction and intercourse, can be the difference between a one-night stand…..” she tickled his balls a bit more firmly making him murmur. “…. And a healthy, long term sexual relationship.”

She leaned into him and her face became aggressive.

“Which we’re going to have, my little whorelet.”

Zack though that if Mark could relive this singular moment again in his head, he would do so every day until his death bed.

“Now… those of you who have duties to perform for the Mayor’s office or other community activities please stop by Mary’s office, for the rest of you, I will see you next week. Class Dismissed.”

A round of applause swept the room as every girl began clapping, with many cheering and whistling. She curtsied humbly and began to put her skirt and top over her slightly sweatier skin as people began to file out of the room. Most of the boys dived for the exit first, a few slaps and pinches here and there, but far less than there had been before.

Zack waited, as did Jared, and of course Mark whose butthole was still oozing spunk on to the floor, spread eagled on the front desk.

One of the girls had a furtive look around before popping her finger into his hole and wiggling it for a moment, making him groan. Magdalene spied her and shooed her out of the room with a chuckle.

“You might need this,” said Magdalene, revealing a box of tissues to Zack from her desk, and he gratefully took a few sheets, wiping his face down, clothes still sticky from Peach’s display of marking her territory. Jared looked up questioningly from Berta’s lap, but she hissed something in his ear that sounded like ‘Fuck no, bitch,’ and he shied away from it, nuzzling back into her neck with a sigh.

When he had finally cleared up he walked over to P who was looking a little pissed off.

“Sorry… I didn’t know Peach was going to do that.”

“Yeah, no I get you, she’s.. she’s an asshole anyway.”

He grinned. “Yeah, she is.”

“Oh am I?”

A twinge of fear clutched his chest as he realised that Peach hadn’t left yet, still lingering at the door.

They didn’t respond, and with a nasty look she stormed out.

“Guess we won’t be friends any time soon,” said P.

“Oh no, my life is ruined.”

P chuckled, looking a lot happier after Zack had disregarded Peach, and they began to discuss music as they walked out of the room until Magdalene stopped them.

“P! Could I have a moment!”

“Uh… sure…..”

She shot a lingering look at Zack, and then walked back into the classroom.

He thought about pressing his ear to the door.

“So, thought that was funny, huh bitch?”

He swivelled to come face-to-breasts with Peach, who was startlingly close.

“N-no?”

She leaned over and took a long, perverted sniff of his hair.

“Hoooh shit,” she moaned like she had just snorted a line of pure cocaine into her system. “I am going to break you in so hard.”

He felt his insides become thick like glue.

“Um… thanks, but.. I was going to..”

“Go out with little miss PEE, there, were you?”

“..yeah….”

She snarled like a starving wolf.

“You might have your protector for now, but the moment she leaves your side I’ll be dicking you down so hard you’ll have to tattoo your name on your wrist just to remember it.”

He wheezed out a “sorry.”

She slid her hand down to his penis and began to grope him. He couldn’t help it but his cock rose to meet her, and she pawed at his excitement.

“I can feel how much you want me..,” she whispered. He murmured, a soft keen of enjoyment as she fondled him.

At that moment the door slammed open, and P stood in the doorway,

“Hey,” she stated, in a way that suggested she was extremely displeased with Peach’s unannounced return.

“Hey,” said Peach, retracting her hand and backing up a few feet.

No further words were spoken, P walking up to Zack and watching as Peach slunk away with a last malodorous glance.

“Have a nice time?” P asked him.

“Definitely not,” he breathed, although his cock was throbbing.

He gestured to the classroom.

“What did she want?”

“Oh, well, she said we did such a good job that we could skip some of the community service, just come back for the classes and show the other girls our… erm…. chemistry.”

She seemed embarrassed but Zack looked up at her in amazement.

“Seriously? I mean sure but… Just for talking about rock bands?”

She snorted.

“Yeah… I mean you saw how the rest of them were… probably couldn’t string two sentences together before trying to shove their dicks down your throat.”

As he said this Jennifer and Shawna raced past them wearing fluffy white dressing gowns, Jared between in their arms and being pulled along by their striding gaits. They all had flustered smiles on their faces.

“RETURN THOSE NEXT WEEK PLEASE!” shouted Magdalene who had just emerged with her hand clasped around Mark’s collar.

Zack and P shared an odd moment of standing next to Magdalene as she eyed them shrewdly, whilst Mark remained pressed against her side, glancing between them.

“I expect you two in particular to assist in an exercise next week… and P, please make notes if anything progresses,” she said, sharing an unsubtle wink. Zack felt a fluttering sensation in his stomach as he glanced at P, who had an almost pained expression as she nodded.

“Right.”

“Wonderful,” beamed Magdalene, and moved off, pulling Mark down the hall.

P seemed lost for words.

“So.. Ah….”

“Thinking about making progress?” said Zack with a grin.

“Shut up,” said P, but a small smile broke through on her face.

“Hey, instead of worrying about all that, how about we go totally crazy, and I take you to the rehearsal studio down the road tomorrow, and we jam some songs?”

She seemed to sag with relief at Zack confirming the date.

“Yeah, that sounds awesome.”

They walked to the car park, and Zack almost managed to hold her hand, but she

jerked it back, not realising he was trying to hold it and the rest of the walk was slightly uncomfortable again, not helped by the car next to them that happened to be bouncing up and down with three figures in various stages of insertion inside each other. Zack could just make out Shawna's face through the fogged-up window as she moaned, settling into a nice rhythm whilst clutching what looked like a pair of legs against her shoulders.

They smiled awkwardly and exchanged phone numbers, trying to ignore the car suspension being tortured two feet away.

"So uh…. Tomorrow at twelve right?"

"Yeah… in the afternoon."

"Yeah…."

There was a moment that Zack wondered if she was going to lean towards him, but P seemed to wilt under the pressure and uttered a quick "Bye," scurrying away. He watched her go, attempting to still his heart which was trying to escape through the front of his ribcage, and his jaw dropped as she came up to a motorbike.

Several fantasies seemed to stack on top of each other as she swung her leg onto the black racing bike and brought the engine growling to life.

'Oh hell yeah.'

He watched her move smoothly out to the gate and then open the throttle, and the racing bike roared, flying off into the distance in a few seconds.

Zack watched longingly after her and then stepped into his own little hatchback, promising himself he would wait until the morning to text her, because he didn't want to spend the whole evening just dreaming about girls with pink mohawks and motorbikes.

"Who am I kidding," he muttered, smiling to himself as he trundled out of his parking space and out onto the main road.

Slowly, just late enough that it wouldn't look suspicious, a black convertible crept out of a space in the corner, a girl with long white hair behind the wheel,

and paused at the exit, before turning the same way as the hatchback.

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About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating futanari erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with big bulges in their panties.

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