Community Service pt.2





(Futa on Male)

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Preface

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

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Community Service pt.2

“Where are you going honey?”

Zack Harris didn’t look up from tying his laces as his Mom cocked her hip, pushing her firm ass to the side.

“Oh, just the rehearsal studio.”

“With Mike?”

“Yeah, sure,” he replied, filing it away as a harmless white lie because there was no way he was telling his Mom he would actually be meeting ‘P’, the biker chick he had met in a community service class (an event which he had seen fit not to mention to her, as she had no idea about his arrest).

“I gotta go, Seeya Mom!”

“Sure honey…. oh and don’t forget to buy something for your Sister!”

“Huh, why would I…?”

Ava Harris’s face became stony and he gave an apologetic chuckle.

“Ah, yeah…. Birthday…. Right.”

“Just don’t forget. Again,” she added with a wry look.

He gave an apologetic grin and picked up his guitar case, trudging out to the hatchback parked in the drive. His legs felt heavy, chest tightening thinking about ‘P’ and wondering what he would say when he arrived.

‘Maybe I should buy her flowers? No we’re jamming, don’t be ridiculous…’

The journey took half an hour, during which he ran through every possible word he would say as green suburbs gave way to the dingy greys of the outer city.

Eventually he pulled into a lot hidden between worn-out buildings, which on first appearance one could easily assume would be levelled by a strong gust of wind. Zack however was well used to the off-coloured concrete and chipped bricks presenting a slice of post-apocalyptic dystopia; to him it was a place of musical paradise (for just eight dollars an hour).

He saw P's bike outside and gulped.

'I can do this… just play it cool….'

Leaving the hatchback plopped in a corner of the tiny car park, he entered the rehearsal rooms through a door nearby, enveloped by the half-light that was the natural state of the poky hallways.

"Hey bro!"

Mike's hair curtains and easy smile greeted him as Zack stepped through the reception. He was in his familiar pose, lying back in his office chair and wearing a baggy shirt, worn jeans and glasses. A good buddy of Zack's and usually his go-to jam-partner, Mike was currently far lower on Zack's priority list than usual.

"Hey man."

"I didn't know you were coming in today, you wanna jam?"

"Ah, sorry, not today… d… did you see a girl with pink hair come in? Wearing black."

Mike's face went dreamy.

"Yeah… pretty right? She might be a futa to be honest, but I might just run with it if she likes me…."

Zack coughed.

"Uh, yeah.. so bro… which room did she go to?"

Mike seemed confused by the question.

“Why, you want to go talk to her?”

“Yeah, actually, she’s here for me.”

Mike gave him an incredulous look.

“Pffft, good one bro.”

“No seriously.. I invited her here.”

It took a moment for his face to work out the correct response, eventually settling on suspicion with a tinge of jealousy.

“Right,” said Mike, “Room three.”

“Cool, thanks.”

He tried not to enjoy the confusion in Mike’s face as he walked past and down the hall.

As he went further the sounds of crashing metal and dull thuds of a drum kit being assaulted echoed through one of the doors.

Whoever was in there certainly wasn’t bad…

He listened and raised his eyebrows as the mystery drummer slipped some intricate rhythms on the cymbals into a delicate dance between explosions coming from the toms and snare.

The sounds, he realised, were coming from room three.

She was more than decent.

‘Well okay.. here goes….’

The drums seemed to climb inside his skull as he took a deep breath and pushed the door in.

A single lightbulb hanging from a wire illuminated the cluster of amps, foam soundproofing and P, whose hands were flying across a drumkit, face creased with concentration and tongue in cheek as her hands shifted sideways, snapping

the sticks on the toms with dense thuds that felt twice as loud in the tiny room. She was wearing a black sleeveless top with the band ‘Z-KILLA’ on the front, baggy enough for Zack to see the sides of her breasts peaking from behind the open sides. Her arms revealed tattoos winding their way across her shoulders and generous biceps, and her lurid pink hair was down from its usual fan, curved over one side of her head, leaving the other bare. Zack’s mouth went dry, and it felt like someone had strapped a belt to his chest and tightened it severely.

She stopped upon realising that someone else was in the room, and seeing Zack her face retreated to an inscrutable expression, wiping the small sheen of sweat from her forehead.

Every word he had rehearsed in his head disappeared.

“Hey..”

“Hey.”

Both figures shifted, her breathing deep, leaning on the tattered set of drums, and him held by an invisible barrier in the doorway.

“You ah.. you sounded good.”

“Oh… thanks… I don’t really play in front of people…”

He managed a shy smile which P did not return.

“Well… I guess now’s the time to start.”

“Yeah.”

Her face took on a green tinge as Zack unpacked his guitar, caressing the strings for a moment before sliding a cable into the amp to begin tuning up. He was glad to make some noise just to break the awkward silence.

P stared down at the kit, rolling the sticks in her fingers.

‘Just say something,’ Zack’s brain screamed.

“So...”

One of the sticks clattered to the floor, and P scooped it up quickly.

“…Erm…. How long have you been drumming?”

“About 3 years.”

The sticks rolled a little faster between her fingers.

“Cool… I’ve been playing guitar for about seven.”

Her eyes widened.

“Not that big a deal,” he added hastily, “I mean, I’m okay…”

He checked the tuning once more and then shredded a ‘Z-KILLA’ riff to check it was all good. P looked like she was about to dive into a pool of cockroaches, her fidgeting become even more pronounced, and she tapped the snare with her finger, a lightning fast *tictictictic* that Zack found quite off-putting.

“Right… shall we start?”

“Yup,” said P.

He began to play a simple riff, and nodded at P to join in. Her hands shook, and it took a few moments of her nodding, sweat droplets forming again on her temple, before she started playing.

Zack’s first impression was that it sounded like a baby giraffe learning to walk over a set of hollow barrels as she blasted the drumkit with no rhythm or musical aptitude whatsoever.

‘Woah… that’s… horrendous.’

If someone had rolled a drumkit down a hill, they couldn’t have done much worse than what P was achieving now, and Zack grimaced as the cymbals cut the air so hard he had to check his ears weren’t bleeding.

She was way off what he had heard moments earlier, and after a few minutes of confused thrashing, they stopped.

“Sorry… Sorry…..”

Zack saw her hands were now shaking so hard she was having trouble holding the sticks. Deciding not to mention it, he tried to think of a way to discuss the previous minute that didn't reveal his complete feelings on the cacophony that had just occurred.

"Hey… it wasn't that bad…"

Zack watched her shoulders sag and realised this was not the correct thing to say.

"Right… cool…."

"Hey, why don't we start again… with what you were playing before…."

She nodded, taking a moment to run through something in her head before flying into the same pattern that she had been playing earlier, but quite a lot worse. Her hands moved independent of each other, racing either miles too fast or mournfully slow through the notes, missing beats and clanging the sticks harshly on the hi-hat as her forehead began to sweat harder than ever.

The din somehow got worse after a minute, although it felt much longer as Zack tried to put on a brave face and play along, but P put them out of their misery after another forty-five seconds of hideous noise, crawling to a stop, stone-faced.

"Okay… well that was better…." Zack tried to bring some enthusiasm into his voice, but P wasn't fooled, scrunching her nose.

"It was awful."

Zack's smile faded as he lay his guitar down.

"Yeah.. it was."

She seemed quite vulnerable in that moment, eyes cast to the floor, and Zack reckoned she must have some serious stage fright.

"I shouldn't have tried, sorry Zack," she mumbled, standing up.

"Wait, no!" he uttered as she grabbed her bag, shoving the drumsticks venomously inside.

“Sorry for wasting your time.”

She seemed on the verge of tears, and as she hurried towards the door Zack did the only thing he could think of, running straight into her and putting his arms to her sides.

“WAIT… just… just wait… hear me out….”

The threat of tears seemed to dissolve the moment he put his hands on her waist.

“Listen just… let’s just hang out.. we don’t have to do music….”

“Well… what should we do instead?” she asked furtively

Then Zack realised her head was close, her lips just a few inches away.

From being so loud the new silence was even more tightly wound than the first had been, Zack’s heart hammering away like it was auditioning for its very own drum rehearsal as P’s eyes bore into his.

He then did something so brave that it even surprised himself, moving his head to touch hers and bumping their lips together in an odd half-kiss, half headbutt.

It was unclear if P had processed it, remaining stock still which made it feel uncomfortably like he was kissing a statue…. Until she began to kiss back. The sweat on her cheeks was warm, and for some reason her mouth tasted faintly of toothpaste and then he was panicking because he was wondering if it was actually him because he’d brushed his teeth twice this morning….

And then she enveloped him, and he melted, her tongue easing into his mouth with tender flicks up and around his own, her much larger frame pushing his to the floor and ending up between his legs, her arms wrapping around him as she began to administer a crazed half-suck, half-sloppy French kiss, his toes curling as she grunted into him.

Zack’s worries were all swept away in her embrace, quite thrilled at how she was taking control, the instruments forgotten as he clamped his hands to her ass and squeezed the tight muscles there.

“Mmm!” hummed P in a pleasantly surprised way as he rubbed her butt through

her jeans and pulled her hips into him, and then an object pressed against him, bullying his excitement. He broke the kiss, staring down past her eye-catching cleavage to where he could see a dark shape outlined in her pants.

She looked up at him hesitantly.

“Erm.. yeah I have one of those… you knew that right?”

He smiled.

“Yeah, I kind of figured…”

P let out a large sigh of relief and this time humped it full into his crotch, making him squeal.

“OOMPH… I mean, I’ve still never done it before…..!!”

She slowed the grinding pace, rubbing their hips together more gently.

“You’ve never…?”

He shook his head.

“At all?”

His head barely moved as he shook it again.

She grinned.

“That’s so cute…”

Zack rolled his eyes.

“Okay show-off.”

A hyena grin flashed from her teeth.

“Oh yeah? Like you weren’t showing off with that little instrument of yours….”

“HEY, you’re good too you know… I think you just get a little nervous in front of other people.”

She paused and some of the confidence seemed to dissipate as she fixed him with that strange blank look that made him feel uneasy.

“Yeah.. or I’m just not good.”

He snorted.

“You’re amazing, but… I guess your brain was too busy being swept away by my good looks.”

The colour rushed back to her cheeks.

“Yeah, true… I guess I just need some stress relief.”

“Yeah, you do,” he agreed, and she mauled his mouth once more and then pulled back, leaving a decent splodge of saliva dribbling down his cheek.

“Well… I think your pretty lips can help me with that….”

Then her weight was sliding forward, and Zack wheezed as she sat down on his chest, forced to crane his neck to see what he knew was coming.

On the inside leg of her jeans was a long, swollen cucumber shape, clung tightly against P’s leg by the denim. She began to open her flies, and Zack had the curious sensation of being excited to see a cock flop out of someone’s belted jeans.

That excitement mingled with fear when a truly massive cock sprang clear, nine inches long and quivering like a thick, meaty diving board. Behind it two balls plopped onto his chest, and the weight of those alone made him reconsider the task he was about to be set. It felt like two large dumplings had fallen on his torso.

“It’s fine, it’s not gonna hurt too much… I mean, it won’t…. well a bit…,” she said, clearly terrible at comfort talk but trying her best, which Zack found strangely sweet.

“Okay, so it’ll hurt but not at all, but also kind of, got ya.”

She smirked.

“You do know that trying to be sarcastic when my cocks about to go in your mouth really doesn’t work?”

There was nothing he could say to this, cowed as the corners of her mouth creased further upwards and she aimed her long, thick womanhood at his mouth and pressed the first penis Zack had ever tasted to his lips.

The musk of her groin enveloped his nostrils, and it made his head spin as the thick head rubbed against his opening.

‘This is actually happening.’

His entrance didn’t budge at first, excitement warring with disgust at what he was about to do, but then his lips unfolded as if by magic, his tongue unfurling into a red carpet, and P’s cock didn’t hesitate, walking straight down it, squeezing snuggly between his cheeks.

The cock was wide enough to force his lips and jaw into a wide ‘O’, the soft, bouncy head pressing his tongue, countered by the rock-hard shaft that followed… so many textures warred for attention in his mouth that it was hard to sort through it all…. plus the taste hitting his tongue was a salty tang, which added further new sensations to the mix…. It wasn’t unpleasant.

Then P pushed a bit further and Zack felt an iota of worry crawl into his stomach.

The pressure, and her weight on top of him gave a feeling of helplessness which would have been distressing, if it weren’t for the eager expression on P’s face motivating him to take it as deep as he could.

Thinking about how he would want someone to touch his own penis, he began to lick his tongue across the bottom side of the shaft, swirling up to the head and teasing the pee-slit. A rumble travelled through the seated girl as she crooned over the new gifts Zack was giving her.

As soon as he saw P smiling something in him gave way, and his next attempt was purposefully sloppier, a wet gag that forced the woman on top of him into a deep moan, his hands reaching up to grab the rest of the handle that he couldn’t fit inside, beginning to wank her as he savoured the first drops of cum trickling from her slit.

The thick tendons in her penis made it feel like pumping at a grown man's wrist, and the way she rumbled with each jerk made it doubly so. A spurt of pre-cum shot out of the tip and he almost smacked his lips at the taste, gobbling it down before a small part of him filled with shame and he tried not to linger on how enjoyable her jizz had tasted.

P huffed, butting her hips slightly which forced the cock a half-inch further than Zack was able to receive, coughing on the end of her stick.

"Yeah, choke on it" muttered P, and seeing her ecstatic expression as he did so made Zack's eyebrows lower in determination, meeting the next light pop of her hips with an open throat and fierce enthusiasm.

"GAHhhh, FUCK!" she gasped as her cock sailed straight down his throat, and Zack spluttered as her erection lodged farther than anything else ever had inside his gullet.

"Fuck, Zack," murmured P, grabbing hold of his head to steady herself as he drooled all over her womanhood, and when she pulled out the sticky mess and waved it above his face she cooed as he followed it like a dog, desperate for its bone.

"Ohhhh yeah….. You want it babe?"

His eyes never left her cock, desperately following with his mouth open to try and swallow the dick hovering just out of range.

"Yeah….. Yeah I-I want it."

"Good boy."

She leaned forwards, and Zack took in a huge breath as her weight lifted off his chest. Then her cock slid over his forehead as she went onto all fours, groin directly above his face. He didn't hesitate, suckling on her hanging meat like a baby.

There were moments when some sense of masculinity tried to break through the haze, but he shut it out and carefully spread his saliva in a thin layer over P's entire weapon, leaving it wet and pulsing as its owner growled above him.

“Ohhh baby,” she murmured, and Zack had another moment of enthusiasm that brought up a tinge of shame as he let out a whinny with her penis bulging his cheek. His hands roved across her ass and, pushing any lingering sense of manliness aside, he pulled her hips down on top of his face. When she came to the entrance of his throat he was prepared this time, gulping down the meat as she flattened her hips to his face.

A gag escaped, but he didn’t turn away, avoiding choking on his first ever deep-throated cock, a light trail of pubic hair tickling his nose as P held her hips against him. The fleshy heat in his throat was all-consuming, and it took him a few moments of sucking to relax his throat enough to breath. Soon he could feel her jerks and throbs as he tightened and untightened his entrance, and his fingers crept underneath to play with the large balls splayed out flush to his chin, stroking and squeezing them which elicited deep groans of pleasure from P.

‘They’re so much bigger than mine…’

“Mmm okay, I.. I think you’re ready,” uttered P in a strangled voice, and Zack let out a moan of fear as she raised her hips, withdrawing her cock like a loaded rifle, ready to snap forward at any second.

“Don’t fight it,” she urged, and in one movement slammed her balls to his chin, rifling her cock down his gullet.

“HGMPHH!” he spluttered, gagging as she began to fuck his face with short, manic strokes that left no room to breathe. Her balls bounced on his chin, loud *SMACKS* which felt like his head was being jabbed by two aggressive plums.

“Ohhhhh so good!” she enthused, grabbing his hair and crushing his nose into her pubes. “Right there!!!”

Zack could only choke and pray, his face going red like a tomato as he struggled for air, filled by a hot salami.

“HMPPHGGHH, Hghgghgh…”

“Just a bit more,” she hissed.

“HGHPMMMM!”

Zack began to wriggle.

The wet, writhing responses made her slow the hard pumps, and she pulled her cock to the front of his mouth long enough for him to take a few frantic lungfuls of air before diving back in again.

“You feel amazing, keep going!!” she moaned, her gyrating become frenetic, and Zack’s eyes went wide as she drew herself back up to sit on his chest, looking down at him whilst penetrating his face.

“Yeah, look at me, LOOK AT ME!” she urged, and Zack kept his watering eyes on hers as he sucked steadily on her cock.

His tongue mashed against every inch of her penis that it could reach, and it pushed her over the orgasmic cliff as her jaw lolled open.

“URRHHHHHHHhhhhhhhh!”

P’s grip tightened painfully in his hair, and Zack squealed as ten tons of smelly jizz came barrelling out of the tip of her cock.

There was no time to think, his cheeks inflating at first as he tried not to swallow, only to find that the pressure nearly made his face explode, cum spurting out of the edges of his mouth like a leaky faucet and flying out of his nose, and he began to gulp down the stream of hot cum to release the pressure as P screamed at him, an animal cry of happiness that made his own cock form a little pre-cum stain inside his boxers as she poured her soup into his belly.

It was like being force-fed a three-course meal, and a little extra cum spurted out of his nose as the pressure continued to grow, enveloping his senses in her nut-cream.

“Oh yeah,” moaned P as she watched him down her splooge, and it took a few moments of legs spasming before a few last heavy ropes splatted against the back of his throat. Her weight settled on his chest, eyelids fluttering, knees weak.

Zack didn’t know what to do, a gorgeous girl who had just fucked his face with her donkey dick was sat on his chest, him having swallowed an Atlantic ocean’s worth of her baby batter. It felt heavy in his stomach, as if he had just crawled out of a hot-tub full of jizz because the smell was everywhere, in his mouth, his

nose, even his eyes watered from the intense tangy flavour thickening in his nasal passage.

P didn’t seem able to talk, a lazy smile crossing her face.

Zack watched her, taken aback by how gorgeous she looked in the afterglow of her orgasm. He had never seen a girl like this, let alone helped her get there.

He began to lick gently at the head of her penis as it lay at the front of his lips. There was a wonderful comfort there, like a baby with its dummy.

“Hoh, fuck, are you for real?” she said, amazed as he let her dick fall from his mouth.

“Oh… sorry… just…”

“No… you’re incredible.”

He didn’t know where to look, and he wasn’t sure if he should just put her cock back in his mouth when she then sat off him.

A look of frustration briefly swept his features, and P laughed as she began to do up her flies.

“Wow, you’re like perfect, you know that? I’ve never seen someone so naturally sub before….”

He squirmed.

“Erm… sub?”

“Submissive.. you know, taking, not giving…”

“Take… like…”

P bit her lip, and he let out a small smile of confusion as her eyes roved over him.

“God you’re so cute…. Don’t worry about it, we’ll take it slow. We’ll be doing this again, for sure.”

“Oh.. okay, that’s…. that’s good.”

The feelings of genuine happiness at this news were hard to equate to the ones of nervousness he had felt walking into this same room twenty minutes ago, and even the trill of shame at being labelled a submissive couldn’t stop him being quite pleased with how P looked at him.

He felt his erection in his pants and had an odd moment of wondering what to do with it.

P noticed and looked down, her face becoming hungry again.

“Oh sorry… I forgot that cum-baby needs to cum for me.”

“Cum-baby?” he asked, painfully.

“Your cock just jumped when I called you that…..”

He looked down at the traitorous appendage.

“Okay, but he’s an idiot.”

“And I guess you’re a cum-baby….”

His dick throbbed.

‘Fuck.’

“So here’s how we’re going to do this.”

She undid her belt again, letting her dick flop back out, semi-hard but still menacing.

“I’m going to give you orders because you like it, okay?”

He twisted his leg but said nothing.

“Trust me,” she said, and her earnest tone made him ease up, and he gave a small nod.

“Kneel down.”

Zack got onto all fours, wincing internally at what might be happening to him.

“Crawl here.” She pointed to the spot directly in front of her.

Zack crawled beneath her inflating dong.

“Now, because you did such a good job sucking me off, I’m going to help you cum too, cum-baby.”

“Okay,” Zack whispered. Excitement took hold in his chest.

“Take your shirt off.”

He flung it aside.

“Pants and boxers too.”

He scrambled out of them, and P had to stifle a laugh as he briefly fell over trying to remove them, finally managing to pull himself free, standing red-faced in just his socks.

“Mmm that’s nice,” she said approvingly at Zack’s five-inch erection and Zack’s grin was so sweet that P couldn’t help breaking character, smiling as she brought a hand to his face, rubbing his chin with rough fingers.

After a few seconds her face became tough again and she withdrew her arm.

“You’re going to hump my leg whilst you suck on my balls.”

Zack’s mouth began to water profusely.

“Er…. That’s…. okay…”

“You’re welcome,” she said harshly, but with an affectionate look that told him she wasn’t being completely serious, “Now suck my balls, cum-baby.”

He stared at the huge orbs which had been slapping his chin earlier, and moved towards them, pressing underneath the cock hanging like a zeppelin, dominating his vision.

Somehow her being fully clothed and him being naked in front of her just added

to the feeling of immense power emanating from the figure stood above him as he placed his hands on her thighs and sucked some of the skin from a single, swollen testicle.

“Mnnnn.”

The grunts from overhead were exciting, and he couldn’t help bringing one hand to rub against the shaft of the cock hanging over his head.

“Forgetting something?” she whispered, and Zack was trying to think what it could possibly be when he felt her large, booted foot slide between his legs and nudge his package.

He abandoned all sense of pride, grabbing her calf to begin grinding it like a stripper pole, his manhood now eagerly shoving against the top of her boot as she watched.

“Good cum-baby,” she smiled as he humped her leg like a dog.

If he had been forced to watch himself it would be shameful to endure…. But doing it.... Doing it was the greatest thing he had ever experienced, whimpering as his hard-on rubbed up against the laces, adjusting himself to hump further up on her shin whilst he licked across the bottom of her nutsack. His tongue swirled upwards and over the orbs, feeling her cock slide along his forehead all the while, and then his brain signalled the imminent cum string flying from his cock, and he pumped in a haphazard manner as it burst all over her his belly, face, and her boots.

Zack let out a whine into P’s nutsack as deep sating release washed over him, and he spurted his translucent glue in shimmering ropes that landed on the dirty floor beneath them.

“Disgusting,” breathed P, and Zack was crushed until he realised she was smiling, pleasure writ large on those gorgeous features.

The last ripples of cum fell to the floor, and Zack sat back on his haunches, the haze of sex and sluttiness disappearing like sunshine behind the clouds, utterly clueless as to what he should do now, other than try to cover himself up.

P came to stand above him and rubbed his cheek.

“I’ll get the tissues,” she grinned.

He gave a weak smile of thanks, and she walked brusquely to the door, careful not to open it too far as she slipped out.

Sat naked, with his juices running down a belly filled with P’s sack-juice, Zack turned over every second of what had just occurred.

‘I just sucked a cock. And licked some balls. She called me submissive. Am I submissive? Is that wrong? I guess I did enjoy it….’

He remained wrapped in his thoughts until P returned.

“I think that receptionist guy likes me,” she said airily, handing him a huge wad of tissue paper.

“Why?”

“He kept offering to see if we need a bassist whilst I was trying to get to the bathroom.”

Zack grinned.

“Well maybe … we do need a third player.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Sure, want me to get him now?”

He burped and shook his head violently, a cum bubble bursting on his lips

“No, next time.”

After retrieving his jeans and shirt, he looked up at P once more, a different man. She gestured with her finger to come closer, and he gratefully accepted, hugging himself to her waist.

“Feel good?” she whispered in his ear.

“Yeah…. You?”

“Absolutely…. That felt amazing.”

“Cool, well… we still have this place for an hour or so… want to try.. jamming again?”

Her face became resolute.

“……Okay.”

“I mean, considering what we just did, I would be surprised if you still felt as nervous around me….”

She grinned.

“Well now I’m just gonna picture you naked with my cock in your mouth.”

He winced.

“Yeah… sure….”

She seemed to enjoy his wrestling with his inner thoughts, and squeezed his butt cheeks, before planting a large kiss on his forehead and releasing him.

“I’m ready,” she cooed, skipping over to the drums.

“Right… music…,” he mumbled, staggering over to his guitar, dazed.

Once he plugged his guitar in again they started back up with a simple rock riff. It wasn’t seamless, but it was a hell of a lot better. In fact it was Zack who was struggling now, because P kept biting her lip and staring at him whilst they played, and he couldn’t stop burping because she’d filled him with ejaculate.

They first jam went on for ten minutes, Zack and P following each other with riffs and rhythms that made the experience far more enjoyable than before, and P’s hands at times were a blur, thumping firm beats and delicate polyrhythms that had Zack mesmerised.

The fact that she was beautiful as well made it difficult to look away for any length of time. After they were done a moment of silent appreciation took place.

P finally spoke, and when she did Zack felt like half of him wanted to hang his

head, and the other half wanted to beam with joy.

“Wow, that was almost as good as your cock-sucking!”

***

Zack walked through the front door tired, but satisfied after a long time spent jamming, and an equally long amount of time spent making out with P, to the point where his lips were tired from all the smooching.

“Mom I’m home.”

No answer, other than the sounds of explosions and gunfire coming from the living room where his sister was likely into her umpteenth hour on Warzoners III. For once he was grateful that she was glued to the TV, as answering questions would be the last thing on his mind.

He slipped through to the kitchen, searching for some soda to wash down his belly full of cum (‘It feels so weird thinking about it…’) before noticing the table was set for four.

Weird… But whatever, his sister must have invited a friend round or something.

Thinking nothing more of it he trudged towards his bedroom, fully prepared to settle down with his guitar and spam a few riffs when he saw a pair of legs on the sofa that he didn’t recognise.

He walked back from the hallway and nearly threw up.

There, waiting patiently with a polite smile on her face, was Peach, another girl from the community service class, only she was far less welcome in his home.

Her outfit had completely changed. Instead of black, she was wearing a yellow flowery dress, long white hair tied up in a bun that made her seem quite innocent and, in spite of what he knew about her personality, inviting. Her purple makeup was gone, leaving her face looking natural in a girl-next-door kind of way, and

she had a game controller in her hand, the other being held by Jennie, his sister, who was scowling at having their game interrupted.

“Hey there, baby,” Peach grinned.

Her breasts and muscles were packed tight into the dress, and sat next to his dainty eighteen-year-old sister she looked like a goddess.

Everything below Zack’s chest began writhing.

“H.. hi Peach.”

“And WHY didn’t you tell me about her?!”

He turned to see his Mom beaming at him, wearing one of her usual tight yoga outfits which enhanced every curve she had to offer. Voluptuous was an understatement, and her blond ponytail and large toothy smile was usually a comforting thing to see. With Peach here it felt like everything was wrong, backwards.

“Erm.. I don’t….”

He had avoided explaining his community service class, which made clarifying who Peach was quite difficult.

‘What is she doing here..!?’

“A girlfriend! Why no wonder Jennie thought you were gay, you’ve been hiding her all this time!”

Jennie, his sister, tittered.

“G…girlfriend?” he said weakly.

“Yeah baby,” said Peach, still sporting that vague, polite smile that he was almost certain hid a psychopath’s leer. “I just couldn’t wait to tell her.. Seeing as we’ve been going out for months now, I thought I should finally meet your beautiful Mom.”

She gave a smile that was Oscar-worthy in its dripping sincerity.

“Oh stop it you charmer,” his Mom cooed, and Zack couldn’t believe that his Mom was blushing!

“Hey, I’m pretty too!” said his sister, looking hopeful.

“Why of course you are, you’re both super-hot!” laughed Peach, who placed a hand firmly on her thigh.

Zack’s fists clenched.

“Hey, I think there’s been a misunderstand-” he began, but Peach butted in.

“Oh stop it baby, come on, it’s out now whether you want it to be or not!”

He bristled, angry at how casual she was being. He still distinctly remembered her telling him she was going to split his ass in two.

“Yes, come on Zackie, help me with the glasses, I want to know all about this girlfriend of yours over dinner!”

Zack’s jaw clanged open in disbelief, and it refused to winch upwards as his Mother turned on the oven and brought out a large, covered baking dish from the fridge.

“But… but Mom, she’s not my girlfriend!”

Peach laughed and sprang from the sofa, coming right up to him.

“Oh stop teasing, you!”

Before he could think her hand had reached down to his balls and clutched them, her other hand snaking around to the back of his neck and grabbing hold. Like an animal that suddenly had two weaknesses exposed with nowhere to run, Zack froze, lost in two large, terrifying eyes inches from his, and he found himself being submerged in them, like the darkest part of the ocean had turned its gaze on him.

She rubbed his nose with hers, and for a moment it seemed as if she would be gentle before jamming his head forwards, shoving their lips together and sticking a wriggling tongue down his throat.

“Oh well, good luck trying to worm out of it now!” chuckled Mom as Zack struggled in Peach’s strong arms, moaning into her mouth.

Her tongue was violent, prying into every nook and cranny, and he found himself unable to compete, outmanned by her larger muscle and bigger frame, and the delightful scent of mint and freshness on her tongue made him salivate as she began to coax fluids between their lips.

“Ewww,” blurted his sister, who had a pissed off expression at her brother having stolen her gaming buddy as the sucking sounds become more intense, and Zack began to go weak at the knees.

“Oh come on now both of you, it’s getting gratuitous,” his Mom said in a humorous tone, and Peach nipped Zack’s lip as she broke the kiss, pulling him forward a little before releasing him.

“Play along, darling,” she breathed into his ear.

Zack was gasping for air, dazed, and he squeaked when Peach gave a firm rub of his package, which was already hardening.

“Sorry Miss Harris , he’s just a bit shy about it sometimes,” she said, stepping back and winking to Zack as she did so, and he found himself questioning everything as she let him go .

‘Don’t let her bully you. Think about P.’

But he couldn’t help his pants chafing tight on his crotch as he stumbled away from Peach to grab glasses.

‘How did she get here… she must have followed me….’

He set the table whilst staring over at Peach, watching her laugh as she conversed with his family. Somehow she seemed able to turn the charm up as much as she wanted, and Zack nearly dropped a glass when she complimented his Mother’s hair and ran a hand through it, maintaining eye contact with her the whole time. His fists didn’t unclench until the Mac ’n’ Cheese was ready.

Eventually Mis Harris served up the portions, taking her place next to Jennie on one side of the table, with Peach and Zack on the other.

“I do love this Miss Harris, it tastes gorgeous!” she gushed after placing a few morsels in her mouth.

Miss Harris’s blush ratcheted up a couple of notches as she waved a hand airily.

“Oh it’s nothing…. Well it takes a Mother’s touch… but what about you?? It really is lovely to get to know you finally. How did you both meet?”

“Yeah,” chirped his sister, “how did Zack get you when he’s such a freak?”

He bared his teeth at his sister who gave him a smug pair of eyebrows, before nervously trying to come up with a story.

“We… We met…”

“...in the mall!” Peach finished. “We just saw each other and… you know, fireworks… it just happened.”

She bit her lip in a way that made her look almost cute.

It was distressing how good an actress she was, and it would have been impossible to equate the dainty princess sitting next to him with the raging bull from community class. It could almost have fooled him as well, until her hand snaked onto his thigh and put it in a death grip. He let out a high-pitched keen that made Jennie’s ears prick.

Peach continued building on their make-believe romance over forty tortuous minutes, discussing cinema dates, how she had shown Zack her favourite frozen yoghurt place and it was now his favourite too (he had never even tried it,) and how he had bought her flowers on her birthday.

“When was your birthday?” Zack asked stupidly.

“Oh ha-ha don’t be silly babe,” laughed Peach, sliding her hand onto his balls and giving a squeeze which elicited a mewl from Zack. “Always telling your jokes.”

Jennie looked at them oddly.

“Yeah… sure.”

Soon the mac ‘n’ cheese had disappeared off everybody’s plates except Zack’s, who was still sporting a belly full of cum (“Honestly Zack, what’s gotten into you today!”). As soon as they were allowed to be excused Jennie dragged Peach back to the games console, and Zack let out a breath as Mom busied herself elsewhere in the kitchen.

‘Just relax… talk to Mom, explain it to her.’

He took a few seconds to make sure that P was firmly ensconced on the sofa with his sister, before sidling over to Mom as she began piling plates in the sink.

“Mom?”

“Yes hun?”

“I’m sorry but Peach… You know she’s not actually my girlfriend…”

“How many girlfriends have you had before dear?”

This came out of the blue, and Zack’s face went vacant.

“Exactly! You never tell us anything about your personal life… And now someone quite lovely finally shows her face and you want to push her away!”

Zack said nothing, as his Mom gave a knowing gaze.

“I see the way you two look at each other,” she said, “and of course, it’s nice for Jennie to have someone to look up to.”

In the background he could see Peach and his sister were chatting conspiratorially, and Zack’s face went bright red as he noticed Peach’s hand slip a little further on his sister’s inner leg than before.

He tried to think of something further to say but his Mom was already busying herself with filling the dishwasher once more, and he gave up, slipping upstairs to his room.

He hadn’t been prepared for any of this….

‘Why was she here?’

Peach had somehow found him, transformed herself into a completely different person to the one that had threatened to destroy his ass, and managed to ingratiate herself with his family… But how could he tell them who she really was without admitting he'd been arrested?

After fretting for a few moments he decided that when difficult moments presented themselves the guitar always awaited him, and his fingers accepted the respite from nervously fiddling with each other, sliding up and down the frets before settling into a rhythm that let the stress flow out of him, into the wood and metal cradled in his arms.

For half an hour he lost himself, not playing anything specific, or writing, just plodding along with a few little riffs here and there to keep his mind occupied. He almost forgot who was downstairs flirting with his sister until the bedroom door crept open and his fingers froze, caught in the middle of the dance.

A polite face appeared through the crack, and Peach entered quietly, almost as if Zack wasn't there, until the latch clicked shut and she reached down to turn the lock with an ominous *CLUNK*.

When she turned to him her flowery expression was gone, a smug one replacing it as she stood tall in the centre of his bedroom, a giant with a perverted eye and a naked hunger that chilled him to his bones.

"So… they're very pretty," said Peach.

Her voice had gone back down a few tones, deeper and more authoritative like when they had first met.

"Pretty?" he asked, cautious.

"Yeah, I mean I guess you don't see it but damn… your Mom is pornstar material Zack, I'd be surprised if you hadn't emptied your balls thinking about her at least once."

"Ew, gross!" he exclaimed.

She leered.

"Don't tell me you haven't thought about it. I certainly have."

“What are you doing here?” he asked, lifting a stubborn chin and sitting up from his bed.

She nodded, somewhat impressed at the miniscule amount of backbone he possessed.

“Well alright then…. I guess we’ll cut right to the chase… You ride my dick or sissy gets a pounding that she’ll never forget.”

“What? She’s eighteen you sicko,” he said in disgust.

“Ooooh, maybe she’s a virgin,” she said with an excited grin, “not that she dresses like it, the filthy whore….. Or maybe I’ll tap that sweet ass of Mama’s… give her my own homecooked recipe, a permanent dose of hot cum-soup for her belly… and that pretty face of course.”

“What?! They’d never do that, you’re bullshitting….”

Peach shot him a grin which boiled his blood.

“Oh please, did you see how much your Mom liked my little act? And your sister… she’s gagging for me to be her best friend. Of course soon she’ll be gagging on something else….”

He crumpled. The way his sister and Mom had reacted to her, he already knew. His other option was to tell the truth, which wasn’t an option at all because Mom simply didn’t believe him. If she did, it would also mean admitting to lying about the community service. He would have to suck up whatever Peach forced upon him.

“Where,” he said, eyes glistening in defiance.

“Well… right here of course,” she grinned, and she whipped out such a big hard-on from under her dress that Zack just gawped at it.

“Holy….”

“Yeah, your Mom’s going to have to ask someone else to mow the lawn tomorrow, because you won’t be walking for a while.”

He whimpered.

She was huge, around ten inches, and as thick as his wrist.

“I’ll make you walk around like a cowboy who’s spent two weeks in the saddle.”

“No,” he whimpered, “I… I won’t…...”

She sneered.

“Well then Sissy and Mommy are getting baby-making practice… I mean, imagine what I could do to their pussies with this?”

She waved that massive schlong around in a heavy circle in the air, and Zack gawped at it. It was just something else.

“Please… they’re downstairs…”

“Then you better be quiet, Zack. Now pull your Pants down or Sissy gets a free ride on the Peach train instead.”

“Okay, okay just… just …..hold on….”

His eyes darted left and right, searching for a way out.

Her eyes blazed.

“Pants. Down.”

He let out a sob and undid them, sliding them to his ankles.

“Boxers too.”

The boxers came down, and Zack’s penis was open for her to ogle at.

“Oh, already hard huh?”

He didn’t know where to look, settling for his guitar so he wouldn’t have to look down and catch a glimpse of his own arousal.

“You really are a slut…. A whole family of sluts.”

“Don’t talk about my family like that,” he said, voice shaking.

“Or what?” she growled, moving frighteningly fast to come nose to nose with him, crouching to reach eye level. If her aim was to make him feel emasculated, she easily succeeded.

He could only stay quiet. Even in the back of his mind, he noted her eyes were quite pretty, even if the expression behind them was one of a savage monster.

“Bend over the bed.”

He turned, lips quivering, and lay on his front on the soft duvet, knees on the carpet with his thighs pressing against the wooden frame.

A squelching sound issued from behind him, and he looked over his shoulder to see Peach dropping strands of gloopy, transparent liquid from a plastic tube all over her monster.

“P-Please…… Be gentle,” whispered Zack as the polished steel vessel throbbed in the air,

“Relax bitch, you’re gonna enjoy this eventually.”

Zack didn’t think that was necessarily the case, but he had no time to think about it because Peach had hiked her dress up unceremoniously and was now crouched behind him, that long shining extension of her body lining up directly into his lower half.

Zack pawed at his sheets which provided no comfort in this situation, about to be annihilated in his family home whilst his Mother and Sister went about their evening downstairs.

When the first touch came it was from cold, wet hands spreading themselves across his rump, and he nearly cried out in surprise, covered in lube as they were, but managed to control himself, burying his face in the bed which would probably be required for later events.

Those events came to pass immediately, as Peach let out a chuckle and the tip of her giant, fleshy spear pressed cool and wet against Zack’s anus.

“GMMPPHHHH,” moaned Zack into the bed, nails digging in as she put forward the slightest of pressure to tease entry, before sliding the full thing up and down between his cheeks. It served to fuel the furnace of terror building in his abdomen, until Peach squeezed his ass appreciatively.

“Ooooh Mama’s got a sweet tush tonight…. Think I should spank it so the neighbours know what we’re up to?”

“No, no no,” whimpered Zack from the corner of his mouth, legs shaking as the huge hands and cock stimulated his whole lower half.

“Oh well in that case, you better start telling me how much you want me inside you.”

He turned into the sheets so she wouldn’t see any tears.

“Put it in me,” he whispered.

Peach’s nails were sharp in his bubbly butt as they dug in, making Zack well up with pain.

“Baby, If you can’t say it like you mean it I’m going to spank this ass so loud that your Great-Grandma’s gonna hear it.”

“Fuck my ass, fuck it, p…pull my hair, I’ll, I’ll b-be your little slut, Peach,” he trembled, desperately.

“That’s more like it!” she cawed, loud enough that Zack looked back with fear at the bedroom door, in case his Sister or Mother had heard.

Her slick cock was rubbing up and down against his crack, wedging itself as her hands explored his back under the t-shirt, his pants around his ankles making him feel childish and helpless as she moved up to begin massaging his shoulders roughly.

“I’m gonna fuck you up, Zack” she murmured, bringing her thumbs to push quite energetically against the tense knots under his neck.

“Fuck me up, fuck me up Peach,” he sobbed, now coerced to playing her game for the sake of his family, even though his cock was rock hard on his belly.

Then the battering ram settled at his gates, and the first real push took place.

“MMMMHHH!” shrieked Zack into the duvet, his cries muffled as Peach grabbed both his hips and pressed her cock forwards into his sphincter with strength far beyond what his body was able to deal with.

“Take it,” she hissed, anticipation thrumming through her voice as the head tried to force itself past his sphincter.

It was like someone was forcing a baseball bat into him, and Zack swore as Peach’s bestial strength somehow increased.

“Just fuckin relax,” she snarled, and as he whimpered again Zack realised that something would have to give if he wasn’t going to scream the house down. From somewhere he managed to find a few deep breaths, and his anus loosened.

Peach buried six of the ten inches she had available straight inside Zack, who spasmed as she held herself there, both their legs shaking from pain and pleasure.

“Fuck, that’s tight,” she moaned, far too loud.

Even through the pain and humiliation of being filled in, Zack had just enough wherewithal to realise she was being far too loud, and that the only thing worse than being fucked in the ass would be his sister and mother finding out about it.

“Shhhh… P-Peach… please….”

“Oh fine, but… damn you’re so fucking tight boy,” she said, gleefully, enjoying every second of his fear and forced pleasure at her hand.

“okay, okay… just just wwwwhWWWHMMMMM!”

Zack buried his head again as Peach thrust herself forwards once more, his thighs jammed against the bed as she hilted the thick cock in his rectum, immobilising him.

“Good lord,” she grunted, resting in him, sheathed.

Zack finally agreed with something she had said, everything centring on the

pulsing dick resting inside him. He imagined this is what a turkey felt like being stuffed, taking huge gulps of air as the thing rubbed against his insides with each twitch and movement of Peach's body. He had never felt like part of another human being, but now it was intimately Peach and him as she bent over and pressed her tits down on top of his back, leaving him fastened, ass to waist, pressed into the bed by her weight.

"You're gonna love this," she murmured into his ear, grazing it with her teeth, and Zack shuddered as her tongue followed, teasing the outside of his ear before penetrating straight into it, loud and wet.

The worst part was that mixed in with the pain was a deep tingle of pleasure, worming its way up his spine.

"Hnnn."

The moan escaped his lips before he could stop it, and Peach seemed thrilled. He wandered exactly how he could tell what she was feeling, until he realised that her cock was throbbing steadily inside him and he whimpered, because it was utterly invasive and yet so enjoyable to feel her pleasure somehow.

"That's it, let me break you," she murmured, and Zack steeled himself, setting his jaw to try and receive as little pleasure as possible. This unfortunately caused him to flex his anal ring completely by accident, and Peach writhed on top of him as both participants shared a moment of distressed pleasure.

"Fuck!" she cried, and Zack's face went white as he heard what sounded like dishes clattering downstairs.

"Peach? Jennie" called his Mom, and frost began to settle around the edges of his heart as he heard footsteps approaching the stairs.

"I-i-it's fine! She just stubbed her toooooOOOHHHHHHH!!"

Peach had used that moment to rotate her hips and send waves of pleasure through Zack's body and into his brain.

"Honey, is everything alright?!"

"YEAAAHH!" he whined as Peach drove herself.

“You’re sounding a little weird honey, are you getting a cold?”

Footsteps began to echo from the staircase.

“NO—HOHHOHOHHOHO!”

Peach began to fuck him, long, brutal strokes that sped into him and stopped a microsecond before her hips made contact with his, the slaps quiet enough to just be inaudible to people outside of the room.

PAT *PAT* *PAT*

Her cock made a slick squelching sound every time it flew in and out, and Peach’s thrusts were melting Zack’s brain as she found a place which was like a lightning conductor. Each time she hit it Zack’s legs shook, and his hands clawed the bed for mercy as pleasure ripped through him.

“Jesus,” he whispered she pounded him.

“You sound sick honey!”

The footsteps were at the top of the stairs now.

“NO, EVERYTHINGS F-I-I-I-I-INNNNEEEEEEEE!” he sang, stuttering the words in time with each punishing blow to his anus, Peach putting her full weight on him as she fucked him against the bed, his thighs pressed so hard into the wood that they hurt, knees aching as she dug her cock repeatedly into him.

“Just… just wait.. oh ohhhhhh,” he whispered as Peach murdered his prostate, crushing her body into him and groaning into his ear. She slammed a few thrusts forward, most of which were far too loud, smacking her hips into his ass as she ploughed him.

“Peach? Honey, do you two need me to come in?”

“No Mother….. We-we’re fine… UHNNNnnnn……”

Zack’s eyes rolled up into the top of his head under a seismic thrust from Peach.

“Are you sure?”

The handle turned, and the sound of the door trying to be opened made Zack's hairs stand on end, but he could no longer speak English, a full-body orgasm rocking his helpless frame.

"All good Miss Harris," cried Peach in a sing-song voice between filling her son's hole. "Zack's just changing, we'll be down in a minute!"

"Oh, right, well… if you need anything… just let me know!"

"WE…. WILL!" grunted Peach as she plunged a deep, dirty thrust into Zack's anus that left the boy shaking from head to toe.

Miss Harris paused, staring at the door. Peach's voice had sounded quite different for a second, and Miss Harris could have sworn she heard a high-pitched moan.

Shaking her head, she disregarded it as a figment of her imagination and shimmied back down the stairs as Peach fucked her son's butthole with wanton abandon, pounding him into a peak of pleasure.

Zack was semi-conscious, taking the most incredible anal orgasm he had ever experienced, going far beyond what his body had been prepared for. His face was shoved into the bed, cock rock hard against the mattress as Peach bred him, and the impending ejaculation was going to be the biggest of his life as sledgehammer orgasms were pounded into his prostate, Peach milking every last ounce of his hole for her pleasure.

"Yeah, yeah, yeaaaaah," snarled Peach, arms wrapping underneath him as the bed springs let out a metallic sigh under their combined weight.

Zack didn't care, deep in the throes of an out-of-body experience. He was watching a figure shaking and smiling, drooling onto the bed, and couldn't equate the boy enveloped by a huge girl and having an orgasmic fit with himself.

Then he was back in that body being railed, and he couldn't see anything, could only smell Peach's sweat and feel her arms crushing him to her belly and tits, and of course her womanhood bullying his insides so thoroughly that they were being rearranged into jumbled, pointless slabs of meat.

"I'm… gonna cuuuuum," he moaned.

“Yeah, me too, fucking cum for me bitch,” Peach breathed hoarsely, the quiet bed creaks and stifled moans becoming more frequent as both participants reached their climax.

“FUCK,” Peach groaned, heavy weapon opening fire inside Zack’s butt, a meat cannon that exploded with thicky, tangy mayonnaise diving into his rectum. Zack could only take it as she poured her lust into his waiting orifice, and the heat of it meant he could feel every inch of his insides being marked under her semen.

“P….Peaach!” gasped Zack in a high-pitched girlish squeal that he couldn’t hold back. Warmth spread across his belly in a puddle, spreading across his duvet as Peach’s cock hit home and buried itself one final time inside, sending waves of pleasure rippling through him. He began to drool onto the bed, spasming as her weapon flexed against his tender ring.

It was the best physical experience of his life, and it hurt that Peach was the one who had achieved it.

The liquid flowed, on and on, to the point where Zack was unable to process anything but the fact that she was still dousing him. It was as if she had hooked herself up to an underground pipeline of cum and was pumping him full of it as his belly distended.

“Fuck yeah,” uttered Peach, still hugged to his back, nipples hard as rocks as a few last squirts from her cock tried to squeeze inside his completely full anus.

Zack’s head took a long time to come down from the clouds, and for a few minutes the only noise was them both breathing heavily, lungs pulling in air after the strenuous exercise they had just been through.

Dimly, he realised that he had Peach’s cum in his ass, and P’s cum in his stomach. Broken in both holes, in a single afternoon.

“Fuuuck boy, that ass…. Wow, I changed my mind, I was just gonna leave but you’re too good….. I’m gonna be your fucking girlfriend for real now.”

“Huh…. Wha….?”

It was hard to think straight being so groggy, and he remained where he was, a

ragdoll as Peach withdrew her cock out of his hole with a wet sucking sound. Ejaculate poured out of the wide-open orifice left behind, and Peach fawned over his well-fucked asshole.

“Oh forget boyfriend, you’re gonna be my fucking husband.”

The feeling of her cock leaving him was like losing a leg, and Zack was at a loss for how to deal with such emptiness as the long thick cork she had withdrawn released her viscous champagne all over his ass and thighs, before drenching the carpet below.

‘Am I going to feel like this all the time now?....’ he thought blearily, and then his eyelids were lowering as if someone had attached anvils to them. Dimly he felt the creampie continue to seep cum down his crack, but then his eyelids met and he sagged, beginning to snore peacefully.

Peach took one last look at him, nodding in satisfaction, and dusted her hands before hiding her cock under her dress and padding to the door.

That’s where she left him, his pants round his ankles, splooge running down his legs, slumped over the bed.

“Oh hey Peach, is Zack okay?” Miss Harris asked in a worried tone as Peach reached the bottom of the stairs.

“Oh yeah, he’s more than fine Miss Harris, but I think he’s feeling tired bless him. It’s been a long day!… maybe let him sleep it off.”

She ended the sentence with an impish giggle, her demeanour sweet and gentle once more.

“Ah right, well….. thank you so much for looking after him. I think you two are so sweet together.”

Peach’s chest tightened with excitement, having just pounded the living daylights out of her son and left the little slut turned out with a creampie for his troubles.

“Oh, not a problem,” she simpered, “Love those yoga pants on you by the way Miss Harris…. They really bring out your figure.”

Miss Harris went bright red, bouncing on her heels as she fiddled with her nails.

“Oh well… Thank you…. The right outfit hides the imperfections you know?…”

“I bet you look better out of them,” she replied, and Miss Harris murmured, lost for words.

“I’ll see you soon,” said Peach, and she made sure to flick the back of the dress so that Miss Harris’s eyes would be drawn to her caboose as she swayed out of the house, winking at Zack’s sister on the way past.

“And you.”

“Yeah, come back soon!” said Jennie breathlessly, her own face going a deep burgundy between the freckles.

Peach gave one last wave and closed the front door behind her before walking out to her car with a swagger in her step.

‘This place is going to be seeing a lot more of me,’ thought Peach as she cast an eye back on her new favourite family.

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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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