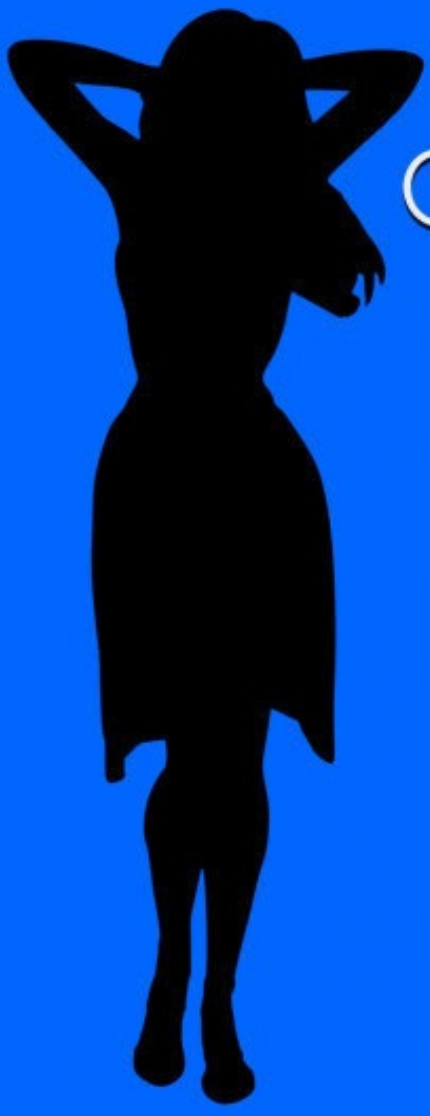
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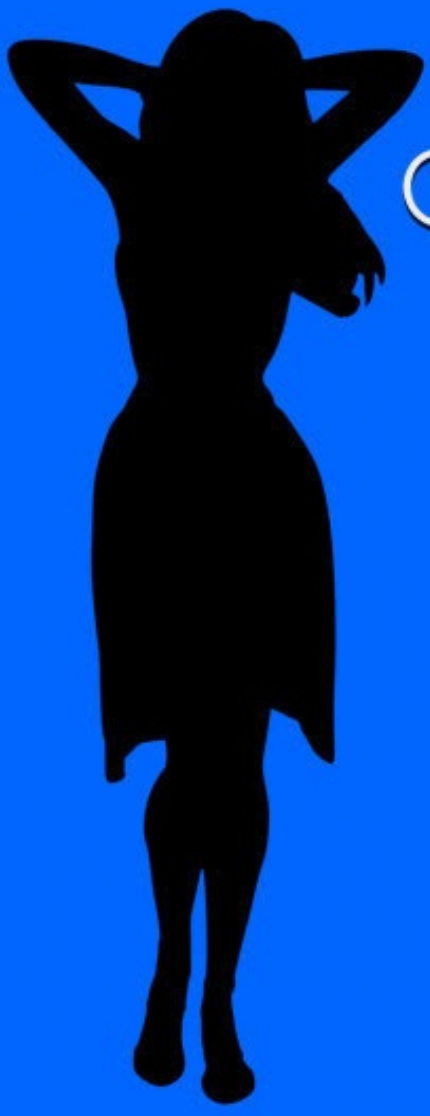


Community Service pt.3



(Futa on Male)

Thereshegoes123



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(Futa on Male)

Community Service – Pt.3

(Futa on Male)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

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

If you enjoyed this book check out my other works, and for more stories and content, or to ask about commissions, visit:

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Community Service – Pt.3

Tap *tap* *tap*

“Zack?”

Everything ached. Tired limbs remained still, each of them avoiding any moves that might set the rest into motion.

“F…Five morrrre min-ts…..”

“Zackie, it’s eleven o’clock, don’t you think you should be here on someone’s special day.”

The boy who had been lying in bed, half-snoring sat bolt alright.

“Fuck,” he murmured under his breath as Mom continued to knock on the door.

“Do I really have to come in there?”

Zack groaned and slid a leg out of bed…. into a lake of cum. He squeaked, feeling something wet running down his thighs…. then processed that Peach’s ejaculate was also leaking out of his asshole.

“Shit.”

“Zack, do you hear me!”

“YES, yeah, I hear you!” he cried, scrambling for the tissues on his bedside table and moaning as his butthole released a little more cum with every movement of his aching glutes.

“Okay, I’m coming in….”

“NO WAIT!” screeched Zack.

His Mother turned the handle and a wisp of her hair made its way inside before Zack threw himself at the door, crumpling on shaky legs but managing to fall in front of it long enough that he could wedge himself up against it like a human doorstop, a trail of white slime left behind him on the carpet.

“Oh… for goodness’ sake Zack!”

“I-I’m, I’m naked!”

His Mother stopped pushing at the door.

“Oh…. Alright, alright, but… you have your sister’s present yes?”

His brain whirred.

Ava’s tone became a warning.

“Zackary…. You DID remember to buy your sister a gift?”

Zack’s eyelids scrunched closed. There was no getting around this one.

“I… I forgot.”

The silence stung more than any rebuke she could have given, and when Ava Harris spoke it was with weariness.

“Really….. You know, I cannot believe how selfish you can be sometimes Zackary. You know she’s been having a hard time after her friends moved away…. Would you even have bothered waking up today if I hadn’t knocked?”

His face was red, chest constricted like it was being gripped by a giant fist.

The silences between sentences shredded his lungs as she eventually settled on a resigned tone.

“Come down whenever it suits you.”

With that she trudged off, stair creaks descending into silence, and Zack put his head in his hands, physically and mentally worn out.

This was a nightmare.

After a few minutes of letting himself sit in his own effluence, he forced himself to his feet on legs which were no longer sure of themselves, and grabbed the tissue box by his bed.

After trying his best to make himself feel like less of a cum-rag, he squeezed himself into two pairs of underwear, (his asshole wouldn't stop leaking) a pair of ripped jeans and the 'Flight-Life' T-Shirt that P had liked so much.

A small smile fluttered on his lips as he thought about the girl who had given him a full belly of cum yesterday, and he burped. He needed to ingest something that wasn't sperm.

Zack grabbed his phone whilst getting ready and his whole body tingled.

P had messaged.

Hey, wanted to ask if you were free to go to the mall tomorrow x

Zack didn't even think before replying.

Yeah, I'm there, two O'clock?

He threw the phone on his desk, heart blossoming, and realised he didn't have time to shower as Mom was already angry enough, spraying as much deodorant as humanly possible which would hopefully mask the brutal smell of jizz emanating from his person, before staggering to the stairs.

***

"Maybe we can get a present together… you know I'm terrible with gifts and… and we could spend some time together!"

Jennie's door remained stubbornly shut.

Zack grimaced.

"Look, I know……. I-I messed up, but really, I had a lot of things going on and

it kind of just slipped my mind…”

“Go away!”

Zack sighed and turned to his mother who seemed unprepared to help in any way after his disaster of an ‘apology’ attempt.

He gave her a pleading gaze, but she merely offered him a ‘you made this mess, you sort it out’ look, so he turned back to the solid wooden barrier and tried again.

“Look, I know, I’m a bad brother….”

“The WORST!” she shouted.

“Yeah… right… but…. But we can go now, we can get something, you name it…..”

“I don’t CARE!”

Zack could feel his frustration rising at her petulance.

“Well, if you don’t care why are you crying??”

“I’M NOT CRYING!” She squealed, before sniffling louder than she had been before, and Mrs Harris put her head in her hands.

“That’s enough,” she snapped, guiding him away from her door with a sour expression.

“But she’s being an idiot!” he muttered.

“I SAID, ENOUGH!”

That shut him up, and his mother promptly left his side, descending down the staircase, probably to put an uneaten birthday cake in the fridge and clear away the decorations.

Screw it.

He trudged into his room and picked up the guitar, making sure to plug his

headphones in (If Mom heard him playing, his prized possession would probably find itself flying through an open window.)

He fell into his own world, and everything relaxed into place in his body.

Thirty minutes. An Hour.

When he looked up at the clock again after another half-hour he finally put the guitar down and took a sip of water…. And then the door began to creak open.

He frowned, expecting another remonstration from his mother. His bowels nearly released when he saw the leer of Peach peeking through the gap, followed by the rest of her toned, powerful body now slipped into a summery white dress with buttons down the middle. It looked as sweet could be, which was still nowhere near enough to balance out the thirst radiating from her eyes.

“So… Who’s been a naughty boy?”

Her hair was down again, hanging to her waist like it had back in class.

Zack’s brain shut down.

“Did someone forget his sexy little sis’s birthday?”

Disgust managed to worm its way onto his features.

“Ah, the wonderful older brother… although of course, he’s not quite so wonderful…”

“What do you want,” snarled Zack, before grimacing internally, because he knew exactly what she wanted.

Peach cocked her head.

“Aannnnnnd, that’s going to cost you.”

His whole body shivered.

Peach cast her eye to the floor, where her splooge was beginning to dry on the carpet.

“Wow, I had expected you’d clean it up, but I guess you like the smell huh?”

He whined.

“It… it wasn’t like that, I’ve been trying…”

“Trying to un-screw your mess?” she finished.

He didn’t respond.

Peach’s grin seemed to clamp itself like iron around his heart, restricting the flow of blood through his body.

“Baby, like your ass, you can’t un-fuck that.”

Zack had to resist the urge to massage his tired glutes, the same ones Peach’s hips had been slamming into the day before as his eyes made an unbidden rendezvous to her shapely legs.

“Now… as I see it, Jennie is kinda bummed about you forgetting her birthday, so Mama bear had to turn to me because big bro isn’t quite ready to fill his shoes yet…. does that sum up the situation succinctly?”

Zack clung to the bedsheets, and felt frustration and shame course through him, because everything she had said was true

Peach picked something from her teeth as she spoke.

“Well, this is how it’s going to go. Suck my cock and swallow like the dirty bitch you are, and I help your sis have an awesome birthday…. Or don’t suck my cock and I help her have an even more awesome birthday by popping her cherry so hard she ends up being my moaning little fuck-slut instead.”

Zack bared his teeth, but the feeling of powerlessness was all-consuming, his ass aching and brain struggling to put up resistance to Peach’s gleaming confidence.

“I thought you’d like it,” she said, lifting her dress up over her already-hard cock.

Even though this was the second time he had seen it, it still looked magnificent

in a monstrous way.

“Suck or Siiiis,” she sang, swinging the big purple head side to side like a dancing cobra.

“Okay,” he whined, running to his knees and opening his lips wide.

“Woah woah woah!” giggled Peach, slapping him away, “Slow down there you fucking slut…”

He waited, lips trembling, for his next humiliation.

“Gimme a kiss first.”

“Huh?”

She shoved his chest with her foot, pushing him onto his back.

“Give. Me. A. Kiss.”

He got up gingerly and made to kiss the bobbing helmet

Her foot planted him to the floor again.

“On my face, idiot.”

Zack processed this for a few seconds, then carefully got to his knees, approaching her face like it contained a nest of vipers.

Peach raised an eyebrow, smirking as he fell into her shadow. Then a hand shot out and touched his balls.

“Oomph!”

It didn’t squeeze… in fact it rubbed up quickly to his shaft.

“Already hard huh?”

Zack’s face went beet red.

“Yeah,” he whispered as she moved down again and began playing with his

balls.

“I knew it.”

He hated that she knew it.

“Now give your girlfriend a kiss.”

Zack couldn’t help the tension rising in his chest as he brought himself up on tip toes and brushed his lips to hers, and then flickered his tongue just into her entrance, sucking as he moaned just a little at the pressure between them.

Peach closed her eyes, and Zack felt genuine need as she sighed, pursing her lips to let his tongue go a little deeper. Her arms snaked their way around him, and as the two people embraced the only sounds were quiet sucking and moaning noises, Peach pulling him tight, grunting a little more heavily into Zack’s face.

As much as he hated to admit it, Peach was turning him on, flicking his buttons as she groped his ass with steel fingers, and Zack squealed as she lifted him, connecting their crotches and laying a spank on his ass so severe that someone in the house must surely have heard it.

SMACK!

“Uhhn…. Shhhhh,” he whined, and Peach giggled as she plugged her tongue back in his mouth, sating him like a baby with a bottle.

They wrestled like that for a minute, her holding him up in the air as she attacked him with her tongue, him giving in as she groped his butt-cheeks and rubbing his little bulge with her animal.

When they had finished both were red-faced and huffing.

“Wanna fuck?” breathed Peach.

“Huum….. H… Well…..”

“Awesome!!!”

His clothes had come off before he even had time to think, and Peach was so

excited she nearly slipped in the drying cum puddle on the way to the bed, grimacing as she glanced down at her now-sticky foot.

“Ah shit,” she muttered, wiping it on a dry patch of carpet. “You’d better clean that up before I move in.”

“M… move in?”

“YEAH, MOVE IN,” she said aggressively, “got a problem?”

“N… Well it’s just…”

“Shut up,” she snarled, and clambered into him, forcing him onto the bed.

She barely pulled his pants below his ass, such was her need to enter him, and Zack whimpered a snivelling “wait!” as she readied herself to enter.

“W-we need lube!”

She gave a sardonic expression.

“Well, didn’t you buy any?”

“Huh?”

“You knew I would be coming back, why didn’t you buy any.”

“Uh, I hadn’t had time…”

“Because you don’t fucking think, do you,” she snarled, slapping him across the face. “Always thinking about yourself!!”

SLAP

Zack whimpered as the stinging backhand connected, *SLAP*, and again with a forehand to the other cheek, a disdainful blow that left his cheeks red and ugly.

“You will keep lube here in the future, and I expect a desk.”

“A…..” He caught himself before he repeated her again, hoping to avoid drawing her large, powerful palms to his cheek once more.

“Yes…. A desk,” she responded acidly, guessing the question. “We can’t fuck all the time, and your girlfriend’s got to study.”

“Y-you’re studying?” he asked, suddenly curious as she spat a huge glob of saliva on her hand.

Her hand flew beneath him and attacked his asshole, making him flinch as the cool liquid hit the rim of his ass.

“Oh… such a cutie, fucking feeling it huh?” she chuckled, “….and I’m studying Business and economics.”

“Oh, uh…” he spoke as she prepared to immobilise him, “…I didn’t expect you to…”

“Not be an idiot?” she sneered, thrusting a little more nastily into his hole which had him whimpering. “Well yeah, I know I look like a sexy dumb bitch, thanks for reminding me, but I’m a student, so there’s no way I’m staying somewhere without a desk.”

Her cock was already shouldering its way inside, and Zack huffed as it spread him, legs shaking in the air.

“B-but what about your place, we could go there instead,” he begged, tears forming in his eyes.

Her face became a mask of rage.

“Don’t talk about my place, NOT EVER,” she snarled like a wolverine, jaws slavering as something dark seemed to take over her, and then weirdly her cock was going backwards, out of him.

‘Oh.. maybe she’s changed her m-?‘

“Crab.”

“What?” he whispered, looking into her cold, dead stare.

“I don’t want you looking at me slut, only obedient boyfriends get kisses. Crab, belly upwards.”

“R… right he whispered, and Zack positioned himself so his back was lifted off the bed, lofted by unsteady arms and legs on the mattress.

“L-like this?”

Peach’s look became less fierce.

“Good enough.”

Then with speed that was still shocking for someone so large, she flung herself onto the bed beneath him, parallel with her cock pointed upwards to flirt with the crack running between his butt-cheeks, tapping them like she was searching for weaknesses.

“Sit,” she ordered.

He did so, but stopped at the battering ram aimed squarely up at his entrance.

‘Shit.’

Zack remained a statue, unwilling to sit down on the steel shaft pointing straight up into his tush.

A fingernail trailed down his back, winding between the crevasse of his shoulder blades, tickling between his ribs, making him judder.

“Sit on it, or I know someone next door who will.”

Zack’s resistance sank a notch.

“F-fine,” he muttered.

The dainty figure sank his hips down and tried to hold in a scream as Peach aimed her cock straight up at his anal tract. The pressure grew, but he couldn’t relax, and his eyes watered as his rim simply refused to accept the giant menace back in.

Peach took matters into her own hands with a snarl, grabbing his hips and pulling him down, and he let out a weak cry as the spit lubricant eventually told, sliding her up inside.

“UUUHnnn!”

Zack began to moan as once more she took his insides for her enjoyment, ravaging upwards as he sat down on his destroyer, his kryptonite pork-sword.

“JESUS,” he sobbed.

Knees and elbows shook as the next two excruciating inches were whimpered through, leaving her stretching his entrance wide, the figure close to settling into a stomach-churning seat.

The cock was as deliciously soul wrenching as ever, and Zack could feel himself sweating as the sensations from last time crept up on him, the delirious pleasure which had gripped his whole body and refused to let go, binding him to Peach’s whim.

Peach simply lay there, loving the sensations of Zack’s tight ass on her girth, and when he glanced behind him, sweat beginning to dapple his brow, arms burning, he saw she had her hands behind her head, like a tourist lying in a hammock, a charismatic grin on her face.

It was humiliating how he had to debase himself on her marble pillar whilst she enjoyed the view, and it appeared to be feeding into the other part of him which was loving it, his dick already joining Peach’s in a vain salute into the air.

“Guh….uuhhh….”

‘Shit she’s still so big…’

“Yeah, that’s it,” swooned Peach, as her baby’s hips came down fully, and Zack’s shaking legs could rest. Her cock pulsed like a nuclear reactor inside his core, powering up his adrenaline, that dirty, wonderful feeling of being filled by another person’s hard pipe so wrong, and yet so right.

It lasted for a few seconds before Peach got impatient.

“Did I tell you to lie down?”

“N-no, sorry Peach,” he whimpered, beginning to raise himself slowly back up.

She sighed as he got to the head, and then reversed momentum, all the way back down.

Zack grimaced as he took it, but the feeling of pain lessened sharply the second time. The third time was even better. The fourth time was just filthy pleasure in his abdomen.

“OHHhhhh,” moaned Zack, as his limbs shook, orgasmic delight zipping between them.

“That’s it bitch-boy,” cooed Peach, “enjoy Peach’s dick in your ass.”

Zack was certainly complying with her request, having to do everything in his power to stop himself falling back onto Peach’s chest, arms weak as he bounced himself a little faster on Peach’s pelvis like her cock was an invasive pogo stick.

“Ooohh P-Peach, Peaaaach,” he moaned, feeling that intense surge of hormones flooding through his body with every slap of their hips meeting, every balls-deep hilting punishing his insides.

Peach was beginning to feel the same way, whining each time it happened, that drug surge getting more and more powerful every few seconds to wipe out all cognitive brain function and leave her gasping for air as Zack debased himself on her weapon.

“Just… HUH! Oh yeah baby…. Take that dick like a champ!”

He didn’t have the strength to stay up and dropped onto Peach’s front.

“S….shit stay stable dickwad, or I’m gonna go twice as fast and crater you!”

“C-crater me?..”

“Yeah,” she said, breathing heavily, “and your Mom will be scraping what’s left of you off the sheets.”

He pushed upwards, finding that energy reserved for survival, for do or die moments, crabbing upwards to allow Peach unfettered access to his body.

She took the initiative out of his hands anyway and grabbed his hips, slamming

her pelvis into his butt-cheeks, bouncing high out of the mattress which propelled her cock upwards, clapping his cheeks so hard that it sounded like they were applauding Peach for such a fantastic dicking.

“UUUHN!”

She began to motor, and every deep sheathing of her pork-sword was stamping his prostate with the instructions to kick his body into heaven, deliciously ribbing him as Zack began to see stars in his vision, and then nothing at all, because his eyes were looking somewhere dark, and he was sure he could see her dick itself, re-arranging his insides, spurting pre-cum into him whenever his anus clamped down on her shaft mid-spasm.

He had to hold back a scream as she became more vigorous, far less caring towards his butt’s general wellbeing, flinging up brutal thrusts as she bounced so deep into the mattress that Zack briefly wondered how many bed slats they would break by the end of this, and how he would explain it to Mom.

It was all swept aside by the orgasm being fucked into him by Peach, and Zack gave himself over to it, arms collapsing as he fell back on his partner who rolled him onto his side and continued to anally batter him as he lay quivering in her grip, eagerly staring at his expression going wide with shock as her cock stimulated every last inch of his body into a chest-pounding climax.

Peach gazed at her lover being turned into her whore and her balls became so tight it was almost painful.

“H-here it comes,” she hissed, careful to keep her voice low as she whimpered through a brutal orgasm that shot her seed deep into Zack’s butthole.

He felt the warmth envelope his insides like soup was being poured into his abdomen, and that feeling of being marked, owned, was as addictive as it was awful, because the person doing the marking was his evil overlord, Peach.

They lay there, locked in a filthy embrace as she let out a hazy smile and Zach spasmed in the aftershocks of his anal orgasm.

“Hey bitch,” she said after regaining her breath.

“W…..What?” he croaked.

"Tell your Mom I'm moving in and I'll go talk to your sister."

"What?! No, at least let-"

She placed her fingers in his mouth.

"I wasn't asking, buttercup."

He snivelled into her fingers.

"Suck my fingers if you understand."

He knew there was no choice here, and Zack felt a sickening itch in his throat as he applied suction, tasting a healthy amount of sperm on them. She'd obviously slathered them before inserting them into his mouth. They stayed like that for a few seconds, him aching from his hole as he used up the vestiges of his strength as Peach's plaything.

She let out a long sigh, sweat dripping down her brow.

"Ahhhhh.... Right then."

She removed her fingers, shoving Zack aside and popping off the bed like she fancied nothing more than a casual stroll having thoroughly explored his insides, and, after making sure her dress was properly adjusted, wiping away any flecks of drool or cum on her person, she tiptoed out of the door, leaving it a crack open.

Zack briefly worried that the door might swing open revealing his Mother, Sister and extended family all glaring at him with his legs akimbo, anus busted in like a sinkhole filled with custard, but then Peach was knocking on his sister's door.

"Go away!"

"Hey Jen, it's Peach."

Silence.

"Hey."

"Can I come in?"

Zack heard the click of a latch, and then his eyelids shrouded his senses as he plunged into a dreamy nap.

***

"Nobody cares about me."

Peach put her arm around Jennie's shoulder.

"Well that's not true... I mean Zack called me here didn't he?"

She glared up at the much larger girl.

"Bullshit. Don't lie to me, Mom called you didn't she."

Peach smirked.

"... Yeah okay, you got me."

Jennie put her head in her hands, eyes red.

"I wish Mom would just leave me alone."

"Oh?"

"Yeah.... I bet your Mom is way cooler."

Peach's face hardened for a split second.

"Look Jen... Your Mom cares, and that's a good thing, trust me."

"Ugh," exclaimed Jennie, sniffling into her hand.

"My friends all left... Now it's just me... I don't wanna do university..."

Peach pretended to nod sagely whilst ogling the young girl's healthy breasts, black leggings wrapped up around plush thighs. Peach could already see the

thigh-gap that online models craved, although her search was always a little north of that.

Relax, think of the end goal. Zack is yours. Fuck this bitch and it's all over.

Jennie's fingers rested gently on Peach's knee, and it thrummed through the larger girl's body, weakening her resistance.

"I'm glad you're here... Honestly that idiot Zack doesn't deserve you..."

Peach snorted.

"Yeah, true...."

Jennie's fingers became a little more rigid on her skin, and her heart began to beat a little faster.

No. Don’t.

"Uh... Wanna play some games?"

Jennie's visage broke into a weak smile for the first time.

"Yeah."

***

As Zack hobbled down the stairs, he could already hear the sounds of gunfire and death filling the air alongside the amused screams of Jennie who was clearly in her final throes.

He managed to reach the bottom and peer round the corner to see Jennie standing on the sofa, eagerly mashing a button with Peach lounging back next to her, casually jerking the controller around as a hail of rocket explosions blasted through the speaker system.

"Hmph," he muttered to himself, frustrated with the way they seemed to get on

like a house on fire, turning into the breasts of his mother.

"Oof, Mom!" he muttered, staggering to the side as she stood with crossed arms.

"Nice of you to join us," she said smartly.

“Uh, yeah.”

He tried not to wince as his ass ached from the abuse that Peach had put it through earlier that afternoon.

“Look Zack, you need to spend time with your sister... You can’t just rely on your better half.”

“Okay, okay,” he muttered, grumbling at the use of the term ‘better half’ to describe Peach.

“Tomorrow she wants to go see the premier of a new movie.”

“Oh yeah?”

“YES, are you listening to me??”

“SURE,” he grumbled.

“Good….. I’d hate for you to forget something important again,” she said testily, “but she doesn’t want to go with me, so you’ll have to do it.”

“So, movie tomorrow, fine…. Wait…. tomorrow?”

P. His mall date with P was tomorrow.

“Well yes, I said tomorrow, why?”

She narrowed her eyes.

“Suddenly have something planned?”

“Uh… yeah…” he said, trying to think up an excuse on the fly. “er…”

“Well, what is it that’s so important??”

“I’m going… for an interview.”

“You’re going for an interview… tomorrow.” her eyebrows rose. “And you didn’t think to mention it? Is it going to take up enough of your day to not go with Jennie to the cinema for a few hours?”

Zack could feel the dreams of riding on the back of P’s motorbike, back to her imaginary flat which looked just like his bedroom, full to the brim with posters of bands and musical trinkets, evaporating before his eyes.

He groaned.

“NO, no I’ll just be busy for a bit beforehand……. I can do the movie…“

His face fell into a sulk.

“Ugh… it’s going to be one of those action B-movies that she likes isn’t it.”

“IN AL LIKELIHOOD YES! And you can go watch it with her because YOU are the one who didn’t bring her a present, or even a card. A damn card Zack!”

He hung his head.

“… Okay well… fine….”

“Where is this interview by the way?”

“Huh?”

“Your interview? This incredible, out of the blue interview?”

“OH…um…”

Zack fidgeted as his mother’s eyes peeled to slits.

“H…huh… Hhhhhoo… oo-ters.”

Her face was as emotive as the side of a cliff.

“Hooters. You’re going to an interview….. at hooters.”.

“Yeah,” he said, shrinking down to the size of a pea.

Ava’s lips barely moved, they were so tightly pressed together.

“You know what? I don’t care what you do in your own time, lie to me all you want… but when I drop your sister off I expect you to be there. No excuses. Do you understand me?”

He nodded his head.

“Yeah, yeah I’ll be there.”

“You better.”

She looked entirely unconvinced as Zack made to dash back upstairs, already thinking about what he was going to do with P the next day. It sucked that he had to take his sister to the cinema afterwards, but at least he’d be in the clear after the birthday fiasco. Really he couldn’t complain….

Peach appeared around the corner and collared him with two words.

“Zacky-poo!”

Zack groaned.

She was enjoying this too much.

He tried to curve his lips into a smile at the girl standing shyly next to his mother.

“…yeah?”

“Gimme a kiss.”

He waddled up and gave her a peck on the cheek.

“Thanks babe,” she cooed, subtly gripping his balls, and putting her lips to his ear, unnoticed by Ava who was gazing affectionately at them.

“We had a deal.. now tell her.”

His chest tightened, as did the hand on his testicles which made him mewl.

Ava's expression became even brighter at the supposedly gentle fawning of Peach over her son.

Zack absolutely didn't want to say it, but for the sake of his sister, he knew there was no choice.

"Okay," he muttered.

The release of his balls was wonderful, and he sighed in relief, turning to his Mother who was eyeing them with a comforting smile.

"M-mom… urm… i-is it okay if….."

Peach gave him a wide-eyed look, one which would seem excited to those who didn't know her, instead of vaguely threatening.

"…..Can Peach stay here?.... you know… for a little while…."

Peach clapped her hand to her mouth in shock.

"Oh… Zacky-poooooooo!"

Ava's smile was the widest it had been all day , beaming from her cheeks.

"Zack, this young lady can stay as long as she likes… she's part of the family!"

Peach's smile that followed didn't seem entirely fake, and in fact Zack could have sworn he saw a hint of liquid in her eyes.

He must have imagined it as next moment that fake flowery voice cut his ears.

"Oh THANK you!" she beamed at his Mother.

Ava came forward and wrapped her arms around Peach, and for once Zack saw a lack of assuredness from Peach as she became stiff, unsure how to respond. Her arms came up awkwardly, slightly lost in the embrace before Ava pulled back.

"Oh there's no need to cry darling!"

“I wasn’t crying,” muttered Peach with a subtle baring of teeth, the veneer cracking as Ava simpered, grabbing some tissues from nearby and dabbing her own eyes.

“I’ll leave you two alone,” Ava simpered, giving a slightly sterner look to Zack before walking off.

“Wow, nice fake tears,” whispered Zack sarcastically.

“Shut up,” she hissed, pressing him against the wall, “you’re mine now.”

Zack whimpered as she squeezed against him a little harder.

After a brief moment where he wasn’t sure if she would kiss or headbutt him, she pecked his cheek, back in girl-next-door mode, and released him before skipping back into the living room.

Zack gazed after her, unable to help enjoying the way her ass shaped down to her thighs and calves, such easy power in those shapely limbs.

‘Crap’

He shook his head and made to run upstairs.

“Zack!” His mother called sternly from the kitchen.

He paused halfway up, gripping the banister, realising it was hard to go fast when your legs weren’t listening to your brain.

“What?!”

“Come here.”

He moaned as he staggered back, just wishing for the day to be over.

When he came in Ava was looking at him with a soft expression.

“Yeah?”

“You’ve not impressed me today Zack.”

He moaned.

“Yeah but.. but we sorted it…”

“No, she sorted it.”

He fell silent, grumbling under his breath.

“You’ve made a lot of questionable decisions Zackary Harris…. But asking Peach to move in was not one of them, and… I’m proud of you.”

He hung his head.

"You keep hold of that girl Zack," she said fervently, "It might be the luckiest thing that’s ever happened to you, so hold onto her."

He nodded and hobbled off, spirits dampened.

***

There it was. The sleek black motorcycle, stood next to the entrance. Zack scanned for P as he parked his squat hatchback in the corner of the mall car park, before winding his way to the entrance.

His lungs were getting bigger with each step, heart pumping faster and harder.

‘Just be smooth, just be….’

“Hey.”

“GHEY!” he blurted, turning face-first into P’s tits, which were now in a low-cut tank-top that showed an unnecessary amount of cleavage.

Her hair was back up in its fan, and her attire remained black, although she’d coloured her lips and nails with a deep red that, whilst it didn’t pop out, made it obvious that she’d made an effort to look pretty.

“You look nice,” she said.

For someone so imposing, her slight shyness was so cute.

“Yeah, yeah you too.”

He couldn’t help staring at her healthy cleavage, winding down to her crotch and seeing nothing denoting the beast hidden away.

She smirked as he ogled her tits, and then glanced down.

“Ah, yeah… tucked it away. I don’t think the general public needs to see that.”

It didn’t matter that she wasn’t sporting a heavy crotch bulge however, because she still turned heads as they walked through the mall entrance.

Zack couldn’t help double checking just to make sure he wasn’t imagining the gorgeous woman walking beside him as they made their way through the well-lit rows of stores, and Zack also noted with surprise that quite a few tall ladies were striding past them, or hanging out at the burger bars, some of them gazing at him with rapturous eyes. He had started to notice it more and more in futa-town, and after their community class he was seeing it everywhere. He sidled a little closer to her side.

“So uh.. what do you want to do?” he asked.

“Oh, we could go to the cinema maybe? There’s a new horror movie out…”

“Ah… of course! Yeah, I’m up for that,” he said, despite not caring a jot for horror films.

“Cool.”

They began to walk together.

“There’s this new one called ‘Claw-Man’, and I really want to see it…”

“Yeah… yeah me too.”

For a moment they strode through the mall, past a colourful array of clothing stores and diners, before coming to a stop at a music store with guitars lining the

walls, and various drumkits in a row near the back.

The two of them looked at each other, eyebrows raised.

“We got time?”

P checked her phone.

“Yeah, we got time,” she grinned.

They strode in, and soon lost themselves in their respective sections.

P stroked her hand across a platinum drumkit, caressing the surfaces.

“Zack, check th-“

A loud guitar power dive screeched through the air, nearly deafening P as Zack began to blast away at a ludicrously expensive and quite beautiful guitar nearby, whilst a shop assistant watched him with a bitter stare.

She let out a wry chuckle and came over to where he was losing himself in the music.

“Okay Van gay-len, didn’t realise we were playing the Garden.”

“What? It sounds awesome!”

“It sounds loud,” she responded, wincing as Zack shredded their ears with a riff so piercing it almost dislodged some of the display instruments from their cases.

“Hey buddy, enough of that!”

Zack groused but obediently let go of the guitar as it was removed from his shoulders by the assistant and placed back carefully in its case.

“That was amazinnnng,” he swooned.

“Did you see that awesome drum-set?”

“Huh?”

“Oh.. never mind.”

They walked out after Zack tried to ask for another guitar and the assistant opened the case so slowly that it was quite clear he didn’t want Zack anywhere near another instrument.

His gaze went up to her nonchalant expression, flickering to P’s hand hanging by her side, and Zack in a moment of impetuosity attempted to slyly take hold of it, missing completely and brushing against her hip in an awkward stroke down to her knee.

She looked down in surprise.

“Oh! Uh, just admiring the material.. is it leather?.. I don’t really own-”

She grabbed his hand, squeezing it tight.

“You should worry about what’s underneath the leather.”

“O-okay,” he responded weakly, letting her lead him towards the cinema with a glazed expression of contentment on his face.

They reached the empty kiosk with a spotty, bored looking attendant, whose eyes lit up at the sight of P as she brought out her wallet.

“No, no let me!” said Zack quickly, retrieving his own.

“You don’t have to…”

“It’s cool,” he replied, slapping down twenty dollars.

Spotface squinted down at him through rimmed glasses.

“It’s thirty.”

His face fell.

P chuckled and threw another ten in.

“I’ll get the popcorn.”

“Thanks,” he responded weakly, the man staring longingly at the retreating back of P as she walked to the concessions stall arm in arm with Zack.

After grabbing a large bucket of caramel popcorn (“Why would anyone buy salted?” “RIGHT?”) they made their way to the screen through dingy purple corridors.

“So… what does ‘P’ actually stand for then?” he asked, taking a slurp of his raspberry slushy.

Her stance became strangely defensive.

“Uh… “

He gazed up and saw a few lines of tension on her face.

“… Penelope.”

Zack blurted his slushy over the aisle as they made their way through.

“PENELOPE!?!”

She punched him in the shoulder.

“Shut up,” she muttered, as he cawed into the huge space, empty but for one or two groups near the front who noted them with distasteful gazes.

“Penelope!!!! I didn’t realise I was talking to a duchess of the realm….”

P set her jaw.

“Keep saying it and you’ll be sorry mister.”

“Okay, okay,” he chuckled, wiping a tear from his eye. “Just… You know with the bike and everything… But you’re still the coolest,” he added, nudging her gently in the ribs.

“Well compared to you, yeah,” she fired back, lips curving back upwards.

“Ooh, cheap shot.”

“Cheap ass.”

He winced.

“Too far?”

“A little.”

They made their way to the back seats, settling into comfy seats with plush red cushions.

“So you like horror films?”

He shuffled.

“Yeah, yeah big fan.”

“Oh cool, which one’s your favourite?”

He stuttered.

“Uhhhh, the happening…..”

“Huh really? I mean they marketed that one a lot but I thought it was awful…”

He put on a brave smile.

“Yeah! Yeah, that, that was a joke.”

She eyed him shrewdly.

“You don’t like Horror movies do you.”

“…No.”

She chuckled.

“You know, you can be honest with me.”

“Yeah but, I didn’t want you to not like me… and it’s our first date…”

She raised her eyebrows.

“Date?”

He froze.

“YE… WELL, I mean, it… it’s… doesn’t have to be…”

She watched him squirm in his seat, her heart pumping faster than it had in a long time, blood roaring through her head.

“Ah… kind of a date… not… if you don’t want…”

P slid her hand down her pants and placed her fingers around the monster which had been semi-erect for the last ten minutes and was now rock solid, fishing it out into the front of her crotch, grunting as it was released into the free air between her legs.

“But… you know maybe next time… sometimes texts are a little difficult to get the meaning…”

P placed the popcorn on the seat next to her and grabbed Zack, gripping his neck so firmly that Zack got scared for a second as she pulled him from his seat, forcing him into a kneeling position in front of her.

He mewled, docile and compliant like a pet being held at a vets, hands grabbing hold of the leather-clad thighs either side of his head, staring into the eye of a raging cock, the tip glistening in the low light with pre-cum, just able to make out the rough texture of the ridged head, the pinks taking on a purple hue in the darkness of the back row.

She angled his head upwards for a moment so he was looking up at her starving expression.

“How do you think the date’s going so far?” she murmured.

“Uh…Good?” he whispered.

“Yeah, me too.”

She guided her cock straight into his mouth and he moaned around it, a hum zipping from the tip down to the base and up through P's spine.

Pleasure ran through her, and she held back a groan as the lights went out and an advert for the latest hatchback filled the screen, playing across the back of Zack's head as he was pulled back and forth, on and off of her cock.

The sloppy, glugging sounds of Zack downing a pint of dick went unnoticed beneath the booming sound system, rumbling car noises overshadowing the sounds of his gagging and spluttering as he forced his head even further down it, trying to lick across the vein on one side whilst his hands crept to her balls and began a massage that was as mesmeric as it was enjoyable, P huffing and grunting as she bucked her hips, sending inches of cock sliding to the back of Zack's throat.

The gagging sounds got louder as a new Hubson vacuum cleaner wound its way across the screen, gliding into corners that others couldn't reach as Zack's tongue slid down and under the ridge of her helmet for a different, slightly rougher texture, before sucking upwards to slurp P's pre from her slit, hoovering up the tasty starter course.

Dark red nails dug a little into the back of his scalp.

"Jesus Zackie, that's so good," she muttered, head thrown back with her legs wide like a perv at the strip club who was having the time of their life.

Zack briefly extracted his tonsils from stroking P's head.

"Uh, my Mom calls me that."

She briefly looked down at him.

"Oh sorry, I… Well we can stop if you wwOHHHHHhhhhhhmmmmnnnn."

She let out the exclamation as Zack sank fully back onto her cock, meeting her pelvis with an Inuit nose-greeting as he slobbered all over her girth.

"ZACk, Zack," she moaned, unable to contain herself and shoving herself into him, fucking his face so that her hips slapped lewdly into his cheeks.

“Uuuhhh…Fucking take iiit,” she grunted, sweat forming on her brow.

Zack put his hands up and placed them on her thighs, pushing up and away to gasp for air, and when he detached with a wet *POP* she looked down with manic eyes.

“You better finish me off,” she hissed, grabbing hold of the base of her cock and pumping with a mean fist.

“Yes Miss,” he dribbled, anticipation lining his face as he undid his belt.

“Huh?” she whispered, looking behind him to the tops of heads scattered ten metres away, “Zack, what are you…?”

Then his jeans and boxers were off, and Zack was climbing onto P to straddle her legs.

“Holy shit…” whispered P, quite a few of her fantasies coming trues as Zack lined up her cock with his pink flower, his own minor appendage hard as a rock and bobbing in front of her.

“Zack,” she whispered, “are you sure, we can go slll-OOOOHHHHhhhh!”

The feeling of his anus wrapping around her head and plunging downwards, enveloping her womanhood in the fleshy warmth of his insides was indescribable. She could only spasm and hold onto the seat so hard she worried she might crumple the armrests, Zack’s legs shuddering as he forced himself down on top of her.

The union of their hips was world-ending, P reckoning she could die happy as they young man stripped below the waist sat fully on her cock in full view of a bunch of strangers, his asshole clinging to her cock with all its might, sending ripples of pleasure up her shaft. If any of them had turned around, they would see a young man wearing just a t-shirt, with a giant set of balls flush against his backside.

Things began to settle into place, bodies adjusting, and then both of them engaged in an equal, comforting rhythm of deep, fervent sex.

Zack gasped as he drew himself up halfway on P’s dick, letting the anticipation

build before sitting back down, hiding his partner's cock from prying eyes once more.

"Hnnununnnnn."

P was in heaven. She'd never felt a slut this ready, and Zack was an eager lover, taking every inch of pleasure that her dick was offering and giving it back with interest, oscillating his anal rim so it would squeeze her wonderfully whenever she was fully hilted, leaning in to kiss her like it was his first time every moment that their lips met, gurning as she pumped upwards and found a good spot that left him breathless.

"HNNNNUUHHH…."

"SHhhhh," she hissed in his ear, giggling as Zack's face scrunched up as he tried to maintain silence whilst she decimated his asshole, sending a series of thrusts so heavy that he nearly passed out.

"Uh-!... PPPppppeeeeeeeee…"

"Shut up and take iiiiit," she gasped, rifling as deep into him as she possibly could, battering her way to his heart via his anal tract, feeling the loss of control in his limbs as they jerked around her body, clinging on for warmth as P gave him every last inch of love she could savage into him.

When she felt him go taut, like he had been hit by a bolt of invisible lightning, it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen, watching his eyelids jitter, and then he was heaving air into his lungs, gazing back at her as he managed to regain some sense of control and began to bounce so hard on her lap that she nearly came right then and there, desperately holding back the tidal wave of cum raging in her balls.

"Fffuuuuck!"

She briefly had the thought that he would have shamed a professional jockey with his energetic riding of her lap, and then it was all too much. His look of total desire, of single-minded focus, the way his cute little dick waving in the air belying his absolute determination to feel her cum in him.

P collapsed, nails digging into Zack's back as she came, moaning into his hear,

and they settled for a moment, almost in tears of ecstasy as she released her seed into him.

It was a fusing of their souls as she flowed into him, and Zack felt he was being filled by someone truly special, marked by someone that he wanted to feel inside him over and over again.

He let out a contented sigh when she finally finished bathing his insides in ejaculate, in the arms of the person he wanted to be with, just as a character on screen let out a blood-curdling scream.

Zack jumped onto his knees, bolt upright in a second, and a huge splurging sound issued from his asshole as his ass came free of her cock and cum exploded out of it, falling onto the seat, the floor and his thighs.

“Shit!”

Zack whimpered as the monster filling the screen tore at the lady as she tried to escape, screaming again and making him shudder as he grabbed his jeans.

P was still coming down from the shock of her orgasm combined with the scream, and it was a few seconds before she managed to start laughing.

“Oh Zack!... Wow that’s a mess….”

“Shut up,” he murmured, falling back in his seat.

He only started smiling again when she put her arm around him and pulled him close.

***

P giggled, hand clasped to his as they shuffled towards the entrance.

They had spent most of the rest of the film making out, and it was only after the stewards had informed them that they had to go that they reluctantly left their

seats.

“So, what did you think?”

Zack remembered nothing of the movie except the jump-scare that had caused a creampie explosion, and his face went red as he remembered the pool of cum they had left in the aisle.

“Uh… well it’s the best cinema experience I’ve had in my life, so ten out of ten.”

He checked the bottom of his shoes, just in case he’d gotten any on it.

“Ha, I thought it was rubbish.”

“Huh?”

“The film, the sex was fantastic.”

Zack’s face became fully scarlet as P patted his ass and squeezed.

“Wanna grab a frozen yoghurt or something?” she asked, as they made their way back into the mall.

“You mean ice cream, right?”

“What’s the difference?”

“One makes you a bad person, the other is ice cream.”

P snorted and punched his arm, and Zack winced as the casual blow sent him sideways on shaky legs.

“Ooops sorry!” she gasped, going over and pulling him up off the floor as a few people around them raised their eyebrows.

Once again he was pulled against her powerful body, the muscles not even fully tensed to keep him pressed to her, and he ran a hand down her shoulder blades, the ropes and coils that could snap him in half if she wished it.

It was making his heart want to tear itself from his chest and jump into her body.

Large eyes glassy with concern stared into his own, and being so enveloped, pressed up against her chest, chin in her crevasse, was incredible.

“Zack?!”

Zack’s blood went cold as he pulled himself from P’s grasp, almost falling to the floor again, before turning into the confused face of his sister.

‘Shit.’

“Oh hey Jen!... er….”

He turned to P, trying to keep the tense lines from his face as he spoke in a low voice.

“Hey, that’s my sister, can we chat later? I’ll call you.”

P’s hands flexed and confusion spreading across her features, but she went along with it, shifting her weight side to side.

“Oh, okay… see you.”

“Thanks,” he said, offering her a smile which was just barely returned.

With that P strode off, not looking back.

Jennie walked up with her eyes peeled.

“Who was that?”

“Who??”

“The girl.”

“Which girl.”

“Oh, I don’t know, the girl that was close enough to make you go blind with her tits?”

“OH, THAT girl… yeah that’s P, she’s uh.. she’s my new drummer!”

Jennie raised an eyebrow.

“Seemed like a bit more than that… And what the hell, SHE’S your band’s drummer!? When the hell did you ever get someone that hot for your band…. In fact where have all these tall, hot women come from?! It sure didn’t come from school,” she said sardonically.

“Just shut it,” he responded firmly, “now are we going to watch the film or not?”

She groused, “well fine…. You’re five minutes late by the way.”

“Hey, I’m here aren’t I?”

They walked in silence back to the cinema, stopping in front of the billboards.

“So you’re not going to ask which film we’re going to see?”

He jerked his head up.

“Huh? Oh… which film are we seeing?”

She sighed.

“The claw-man.”

Zack stifled a groan.

“Oh… Right... You like horror films?”

“Well when did I ever get to see one at the cinema dumbass.”

“Did anyone ever check your ID at the cinema?”

Jennie bristled.

“Well.. no, but… I haven’t had anyone…”

She shut up, and Zack realised she had been about to admit that she didn’t have anyone to see it with any more since her friends had all packed off to University or College.

“Right….. Well, let’s… let’s watch Crowman together then.”

“CLAWMAN,” she shouted.

“Yeah, Cryman, that’s what I said,” he said in a mock serious voice, ribbing her which provoked her into crashing back into him, and they scuffled towards the cinema, a few eyes turning their way.

“Idiot,” she muttered, chuckling as they composed themselves and waited in line for their horror movie tickets. As they were waiting Zack heard heavy footsteps behind him and turned… and his eyes went wide.

“Hey guys, am I late?”

Peach wasn’t wearing her summery dress… Now she had on a black mini-dress which was scandalously high with ripped black stockings below it. It almost seemed like her goody-two shoes routine was blending into her usual, more sultry attire, and it was matched by her expression which was less sunny than it usually was when Zack’s family were around.

Jennie seemed to bounce upon seeing Peach join them, which made Zack’s teeth grind together.

“Nope, you’re just in time! Love the dress.”

“Oh… thanks…”

Zack’s eyebrows rose upon seeing Peach look genuinely flustered, cheeks going a subtle shade of pink, and he immediately reached forward and put his arm around hers.

“Hi honey.”

Peach’s lips crawled up into a creepy smile.

“Hey darling.”

Jen’s optimism seemed to diminish somewhat.

“Ughh, okay chill with the lovey dovey stuff, jees…”

They walked back into the cinema, and the spotty attendant's eyes went wide as he saw Zack in the arms of another tall, gorgeous woman, with a further beautiful girl tailing beside them.

"Oh… Hello ag-"

"Three tickets to Crowman please!" Zack interrupted hastily, thrusting his card on the counter and trying not to wince as he thought of his bank balance afterwards.

"Again?"

Peach and Jennie looked at him in confusion.

"Ha yeah, this movie's popular at the moment!"

Zack gave the man a pleading look that he hoped would convey his desperation.

"… Sure…"

The dude took the card like it was poisoned and tapped it against the card machine, chucking it back in disgust.

"Screen six….ag-"

Zack was already dragging them away before the guy could try and mess up his evening further.

"You trying to make the film go faster?" Peach smirked.

"No, just… just excited!"

"Darling," prompted Peach.

"Darling," he muttered back.

Jen scowled as Peach tapped his ass, and after buying popcorn (the girls demanded salted), made their way back to the same cinema that Zack had been in earlier, the ladies tittering and throwing kernels at Zack's head as they walked.

As he was going in with Peach, he could have sworn one of the attendants

looked at him with a nasty expression, like he was something on the bottom of their shoe, and he realised why when they ended up in almost exactly the same seats as he'd been in with Peach, and the smell of cum drifted through the air.

Peach's nostrils quivered.

"Woah.. smells like someone had a good time."

Jen did the same.

"I don't know… doesn't smell so bad."

Peach's head jerked towards her, and Zack winced, dragging Peach to his far side, ushering Jen to take the seat to his right.

Jen didn't hesitate in skipping past and seating herself firmly beside Peach instead.

Fine, whatever.

"Are you excited for the movie?" said Jen, nudging Peach.

"Not really."

"Oh…."

"Well, horror movies don't scare me."

"What does scare you?"

Her lips tightened.

"Girls who ask too many questions."

"Well, I know what scares my brother."

Zack's ears twitched as she leant over Peach to look at him.

"Being honest."

Zack's blush was hidden by the cinema lights dimming, and the same dumb

adverts booming through the speaker system, as he tried not to think about how P's cum smelt so enticing.

He hoped she wasn't mad at him…

***

Peach adjusted herself in the seat, snorting as she tried to remove the cum-smell from her nostrils.

Now was not the time to get horny… plenty of time for that later, she thought, as she placed a hand on Zack's knee, squeezing the thigh which had tensed upon contact.

The feeling of her bitch trying not to get aroused was beautiful, and she teased further with her little finger creeping towards the insides of his leg, a hairs breadth from touching his package which she was almost certain would be hard now.

Even in the darkness there was a visible squirm in the seat to her right, and she smiled to herself, enjoying the way he couldn't get comfortable as a vacuum cleaner advert began to advertise the joys of domestic bliss.

Heat began to gather at her crotch, the rough carpet texture of the hand-rest becoming sharper, and more tangible.

Well, so much for not making herself horny.

She was in the middle of creeping her free hand towards the rising statue in her pants when something found her left leg, and she froze, gaze set upon a small hand which had idly placed itself there, teasing between the edge of her stockings and bare skin.

Peach glanced to her left, where Jennie was focused on the screen, sat back, quite still.

It seemed innocent, but Peach felt a whole new surge, cock rising to full mast, provoking an inordinate tent in her black dress which she now felt quite relieved about having chosen, the dark material masking it from all but the keenest eyes.

Her heart beat faster looking at those pretty lips, the way her perfect, baby-faced skin caught the flashes of light from the screen.

A mewl to her right made her realised she was cutting off Zack's circulation, and released her grip on his thigh, her breathing heavier as she tried to deal with the stimulation coming from two sides.

Don't fuck this up.

No need to go chasing tail just yet when she can be happily moved in and living the high-life with a live-in-bitch and his idiot family. Well… idiot might be a bit strong, she thought, briefly considering the way Mrs Harris had embraced her.

No, stop it, don't be a fucking moron.

A rising question began to hit her, superceding all other thoughts.

How am I going to empty my balls?

Her cock was a steel bar bulging through the crotch of her dress, and it was already beginning to form a wet patch up near her hip, where it had journeyed to avoid sticking out between her legs like a grotesque third leg.

Shit.

Her right hand decided to take a tour of Zack's body, first pressing between his legs, just a taster to make him moan, then up his chest, to his neck where she squeezed a little to show him his place, before finding his hair, the perfect place to steer him like a joystick.

She shouldn't try it.

Peach glanced surreptitiously to her left again.

If Jennie sees this, it's all over.

The girl seemed quite unaware of anything other than the visuals taking place in front of her, as the trailers rolled to a close.

Screw it.

Her cock was lined up against her right hip, which was extremely helpful, as she pulled the girl's brother down towards her crotch, careful to keep him as far to the right as possible, fingers teasing her dress up.

This wasn't going to work.

She'd have to hike her dress up to near her midriff to get her cock out.

As she steered him down she noticed Zack had placed his hands in his lap,. As if covering something. Or nudging something.

Not all heroes wear capes, she thought wryly, as she decided to sate her young slut's lust with a good hard cock in his mouth, shifting her dress up as much as she dared, inching the head of her penis underneath it.

A heart-stopping moment took place when it nearly sprang free, such was the tautness of her shaft released from its tightly packed prison. Luckily her pinky managed to catch it, arresting what could have been an alarming swing towards the left side as her erection raged free.

Zack's eyes opened wide, but he managed to keep silent as she slid into the warmth of his wet mouth.

Oh God.

She didn't think heaven could have been any better than the way his lips sealed tight to her shaft, tongue flitting across her slit, and she bit her lip whilst shooting another glance at Jennie who was still fixated on whatever was happening on the screen.

Apparently she hadn't noticed what was being inched down her brother's throat half a metre to her right, and Peach felt her chest rise as a wet slobber from her groin area was masked by a gasp from the screen, a grisly cadaver revealed.

She smirked, feeling her cocksucker freeze for a second, pressing himself down

a little further as if he could somehow hide in her lap, before continuing a slow increase of suction.

Peach's toes began to curl, shoulders shifting back as her nipples hardened against her bra.

Some characters argued with each other on screen, but Peach had neither the compunction nor the need to worry herself with anything happening in front of her, too busy loving the sensations building in her throbbing hardness as Zack placed a hand on her side to steady himself, tickling enough to nearly make her titter.

A hot spurt of pre ejected into his mouth at a particularly loving suckle of her stick, and the splutter in her seat had Peach sweating as she glanced to her left again.

Somehow Jennie hadn't noticed, still docilely observing the screen as Peach's mouth opened wide, feeling the fantastic sensation of Zack seeking out all of the cum from her slit, rolling it around his tongue, savouring it.

God what a slut.

Then a scream came from the screen, and Jennie's hand on her left thigh tightened.

Her balls unbuckled the jizz cannons, catapulting every list drop of semen up her shaft, rocketing to the tip and ejecting so hard into Zack's mouth that he instantly choked from the sheer volume of warm custard being forced down his throat.

It was extremely lucky a monster had made its way onto screen, roaring as Zack drooled all over Peach's hardness.

The hand in his hair tightened so hard she was almost pulling some of his hairs out as she forced him down further on her shaft, feeling the desperate struggling of his tongue to slow the never-ending waves of jizz filling his stomach.

Peach's eyes rolled back, and she let out a murmur as her self-control briefly let go, putting every last drop of baby batter into her bitch's body.

Keeping her left leg still took all the control she had, and her toes were curled as

she grunted, ejecting the last pint of semen into Zack's throat, chest rising and falling heavily as she tried to regain her composure.

The boy managed to glug down the last of her load, attempting to remove himself, although Peach made sure to slide him back down so he sucked up every last drop of her semen, leaving her cock shiny and new as he detached with a pathetic whimper, coming back to his seat.

As she carefully tucked her cock back under her dress, Peach uttered a sigh of release as a heavy belch sounded next to her.

"Shhhh!" hissed Jen, not turning her head.

Peach realised that maybe the cinema wasn't such a bad idea, as she closed her eyes and placed her hand back in Zack's lap, savouring the trembling hardness of her cum-riddled slut.

He could wait until bedtime for release.

***

"You're staying at ours right?!"

Jen's eyes had gone full cuteness, to which Peach snorted.

"Sure," said replied, hand clamped to Zack's as she dragged him towards the house.

"Cool!"

It felt to Zack like more and more of Peach's real personality was peeking through the cracks of her cutesy persona, but it was hard to analyse when the contents of her balls were still swilling in his stomach, a thick protein soup that made him drowsy.

Add that to the fact that he still had P's seed lining his ass, and he felt like a used

condom as his weakened insides tried to deal with the jizz swilling inside his belly and anus as they made their way up the driveway. Miss Harris was busy clearing the hallway when they entered.

“Well THERE you all are… how was the cowman?”

“CLAWMAN,” shouted Jen, although she couldn’t help a chuckle as Zack sniggered, and even Peach creased her lips in an ugly smile, before slapping on her sunniest expression.

“It was fantastic!” said Peach brightly.

“It was fine,” said Jen, shrugging her shoulders.

“Mphh,” muttered Zack, trying not to release a cum burp that would fill the hallway with the stench of semen, a sweat droplet running down his neck as he felt liquid dribbling from his butthole, staining his boxers.

“Right, well…. Dinner’s ready, you’ll have to plate up yourselves, it’s a little cold.”

“Thanks!”

Peach was marching through to the kitchen already.

Ava watched her go with a sigh like she was witnessing Mother Teresa strolling through her house.

“I-I ate a lot of popcorn,” said Zack, gingerly bustling upstairs.

The boy squeezed his door closed and moaned, revelling in the smell of P’s balls thrumming through his nostrils.

He hated how much he liked it, but after having to drive a car whilst licking the bitter taste of semen from his teeth, he was in such heat that he wouldn’t have minded Peach sticking herself back inside him at that second, even if she was a megalomaniac mega-bitch.

Just as he was undoing his pants to begin the process of masturbating as hard as he was physically capable of doing, a few quiet pats on the door halted him in

his tracks, reversing the procedure as he hastily did up his zipper again, just about managing to close it as the door opened and Jennie poked her head around.

“Hey… mind if we talk?”

“Sure, sure, no problem, yeah..”

She came in and walked up to him, and Zack was surprised to see determination on her face.

“You’re a jerk.”

He looked at her in shock.

“W… what?”

“You’re a total, total, jerk.”

“Hey…”

Usually when she got angry, she cried and went to her room… This was different.

“… what are you talking about?”

Her eyes widened like she couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“Are you serious? Like, you thought you were being subtle? Jesus, doing it in your room is one thing, but next to me in the cinema! Like, I can’t believe you…”

Zack could feel sweat on his brow, wringing his hands together.

“Uh… well…

“Shut UP Zack!”

He fell silent, gazing at the furious hazel orbs framed by her long brown hair.

“We were going for my birthday, and you can’t keep yourself off her dick for two hours!”

Zack’s cheeks burned, hanging his head.

“Not only that, but you’re seeing another girl on the side! Like, not only are you a bad brother and a weirdo, you’re a full on cheating asshole!”

“Shhhh, c-can you keep it down?!” he begged, “I’m sorry, I didn’t know you could hear us…”

“Of COURSE, I hear you fucking every time Peach is in the house, Jesus, did you think you were being quiet?! Sure Mom is gullible as hell and probably doesn’t have a right ear-drum any more, but I’m RIGHT NEXT DOOR.”

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry, I’m sorry…..”

“No Zack, you’re not! You don’t care about anyone else!”

“NO, that’s not it Jen …”

Frustration clung to his breast as her tone lowered.

“… Did you even know I could sing?”

“Huh?... Sorry… sing?”

“Yeah Zack, I can sing, I’ve been singing with the school choir since ninth grade. Not once did you notice, or ever ask me to do music with you even though I was singing almost every day.”

A cum burp tried to worm its way up his throat, and he pushed it back down, grimacing. It was hard to think about his sister’s singing after the revelation that his dick-related exploits had been discovered.

“I… Right, I-I had no idea…”

“Yeah, because you don’t give a shit. The only times you ever go out of your way to talk to me is when I get pissed and Mom forces you to do it.”

“Uh… I’m sorry?”

Her lips pressed together.

“No Zack, enough missed birthdays, enough fucking who you want to fuck, and fiddling away on that stupid guitar without giving a shit,” she said, throwing a filthy look at his beautiful Epiphone SG, black and shiny enough to see the reflection of the room, lovingly maintained over the years.

“Zack…. I’m taking Peach from you.”

Zack’s jaw dropped, a confused chuckle issuing from his throat.

“Huh?”

“I’m taking Peach. She likes me, I know she does, and I like her.”

“Jennie, what?... You, you’ve got this all wrong…. This situation….. You don’t know what she’s like…”

“Oh yeah?” she smirked, “what’s she like huh?”

“She’s…. she’s different….”

Jennie rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, she’s different because she’s got a cock, blah blah… Zack, she likes me, I can tell, and I want her to be my first.”

Zack clung to his hair, almost ripping it out.

“Jennie, WHAT?!? She’s…. SHE’S….”

‘Evil.’

He couldn’t say it… not without explaining their true connection. His sister would ruin him if she found out he’d had community service classes. She already knew more than he could deal with.

“…. MY GIRLFRIEND!”

“Well I’ll be making her my fuck-buddy instead…. And you’re gonna help me do it, or I’ll tell her and Mom about sexy drummer girl in the mall today.”

Zack almost fell to his knees, full to the brim with cum, and his sister threatening

to fuck the worst person in the world or ruin his life.

“Jen…. I don’t…..”

“Shut up Zack, if you really cared about her, you wouldn’t be ogling another girl’s tits, and if you cared about me you’d have bought me a birthday present…. Or at least a card. You don’t deserve her.”

With that, and a final reproving look, she marched out.

Zack staggered to his door, locked it, and fell to the floor, boxers squelching as P’s cum glued it to his ass and jeans.

The idea of Peach following through on her wish to fuck his sister was intolerable to Zack.

But so was his Mom finding out about P. Or any of his family finding out about his community service.

Zack put his head in his hands.

In that moment, as he gazed at his guitar with no intention of playing it, he felt screwed in every possible meaning of the word, letting out a long burp which had been brewing in the cum pit that used to be his stomach.

His cock started to harden again, and he moaned as the smell of Peach’s cum overtook him.

Screw it. He didn’t want to think about anything right now anyway.

A hand wormed its way to his zipper and pulled down.

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About the Author

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

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