

Deep Cover pt.2

(Dickgirl on Male/Female)

Thereshegoes123

## Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa/Dickgirl on male/female domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible!)

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## Deep Cover Pt.2

Mope clicked through the laptop, scrolling down names, trying and failing to ignore Eunice and Carter arguing at the mini bar, as well as his stomach still swollen with the semen of his enemy.

“Wow, one swell bunch of secret agents we are.”

“Scarlett... is that even her real name?”

“Shut up Carter.”

The nattering in the background frustrated Mope, but he couldn't bring himself to open his mouth, other than to unleash a belch, his cheeks flushing as the horrendous stench of cum spread from his mouth and caught his nostrils, whipping his head away from his teammates who thankfully weren't close enough to notice.

\*BLlughh....\*

“You're overreacting.”

“I'M OVER-WHAT?!?!”

Eunice looked like she was going to tear out her dark, spiky hair with her fingers, instead pinching the white crop top that she had probably slept in if the subtle food stains were anything to go by, matched with a pair of unattractive slacks.

*'Shit.... concentrate...'*

Mope tried to force his eyes on the screen... but the numbers and letters were sluggish to enter his brain, Bs trickling into Ds....twos slipping into sevens slipping into threes..... a fat cock slipping into his mouth... *heavy testicles slapping his chin...*

Saliva trickled into his mouth, and his shoe began to bounce on the floor as if tapping to a jig, nervous energy building in his body.

“Eunice *why?* We need to look at this in a positive way.”

“Why don't you *shut your mouth* in a positive way!”

“GUYS!”

The bickering stopped. Tired eyes looked back at Mope as he rose up from his hunched position on the sofa, placing the laptop aside.

“We're down, but we're not out... no-one's dead, which means this woman isn't out for our guts.”

“Yeah but.. she seems to have taken a liking to you Mope. She didn’t exactly treat Carter like a prince back in that bathroom.”

“She took me down too,” Mope reminded them testily, lest they uncover the fact she’d gotten a lot closer to him the day previous.

“Huh... true. Forgot she kicked both your asses,” said Eunice.

Carter sighed.

“Are you enjoying this?”

He picked up a fine-looking whiskey bottle and observed it.

“What! It’s funny. One little dame canned your holes.”

*‘In more ways than one,’* Mope thought, feeling that emasculation between his legs, which immediately brought warmth to the same location. *‘Jesus, I can’t be getting excited by that.....’*

“She wasn’t little,” Carter said with an embarrassed look to Mope, and Mope’s cheeks went red as he remembered exactly how not little she was, having gone further than either of them had realised and fully engaged in a fellatio of the woman’s giant penis.

He turned back to the screen, unable to come up with anything further to say, his stomach wrapped up in knots as he thought of Scarlett’s sweating body above him, still running through lists of names and flight lists.

*Kevin J.Holloway*

*Gianna Roberson*

*Shepherd Barr*

The slimy texture of her semen dribbling down his face.

*‘Concentrate.’*

*Noemi Cochran*

*Danny Waters*

Her helmet vibrating in the back of his throat as it conducted her deep moans through his skull.

*‘CONCENTRATE.’*

*Bristol Barber*

A bushel of wiry pubes scratching his forehead.

*Taylor Scarlett*

*Solom-*

*“Wait...”*

His eyes widened, and then creased...

Taylor Scarlett. Business class.

He brought up the passport photo....

There she was. Staring straight at him, although it was strange not seeing that sly lust twinkling in the dark of her pupils.

“Carter, put that down, we’re leaving,” Mope called out, just Carter made to open the small bottle. Carter’s jaw tightened, the bottle still in his hand.

“What, why?”

“I have a lead.”

“We’re not staying? Our only day of real luxury in six months and we don’t even get a second day to rest?”

Eunice’s face also darkened.

“Swell.”

Mope’s voice became firmer, trying to ignore the rawness in his throat.

“Look... she got the disk. We messed up, me included... and I do greatly appreciate you getting me back.”

They both relaxed, small smiles coming to their faces.

“... even though you definitely shouldn’t have traded that disk for me.”

Their smiles dropped.

“God, you’re an asshole Mope,” Eunice grumbled.

“You’re welcome,” added Carter, placing down the whiskey bottle a little harder than necessary.

Mope screwed his mouth up, adjusting his tie onto his neck.

“Come on, we need to get ready.”

“Why... what’s next?” said Carter, eyeing the unopened whiskey bottle like a lost lover.

“Back to no air conditioning in a heated air vent, probably,” Eunice grumbled.

“Definitely,” Carter added.

Mope’s tone hardened.

“If that’s what is required... I assume she used an untraceable card and alias for the room yes?”

“Yup, all traces gone.”

“Like a fart in the wind.”

“Carter!” Eunice groaned.

“A hot fart.”

“*CARTER!!*”

“GUYS, relax... here’s what I found.”

He turned the laptop around.

“Business Class. Emari airlines to London, today.”

“Well wouldja look at that... you sure it’s her?”

“Maybe... she seems like the kind of girl that appreciates high quality,” Carter murmured, squinting at the photo.

“Definitely.”

Eunice smirked.

“You getting a crush Mope?”

Mope tried desperately not to let his flush of embarrassment reach his face, tightening his jaw as hard as possible.

“No.”

“Hm,” she murmured, in what was far too thoughtful a tone for Mope’s liking.

“As I was saying... checked the lists of names on the database... managed to pinpoint a few European names.... This came up.”

“Huh... that easy... she gave you her actual name?”

“Perhaps this is an alias and she wants us to follow... or Overconfidence?”

“Or a trap.”

“Or she thinks we’re useless,” Eunice chimed in.

“Maybe that.”

“Probably that.”

“So, are we good to go?”

Eunice smirked.

“Whaddya think, idiot?”

Carter sighed.

“Might as well make it three idiots instead of two.”

-

*Emari Airline Flight B296 - Dubai to London.*

*Operation - Canary*

-

Mope strolled from the walkway into the plane, smiling at the pretty stewardesses in their perfect red and cream uniforms.

“May we see your ticket?”

“Of course...”

“Business class is right this way...”

He was led to a rather spacious isle, placed down in a large, comfortable chair with a desk, medium-sized screen and decent leg room.

12C... which meant that Scarlett should be two rows in front of him.

Scanning the seats, he saw no-one close to her description.

*‘Hard to hide when you’re that tall...’*

He lay back in his chair and checked his suit, glancing idly around.... almost like a man who hadn’t sucked a dick the day previously. Mope bristled as the thought stuck in his head, before pushing it away as best he could.

Ten minutes to take-off.

On the opposite side Eunice walked through to first class wearing a much smarter black business dress than she usually wore, hugging her slim figure. She glanced over and murmured, her voice crackling through his earpiece.

*\*Man, I think I’m gonna miss Dubai.\**

“I thought you said you hated it.”

*\*Well, now I’m starting to understand the luxuries I deserved all my life.\**

“Radio silence unless it’s important. You see her yet?”

*\*Nope, no sign.... Carter?\**

Carter’s voice came as a deep tremor.

*\*Nothing. Why the hell am I in economy?\**

“Because we needed to split up.”

*\*But ECONOMY?\**

“Voices down... you picked the short straw, plus you’re the most noticeable of all of us.”

*\*Bullshit.\**

Five minutes to boarding.

Mope let out a mirthless chuckle.

“We’re funded by the taxpayers... and right now, we’re one for two this week. Uncle Sam doesn’t pay top dollar for coming second.”

*\*From what we’ve gone through over the last few years, Uncle Sam doesn’t pay top dollar for first either,\** Carter grumbled.

More checked his watch and his brow furrowed. Boarding was almost complete. She had to arrive soon.....

As the minutes ticked down, a thought hit him. Perhaps she was fucking with him. Maybe the seat was empty, a red herring for him to jump all over. She might not even be in the airport.

He began to fidget, anger building inside him as the seat two rows down remained empty, waving away a flight attendant offering snacks as the plane began to rev up. The woman’s lip curled as she strutted away.

Nothing.

Scarlett had duped him... Of course she wouldn’t book under the name Taylor Scarlett..... probably not even her real name... and now she had planted them here to end up nowhere again.

As the plane finished boarding and began to taxi onto the runway, Mope slumped in his seat.

“Well guys... guess we’ve been duped.”

Eunice’s voice came resigned.

*\*Enjoy economy Carter, we’ll probably be joining you on the next flight back home if the agency doesn’t decide to put us in the cargo hold.\**

*\*God get me off this plane. I’m going silent.\**

The take-off was one of the most depressing of Mope’s life, staring out the window at tall, beautiful silver buildings bathed in sunlight, shooting up out of the sand dunes as the engines rumbled beneath his feet. Quickly, the vista fell away, the plane shooting up into clear skies.

As he stared, a stewardess walked up; pretty, caramel-skinned with shadowy eyes.

“Apologies, we will need you to turn off all electronic devices during take-off.”

“Ah, aren’t we already in the air?”

“Sorry sir, we are still in the process of gaining altitude, and ask that you switch off such devices.”

He placed his phone down, irritated.

“Sorry.”

“And your earpiece sir.”

He let out a long sigh.

“I need it... it’s a hearing aid, actually.”

“Nonetheless, we will need you to remove it and turn it off indefinitely.”

His temple pulsed as he looked up at the woman, and realised her model-esque features were regarding him with an intelligence that eluded most air hostesses.

“Really?? Indefinitely?... I thought business class was supposed t-“

The hairs on his arms rose. She was also wearing an earpiece.

“...that.....ah, I mean of course... sorry for the inconvenience, and *God’s trust to the minutemen*,” he said in a pleasant way.

Emergency code. The moment Eunice and Carter heard those words on their earpieces, they should be on full alert with radio silence.... If they were still listening.

She held out her hand.

“Please hand over your device.”

He did. The cards were all in their hands, whoever they were. No point putting other passengers in danger.

“Of course.”

He placed the device in her hand.

“Oh... apologies but... may I see your ticket?”

He gave her a quizzical look, and handed her the boarding pass.

“Sir, there has been a mistake... you should be in Platinum class.”

“I’m sorry... platinum? I didn’t know there *was* a platinum class.”

“It’s reserved for Ultra-VIP customers... please follow me.”

The woman turned and sashayed away, and Mope realised as he got up and followed, that she was extremely tall. Just like another woman he had recently come into close contact with....

*‘Another tall, imposing woman... Definitely not cabin crew.... I wonder if...?’*

He glanced down at swaying buttocks, wondering if something similarly large and floppy existed between her legs on the other side, and felt a shameful swell of arousal between his legs at the image, the idea of him fantasising about dicks

tormenting him as they moved into the incredibly plush, curtained-off area past business class.

His heart pounded in his chest, wishing he had some sort of intel to fall back on as he followed the woman's strut past the empty seat where Scarlett had been booked.

*'She wanted us here... or me...'*

The possibility he might die in the next few moments occurred, but didn't truly take hold.

*'A simple poisoned meal would have done the trick... so why?...'*

They walked through what must have been first class, and he shot a look as he walked past Eunice, whose wide, bright blue eyes snapped to his, shifting in her seat as if about to spring up. Mope stopped her with a quick shake of the head, breaking eye contact. Better she not put herself in danger.

They continued past the already opulent silver-trimmed surroundings through a rather plain, cream-coloured area with cramped sleeping cubicles set into the wall that looked like futuristic oval coffins, and some flight attendants muttering to each other, leaning over a trolley of drinks. They paused, eying him warily. He realised that they were all significantly taller than him as smirks crossed their features.

*'More agents? Or just cabin crew...'*

One of them blew him a kiss, winking.

*'I'm screwed either way.'*

"Evening ladies.... Know any secret agents around?"

This brought a giggle from them both, but neither answered him, one whispering to the other, who laughed, their eyes scanning him up and down.

"I guess not... so this is platinum class?" he said, turning back to the first flight attendant, "kind of disappointing."

Her tone was dismissive.

"This is the crew cabin... platinum is this way... the boarding area is separate."

Mope realised the moment he stepped into the final section of the plane that this might be the most expensive surroundings of his life as he was led through a doorway into a different universe - a beautifully crafted nineteenth-century train carriage hallway with circular airplane windows. Plush red carpet carried his feet,

making him feel like he was walking across clouds, and a scent of soft vanilla with hints of jasmine was just detectable as the door closed behind him, inviting him to stay and explore further.

“Please move quickly.”

Mope did the opposite, taking his time and sliding a hand across mahogany railings, dark oakwood panelling and what must have been real gold trim around the plane windows, as they gleamed with a light that he had never seen before.

“Well I gotta say.. this all seems pretty platinum to me.”

The woman’s model-esque face morphed into one of contempt.

“Please keep your hands off the railings.”

“I thought you said I was a platinum guest.”

“No. I said you should be here, not that you should touch anything. Enter please.”

She gestured to a train cabin door, vintage in every way except the door had a futuristic lock set into it, and no handle. Her pretty, slim hand touched the panel, and the door slid open with a subtle hiss of air.

*‘Switch on. Gather intel’*

He turned to face her, keeping a breezy smile on his face.

“... Thank you.... by the way, who are you working for?”

The woman gave him a polite smile.

“Emari airline sir.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Now, please shut your whore mouth, and enter the cabin.”

“Ex..cuse me?”

The smile she gave him this time gleamed with teeth, her hand dropping to her side, but the stance of her feet subtly widened.

“I said... shut your cock-sucking lips, and step inside... or I’ll make you.”

*‘I’ve been beaten up by a tall, gorgeous woman before. Best let it be a one-time thing.’*

He flashed her the coolest, most relaxed smile he could despite the adrenaline racing through his limbs.

“Well... I’ll be sure to leave a tip for the warm service.”

I've been informed there's nothing big about your tip, sir," she said with an arrogance which hit him like a jab to the solar plexus, physically stopping him for a moment. "Inside."

He managed to make his legs work again, moving with a new trepidation inside the cabin, and felt his stomach flip in his belly, not because of the spacious office-cum-home cinema masquerading as a plane seat, complete with hallway through to another room, but because of the tall, muscled woman sitting butt-naked in the chair, her legs wide open, ass-cheeks sweating on the brown leather, her breasts sagging slightly on her chest.

Scarlett.

Between her legs, a flaccid cock was hanging, emerging from the thatch of pubic hair around her groin, her manhood flopped odiously over the front of the seat. On a hanger by the window another beautiful suit and waistcoat combination had been carefully folded and hung, pristine enough to be placed back in a shop window. In front of her was a large TV screen, with numerous subtle cabinets and indents in the surfaces which hinted at hidden instruments and devices probably more clever and fancy than useful.

None of it mattered other than the woman staring him down.

"Oh," Mope murmured, his jaw sagging to the floor, lost in everything he was seeing.

Her light smile had the air of someone waiting for a coffee at their local café, although the mirth hidden under it brought warmth to Mope's belly.

"Hello dear."

Her back was melted into the seat like a cat; her stomach rolled forwards to form some puppy fat over the obvious abdominal muscles, and her swollen melons had a small patch of sweat just visible between them.

Mope's brain remained switched off for about ten seconds as the air stewardess let out a light titter.

"Enjoy your flight..."

The door closed behind her, and the hiss of the electric doors was bookended by the solid \*CLUNK\* of a lock.

A few pregnant seconds dragged by. He stared at her nipples, two hard pink bullets, yet somehow the way she looked him up and down felt like he was the one

with no protection from her gaze, resisting the urge to cringe. A strange idea to drop to his knees in worship fluttered into his mind and solidified as he observed the vein running down the left side of her penis, yet to bulge in its engorged form.

“So... I see that you weren’t stupid enough to miss my open invitation.”

“Well, hopefully it wasn’t a trap.” Mope managed, recovering his composure just in time to winch his jaw off the floor.

“Not really. More a lighthouse made of cheese for you to follow... and here you are, my little mouse. Did you find the laptop in my apartment?”

“I... no....”

Something in his temple pulsed.

*‘Shit, I should have found that.... wasn’t thinking.... should have sent someone to check her apartment.. or done it myself... but maybe they would have found evidence of...’*

He couldn’t bring himself to confirm the word ‘semen’ in his mind.

Lucky he’d swallowed most of the evidence.

She tutted.

“I’d heard the CIA’s standards had dropped, but my goodness.... I would almost be worried about your cock-sucking capabilities if I hadn’t felt your lips on my shaft yesterday...”

She began to mime intimately blowing a cock with her lips, her tongue swirling around as her eyelids fluttered. His own lips firmed up, chest palpitating as he tried to keep his emotions in check.

“Mmmggh.. just like this...”

His cheeks flushed with heat.

“... Are..... my crew in danger?”

She stopped, rolling her eyes.

“Not if they obey the rules of the aircraft and remain in their seats... God just end this charade and get on your knees for me. I hold all the cards, and I didn’t lure those lips here to talk.”

He gulped and looked down at her groin.

“I know you want to slobber on my hog,” she said, her twisted grin doing something to him that he didn’t think was very Christian.

She was right. He did want to slobber on it.

*'Not... yet...'*

"But Scarlett..... what if they come after me..."

"You mean Eunice? Or the idiot?"

"Both."

She cocked her head.

"They'll be fine if they stay in their seats and obey the rules of the aircraft... and if you obey me, my sweet little slut."

"That doesn't answer my question."

Her face creased into something far uglier, a tigerish snarl.

"I'm done answering questions."

Mope's chest constricted, heart pounding against his ribcage as she snapped her fingers.

*\*Click!\**

"Take off the suit."

Seeing no choice, he slipped his blazer off his shoulders and hung it on the waiting hanger which had been placed next to hers, followed by his pants rolling down his legs which he folded, unbuttoning his shirt.

"Slower," she murmured.

His hands trembled as he began to take it one button at a time, feeling the pleasantly cool air kiss his chest as he revealed it.

"This suit is cheap... did I ruin your nice one with my sperm?" she smirked.

"It's at the dry cleaners," he said airily, undoing another button. Hungry eyes slid to his bellybutton.

"Thaat's it," Scarlett murmured, her hand sliding down to touch her penis.

"I'm..... starting to think you have a kink for this...."

She cocked her head.

"I'm pretty certain the feeling is mutual darling. Now, take it off, totty."

She reached into a small tray of nuts arrayed in what might well have been a pure silver engraved bowl to the side, throwing one in her mouth and chewed it as if it were popcorn in a movie theatre.

".. and keep the boxers on for now... No need to rush."

Mope's cheeks flushed with heat as he finally undid his shirt and slipped it free of his shoulders, placing it on the hanger, leaving him just in his boxers.

“Twirl for me,” she breathed.

He did so, feeling more objectified than he ever had in his entire life, more even than when he had been tied down. It sent butterflies into his stomach just thinking about the situation he was in.

“Again.”

He tiptoed around slowly like a ballerina.

“Mmm... That ass was made for panties...”

Warmth flushed to his cheeks, already building between his legs.

“Wh-Who’s the air hostess... one of yours?”

She snapped her fingers twice with the air of a disappointed mother.

“I said no questions. All you need to worry about is this.”

She placed her palms up, spreading her legs a little wider so he could see her full figure with no garnish in an ugly man-spread, posed like a perve in a strip club ogling his assets, except she was a buxom woman with a gigantic penis drooping between her legs.

“Got it?”

He nodded as saliva collected in his mouth. If he were a dog, his drool would be everywhere.

“Yes Ma’am..... ah.... consider me worried.... You’re a big... girl.”

She smiled.

“Why thank you..... I’ve got to say, all your cute girly muscles look good in a suit but they’re even better under the light” she drawled, looking his slim, toned body up and down, “and isn’t it nice to be a little less formal darling?”

“Definitely feels less stuffy now.”

“Just wait,” she said with a hint of danger in her voice, which sent shivers up his spine.

She put out her hand lazily, palm upwards.

“Place your balls in my hand.”

He swallowed and walked forwards, legs wide, and placed his boxer-clad crotch into her hand. A squeeze of the objects inside the black fabric made him pant.

“Hnn..”

“Mmm... someone’s hard.”

*"T... tough not to be... this is platinum class after all,"* Mope whimpered as she lovingly played with his package.

"Oh I do enjoy our little back and forths...."

*\*Squeeze\**

"HHnn...!"

"It only makes it more delicious what I'm going to do to you... now why don't we slip those boxers off... *slowly.*"

Mope's heart was pounding as he stepped back and lowered his boxers an inch at a time, allowing his erect manhood to spring upwards (causing Scarlett to titter). He swallowed before placing his cock and aching balls back in her hand, the whole package fitting snugly in her palm, Mope trying not to blush despite his cheeks turning a bruised purple.

"Oh... so *small*..." she mused like a schoolteacher admonishing a child for a mistake, giving a slight squeeze.

*"MMh-"*

"So cute...."

The hand tickled his cherries.

*"OOohh!...Hnn..."*

"Does this embarrass you?"

She squeezed again, this time wrapping her entire hand around his testicles completely, making him whimper as they were enclosed in a tight grip.

*"UUnn-!"*

His four-and-a-half-inch dick bobbed up and down in response.

"Funny how you're getting hard from being humiliated... are you sure you're a man?... a little too small downstairs, surely?" she said, a glint of cruelty mixed with the mirth of her smile.

Mope whimpered as she began to stroke his manhood, trembling under her ministrations, leaking a spot of dew on the slit as her hand went up and down.

*"Hnn...Hhhuh..."*

*\*Schlik-shlick-\**

She knew just how to keep him on the edge, not quite allowing herself to get carried away so mope was almost trying to thrust his hips into her fist to increase the speed, the tension unbearable.

“Ah-ah.. now-now slut.... slow down....”

Mope quivered as she played with his sensitive, defenceless areas, forcing himself to stay still as she gently squeezed his shaft.

“Hmm... I could do this with my thumb and forefinger if I wanted...”

Mope whimpered, powerless, yet somehow feeling that submissive, dirty pleasure blossom in his body as his knee turned inwards and he throbbed in her hand, a sweet little dot of white appearing at his tip.

“Oh, aren’t we a submissive boy?” she said greedily, her own weapon throbbing and producing a drooling semen line which fell lazily to the carpet. The tang of her cum-leak fluttered in his nostrils, and whipped his mind straight back to that evening with her cock in his mouth.

“Yes,” he murmured.

His belly rumbled with the desire for her semen, excited for filling once more.

“It was rhetorical... but your answering is too cute.”

Watching her manhood pulse, it was almost sickening how superior she was, and Mope couldn’t stop the lustful adrenaline rising in his body, being literally in the palm of this woman’s hand; so devilish and yet so enticing.

She reached over to her bag and took out a large tub of clearly labelled lube.

“I bought this right after I saw you in that bathroom.... I knew you’d be back. Sadly customs confiscated the butt-plug... silly mistake on my part, that would have been terribly fun...”

She dipped her fist inside, and Mope’s chest was pounding as she reached down and submerged her cock in lubricant, the disgusting wet \*Shliick\* of butter being churned making his brain go numb.

“.. but I’m sure we’ll make do.”

When she had finished, it glistened like something that had risen out of the ocean, a great hog-monster just waiting to plunge into his depths.

“Ready for your customs search?” she said coyly. “It’s going to be extra-thorough....”

A tiny, professional part of Mope’s brain forced him to at least *try* to be professional.

“Well... care to..... share some intelligence afterwards?”

Her face became sharp.

“We’re not going to talk about anything right now other than squeezing that *fat ass* down on my shaft, understand?”

“And if I say no?”

A tongue slowly worked its way around her lips, her eyes screaming danger.

“Mope... Get on my cock, or I’ll interrogate you in the not-fun way.”

His lips thinned.

“That doesn’t sound very friendly.”

She wanked her cock a few times, the \*shlicck-shliick-\* echoing around the cabin, the anger carving lines of fury across her face, before smoothing her expression, her breathing slowing, words turning warm and viscous like honey.

“Come now Mope... Why don’t we just enjoy our flying experience?... Let’s discuss work later... we have hours to kill after all.. nowhere to run... and I know you liked what we did last time...”

A shiver ran up his spine.

“.. AND I did pay for Platinum Class for us... or at least, the British Government did.... Don’t you think we should enjoy it together?”

He eyed up the huge cock staring at him, reproachfully observing the eye weeping mayonnaise.

“I feel like our platinum experiences are going to be...very different.”

She snorted.

“Pretty sure getting fucked in the ass is better than flying economy.... and yes... I’m going to fuck you.”

Mope gulped, but he had known the end of this path from the moment she’d offered him her dick last night. He’d seen it when he’d slept the night before... and at times he couldn’t say whether it was a dream or a nightmare. Perhaps both.

“Now come here.”

Her tone brooked no argument, and Mope found himself walking forwards on shaky legs, kneeling in front of her.

“Ah-ah-ah.”

She grinned, lifting him gently by his chin, and pulling him further in.

“I didn’t bring you here to do oral darling... this isn’t high school. We’re here to fuck like adults. Dicks in asses.”

Like a Venus flytrap her hands snapped around his body, and Mope found himself being hauled off his feet by powerful muscles as if he were her child, her grip tight on his body as she dropped him onto her lap in a straddling position.

*“HHoo...”*

He could feel her huge dick up against his, but was too scared to acknowledge it, instead locked on her gaze. This close the intensity in those deep, muddy-brown pools was like standing close to a fire, intimidating enough that his muscles were tensing up under the stress.

*“W-wow, y-you sure are forward for a... host...”*

She responded like a starving man in the desert, rasping with hungry lips.

*“Bring that whore mouth here.”*

Fingers tightened on his arms, and Mope was unequivocally clamped to her body, his embarrassing hardness pressed up against a monster as her mouth went for his.

The moment their lips met violently he felt something give way in his mind, as if a dam had broken, and he began sucking on the tongue Scarlett was ploughing into his mouth. It pinned his own tongue down, clogging his mouth, trying to learn every nook and cranny of his cave. Her saliva tasted slightly salty, a few pieces of the nuts she had eaten detectable between her teeth as they searched each other's orifices for treasure.

Scarlett grunted in delight.

*“Mmmh...mphhh..”*

Mope whimpered as he was mouth-raped, sat on someone far larger and heavier than him, yet he danced back against his invader with an equally animated, but hopelessly outmatched tongue. Her dick ground against his, stimulating it, and he whimpered again into her tongue as the pleasure wound up his torso.

A hand gripping his bicep.

Large hands clasped tight around slim muscles, cupping his butt and containing his cheeks in each palm. Mope felt like a stripper being violated.. and loved it.

The one-sided mouth wrestle went on for minutes; dirty, aggressive French kissing occasionally underlined by a nasty spank on his exposed ass-cheek.

*\*SMACK\**

*“MMnng-!”*

He tried not to let the pain show, but it only made her grin more wicked and toothy. This close he could see her teeth were slightly uneven; a little buck-toothed, yet it only added to her unique beauty.

“Oh come on, there’s more of my little pussy-boy in you than that,” she rasped, flinging a sharp palm against his cheek.

*\*SMACK\**

“UHNN!”

It left a painful red mark in the shape of a hand.

“Say you want it.”

*“I WANT IT!!”*

“Theeeere you are,” she laughed, as Mope’s high-pitched pornstar moan left his throat with feeling. “Don’t try to hide from me, I’ve got hours to extract every last bit of whorishness from your body....”

Then she plugged her tongue back into his mouth.

She controlled him like he was a woman; grabbing the back of his neck, sliding her hand underneath his buttocks to cup a cheek, squeezing lecherously. Deep grunts into his face were followed by her cock butting against his, outgunning it completely. Feeling such a huge shaft of steel press against his made Mope realise that he had never faced an enemy such as this, and for once realised there was nothing he could do. He was strapped into the ride, and had to see it through to the finish.

*“MMfffn...”*

Hot, wet, sticky kisses loosened his anxiety.

The plane around them yawed gently, providing a soft background hum to the squelching of wet mouths and panting. Open sky full of wispy white clouds passed by the window, the pretty landscape contrasting the lecherous debasement of two sweating human beings in heat inside the plane as it sped by. Air con whined to try and keep the air inside their spacious cabin at a crisp temperature whilst two people’s body heat rose, sweat beginning to glisten on their skin.

*“GLmmph...mmph..”*

*“Mmm-“*

Mope feathered his fingers up her body, and it was a delighting oxymoron of disparate pieces making up one unique, delicious whole; the hard abs under a

slight layer of fat that felt masculine in nature... large, squishy breasts that brought warm whimpers from Scarlett's throat when he squeezed them.... powerful biceps that felt like being held in a man's arms. Huge hands grasping both his butt-cheeks and squeezing, kneading them, yet the acrylic nails added extra bite at the end, digging in and making him whimper like he never would have imagined himself doing before.

*'She's unique.... might as well enjoy it....'*

Her tongue pressed into his face, and he suckled it. This seemed to please her, as it brought a deep moan from the depths of her belly, and he felt the vibrations in the hard fibres of her shaft as they ground against his own. He sucked harder, and she whinnied, almost girl-like. They began a more equal, bouncing rhythm, as if they were already making love, his excited baby carrot sliding up and down its big, scary brother, a genetically modified marrow.

"Mmm so tiny," she murmured, grabbing his manhood. A quick jerk tensed his belly and brought a dribble of pre-cum, which she rubbed all over her fingers as she pumped.

His cheeks flushed.

As they dry-humped, it took him a moment to fully come to terms with the fact that he was grinding like a stripper, emasculation rearing its ugly head, the urge to flee or fight held back by the passion and anticipation in their embrace. Mope felt a wet finger slide to his asshole and start playing with his puckered, wrinkled flower.

"MMph!"

"Mmhh-h," she chuckled back into the kiss, pressing a little more insistently at his asshole with the digit slick with his own cum. Unfortunately, her fingers weren't small.

"Mmm-MMM-!"

Mope tried to protest, but then a sharp pain caught him flush as his lungs were frozen by the tip of a finger popping into his asshole.

"MPH-!....."

It remained poised there, one knuckle deep, Scarlett wagging the tongue in his mouth as he whinnied into her face, his eyes large and pleading.

The pain was not enjoyable.

*'Is this how it's going to feel when she puts her dick in me?!?!?!'*

Suddenly Mope wanted out, but he knew there was nowhere to run. He tried to let himself sink into the kissing, nibbling at her lips as she smiled and kissed him back harder, before eventually breaking it with saliva coating their lips, pushing her finger a little deeper into his ass.

"UHNN-... s-stop," he gasped, grabbing her hand.

"Make me," she growled, giving him a smirk dripping with sultry anticipation, breathing heavily as she felt him quiver in her grasp. "You're pathetic."

He reached back to try to remove her, but then a hand encase his cock and balls.

"HNn!"

"Oh, I remember these... they fit so snugly in my hand," she sneered, squeezing.

"S.. .S-Scarlett-!" he whimpered.

"Your ass and balls are mine. If your hands need something to do, touch these."

She leaned forwards and guided a hand to her left breast, which simply wouldn't fit into his widened hand.

"These are yours."

He squeezed the fats there, and made to bring his lips to her fat nipple waiting for attention, hard and erect like a bullet, but she placed a hand on his chest, stopping him.

"...I'm insulted you didn't take initiative and properly acknowledge my boys already. Maybe you're more of a cock-sucker than a woman pleaser," she murmured, the mirth in her tone hitting all the submissive, humiliating parts of his brain, combining it with a vicious squeeze of his testicles which hurt as much as it excited him.

"Well... HHNn.... I-I didn't want to intrudeeehhuhHHH!..."

She gave him a smouldering glare, her movie-star lips pursing.

"You are nothing more than a sex slave.... your purpose is to pleasure me. Now do it."

He took a deep breath and placed a hand on each breast. Warm tit-flesh filled his palms, and he tried to savour this moment, breathing in her smell of subtle perfume and body odour as they resisted his squeezing just the right amount; huge, salivating mammary glands with the hard nipples pressing into the centre of each palm.

Perfect.

He rubbed up and down the turgid nubs, causing Scarlett to throw her head back and moaned.

“OOhhhhh... maybe you *can* be a woman pleaser after all...”

Then, just as he managed a weak smile, she grinned evilly, and shoved her digit to the knuckle inside his ass.

*Pain.*

“UUGHH-!!!!“

He rocked, the beautifully lit, gold-embroidered room spinning around him as he wildly reached back, trying to grab the hand penetrating his butthole, but Scarlett’s free hand slid to his balls again and very un-graciously engaged them in a tight squeeze, freezing him in place as he mewled.

“-HAliiuhnnnuuhh-!!“

“... Then again.. maybe not such a woman pleaser,” she said in a fake sad voice, her bottom lip ludicrously pushed outwards, mocking him, before her face morphed into a devilish, angelic mask that Mope felt was somehow staining his soul. “Hands back on my tits where I can see them.”

He took his shaking hands onto her tits, at least enjoying the womanly warmth between his fingers, his knees turned inwards, whimpering, snivelling as she held both his balls and his anal virginity in her hands.

“Squeeze, whore.”

*‘I have to please her....’*

He began squeezing and kneading her breasts, cupping them underneath, kissing them, rubbing her nipples like radio dials, back and forth.

“OHHnnnn.... Good boy,” she moaned, unclasping his jewels, allowing him a deep breath in, before the finger began dancing against his insides.

“OHHH-!”

She wiggled it furiously, causing weird things to happen inside as he felt her roving around places that had never been roved in before.

“OHHh.. HHuh-!”

Tremors were moving through his body, fingers flexing of their own accord.

“Keep touching my tits,” she said harshly, and she bucked him so his face fell into her cleavage, a mass of tit-flesh and boob-sweat slapping into his face as

Mope moaned, his mouth enclosing pathetically around a hard bullet-nipple and suckling for comfort as a finger continued to oscillate deep between his cheeks. Mope allowed himself to rest onto her front, fully giving himself over like a Kangaroo kid jumping back into its mother's pouch.

Her thighs looked huge and muscular under his. In a way, she felt closer in size to a bear than a human.

Then a moment sent fear racing up his spine... as Scarlett began to lift his hips up and over her erect penis.

"I think we're ready, don't you?"

"F-For.... *Are you sure?.....*"

"Do try to be a little more honest with yourself Mope, it's very unattractive," she sighed, taking her huge, leaking penis in one hand and guiding it between his cheeks, "You were born for this."

"*W-wait-*"

She paused, aiming it directly at his anus. That angelic face became a leer of pure evil lust.

"Say your final prayers... because I'm about to change you."

\*\*\*

Eunice looked around. It had been two minutes since Mope had left, and she was already nervous.

"Carter... Carter can you hear me?"

Nothing.

She swore and quickly placed her earpiece back in her laptop bag.

They were compromised. She needed to act now, or they could all be dead in the next five minutes.

A quick check of the first-class cabin. Everyone either had their seats closed off from view, or were lounging idly. She resisted the urge to tousle her hair which she had recently cut short with frosted tips as she rose from her seat, straightened the form-fitting suit to hug her slim figure.

People often mistook her for being a lesbian, although as a bisexual this didn't exactly come as a hardship when a pretty woman crossed her path.

Her eyes found an air hostess, and then sidled down to the woman's rear end filling out the outfit wonderfully. She shook her head.

*'Focus.'*

Quick steps took her towards the door where Mope had left. But before she could reach it, a hand tapped her shoulder.

“Um, excuse me Miss? This area is reserved for platinum class.”

The air hostess had smoky eyeshadow, dark hair and caramel skin, a polite smile on her face.

“Oh, I just... wanted to check on my friend, I think he had some stomach problems...”

“Ah.. your friend in the grey suit?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, yes, one moment please.”

She turned and reached for another air hostess, a tall raven-haired girl with a stern expression and murmured something. The other woman nodded, and marched back the way she had come.

“Follow me.”

Eunice nodded, suddenly feeling quite uneasy about her decision to pursue Mope as she was led towards the rather simple cabin door, her slim legs shaking as a gust of turbulence buffeted the plane.

*“Shit!”*

A firm hand caught her bicep and gripped it in place.

She momentarily found herself lost in the eyes of the Arabic woman who allowed a smirk to cross her face. She was taller than Eunice by almost a head, and easily held her in her grasp like she was either about to tango dance or throw her out of the airplane.

“You should be careful.”

The iron fingers peeled away far slower than necessary, and she turned, continuing to lead Eunice, whose heart was now thumping in her chest. The woman's ass, supermodel legs and figure were bringing saliva to Eunice's mouth.

*‘Wow... she is.... dangerous. I need to be on my toes....’*

When they moved through the simple cabin-crew area and emerged in a beautiful wood-panelled area with booths to one side, Eunice couldn't help her eyebrows rising.

*“Fancy as hell....”*

Voices came from one of the booths, and Eunice's ears pricked. Was it a woman's voice? It was hard to tell over the background hum of the aircraft.

The air hostess smiled at her in that way that all air hostesses do, with a near perfect sincerity that can only be fake.

"This way please."

She was led away before she could hear more, into a beautiful cabin more akin to a famous writer's office, all hardwoods with a spacious leather seat, a broad tv screen taking up most of one wall with a desk that looked like it might easily pull out. A small hallway connected to another room, which seemed like a bedroom.

*'How do they have this much space?!'*

"Wow..."

The hostess smiled.

"I hope you will enjoy one of our VIP platinum cabins whilst we check on your friend."

"Uh.. wait... where is-"

"Please wait here."

Eunice was about to complain when the door whisked shut, and she heard a locking sound.

*"Shit.... Hey what the hell!"*

She punched the door controls, but nothing happened.

*"Please wait here,"* the woman's calm voice called, muffled by the door.

"Let me OUT!"

*"Wait here and please be quiet, or you will be taken into custody in London."*

"At least..... tell me your name first!?" Eunice shouted, figuring she might as well put a name to a face for whenever she decided to masturbate.

A pause, and she could almost feel the mirth on the woman's face.

"...Inaya."

"Great, Eunice... now let me out of here Inaya, you bitch."

Another pause. A smile was probably not on the woman's face when she replied.

"Watch your mouth American... or I might just find something to fill it soon...."

"Ooooooh I'm real scared...."

No response.

Eunice thinned her lips, jabbing the door button again.

\*Chck\*

It remained locked. Footsteps retreated.

“You Mother fuckers!”

Silence now bar the aircraft hum.

Eunice shook her head, taking a second to slow her breathing, nervous fingers fumbling in her jacket as light from the blinding white clouds outside illuminated the concentration on her face.

“Shit... *shit.. shit.....*”

Without a moment’s hesitation she dug out a pen from her pocket and began unclipping small metal instruments the size of hairpins from the inside.

“... Always having to save the day....”

She checked the door but found no keyhole to speak of.

“... Ah.”

Eunice sighed, and pieced the pen back together, before putting it glumly in her pocket. She took out her phone, opening a custom application and setting it against the electronic lock.

“So boring.... Just once it’d be nice to use the lockpick.”

The application loaded a small blue bar, and with a *\*whirrr\** and a *\*click\**, the door whooshed open.

“Guh... when will organisations start going retro again... *so boring...*”

She crept to the door, poking her head out. No-one was present in the secluded platinum area.

“Okay.... stay tight Mope, I’m comin’ for ya...”

Moving quickly, she scarpered to the next room, putting her ear to it.

No sound.

She pressed her phone to the lock.

\*Whirr\*

\*Click\*

With a swoosh, the door opened to an empty cabin.

“Fuck...”

Glance around. Still clear.

Next door.

Listen.

Her ears pricked up before she had even touched the surface of the door, a faint, muffled voice that might have been a woman's.

*"... no questions. All you need to worry about is..."*

She listened closer.

*"Got it?"*

*"Yes..."*

Her fists clenched tight. It was Mope... and he was talking.... which meant the woman must be Taylor Scarlett.

As she tried to work out what was being said, a clothed hand slid over her mouth. Eunice gasped, but immediately the brutal scent of some harsh chemical filled her face, and then the world was spinning. She didn't even manage to throw a punch, attempting a weak elbow before slumping to the floor, raising her spinning head in time to see three gorgeous women looking down on her, their cabin crew outfits perfectly moulded to their bodies, their expressions already so blurred that Eunice couldn't make them out other than one - Inaya.

*"She's pretty."*

*"I know,"* said Inaya. *"I'll go first."*

One of them might have sniggered.

Then Eunice passed out.

\*\*\*

Mope shivered as he felt the lubed-up wetness of Scarlett's huge cock-head placed between his butt-cheeks, a fire extinguisher pretending to be a comfortable seat instead of the battering ram that was going to pile-drive into his ass and cleave him in two.

*"I-I... I don't think I'm ready..."*

Scarlett grabbed his face and kissed him long and deep, tonguing him half to death, before breaking their union of drool and bodily fluids.

*"You are ready. I know you're ready. Now shut your ass up and take a seat."*

Mope and Scarlett's eyes locked, and as one they began to merge his ass to her hips.

Or at least that was the plan, because upon letting himself sit Mope immediately puckered as he experienced a nuclear missile trying to prize his tiny anus open.

*"N-NNOOOo! Woah woah!! That's-"*

The hands on his shoulders clamped down.

Mope squeaked in horror as huge force was applied to his torso, pulling him down to hell, and his asshole began to widen painfully, coaxed open by the undefeatable monster crowbarring its way inside.

“-OOHUHH, OHHUH-IT’S-“

His cheeks spread for the invader, pushed apart by the fist-sized meat mushroom angling up into his body as Scarlett knocked in a very un-neighbourly fashion on his back door.

He tried to pull himself upwards; bulging muscles disavowed him of such a notion.

His anus began to widen.

Mope had always been taught to be in control. He’d always had a plan.... But this was different. Now, there was no plan. Panic filled his chest, hyperventilating as powerful arms forced him down onto the first few inches of Scarlett’s cock, the woman’s face scrunched in concentration as she kept her plaything on course for the centre of her lap.

“Yesssss.... theeeeere we go.....”

\*Schlick-\*

“UHHGN.”

The pain of her dick-head popping into his ass made his back arch, eyes scrunching shut. He tried to drive upwards but couldn’t even budge an inch as the woman pulled him down onto her shaft, his arms spasming as a taut grimace spread across his face trying to deal with the hot, wet sea-monster pressing into his body.

“Hn..!”

“Oh fuck... *you’re so tight...*”

It slid what felt like metres further inside him.

They, or rather she, paused. Mope glanced down and nearly cried in despair at the giant limb barely two inches inside him, which was already enough to have caused an avalanche of pain to emanate from his stretched rim, clinging to the beast resting in his rear entrance hall, eager to slither deeper into the secrets beyond.

Scarlett looked like she was trying her best not to lose herself to the pleasure, her eyes threatening to roll up to the ceiling, wincing as her fucktoy's asshole tightened unintentionally, threatening to try and strangle the invader to death.

"...t's too big!..." Mope heaved, sweating.

"No it isn't... you're just panicking....Mmmnn.... Breathe slowly."

He tried, and found it still frighteningly invasive.

"HHnnnnn... I-I don't..."

"Shhh... Darling it's a little bit tight maybe, but I know you can take this," she said softly, rubbing her hands up and down her chest and belly, "you are the only man for this mission...."

"Hnn... p-please... iits too biiig....."

She rolled her tongue across her teeth.

"Hn.... You accepted this mission.... Come now, relax. You're lucky I'm being soft on you..."

"HNn?!" he managed, looking down with bulging eyes to the bollard he was squatting over, the tip already disappeared up between his cheeks, exploring inside him.

If this was soft, he definitely didn't want to know what hard meant.

"Just calm down... control your breathing. I know you can do this... look at me," she said in a gentle voice, her expression softening, humorous brown eyes drawing him in with a hint of smile.

"Hhgh....."

Mope winced, trying not to let the fear of the thing pushing up into his body overwhelm him, finding comfort in the softness of her expression, the warmth of her body.

'The steel in my ass.'

"HHUh-"

"I'm here... nobody can hurt you..."

She placed a finger to his lips, and gently pushed it in.

"Suck."

Mope whimpered, before placing his lips on it and sucking it like a baby's dummy.

"Mm..."

“There’s a good boy,” she whispered, captivated by the man closing his eyes and suckling her finger up to the knuckle, pining for the comforts of her body.

“That’s it... suck my baby... slow your breathing.... suck....”

Mope began to bob back and forth on the finger in his mouth, and felt another pressing between his lips. Suddenly he was sucking two large, long fingers, feeling the acrylic nails as she poked the inside of his cheek.

“Calm yourself... that’s it....now...”

She placed a hand carefully on his shoulder.

“... time for a little bit more.”

Mope whimpered, but readied himself.

“*Mph...?!*”

“Push like you’re taking a shit, alright?”

Mope managed to detach the fingers from his face long enough to pant a few slobbered words.

“mMMh... o-okay.... y-you know on a first date you’re not exactly.... ladylike....?”

She smirked.

“*First date?* I seem to remember you sucking my balls yesterday. You didn’t seem so manly at the time either... now... sit on my cock, faggot.”

Her hand pressed down, and fear clutched Mope’s heart as he sank down painfully further down the enemy flagpole, his legs shaking as it slowly forced its way up between his organs, stimulating his anal walls all the way up.

“HHNuuhHH!”

“I said, *push like you’re taking a shit!*” she snapped.

He did, and suddenly screeched as her cock barrelled up to places that Mope had never felt before.

“*AIIGHHHuH!*”

“Sorry, but we’ve only got eight hours, and I intend to use them all,” she said with a very unapologetic smirk.

He took in a ragged breath, clutching the shoulders of his invader.

It was all inside him. Her HUMUNGOUS cock was all inside him...

He touched his belly and whimpered, feeling a firmness where something alien was clearly sitting inside, shouldering other non-foreign objects aside in the process.

“Hhng... hhuh...”

Scarlett smiled and he felt the pillar throb.

A spasm went up his back as his hands fell to her shoulders, holding himself up so he didn't slump down, squeezing tight as his asshole clenched to the base of her penis, her warm thighs pillowy for his butt-cheeks. It might have been a lovely place to sit if her cock wasn't rearranging his insides.

“Sssweet... God... UHN-GOD..... ohhhh.....”

“Theere we are... isn't that better?” she breathed, drinking in the tense, sweating young man sat on her lap. He slumped forwards, close to the point of unconsciousness belied by the hands gripping vice-like to her shoulders.

“Hhng...”

Scarlett loved what her cock could do to a man. This one felt especially delicious... An enemy operative... A proud, capable secret agent... drooling and whimpering on her cock, brought low by her physical dominance, fear and excitement all mixed into a delicious cocktail. And he was all hers...

She flexed her manhood in his ass, and he mewled, lips trembling, his eyelids suddenly fluttering as he clung to her shaft with his back-entrance, sending shoots of pleasure up her shaft.

“MMm!”

“HoohH...”

Mope felt something... good... emanating from the pulsing pillar inside him.

*‘Oh God... she's turning me on.... with her dick...’*

Scarlett had to push against the urge to throw him down like a ragdoll... because watching him break piece-by-piece was perfection. She smiled as he scrunched his eyes shut, unable to face his own submission.

“No, no, no... you look at me,” she murmured, taking his chin so he had to stare into her eyes, trying not to let the tears show. “I own you now.”

He stared into eyes of bottomless hunger, feeling like he was already falling into a pit of endless lust. Fingers slithered to his buttocks and squeezed, her energy pent up and ready to explode in fiery destruction at any moment. It was terrifying

and exciting, and oddly he felt a cringe as he realised he was all alone with no-one to save him from the monster.

Then she reached forwards and kissed him again. It was smooth and teasing, a kiss of forbidden lovers, her tongue slipping between his lips and curling across his own, enticing it to awaken before slithering back out again. Then back in. Then out.

When he expected her to tongue him, she bit his lip instead, making him shiver. Arousal began to build once more, chest rising and falling. He kissed back, his hands came up-

She bumped him. Not even a pumping motion, just a little jerk of her hips to make him feel his insides move with the thick pole plugging his buttocks, but it was enough to make his eyes bug out.

*“HmNNN!!!!”*

“Whoops,” she smirked.

Mope’s heart was back to racing at a million miles an hour, trying not to drool like a rabid dog as he whimpered, looking down at his lap so he wouldn’t have to make eye contact with the woman balls deep in his ass.

“Look at me.”

He whimpered, keeping his eyes down.

“Look at me, Mope.”

“Hnn.. hn..”

“Mope, if you don’t look at me...”

She bumped her hips.

“HHHNN!”

“... I’m going to break you like a dog. Would you like that?”

“Hnn.. Uhn..”

“You know, I learned how to break a man,” she whispered, pulling him roughly to her so he was nuzzled into the crevasse of her neck, “Mi6 tried to show me more barbaric ways, but no-one could extract information like me once I learned how to squeeze...”

She wrapped a hand around his balls and enclosed them just enough to make him whine like a bitch.

“... the juices out.”

“Uuuhnnn!-“

She gave a low laugh laced with wickedness.

“I know better than anyone which buttons...”

A quick hip jab caused the cock to thrust deep within him.

“UUUhn-!!!”

“..to press.”

Mope felt the cabin becoming smaller, like his world was caving into the single shining pillar of light lodged deep inside him. Then Scarlett grinned and flexed it, making it expand against his insides, drawing a whore-moan from his lips before he could stop it.

“OOoohhhHHH-“

“Am I pressing your buttons, boy?”

“Mmuh...hmm....”

“I asked you a *question boy*....”

Her tone was so threatening that Mope immediately stammered the words out.

“Y-YEAH... yeah you’re pressing my buttons, holy shit you’re pressing my buttons.... HHH-HNn....”

“Oohhhh... such a gorgeous boy... and pathetic,” she chuckled, before grabbing his hips and raising him. The cock pulled his insides down, and Mope mewled as the cock reworked his body on the way up, “I think after all the work you’ve done for your country... you deserve a little sit down-“

Her grin became evil.

“-enjoy your reward!”

She snatching him down on her cock so hard and fast that it was like an uppercut straight to his prostate, and Mope blacked out with pleasure as a sound so high-pitched escape him that he didn’t even recognise it as himself.

“AAIIIIHHHHUHHH!”

For a moment he was outside the plane, floating across the tops of the clouds, all his bodily senses obliterated, his eyes rolled up, his muscles clenched, his mouth showing no emotion other than to remain wide open, simply a vessel to allow the whore-squeal a vent to escape from.

Mope would not remember those five to ten seconds specifically... but it was that moment that truly broke his masculinity. Mope didn't even know it yet, but he had found a deeper pleasure, one that he could never recover from.

When he blinked the sweat from his eyes, he was shivering on Scarlett's lap, and the woman was preparing for his next drop to the pits of depravity.

"How did that feel, darling?"

"HNNn....Sc...Scarlett..."

"Yes?"

"C... can we go sl-.. slow...?"

She sheathed him so hard and fast that their hips connecting was like a whip-crack, his ass smacking against her thighs as he screamed.

"HHUUGHIIAAAHHHHUHHHH!"

Scarlett laughed, roving her hands up his body, playing with his piss-slit before wrapping her hand around the cock bobbing up and down like a dog's tail, drooling down onto her bellybutton.

"HNNN... No... No I don't THINK so...!"

Mope was struggling. It was all too much... the pain, the emasculation, the fear...

"How about we go faster!?"

"W-WUH-?!?"

Scarlett pumped her cock three times, and by the third Mope moaned as he felt his own cock dribble a weak line of white down onto her knuckles.

"Hmm.... I think my dick is doing its job, don't you?"

"HHnn-"

"What... nothing to say?" she goaded, smiling like it was her wedding day, rolling her hips.

"HHhnnuh.... wh-what exactly do y... HHn... yyou want me to say..... that you're NNU... b-breaking me in half!?..."

She took a swipe of sticky, string cum and sucked her dirty finger.

"Mmmm... absolutely... I want you to show me how humiliating it is for a man to be turned by a dick in his ass...."

She regarded her hand lined with some of his cum, and placed it to her mouth.

“Mmmm.. mm... slut-juice is such a precious commodity.... most men would never be this whorish to cum just from riding a dick...”

She pumped her hips. Mope whined as his insides moved an inch out and then in with her shaft.

“Uhhnn....!!!!!”

“Yesssss feel that.... I’m breaking you, my little American cunt....”

He felt electricity spread to his fingertips and toes as she continued to push in and out, flexing as she did so, making his toes curl.

“That’s it...struggle... even though I can see your body accepting me.....”

Her hand squeezed his thigh, the other tweaking his nipple.

“Uuhhn!!”

“Every bit of your body is my canvas... and I’m going to make a work of art....”

She drew in close, so her breath tickled his lips, her eyes devouring him.

“.. in fact... you’re so perfect... I think I might have to keep you.”

Mope couldn’t find words, the pleasure and pain jumbled up in his head, and instead he offered a weak cry, trying not to drool and almost succeeding.

“UUHhn...”

“Ohhh yes... cry for help.... Noone’s coming to save you,” she grinned, still playing across his body with her spider-like fingers, finding skin to pinch, fats to squeeze, muscles to massage. Every time he tried to stop her touching or teasing a part of his body, she would buck her hips, and he would feel her hard manhood slide across his anal walls.

“UHHN!”

“I said not...nn... not to fight me...” she breathed, her chest already beginning to expand deeper, the unholy hog throbbing more aggressively inside his ass.

For a moment, the only sounds were the quiet hum of the engines, and the deep breathing of two people in dire heat.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” she breathed, nodding to herself as if she could barely contain her anticipation, biting her lip subconsciously.

Mope could do nothing but accept his fate, and set himself.

“Nnuhn....”

Her hands seized his hips, and Mope had the sudden experience of feeling light as a feather again as she pulled him slowly up to the tip of her cock, juddering as he

felt her giant ass-thermometer with a second heartbeat leave his body. If she wanted to, she could have held him in the air like a toddler.... Luckily, he didn't have to feel embarrassed for too long, as Scarlett slowly, torturously, impaled him back on her erection.

“UHHHHnnnn.”

It pushed up inside him, and Mope whinnied as his organs were forced aside again in the most egregious way possible, Scarlett wallowing in his body, running her hands up and down his sides and squeezing whatever she found there with hard grips.

“HHnnnuhhh God I love the noises you make... it's almost as good as your ass feels against my thighs....”

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When Eunice blinked awake, she only had a few moments of feeling warm blankets beneath her naked body, a pleasant dim light, and the ball gag in her mouth before her eyes bulged wide, panic setting in as she gauged a ceiling three feet from her face, whipping her head around to see the grey coffin-space she in, the straps keeping her arms and legs wide open, and..... the woman lying on top of her.

“MMMMPHHHH!”

She screamed into the gag, but the muffled sound felt like it went nowhere, instead reverberating in the enclosed space and ringing her ears, probably barely escaping what seemed like a sleeping space of some kind for the crew.

“Hey, it's not that bad.... plenty of space for two,” Inaya grinned, settling her weight down whilst sliding her hand down between Eunice's legs.

“MPHh-MMPH!!”

The woman was fully in her space, so heavy on top of her that it was almost impossible to breathe, and Eunice shook her head no, but instead of going straight for her vagina.... the hand trailed up and down her belly, back up between her pert breasts.

“Oh, stop it. This is nothing more than a silly childish tantrum,” she smirked, “you Americans weren't disciplined by your Mothers enough.”

Inaya grabbed a nipple and pinched it, sending a shot of pain and pleasure into Eunice's brain.

“MPHH!”

“Don’t worry... I’ll discipline you myself,” the woman growled, her deep smoky eyeshadow over brown eyes dripping with sexual energy.

A pinch of her other nipple.

Eunice moaned, trying to free herself, writhing as the fingers feathering around the areolas sending pleasure worming out of her chest, the walls too close, her legs too open... an intense claustrophobia racking her mind as she scrunched her eyes shut.

“mMMmm-!”

“Ohhhh.... I think she likes it,” the woman breathed into her ear.

Eunice tried to butt her head, but the woman simply shifted out of reach, Eunice unable to generate any power or impetus tied up.

“mMPHH!-HMMPH!!”

“Oh... I guess we’ll hurry it up, shall we? Yalllla....”

She slid down Eunice’s body, to the legs which tried to kick, but couldn’t break free of the straps, Eunice watching with sweat beading on her forehead as the woman’s lips opened, and she breathed onto her pussy, causing the restrained girl to cringe as cool air kissed her sensitive folds.

“MMPHHHHH-MPHHHH!”

“HHmmm.... smells good,” the woman whispered into the bushy mound.

Eunice screeched into the ball-gag, and then her screeches were cut off with a whimper as the woman’s tongue flicked across her sex.

“Mh-“

Another lick sent a zip of pleasure up her body, and she squirmed from the invasiveness of it, unable to prevent her secret flower from being openly played with.

“MMH-“

Eunice began to sweat for real as the woman applied some spit and swirled it across her flower, her hips bucking as she tried to avoid the sensitive areas being found by lyana’s tool.

“MMMh-“

*‘Don’t give in....’*

The tongue came dangerously close to her clit, and Eunice whimpered, expecting it... only to sweep over and around.

“Mph... MMmmnnn.....”

‘No... NO....’

Another flick around. This time her hips anticipated it, and she managed to roll her hips away... but the bodily instincts were screaming to accept it, to shove her hips forwards and bask in the pleasure just waiting to be received.

“Mmmn..... Mmmnn....!!!!”

“Trying to stop your pussy from spilling your secrets?” the woman smirked. “You are such a dumb whore...”

She reached down and slid her tongue directly between Eunice’s legs.

Eunice’s back arched subtly as her legs quivered from the rough wetness passing over her sensitive clit.

“M-MM!!-MMmm.....”

Iyana began to power her lips and tongue up and down, creating a swirling vortex of slobbery pleasure that fired straight to the cavewoman parts of Eunice’s brain. The tied-up woman let out a sopping wet moan as her flower was attacked.

“MMMMmhhhh-“

The huffs of the two women filled the space, the hum of the aircraft vibrating softly in the background as Eunice whimpered from an indecently ugly rub of the woman’s tongue directly on her clit that made her go cross-eyed.

“Mph-mph-mmmmmM....”

Eunice couldn’t help it. The energy building was too great... She melted into the pleasure, her legs opening further despite a tiny whimper of outrage as the woman grabbed her butt-cheeks in perverted fingers, cupping her cheeks and pulling them in allowing Iyana unfettered access to kiss Eunice’s pussy deeply, applying some suction and further spit to the process, accelerating the feelings swirling inside her body.

The tongue danced, and Eunice began to moan consistently, bouncing against the straps as her body became a puppet, enslaved to the pleasure being produced.

Her eyes closed tight as the warmth built to a roaring heat between her legs, an ache that was about to be sated...

“MMMM-“

Eunice shook as the orgasm rippled through her body, the dancing tongue across her pussy receiving its reward of tangy, gushing pussy juice. Inaya sighed, her hand between her own legs as she sucked the nectar into her mouth. For a moment, Eunice forgot who she was, a few blissful moments passing before the warmth subsided from her addled mind, the haze clearing. Her brow furrowed in shock and disgust.

“Mm...”

She panted, and meagrely tried to pull at one of the straps whilst the woman rubbed her face against her leaking vagina, kissing her inner thigh. The straps tightened with a tense wiry noise, but remained firm. Inaya’s nose prodded her clit.

“MMmh...!”

The strap dug into her flesh, and she whimpered, releasing it. There was no escape.

“Mmm... Thank you for a delicious appetiser.”

Her words were spoken into Eunice’s pussy so she could feel the warm breath with every word, squirming, wriggling. The scent of her own arousal reached her nose, and she felt like she might die of humiliation; a secret agent who couldn’t even stop herself from cumming on command.

“Mmph.. Mm....” she mewled into the ball gag, sweat now dappling her body.

*‘I have to resist this... I have to....’*

The woman began to crawl upwards. Eunice twisted her body with nowhere to go, stuck in a two-woman cave with no way out. She watched hopelessly as the woman’s large breasts slid past her belly button, and between her legs...

Eunice’s eyes bugged out.

She had a cock. A hard, seven-inch, beautiful tan cock. It was circumcised, proudly showing a pink mushroom already glazed in white translucence, the base framed by black, curly pubic hair.

If Eunice were not tied up and at an enemy agent’s mercy, she would have said it was the most perfect cock she’d ever seen.

Eunice shook her head slowly, eyes pleading.

“Mmmph...”

*‘No... she’ll ruin me....’*

The woman settled into a missionary position, smirking, keeping Eunice's legs wide, rubbing the shaft up and down her defenceless sex.

*"MMMh.. mMMMh...."*

Wetness drenched it.

*'No-no-no-no.'*

The thickness of it felt like it was made to break women, too big to be denied, sliding across the width of her pussy and stimulating wonderful things on her body that had been neglected for months.

*"GGLM-"*

She shook her head side to side. The cock was dripping wet as her own vagina, betraying her completely, lubed up her enemy's weapon, hungering to receive its fill.

*'Fuck this is too easy, I have to fight...!'*

She made to writhe again, but the placement of the cock head against her flower froze her. It felt warm, and thick, and wet. She looked into the eyes of the woman on top of her, and whimpered into the gag, slobber beginning to run down her chin.

*"Mmm...."*

The woman smirked.

*"Exactly.... Now you understand. You're going to feel every inch of what I'm going to put inside you now, whore."*

Eunice furrowed her brow briefly and growled, but the sound was cut short as she felt the cock-head push against, then slide easily into her opening, stretching it in the most glorious way.

*"GGMGH....Hhnn!"*

All of the fight left her as she squeaked, shocked by the feeling of a beautiful woman's hard shaft sliding deep between her legs, threatening to fill her up completely.

*"mMMmm... Mmmmmhh!!!..."*

Tiny whimpers slipped through the gag, her jaw aching as Eunice was forced to stare into the dark eyes of the woman as the dick pressed steadily inside, lyana's fingers coming to slide across hard nipples.

“Hmm... so *tiight*.... I think someone is pretending she doesn't like it,” she whispered, tweaking the nub gently like a radio dial, looking for the perfect signal... and found it when a whimper emerged unbidden from Eunice's throat.

“*MmmHHMM!*”

“Oh... sensitive girl... well, I'm sorry... maybe I should use my tongue?”

Eunice shook her head frenziedly from side to side, trying to push back at the pleasure her body was forcing her to accept. The woman licked her lips at this... and shoved three inches deeper into Eunice's pussy.

“*MMMMmm... MMG-mg-...MMg...*”

Tears came to Eunice's eyes as lyana smirked.

“Hmmm... maybe tongue is too good for you.... but I'm a caring lover....”

She reached down, and licked directly across a waiting bud, bringing a demented groan from the bound girl as the wet roughness of the tongue played havoc with her senses. She twisted, trying not to let her nipple be touched, but the woman followed, slowly, and Eunice whimpered as she found the bud once more, this time closing her lips and suckling it hard.

“*MMmmG...mmmgg.....!!*”

Then the woman pressed her hips forwards, and Eunice's back arched, eyes crossing as she felt a brutal fullness, the dick fully sat inside her, nudging her internal organs aside, sweaty hips pressed against one another.

“Oohhh yes... you are tight aren't you,” the woman breathed, coming face to face, staring Eunice down, drinking in the woman's trembling, fitful pleasure that she desperately wanted to deny. “*So easy... so desperate.....*”

She could feel the woman's pleasure pulsing in her core, throbbing against her vaginal walls. Eunice took one last look at the pleasure coffin she was trapped in, the walls inches from her face, feeling the claustrophobic warmth of lyana's body in and around her, the woman's beautiful body grinding up against her...

“You're just a dumb American slut that wants to get fucked.”

It throbbed again.

“*MMM!*”

‘*So deep...so BIG...*’

“Now we start,” the woman breathed, grinning as she wrapped her arms around Eunice who was trembling, locked into the stare from the woman above her.... who slid her cock out and in.

\*Shhliick-Shlick.\*

“MMMmmmmggghhh!”

Eunice’s soulful moan came from so deep that she didn’t even have time to question it before the next slow slide in and out of her vagina made her legs shake.

“MMMMMmm-“

She made a token twitch of her torso to try and angle her hips away from the next thrust, but she only lasted for two strokes before her abs began to ache, and she had to take the next, harder thrust full on.

\*SCHHLIICK\*

“MMMMMMH!”

For once she was thankful for the ball-gag as it stopped her pornstar moaning into her conqueror’s face, her body made for this wonderful breeding, legs and arms going taut. Every time lyana bottomed out, her dick would flex like some sort of alien creature, and Eunice would feel every inch of it against her insides, sending riotous pleasure up her spine to rewire her brain.

“MMHH.”

“Take it... take it you dirty skank whore,” lyana growled, shoving her hips a litter harder.

\*SCHhllliiick\*

“MHH-“

This one came as a slight pump to the guts, Eunice twisting again as the pleasure shivered up her spine, cringing as she felt the dick spill a warm wet spot inside her, signalling the woman’s arousal.

“Nowhere to run... NNNnnhh,” lyana breathed, her lips pursing to kiss the forehead of her muse. “FEEL THIISSSS...”

Eunice tried to furrow her brow, immediately un-furrowed by a mighty heave into her pussy.

\*THWAP\*

“MMMMMMNNN!”

The scream came unbidden. A trio of quickfire thrusts were accompanied by tears of pleasure and humiliation rolling down Eunice's face as she tried to look away from the lithe panther on top of her.

"Oh no-no-no, you look into your master's eyes, *bitch*," Iyana spat, grabbing her face and squeezing her cheeks painfully against the ball gag so Eunice had to stare into her precocious stare. "You will feel this... as I *fuck you*-"

\*THWAP\*

The slap of skin on sweaty skin was like a whip-crack as Eunice's eyes bugged out from the brutal pleasure.

"MMMGLHHH-"

She stared down at the brutal shaft retracting sloppily from her pussy, wet with her own juices, and whinnied. There was nothing that she could do other than let the pleasure be fucked into her.

Eunice let her head fall back, a sickening smile come to her face as she accepted the dick and met it with a slight bump of her hips and tightening of her pussy, and Iyana grunted in satisfaction as she felt the capitulation.

"MNN... That's right. Take this dick like you MEAN IT!"

\*SCHWAP\*

The skin-slap was like a whip crack that hurt her ears as the woman drove herself full throttle into Eunice's hole, and Eunice's back arched, screeching into the ball-gag as a surge of pleasure ripped through her.

"MMGHH-!!"

\*SCHWAP\*

"MMMGGHH-"

\*SCHWAP\*

"Mnn-hmmHH-"

The two women gyrated in the confined space, Iyana barely able to raise her hips because the ceiling was so low. It only served to keep them clamped tight together.

Eunice scrunched her eyes as sweat began to drip off the girl's face onto hers, huffing and drooling as her pussy was punished by the pistoning man-shaft. Iyana didn't hold up, butting her hips whilst sliding her grip to Eunice's breasts and squeezing, taking great delight in the helpless wiggle from beneath her.

Then Iyana began to motor.

\*THWAP-THWAP-THWAP\*

“MMm-mm-MmM-MMHH—MHHMM-HHMMHMH-!!!!!!“

Eunice screamed as ecstasy spread to every corner of her body, toes curling as the shaft began to pound her now well-stretched sex. Heat began to build in the small space. The pair rocked, Eunice powerless as the woman slammed away at her, moaning uncontrollably as the stimulation rifled up her spine and dissolved her brain.

“MMMMMHHH-“

The girl spasmed, an orgasmic fit racking her body. Iyana squeezed her breasts, adding an extra push to the shockwave. Her eyes rolled up, and Iyana gasped as the pussy tightened on the base of her shaft, and brought waves of juices to flood her crotch.

“Mmh-Gllh... gllh....”

“That’s it... \*HGN\*... Couldn’t even... \*HNN\*... last five minutes!”

A wild animal squealing of sheer panic overtook Eunice as her body, instead of coming down from the orgasm, felt ready for more, the orgasmic energy swirling within her, just a few perfect thrusts away from release again. Tears of ecstasy streamed down her face as the dick immediately found her special places, Iyana’s superior tits weighing like water balloons crushed against her chest as she was treated to the pounding of a lifetime.

\*THWAP-THWAP-THWAP\*

“MMMh-MMMH-mHHH!”

Pleasure swirled within her. Eunice gurned up at the ceiling into her conqueror’s eyes, vacant, zombified.

Seconds turned into minutes as the woman between her legs destroyed her mercilessly, locked on the eyes of a woman with no remorse for giving Eunice the experience of a lifetime, Iyana making sure she could enjoy the intelligence seeping from Eunice’s pretty, blue Irises, her body racked with spasms of orgasmic energy.

Liquid gushed from between her legs, lubricating the weapon of her demise.

The slaps of skin-on-skin reverberated through the space, wet and harsh. Moans swirled inside with nowhere to go, a cacophony of slutty brutality vibrating their skulls as Lyana had her way with the cross-eyed, gushing American agent.

The smell of sweat and pussy juice became tangible, the heat building in the small space as Lyana reduced the woman beneath her to a baser version of humanity... a drooling, cock-drunk cavewoman whose brain had forgotten everything but the ecstasy of being bred and impregnated.

Outside, less than ten metres away, trolleys were quietly wheeled out filled with snacks and hot drinks for the first-class guests whilst Eunice screamed her way through another blistering orgasm, higher than the clouds flying past outside.

Minutes passed.

Orgasms wracked her slim, weakening frame.

Moments of lucidity came briefly through the storm as the woman grunted in her ear. Her eyes briefly rolled to the side, searching for a way out. The filling of her abdomen with cock wrenched her attention straight back to centre, eyes bulging as she received another dick to her core that sent her into a series of convulsions.

\*SCHHWAAAPP\*

“MMMNNGNHHH-MMMNNGH-MN-“

The space became an oven, two bodies forming a roiling heat as sweat began to cover their bodies.

Minute after minute ticked by, time becoming irrelevant. At some point Eunice felt the ball gag become unclipped, allowing her aching jaw to close just in time to feel a tongue slip between her lips. The straps around her ankles came free, her legs immediately clamping to Lyana's back as she was kissed deeply, the tongue in her mouth rough and uncompromising, riding straight over hers and bulging her cheek as it searched for new flavours and textures in her mouth.

At some point Eunice came again, but by this point the orgasms had begun to blend into a swirling vortex of energy emanating from the pillar pounding between her legs. Her experiences began to boil down to moments.

A bite of her lip.

The taste of sweat from the woman's neck as she left a hickey on it.

A shiver as the woman tensed up.

Lucidity came back just in time to realise the woman was obviously not wearing protection before a surge of adrenaline kicked in.

*'She's tensing up...Oh FUCK...'*

Warm wetness exploded inside her, a freshly boiled semen soup expanding and filling everything in her belly as lyana rocked and groaned, buried in Eunice's neck and vibrating against her. This brought another orgasm to Eunice's spasming frame as ecstasy ripped through her, zombie moaning as she was impregnated by a superior woman.

The two figures rocked as they both came over and in each other, fluids endlessly swapped until the two merged into one. Shivering fingers clutched tight to Eunice's back as she felt her belly expand from the cum being pumped out of lyana's milk hose, the endless squelching like someone plunging a toilet.

It was almost with relief that, just as her stomach started to ache and bulge like an eight-month pregnancy, lyana's spurts finally slowed, ending with one last trickle before the woman collapsed, her body slumping over Eunice as the pair panted, two sweaty, sated animals recovering after a vigorous rut.

For minutes, neither spoke, simply trying to get their breaths back, the mixture of sweat salty on their tongues.

Finally lyana forced some words out.

"Ohhh... you will be good for this crew."

Even without the ball-gag, Eunice could barely form words, drool still trickling from the sides of her mouth as little birds flew around her head, staring up at the ceiling but seeing nothing.

"Mmuhh... fffuhhhh..."

"Huh... Ah, I know you liked it, you pretty bitch," lyana drawled, cupping a breast and kissing it. "Mmm... a shame I have to go but... don't worry. I won't leave a whore like you without company..."

The woman drew back her hips, and Eunice felt her insides go with it.

"HHUUUHH-"

\*SPLLLuuuuurgggge-\*

Cum shot from her pussy, exploding over lyana's dick.

"Ooh... now that's a creampie," lyana nodded approvingly, taking a moment to watch the pink water-fountain shoot half a lake's worth of cum onto the floor of

the cubicle, almost having to lean to the side to avoid being covered. “Hnn.... I would stay and get messy but... I still need to work.”

“*Fuck,*” Eunice managed, the power in her voice feeble.

“Bye for now,” Iyana smiled, and Eunice whimpered as she felt the ball gag shoved back in her mouth, jaw fixed in the aching position once more.

“MMM-MMH-“

“Maybe I’ll get another go at you today...”

Iyana pressed a button that made a small whooshing noise, crawling backwards out of the small space, leaving Eunice with her arms still spread wide, legs twitching as her creamed pussy gushed out a huge puddle for her to lie in. She hazily tried to make noise, but manage only tired moans which travelled nowhere but the gag and a few feet from the isolated bunk.

‘*Must try...escape...*’

Movement outside the oppressive space caught her attention, and her eyes widened with fear as another figure peered inside... a naked woman, ginger, with baby cheeks and an impish smile. She seemed to be in the final stages of removing her cabin crew uniform, unclipping her bra and flinging it aside to reveal pert breasts and a girlish figure.

Eunice understood immediately what was about to happen, and frantically shook her head, moaning at the top of her lungs, her legs scrabbling in a pool of cum and pussy juice as the woman began to crawl into the space. Her dick was flopping beneath her, but hardening rapidly, looking around six-and-a-half inches in length.

“Mmm.. MMM-MMMMMHHHH!”

“*Finally...* my turn,” the woman grinned.

\*\*\*

Mope was shaking.

“Fffuuuckkkk... HHohhh... OHHhhh....”

Scarlett pulled him up like a puppet.

“WVHHwaaii-“

\*PLAP\*

This time she simply dropped him, and he let out a bitch-squeal that he hadn’t realised he was capable of producing as he slammed down to her base, sheathed

on her cock in an instant. Mope grabbed onto the sides of the chair, trying to pull himself off the baseball bat in his ass.

“AAIIUUHHUHHHHHHHnnn-!!!!“

He managed to push himself up an inch, but of course, stronger hands pried them clear and interlinked with his.

“Ah, ah... wouldn’t want us slowing down now, just when we’re getting to the good bit?”

She winked, and then bucked her hips up so violently that the smack of skin on skin was like a whip-crack.

\*THWAP\*

“UHHHNN!!!!..”

Pain and a dark pleasure raced up Mope’s spine as her cock pounded through his insides. He clutched her hands whilst whimpering as the cock slid in, and out. In, and out.

“Huhn... uhn....”

\*schliiick-schliiick-schliiick-\*

“Yes, you’re right.. HNNn.... Better to let the educated one of us talk,” she smirked, before pulling him close. “....Yankee *faggot!*”

She pumped her hips violently again.

\*THWAP\*

The skin-on-skin echoed in the confined space, Mope gasping as the dark pleasure grew exponentially stronger, all concentrated around where her cock was hitting deep inside him.

“HHohh!! AAAliiuhghh!-”

The filthy enjoyment was growing, but it seemed like she was angling for a specific spot, yawing her hips left and right to search for buried treasure.... Mope whimpering until the moment she found the special place with her fleshy helmet, and his whole body went taut, Mope gurning to the ceiling.

“GGHHUHRRGHlllllellhghl....”

“OHhhh there we are... I think we found the launch button,” she breathed, eagerly sitting herself by planting her feet on the floor, grabbing his hips in cruel vice grips that were almost painful.

She was going to bulldoze him. He could see it in the way she was winding up to snap her hips to the ceiling.

“NN... W-wait, Scarlett please WAI-!”

She launched her cock up into him like a torpedo.

Mope screamed as he was unmade, the sensation of hard cock slamming into his prostate simply overwhelming his body’s ability to cope, nerve endings alight with pleasure and dirty, wonderful pain.

“-UUGHMYGUUUUHHhddduhh....”

“Ohh yes... moan for Mummy...”

\*THWAP!\*

“UUGHN!”

The slap of their skin was like a gunshot, so loud and hard that it sounded like meat being tenderised as Scarlett’s manhood plunged deep into the centre of his body.

“No wonder you couldn’t tame me... you shouldn’t have caught \*UGHN\*... my eye... maybe your ass wouldn’t be getting roasted right now!”

\*SMACK\*

\*THWAP!\*

“AIIHHNNNG-“

Mope’s mouth hung wide open as he saw white lights, saliva dribbling down his chin. The sensations were overwhelming; too perfect, too wonderful to do anything other than bask in it. Scarlett felt her own wetness at both sides of her mouth as she stared at her new slave.

“Ohhh that’s good....”

\*THWAP!\*

“UUUYuhh!”

\*THWAP\*

“UUUHHUUHN-“

Stars entered Mope’s vision. His legs shook as he tried his best to ride Scarlett’s lap, the woman’s fingers like steel traps on his hips, keeping him firmly wedged on her appendage. Her grin was sick, but his expression was beginning to mirror hers, a zombified smile sagging his face, head lolling as she drove a brutal thrust up into him.

*"Hnnuuu-"*

"Don't pass out," she hissed, slapping him softly across the mouth a few times to keep him firmly in his senses, before grabbing his hair and shaking him.

*"HNN-n-uhn-uh-uNNNN-...."*

"Ride me, right now. DO IT."

He tried to, legs quivering as he pulled his ass off of the pulsing base of her schlong.

*"HHUhHn..."*

"Come on, do it... DO IT, you dirty little pussy!"

She forced the point home with an ugly cock thrust up into his ass, cause an ugly whine of pain and arousal to burst forth from his lips.

*"HHUUHHHN-"*

*"RIDE IT!"*

*\*Clap-clap-clap-\**

*"uUGHn-GUHH-uguh---!"*

Her cock felt like it inhabited his entire torso every time it came to rest, the girth so huge that everything in his body was shouldered aside to make space for the monster.

He tried to raise himself, and could barely push two inches up on shaking legs before falling back onto her sword, groaning as she pressed against his special place hidden deep inside.

As sweat dripped from his brow, moans of submissive pleasure bubbling up from his gut, the door beeped.... and his head lolled around in horror to see a flight attendant with just her hat on, and nothing else. Caramel skin, gorgeous tear-drop breasts and below her waist, a humungous cock with shaved pubes in a landing-strip style presented themselves. Mope noticed with his eyes wide that her cock was covered in what looked like a healthy sheen of sticky fluids, some of it thick and white.

When the woman spoke, she sounded out of breath, a hazy grin on her face.

"Just thought you ought to know... we found one sneaking around."

Mope whined, suddenly terrified.

“Good,” Scarlett nodded, gently grinding her hips so Mope had to whinny like a girl as the cock stimulated his insides gloriously. “It seems like the interrogation is going well.”

“NNnhnNHHHH!”

The woman laughed, breathless.

“Ha... same to you...”

She stepped forwards and leaned in, grabbing his chin and twisting his head right and left, as if observing a chicken at the market.

“Verry pretty.... and don’t worry, we’ll extract everything from his friend...”

Scarlett pursed her lips in amusement.

“Message received loud and clear..... but, out of interest for my sweet little CIA slut here... could you tell him exactly how many of you will be running a train on her?”

“Oh... well, all of us!” she laughed, wiping the sweat from her forehead, “every single woman on the flight crew.... we’ll be taking turns going out and serving.... I’ll say this girl’s got some stamina, but I doubt she’ll be able to walk by the time we land.”

Mope watched on, helpless.

‘..... *Eunice.*’

The woman smiled to herself, her appendage rising again, and then glanced at her watch and her eyes widened.

“Ah, apologies, but I must serve hot drinks..... Have fun!”

Mope moaned as the door whooshed closed. Eunice was being fucked by an entire flight full of hung flight attendants.

“Do you know how many flight attendants work on these aircraft?” Scarlett whispered into his ear.

“Hnn....”

He didn’t want to know.

“Oh, well darling... for a craft like this, over twenty. All under our employ.... I would imagine Eunice to be quite incapable of saying her own name before we even reach halfway.”

The crinkles in her cheeks spoke volumes as to how satisfied she felt at Mope and Eunice’s utter capitulation.

“Whh... *why*,” he murmured, anger briefly flaring in his temple.

Scarlett leaned forwards, an arm coming around his back, keeping him locked in, her free hand coming to clutch his balls.

“HNN!”

“Because you’re mine... and your team are just pussies waiting to be broken in by real women,” she snarled, “you’re weak... and we are strong...”

“*Eunice... C-carter...*”

“Carter will be fine. If anything, I think Lilly has singled him out.”

“l.. Llilly....?” he drooled.

“Yes... I think she’s the only one of us with a pussy....”

She smirked as she glanced down at his belly where her cock throbbed.

“HUHn...”

“... guess you weren’t so lucky,” she grinned, before rifling her hips upwards.

\*\*\*

Carter reclined and un-reclined his seat, grumbling.

Nowhere felt comfortable, and the leg-space was a joke... it felt like swapping places with a canned piece of tuna wouldn’t be a bad deal if the cramps in his legs were anything to deal with.

He looked around for a stewardess, but saw only one on the other side, an Arabic woman with slightly smudged makeup serving hot drinks, looking rather dishevelled and sweaty.

*‘Wow, the job must really take it out of them.’*

At least her smile, albeit tired, seemed genuine as the woman adjusted her hat, blushing.

Carter glanced at the earpiece in his hand, but made no motion to put it back in.

*‘Mope doesn’t need me when he’s business class. What can I do around here I economy anyways...’*

“Excuse me?”

Carter jerked in his seat, shoving the earpiece into his now slightly crinkled suit pocket.

“Huh?!”

He looked past the rather sour-looking old lady between him and the aisle, to see a pretty, slim blonde air stewardess. Immediately he knew he was in trouble,

because she had a face that deserved to be on billboards, and a class that was way out of his league.

“Sir?”

“Uh... are you talking to me?”

She nodded, giving another warm smile.

*‘Wow, these ladies are much friendlier than the other girls that served us...’*

“Mr Carter?”

“Ah, yes...”

“Mr Carter, I believe there’s been a mistake, and you’ve been upgraded to first class.”

Carter’s spirit lifted.

“A.. absolutely!”

Inside, he chuckled.

Well this was a turn of events.

After struggling past the increasingly un-impressed old lady, he made to grab his case from the overhead locker.

“Ah, not to worry, we’ll collect it for you later,” she smiled, beckoning him on.

Carter could barely hold in his excitement, and the nerves at such a bombshell leading him, as he drank in the figure that he had surely seen walking red carpets before.

Quickly he was past economy, and the woman whisked a curtain shut behind them.

“This way please...”

She took him by the arm, and before he could get excited by her touch, she opened the toilet cubicle door next to him, and shoved him inside.

“Hey-!”

The woman then made his head spin by following, and briskly shutting it, matter of fact as she swept the lock closed... and then turned to face Carter.

“...”

“... Um-“

Carter’s head began to spin as she lowered herself to her knees, and reached out to touch his crotch.

“-hhoh...”

Fingers searching for only one thing fiddled furiously with his belt, unbuckling and unzipping his pants in seconds.

\*ZZZT\*

“Oh, my name’s Lilly by the way.”

“Holy shi-“

The woman reached in and grabbed the hard, growing shaft from within his boxers. He barely had time to think as she observed the seven-inch cock in her hands, smiling at it like an old friend, and then gobbling it in her mouth.

“HHOHHH...”

Carter moaned, almost doubling over as the woman’s lips seized tight to his manhood, providing suction so hard that it felt like she was purposely making an airtight seal to survive in the vacuum of space, her tongue alien in its agility as it twisted and swirled around his cock-head, delicately fiddling with his piss-slit, wrapping around the shaft, and searching under the ridges for extra flavours.

“Mmmmm...”

She breathed in the scents of his dick like she was already about to cum, nostrils flaring as she inhaled.

‘Holy shit....’

Her lashes fluttered as she sucked and fiddled and tasted, her hands coming to gently wank his rapidly growing erection... and then she plunged her face onto it.

“GLLPH.”

Carter grabbed the handrail beside him as her lips sucked so hard he felt like his dick might explode instantly. The shock of white skin and pink lips settling into a tight seal around his dick almost sent him through the roof as Carter just about managed to keep himself upright, only to feel a tornado of saliva whirl around his entire nine-inch length as she whipped her head all the way to the base and back again, shoving his dick to the edge of her throat and in.

It was all too much, too quickly.

Carter whimpered as the orgasm came in mere moments, built up to disproportionately atomic levels by her ministrations, and exploded.

“UHHNn-“

He doubled over as pleasure streamed up his shaft.

The girl didn't even bat an eyelid, moaning as she sucked down every strand of the jizz firing from his throbbing manhood like someone had attached a living hoover to his crotch, Carter struggling to keep his voice down as the woman sucked his soul from his body.

“HNN-HHHu-SHhhhiittttt.....”

“Mmmglhg....”

The woman smiled with the dick fully in her mouth, still smiling as she pulled her lips odiously down his shaft, so wide that it was obvious how much her jaw ached as she suckled down the last drops, detaching with a wet \*POP\*. Carter could barely believe it as she caught a strand of cum threatening to drip down her chin, and sucked it back into her mouth like the finest delicacy in the land, savouring the flavours.

“Thank you for your cooperation...”

She unzipped her skirt, stood up, and motioned him to squeeze around her.

“Uh....”

“I need to bend over if you're going to fuck me,” she stated matter-of-factly, taking her peaked red hat and placing it on the small coat hanger prong by the door.

As she squeezed past and bent over the toilet seat, grabbing both handles to either side, she looked back.

“Don't be gentle.”

He didn't need telling twice.

Carter swung himself around her, grabbed her hips, and lined up his big black cock with her trimmed, sweet pink pussy.

“Yes Ma'am... best get your seatbelt on, there's about to be some turbulence.”

The woman groaned and rolled her eyes.

“No talking whilst you fuck me.”

“Fair,” he grinned, sliding his manhood into her tight, quivering sex.

\*\*\*

Mope squealed as Scarlett's cock battered against his insides, forming a deep-sated ache for cock that no other stimulation would be able to provide, no other sensation able to match the feeling of being impaled on a throbbing man-shaft. As

she stabbed his guts with her erection, her hips provided a hard cushion to bounce his ass up after each gurning slide to the hilt.

“UUUGHHHG!”

\*SCHWWAP\*

“UUGHHAI”

\*SCHWAP\*

Scarlett was talking less, lost in the simple act of breeding, revelling in every twitch of her muse as she puppeteered him via varied and invasive thrusts... left... back... forwards... three soft... three hard and brutal.

\*SCHWAP-SCHWAP-SCHWAP\*

“UHGN-UGH-GUHN-“

Any control that Mope may have had in the situation was long gone, reduced to holding onto whatever he could find, and even that was taken from him as Scarlett interlocked their fingers, forcing him to bounce at her pace, pulling tears from his eyes as pleasure surged through his abdomen to every cell in his body, going cross-eyed.

Scarlett bit her lip as one particularly snivelling, pathetic whimper of orgasmic overload was conjoined with a tightening of his asshole on the base of her shaft, constricting the thick tendons and sending a shiver up her spine as she watched his brain melt before her.

“UUGH-OOGUH-uHHGHFFfuughHH-“

“UUhhnyes..”

They began to bounce harder, so hard that even Scarlett could no longer form words, merely concentrate on the rapturous unravelling of Mope’s consciousness as the creature that he had been reduced to wept with sheer ecstasy.

A large hand unlocked with his and whipped against his buttocks.

\*SMACK\*

“UUUGHH-“

\*SMACK\*

“UUHUHN-“

Her palm was large enough that she could almost engulf a whole cheek, a red handprint vaguely outlined on his skin as Scarlett began to let loose a series of

rapid, jarring forehands that forced a nasty sting into Mope's already overworked mind, the tears of bliss rolling down his cheeks as he was sodomised.

\*SMACK-SMACK\*

“Hhummyygguu-“

\*SMACK\*

“-HHUHDD-“

\*SMACK\*

Scarlett was merciless, ramping up until she was machine-gunning his ass with thrusts so brutal that his jaw was rattling as she bounced him like a piston in a Ferrari engine, spanking and milking her bitch as Mope cried and spasmed.

What crumpled his insides the most, was that he liked it.

His cute cock bounced pathetically in the air and slapped against his belly, leaking like a broken faucet, almost a bystander to the real sex happening just south of it, both participants shared a moment of seizing up. Fingers tightened on muscles, buttocks clenched, and both shafts simultaneously flexed thicker than at any point before.

For the first time Mope's scream was joined by another, as Scarlett let out a cry of joy, and then the two bucked as a string of seed launched from his penis into the air, almost landing on the ceiling.

To an unknowing outsider, one might have assumed that was all to see.... but between them, a geyser erupted, one buried deep in Mope's abdomen as his eyes bugged out.

“UUUGHGHHHHUUUYYAUHHHH-!!!”

“FFFUHHHCKKKKKUUHHhhhhH!”

Mope's brain switched off, the intensity of being filled to the brim with another human being's jizz simply too blinding to be experienced without losing a part of one's humanity. His eyes rolled up, back arched almost like a bow, the arrow in his heart a clean bullseye as Scarlett groaned like a wounded rhino, her horn buried and drowning his soul in cum lava.

The heat blossomed and spread within him, like a flood obliterating all traces of his masculinity, submerging his insides in thick white goo.

Sweat.

Jizz.

*Heat.*

An orgasm the likes of which Mope had never experienced ascended through him, Jessica similarly lost in her throes of pleasure. The tang of jizz became almost solid in the air, wrenching the nostrils away from all other smells other than the musk of sweat that filled the room like monsoon-level humidity.

They rocked, sweat covered and unleashing whines and grunts like wounded animals, high above the clouds travelling at hundreds of miles an hour. Fingers clung onto bulging muscle. Spittle fell from wet lips. The scent of their unwashed stink was sharp and yet invigorating, denoting the tang of two apes in heat, lost to the world around them.

Mope spasmed as ten thousand volts of pleasure ripped through him, the pleasure taking him higher than any moment in his entire life, fully connected to the woman pulsing inside his body. Scarlett's arms were powerful and gripped him tight as she grunted with each squirt of heat inside him, every one accompanied by a flex of her throbbing shaft which brought the submissiveness out of him in a way that he could never un-feel.

“UIUnggAAIUHH-“

Mope could feel his tummy pressure building from the ejaculate being forced into his body, bloating his belly like a girl becoming pregnant. The last few spurts were simply perfect, the consummation of a union between willing slave and master.

\*Sssplurgge\*

“Hnnhn....”

“Ohhh... oh Ggguhhd....”

All power left his limbs, any brain function limited to keeping his organs working after a complete seismic overload.

Mope switched off, eyelids heavy. Scarlett had to hold him upright to stop him slumping forwards, semi-conscious, on top of her, taking his head and cradling it gently into her neck as his body settled onto hers.

For a moment the dull hum of the engines was the only sound other than their racing heartbeats against one another, Scarlett heaving in air as Mope's breathing softened. A trickle of something wet on her breast drew attention to the long string of saliva leaking slowly from his mouth, his eyes rolling gently behind half-opened lids.

She stroked his hair, sniffing the wonderful scents of a freshly turned bitch. Perfection.

After a minute enjoying the body-heat of a motherly figure, Mope's senses began to return, feeling the sweaty warmth of Scarlett's neck on his face as the orgasmic high sliding away. He tried to raise his head.

"Ah-ah... you stay right here," she murmured, and Mope whined as he slumped back into her neck, gently kissing it.

"That's a good boy," she cooed.

She continued to stroke, rubbing his sore buttocks and even tickling his balls as a cascade of emotions ran through him, each more difficult to grapple with than the last, unable to even offer resistance as she played with his sensitive plums, drawing a light whinny from his lips.

Shame. He'd just enjoyed someone else's penis in his body... in fact there was STILL a rod sheathed up his butthole.

Dirty pleasure. Feeling submissive and controlled was something he'd never felt before.

Confusion. What did that mean for him.... for his sexuality?

Fear. What did this mean for his country. For his job?

Shame again. He'd forgotten that Eunice even existed whilst he had been riding Scarlett's fat cock. Was she safe? What about Carter?....

Mope's stomach began to do somersaults. He had only faced one girl with a dick, and could barely speak. Eunice was locked in with potentially twenty, all of them taking turns. Who knew if Carter was safe.

"Hhnn.."

"Massage my tits."

He tried to offer some sort of witty repartee, as if he hadn't just been demolished by a superior human being, but comebacks don't land well when your lips are struggling to form words.

"Hnn... ..... saeey.... pplllease..." he drooled, trying to work up the capability to start breathing normally again instead of panting.

She smiled, the broadest, most breathless smile of her life as she regarded her greatest accomplishment.

"Now *that*, is why I chose you... an unbreakable spirit..."

She kissed him on the cheek, still idly playing with his balls.

“.... well, almost.”

For a while he squeezed her breasts, still feeling little zips of energy from the thick cylinder that his buttohole was clutching tight and her fingers tickling his undercarriage.

“So... enjoying the Platinum experience?” she muttered into his ear.

He whimpered.

“It’s.... in-teEEense..uhh....,” he murmured, a few notes of pleasure raising the pitch of his voice due to the huge dick rubbing explicit parts of his ass.

A hand stroked his neck, squeezing it.

“I know... you just bring this hunger out of me.... but relax... sip some water. We’re only two hours in....”

“*T-two hours?...*”

“Well of course.”

She reached for a control panel sat in the desk next her and pressed a button. The huge screen flicked on, near enough a home cinema, the bright white image reflecting off of Mope’s sweaty back and highlighting the jizz leaking from his ass down onto Jessica’s hilt and balls.

“Yessss... ohhh you’re leaking darling...”

He looked behind him and couldn’t understand what he was feeling until he saw his anal rim distended and tight around her hilt, still leaking like a sperm fountain down onto her crotch.

“Ohhh shhhit.....S... *sorry...*”

“Sorry? Oh Mope maybe I was too hard on you darling,” she said in a motherly tone.

“*F-fuck you,*” he murmured, nuzzling her nipples.

“I don’t think you could,” she responded. It was an immediate takedown that silenced him as the feeling of pure submission flooded his body, crumpling him.

“Did I say you should stop kissing my nipples?”

“N-no....”

All the machismo that came with being an operative, owning a license to kill, being a team leader.... it had all been stripped away, leaving him shivering,

impaled on a superior human's groin, a sock-puppet for the pleasure of his conqueror as he leaned forward and suckled on her teat again, closing his eyes.

"Oohhhnnn.... There you go..... *Ohhh suck me...* and apparently it's only been... One hour, forty-five minutes?... *Mmmn....*"

Mope couldn't respond, too busy making love to her breasts, squeezing them and feeling the weight of them. They were heavy, big enough that they couldn't fit in his hands as he lifted them, enjoying the way her nipple flicked back to attention whenever he nudged it with his tongue.

"HHHNNN.... God suck my nipples you slut," Jessica enthused, gripping his hair and shoving him harder into her chest.

After a couple of minutes enjoying a small mouth on her eager buds, his lips sealed like a baby to her bosom, suckling loudly, she grudgingly pulled him off again by the hair.

*"Mmgll.....?"*

"Here darling."

She grabbed a bottle of water from a small cooler panel nearby which opened with a button-press, proffering it.

"Drink."

He did so, and even as he lay on Jessica's front, drinking water to quench his desperate thirst from all the fluid loss of their most recent escapade, he couldn't help pinching himself at such luxury. His eyes found hers as he drank, and felt the most inescapable humiliation as the smirk on her face grew.

"Drink up pretty boy... we've got six more hours to go."

Fear grew in his heart as he beheld a hunger deeper than any he had known, her manhood pulsing in his belly.

"... and I think there might have to be an unfortunate delay on the runway... I'd better phone ahead and confirm," she murmured, a shark grin twisting her beautiful features.

Mope whinnied.

*'What have I done?'*

Surfing over puffy white clouds, the passenger aircraft flew serenely on towards London, bearing hundreds of passengers who remained blissfully unaware of Eunice moaning through another heaving orgasm, imprisoned in her sleeping

compartment. Couples napped or watched movies whilst Carter grunted, his manhood clutched tight by a gorgeous woman's sex in a bathroom cubicle, wet with her juices. They knew nothing of Mope lying sweaty and inseminated on Jessica's chest, trembling as she stroked his back and rocked her hips. He lurched as the movement forced him into a slow rhythmic canter on her lap, the orgasmic pleasure surging back into him.

"That's it darling. *Easy*. No rush.... *We've got all the time in the world...*"

###

## About the Author

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

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