

Fucked pt.5 - Moving In

(Futa on Male domination)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male domination and sissification, 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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Fucked pt.5 - Moving In

The girl shivered, pink tutu and bra providing little warmth in the rather dour, plain bedroom. She stood military straight, hands by her side. Long pink hair came down to her lower back. It was only from the front that, even through the whorish makeup smudged across his face, many might realise that this was in fact an internet superstar; a young, slender white boy known as 'Benz'.

Unfortunately for him, the woman staring him down didn't care who he was at all. She only cared about who he would become.

"So, you gonna be a good slut, Candy?"

"Y-yes."

Candy's voice was cracked from hours of squealing. His knees trembled, ass red from his new 'education.' As the huge, hulking figure paced behind him, bristling with deep cocoa black muscles, Benz whimpered.

"Mm....uh-uh...."

"You got my number yeh?"

"Y-yes Mistress."

"And you're gonna answer whenever I call yeh?"

"YES MISTRESS."

"Good... now when you go home, you don't change before you get there. If you don't walk into your apartment looking like a broken-in sissy bitch, I'ma get mad."

Y-yes Daddy, I'll go home like this... I-I will...."

"Good girl."

"And you answer your phone, you hear? Or there'll be trouble."

"Yes Mistress."

"Good... bend over."

He whimpered, performing a ninety-degree bend.

"Spread."

The sissy placed his fingers between aching ass cheeks, splaying them to reveal a pink flower far wider than it had ever been before, wet and oozing white cream. Long, torturous seconds passed as nothing happened. The sissy simply stood, bent over and trembling as infinite threats to his defenceless boi-pussy raced through his mind.

Eventually, the sissy jolted as her mistress's voice broke the silence.

"Good girl... cab's outside. Next time I call, you answer, you hear?"

"Y-yes... yes-!"

"Or you know what'll happen."

"Y-yes.. Th-thank you mistress, daddy yes-"

"Bye Candy."

SMACK

"UUGHn-!"

The sissy squealed, almost propelled out of the bedroom, and didn't stop running all the way down four flights of stairs, finally scrambling into a taxi waiting outside the building. He squinted, shivering, trying to shield himself from the blinding midday sun, and from the laughter and attention of some nearby builders.

"Ey, have a good night! Hurh-rhur-!"

"Come ere, night ain't over sweetheart!"

"D-d-drive-!"

Benz curled up on the back seat, shivering as he turned his face from the mirror in case the driver recognised him.

"Where to princess?"

"T-Tenth street...."

"You got it...say, do I know you from somewhere?"

Benz's eyes widened, but he stayed silent. In fact, he didn't speak for the entire ride, instead clutching his phone close to his bra and staring at the message he had just received... a portrait photo of a cum-covered, big black cock.... With a pretty sissy attached to the head, sporting long pink hair and a tutu.

Dom stared at the huge empty floor before him. The place where he had moved in aged seventeen with his mates and slept in a sleeping bag because they'd forgotten to buy any furniture or bedding in the cavernous space. Where usually all manner of clothing would be strewn. The place where he'd recorded so many dumb videos lost to the depths of the internet that many would probably resurface to haunt him when he was forty. The place where Jessica had first made him suck her cock. It all felt like a lifetime ago, because today the carpet was spotless, as if the doodled blackboard had finally been scrubbed clean, ready for the next class. It also smelt

different... of dust rather than what young men's rooms usually smell of. The soundtrack had also changed in a big way, as the walls vibrated on both sides.

Thumpthump-thum-thumpp-th-thump-thump-

"Uuughhyuu-uh-uhu"

"HHNNOOHGOOD-"

Hearing two young men getting their asses broken by gigantic dicked women was no longer such a revelation to Dom and Jaz, but hearing it in stereo from different walls was novel. Duppie was squealing as the truly terrifying raven-haired gym freak crushed his ass... but Mark's room sounded different. It almost sounded... normal? Like the guy was just grunting, and the feminine whines were coming from an actual girl.

Surely Mark couldn't be the only one who was actually the 'man' in the bedroom?

Dom had managed to stop himself cupping an ear to the wall and listening, but it certainly *sounded* like Mark might actually be the one doing the fucking.

He turned to Jaz, both of them sturdily ignoring the cacophony beyond raised eyebrows.

"Crazy huh?"

Jaz nodded.

"Yeah brother. End of an era."

"Who'd have thought it... The Rowdy Boyz... got out-rowdied."

Jaz snorted, adjusting the colour of his zebra-print shirt, cowboy hat back on his head.

"Well... yeah. Guess we're gonna need someone else to take over whilst Benz is away right?"

Dom shrugged. He didn't really care about the channel, or Benz, at this point. If him and Jessica somehow remained secret, it would do well to keep a lower profile from now on. Maybe recede from streaming for a while... It wasn't like he'd need money when Jessica had forcefully explained to him how she would not accept a single dollar of his money in her presence. Somehow it felt so sexy being forced to be subservient... another little cherry on top of the heaving caramel and chocolate cake that was his new girlfriend and soon-to-be roommate.

"You grab those?"

"Sure man."

The pair picked up more of the boxes stacked by the door. An accented voice came from the kitchen.

“Are you done baby?”

“Almost babe!”

A head appeared around the door, black shades, a resting bitch face and loose wavy hair was complimented by a cream suit. Red nails and even darker lips of course added the pinch of pornstar that Jessica Gentile always possessed.

“Almost? You are trying to hide from me?”

“No... Mama.”

Jaz squirmed but didn't bite on the easy target. Making fun of their queer nicknames had no real purpose when they both took dicks like slutty nymphs. Dom walked up to her and leaned sideways around the box to peck her on the lips. Jessica didn't allow him to continue, forcing his lips open and snuggling her tongue in his mouth. Sunglasses pressed against his nose as she forced herself hard onto him. Jaz squirmed as the pair gave soft utterances, the sucking sounds of intertwining muscles harmonising with the whorehouse noises emanating from all over the Rowdy Boyz' penthouse. Eventually Jessica broke the kiss with glistening lips and chin, teeth bared.

“Hurry up, bitch so I can claim you in OUR bed.”

“Yes Mama,” he whispered, seeing his own fear and wide-eyed excitement reflected in the black lenses.

The pair scurried away to the elevator, loading up the boxes in the van before returning for more. Slowly, the room emptied. Sweat began to dapple their brows as they went up for one last trip, and Jaz flinched as he heard Duppie's lady let out a particular ferocious grunt behind one of the doors.

“HURGGH!”

THUMP-THUMP

“S-So uh.... Whaddya think happened to Benz? It's been a day since the gym right?”

“Two dude.”

“Jeez... Should we... call the police?”

Dom snorted.

“Why would we do that?”

“Fair point brother. That one's on me.”

“Yeah, suppose now you’ve got that hat back you can go back to being stupid again.”

“At least I’m only stupid when the cameras roll-“

Their bickering was halted upon entering the main hallway to see Zalta. The blond pixie-cut almost touched a hanging light as she blocked the way with hands on hips. Clad in a multi-pastel summer dress which only made the tattoos pop more clearly from her arms and shoulders, it was impossible to look any cooler in such sweet attire.

“Stupid *some* of the time cutie? I’m not so sure, you’re not the one who has to listen to all your *yapping*.”

Jaz’s chest puffed.

“Well, you’re *welcome* to leave... I guess I’ll have to drink all the beer myself.”

“You got me *beer*? *Ew God*, why did I even bother claiming you?”

“Hey, we got whisky or toilet cleaner too if you need something stronger.”

She strode forwards and grabbed him like a dog would a cuddly toy, heaving him into the air by the front of his shirt and shoving him against the wall.

“*HUh-!*”

“Actually I guess I *do* like beer. As for the cleaning? Why don’t I clean out that mouth of yours...”

What proceeded was such a violent tonguing that Dom genuinely worried that Jaz might get sent through the wall, or at the very least dent it as Zalta leant her full weight into crushing the boy. The sounds of an octopus writhing in a barrel of custard issued from between their faces, Jaz almost squealing as the superior human showed for a brief second just how superior she really was. Tongues swirled an aquarium’s worth of liquid between their mouths, and when she broke the kiss Jaz’s chest was pulsating to heave in as much oxygen as possible.

“*HHUh.. Hhmm.. Uh... c-consider me cleaned*,” he croaked.

“... Never,” she whispered back, pecking his forehead, leaving a wet mark there.

Dom gently intervened.

“Hey uh.. Did Jessica go down to the car..?”

“Taking a shit,” said Zalta, “and by the way those toilets are NOT fit for purpose. Squatting on something designed for you chipmunks is NOT fun.”

She gave one final kiss before dropping Jaz to the floor where he staggered.

“We’ll get bigger ones when I move in.”

Jaz’s jaw bounced. No adequate retort came.

“Uh... ”

“Don’t worry... I promise I’ll be quiet... *ish*...”

She thrust another flurry of kisses on both cheeks, and Jaz’s blush was heavy with both lust and embarrassment.

“Well I don’t think my bed’s big enough....”

“We’ll get a bigger one.”

“...F-For your ego.”

Zalta’s eyes lit up. It seemed like the woman only grew taller when you tried to provoke her, and Jaz was just the plucky muscular twink to make her feel ten feet tall. Not that she needed any extra height as she ducked under the doorway of Dom’s room.

“You boys need any help?”

“We got this,” said Jaz. “Manly men and all that.”

She ignored him and picked up a huge box that they’d been saving to move together, hefting it onto her shoulder.

“Hey.. Zalta....”

“*Shut up* and say goodbye to your friend. I don’t want to put myself through the anxiety of seeing two little twinks put their backs out moving a box of dildos.”

“Shut up Zalta,” Dom chuckled, although Jaz glowered immediately.

“HEY, don’t tell her to shut up!”

“What, Jaz I’m just *joking*....”

“Well don’t.”

“Huh, sure prince charming.”

Dom raised his eyebrows at Zalta as if to suggest ‘get a load of this guy’, but she seemed beyond smitten, biting her lip as she gazed at Jaz so dotingly that he could almost see the love hearts floating around her head.

“Thanks babe.... Don’t let that nasty bully say bad words to me! I’ll be outside... don’t take too long! I might need protection...”

She strode out with the heavy computer equipment resting on her shoulder, even squatting under the door with the ease of an Olympic power lifter. Whatever Zalta

was expecting Jaz to protect her from, Dom surmised it would need to be below knee-height.

“Life sure is different huh,” Dom muttered to Jaz, who seemed equally smitten, gazing after his love in the empty doorway.

“...Yeah.”

Dom checked the last boxes and looked around the now bare room. The desk and everything on it was already gone. The bed remained, as Dom was fairly sure it wouldn't be needed, and besides, his first routing by Jessica had broken three bed slats. It wasn't made for animal fucking in the way she did it.

“Think that's everything.”

Jaz took off his hat and scratched his scalp.

“So, this is it huh?”

Dom nodded.

“Yeah... it's been a wild ride huh?”

“I'll say brother.”

“You know I'm not gonna be that far away right?”

“Ha yeah. And we'll still be doing the streaming and all that right?”

“Well.... kinda.”

The hat dropped from Jaz's hand. The boy's mouth moved, but it took a few seconds for words to follow.

“... Uh.....*Huh?* What are you talking about!?”

“Well.. I might keep a lower profile...”

“But you're a ROWDY boy.. Benz...!”

“The Rowdy boyz will be fine taking a break... a week or two! Or three! Does it LOOK like the rowdy boyz are ready to go?”

Close by, Duppie had begun calling out to God and various other entities, none of which saved him from the orgasmic exorcism being fucked into him by what seemed to be a machine rather than a woman. A clear ringing of his tonsils made it clear that he'd just reached cloud nine again, as a deep moan from Pasha made it equally clear she was also climaxing.

“UUGHHhoOODDD-“

“Uhn!”

The slow creak of wood suggested slower, deeper thrusts. Both boys had to take a moment to swallow saliva and attempt to push away the mental images of what was clearly a deeply animalistic coupling taking place metres away.

“Think Duppie’s gonna need a new bed too,” Dom murmured.

“Tell me about it.”

A moment of weird non-silence took place as they both gauged their new reality. Eventually Jaz spoke.

“So... less streaming huh?”

“*Yeah*. It’s a lot and.. Benz has disappeared... I’m gonna be.. *Busy*. With other stuff... Jessica’s also... *known*... online ”

“Oh... the porn stuff.”

“*Yeah*. Wait.. *you knew that?*”

Jaz shrugged.

“Dude, her place had like a full lighting rig in her bedroom. Zalta explained after.”

“Oh.. Right.”

“Brother, if we hadn’t seen and done crazy shit together you know I’d be ripping you right now so bad.”

“Well, lucky I’ve seen your crazy shit, and would rip you just as bad.”

Jaz snorted.

“*Yeah*... I’d say see you soon brother, but I reckon you’re gonna be pretty busy... what with Jessica n’all.”

“Think you’ll probably be busy too.”

He gestured over at Zalta, who was peering around the door, watching with a grin.

“*Sorry*,” she mouthed, retreating.

“*Yeah... yeah for sure..*” Jaz murmured, briefly a million miles away, perhaps processing what intentions lay under that smile. Dom had a fairly good idea what it entailed.

“C’mon. Gotta get this stuff out or there’ll be trouble with Jessica.”

Jaz snorted.

“Wapaaah... you’re so whipped.”

They walked out to see Zalta still hefting the box on her shoulder.

“I heard that..... and you think you’re *not* whipped, boyfriend?”

Jaz kicked the Roomba aside as it tried to clean over his foot.

“Hey, I’m my own man.”

She giggled.

“You’re absolutely not your own man any more babe.”

“Wait, you’re a man?” Dom asked curiously.

“Oh HA-HA very funny guys.”

“I see no men here,” Jessica said with a supermodel strut from the living room.

“Ouch,” Jaz muttered.

“I see... property.”

She touched the back of her hand to Dom’s cheek.

“Ready?”

He gave a nod. Her resting bitch face felt even icier with sunglasses covering her eyes, but he felt her underlying affection in the way she pressed a little too close, forcing him to either rub against her or squeeze against the wall. He chose to be squeezed tight to her side, smelling the deep rosy musk of her breast and losing himself in it.

They reached the front door, and Dom reached into his pocket, placing two keys on the counter.

“Bedroom.. and front door. Well... good luck finding new flatmates. I think there’s a few who might be interested,” he smirked, nodding at Zalta.

“Oh I couldn’t POSSIBLY,” she drawled, grabbing the keys.

“Hey... leave one for him,” Jaz smiled.

“Huh?”

He took the front door key and placed it back in Dom’s hand.

“We can get a copy for the front door. You’re always welcome here brother. We got sleeping bags if you need to stay over, and besides, who’s gonna fuck the pillows if you’re gone? They’re gonna be so lonely!”

“Oh c’mon, that was for a video.....”

“Heh true that. Twenty million views brother!”

Jessica scowled, making Dom feel about two feet tall.

“You actually did that?”

“It... it was a forfeit.”

“Stupid boy.. Thank God I am here to educate you.”

“Educate me... about what?”

She leaned over, her red lips pursed into one glazed strawberry doughnut.

“Everything.”

He pursed his lips to kiss back.. And she grabbed his cheeks, squeezing them inwards.

“*Good bitch.*”

“Dang, good luck *brother*,” Zalta drawled.

Dom let out a nervous chuckle, taking one last look around the Rowdy Boyz Penthouse as a flatmate.

“Well... I guess it’s time-“

CRASH!

All four of the figures jumped as the front door flew open, and had exactly two seconds to take in the long pink hair, tutu and black fishnet stockings arrayed on a girl with makeup splattered across a bug-eyed expression of shock, her small frame strangely similar to -

“... Benz?” Dom uttered.

The figure shrieked, and minced into the first bedroom on the right, tripping on her heels as she slammed it closed.

The four all shared a moment of silent shock... until Jessica broke it with a click of her fingers to Dom, marching back to the open kitchen to settle herself in one of the kitchen island chairs.

“Bitch... I think I would like a coffee before we leave. Zalta, you agree?”

Zalta raised an eyebrow.

“You know what? My legs *are* kinda tired, I think we’d better stick around!... I’ll take one sugar honey.”

“Two.”

Dom gave a sheepish smile.

“Absolutely ladies.”

“Man, you’re so whipped,” Jaz chuckled.

“*AHEM.*”

Zalta leaned back on the bar stool. Her legs were wide, and both boys watched as the dress hiked up her thighs, showing the gigantic womanhood beginning to levitate. The mood in the room flipped as she smirked.

“For the last time... he’s not the only one that’s whipped.”

Jaz couldn't help himself. The bear was there to be poked.

"Why, you need a leash honey?" he grinned.

Her eyes flashed dangerously. Dom even winced. He couldn't imagine challenging Jessica like this in any scenario.

"Babe, come her and suck me off whilst Dom makes the coffees."

Jaz gulped.

"B... *but babe...*"

Her grin widened as Jaz's bluster folded inwards along with his puffed out chest.

"Just remind me... who's whipped?"

"....*me.*"

"Good boy..."

She giggled, beckoning with a curled finger.

"I was just joking.... Come sit with me boyfriend. I wanna cuddle."

Jaz padded forwards, expression thoughtful.

"Sure... but before we do, I... I-I think you dropped something."

"Oh.. Really?"

"Yeah, right here-"

Jaz fell to his knees, and before anyone knew what was happening, his head was under her dress. Zalta looked down in surprise, and then her eyebrows shot up as she felt wet lips slide down the head of her cock.... And keep going, and going, and going.

"B-babe... oh my G... GOODNESS-"

She squirmed on the chair, suddenly doubling over and clutching the kitchen island as Jessica and Dom both watched Jaz's head move further and further towards her groin. Jessica betrayed nothing, icy as ever. Dom's mouth hung open, shocked into silence.

-“B-bA-BA-BY-UUUHH-“

Zalta let out a deep moan, glancing at Jessica in shock, before settling into the middle distance.

"W-where did you learn th... OHHHHH-h"

She leaned back, and Dom managed to catch a glimpse... to see Jaz with tears running down his cheeks, his mouth distended like a yawning pit.... And Zalta's cock entirely disappeared in his mouth.

'Holy shit... looks like practice paid off..'

Clearly he'd been busy learning various throat-training techniques as Zalta clutched the island, doubled over as the sounds of a plunger came in HD surround-sound from her groin. It seemed as if she didn't seem to know what how to respond to such body-trembling sensations, trying to stand up, sit down, clutch her breasts... almost in pain from how much pleasure was being extracted from her cock, her great weapon now used against her as ferocious lips plunged up and down the shaft, exploring every vein and ridges to deliver pleasure with a slutty tongue.

"OHhm-MHY-"

Beneath Zalta's shaking body, Jaz's jeans showed a small bulge of excitement, but he continued to focus entirely on his girlfriend, palming her balls and rolling them, a dirty sweep of her junk that had strange warbles coming from her throat.

"JJj-az... HN-HY-SSLow-"

Dom accidentally poured coffee granules onto the counter top beside two mugs as he watched, bearing a stiffy of his own. It was fairly embarrassing as Zalta hugged marble top, noticing his stare.

"Ohh-h...y-you would like that... *bitch*," she panted, before the suction somehow increased, and the most feminine noise left her lips, eyes screwed shut through a hazy smile. All her senses seemed to shut off as the squelch of testicles ramping into gear came from under the dress.... And then Jaz gargled as the first artillery round fired from her manhood.

"UUGHH-GUHHHDDJJJAYZZZZHZZH-"

The tendons in Zalta's hands were taut, clamped to the countertop as Jazz extracted every last shiver of pleasure from her body, her TV-ready features twisting into an ugly gurn as endless squelches came from beneath her.

SPLurge-gulp-SPLURGE-gulp

Sweat began to dapple her brow as she groaned, the pleasure overwhelming.

SPLURGE-gulp.... SPLURGE gulp....

The spurts began to slow after an incredible display of testicular stamina and reserve, Zalta shaking, controlled by the hoover latched to her dick.

Eventually the tide ended, and Zalta splayed forwards on the marble top, panting. A strange gagging, custard-churning sound issued from between her legs as Jaz went through the difficult process of un-impaling himself, heaving in air as his lips

popped free of her weapon, still hard and now dampening the front of her dress as he climbed up unsteadily to sit next to her.

“W-who’s... whipped... now,” he managed, barely able to muster the air from his lungs, his mouth and chin covered in a mixture of bubbly cum and saliva.

Zalta’s expression was unusually dishevelled. Such a cool, collected person, she had rarely displayed confusion or shock in front of the boys before, but then again, no one had made her cum in under three minutes.

“.... I-I guess I’m whipped too,” she murmured.

He belched, and the room briefly filled with the tang of jizz, as he whispered, “Good girl,” kissing her on the cheek. Dom could barely believe it as Jaz slid his hand back to her undercarriage, and began to gently jerk her wet cock whilst she swooned, leaning her head against his.

“Thanks boyfriend,” she whispered.

They both leaned into each other, him still gently wanking her cock up and down, letting the foreskin slide down her helmet and then unveil it once more, strangely similar to a national geographic time lapse of a sprouting mushroom that Dom had seen once, except stuck on a loop.

“Is my coffee coming today darling?” Jessica said pointedly.

Jerked out of his reverie, Dom mumbled, “Y-yeah, yeah...”

A few minutes later, two steaming mugs were placed in front of the women.

“... t-two coffees...”

“Coffee and a show huh?” Zalta sighed, legs twitching as the pumps of her cock quickened.

“Well, we are nothing if not entertaining,” Jaz said, arm around his girlfriend who now seemed in his thrall, despite her lover having to reach up to wrap around her shoulder.

“True that. I think I picked well, *brother*,” she drawled.

“Hey, we still haven’t lived together yet.”

“Yet.”

As they whispered sweet nothings to each other, Jessica pursed her huge lips again for Dom.

“Thank you baby.”

“You’re welcome Mama.”

He met them with a smile, and they kissed, tongues unravelling into each other's mouths, the coffees forgotten.

"Shh, I hear something."

"Brother, he's been making noises for the last twenty minutes. Probably knockin' one out for that gym girl who put him in a wig."

"Adding the tutu was a strong choice."

"HA. True that. It suits him!"

"You think he's *ever* gonna come out? We'll need to head off soon..."

"No idea."

They'd heard the whoosh of the shower, occasional footsteps... but despite hints of movement, Benz hadn't re-appeared. A few knocks had brought only silence. Just as they were thinking about leaving, the latch unlocked, and a new figure emerged - sporting a familiar crisp suit that seemed extra sharp along with an impassive expression, hair blow-dried and gelled down one side in an emo-ish fringe. As he walked to the kitchen he halted for a moment, eyes snapping to both Jessica and Zalta... before pushing through the invisible barrier and making his way to the fridge.

Both Dom and Jaz stared, side by side with their respective women. A small burp from Jaz somewhat ruined their front of cool ambivalence, but Dom managed to keep his face straight despite the urge to burst into laughter.

"Sooooo-"

Benz turned, a mask of anger on his face.

"Leaving are we Dom? From the flat?"

"Oh uh.. yup."

"And when were you going to tell me?"

Dom frowned. Benz was taking out milk pods for the coffee machine and speaking like he'd just popped out for an afternoon lunch.

"Whoa-whoa-whoaaaa, slow down there Benzy boy! Two days missing and that's what you come out with? Where were *you* the last two nights?"

Benz ignored it, shoving the pods into the coffee machine and a mug underneath.

"So you were just going to leave, just like that."

"Uh yeah. Now you gonna tell us about why you turned up earlier wearing-"

“I THINK we need to have a discussion,” he countered quickly. The fiddling of his tie was the only sign of discomfort.

Jaz jumped in.

“YYYEooooo brother, you seriously think you can wheedle your way out of dressing as a girl?”

A mug hit the wall with a *SMASH*, shattering over the floor.

“YOU THINK BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT THEM IN HERE THAT YOU CAN TALK TO ME LIKE THIS?!”

The group all stared, the boys stunned, Jessica impassive, and Zalta smirking as Benz’s chest heaved out and in, fury etched on his face.

“I MADE THIS CHANNEL WHAT IT IS, AND YOU GUYS ARE TRYING YOUR BEST TO FUCK. THIS. UP. You’re lucky I don’t cut you out entirely...”

Mid-rant, a buzzing sound issued from his pocket. He paused.

They all watched on as the young man whipped out the vibrating phone and checked it with shaking hands... and his face turned beyond the usual ghostly white, almost see-through as another whooshing sound issued from the device.

“I-I... I need to go, excuse me... *excuse...*”

He was gone in an instant, hurrying to his bedroom, door slammed behind him with a *BANG*. They could just make out a hushed voice, but no words.

Dom shook his head, snorting as Jaz went to fetch the broom.

“Huh.... Reckon he’s talking to his parents?”

Zalta chuckled.

“I think we all know who he’s talking to. Remember the scary looking girl back at the gym that made Jessica here look like a pussycat?”

“She is a pussycat,” Dom grinned. Jessica herself pouted, a rare smile emerging.

“Correct.”

“Whatever,” Zalta snorted, “but Jewell’s not been to the gym in two days.. And Jewell *always* comes to the gym.”

Jaz brushed the shards up, kicking the Roomba aside again as it attempted to assist.

“Jeez brother... if she was the one who got him, I’m not surprised he turned up as a woman.”

“Trust me boys, you’re lucky you ended up with cute, cuddly cats like us. Some ladies are less.... Soft with their men.”

Jessica’s arm tightened around Dom’s waist as she nuzzled his cheek.

“Lucky boy.”

“Yup. That’s me!”

He pushed his cheek in, forcing her to kiss it. She did, a big lip-smacking, “MWuh,” that most certainly had left a bright red lipstick mark on his face. He didn’t mind at all. He nuzzled up and laid his head on her breast. She took the opportunity to grip his head and crushed him straight into the centre of her cleavage, almost suffocating him in the haze of her perfumes. Zalta and Jaz both smirked, watching as Jessica slowly attempted to sedate him with her body.

“Mmhp... mphh...”

Everything was heat, sweaty boobs and that rosy musk from her most recent perfume. He settled in and moaned, barely able to breathe yet loving every moment. Just as Dom was considering doing a similar performance to Jaz’s earlier ministrations on Zalta, his hard cock grinding against Jessica’s thigh, another bedroom door clicked open.

They all whirled to see Mark emerge from the third room in the hallway.

“Oh, h-hey guys, I heard shouting- what the-”

“Careful, might be a few shards left,” Jaz grinned, gesturing to the shards of porcelain.

“What happened?”

“Benz happened.... What about *you*?”

“*Oh uh....* I’m good. Great, actually..”

Dom had to extrapolate himself from Jessica’s breasts and shake his head to make sure his eyes were working properly. Mark looked like he’d lost a little weight... not only that, but he had walked out in his boxers, gut still hanging out. A slight tuft of ginger curls were visible to Dom above the waistband and even through the haze of Jessica’s perfume he detected the scents of sweat and bodily odours from the open doorway.

“H-hey... you okay?”

“Yeah.... Yeah great!”

Mark certainly looked great. He'd never so much as taken his shirt off in the corridor, let alone walked out in boxers... it almost seemed like this was not the same Mark that Dom had grown up with at all. Upon realising there were ladies present, he shrank back to more of his previous demure self.

"OH S-sorry, didn't think we had guests...I'll change.."

A head popped out of the door before he could go, youthful with brunette curls and a red rouge to her cheeks, wearing only a star-trek towel.

"Yowzer! This a family meeting?"

"Ah guys, th-this is-"

Zalta interrupted.

"Clem... well fancy seeing you here!"

"I could say the same.... Personal training at home are we? I assume that's what we were hearing between ah... *rounds*...?"

Zalta chuckled.

"Not us. Trust me, if me and Jess were going, you'd know about it."

All the boys blushed as Clem cackled.

"Louder than Pasha?... Damn I gotta see that show!"

"Hmm maybe you will... you don't mind a bit of voyeurism do you babe?"

She nudged Jaz who burped again.

"HHUurg.....V-voyeur what?"

"People *watching us fuck* darling."

He threw his arms out, exasperated.

"O-oh... well fuck it, everyone here's getting pumped so sure!!"

"Speak for yourself," Clem grinned, "seems I picked up the stud of the group... anyone else's man got eight inches on 'em?"

"No," Jessica stated, smirking at Dom.

"Nowhere near," Zalta grinned.

Mark had never looked taller as he seemed to inflate from his five-foot-five to ten feet tall, whilst Jaz watched on in shock, no words coming from his usual motor mouth. Zalta slapped him on the ass.

"Oh don't worry darl, I didn't pick you for your dick.... Clem you minx, I didn't think you were a taker!"

"I'm not usually but..."

She nuzzled Mark's cheek.

"... thought this was a special case... especially down there!"

She wiggled the package in Mark's boxers, and indeed there seemed a healthy stuffing disproportional to his petite height. He blushed.

"Yeah... so uh.. so since the gym we've been.. We're.."

"Together," Clem finished.

If Mark could have grown through the roof with sheer happiness, he would have. Never had he seemed so filled with energy as he broke the silence.

"Y-yyeah! Exactly... t-together.. Clem's really cool and.... Yeah."

"Sure," Dom managed, still slightly ill at being outed as a baby-dick in front of his friends, "happy for ya bud."

"Thanks man. S-so uh... Dom, you leaving now?"

"Yeah. Yeah I am, although we were just waiting before we packed up the last stuff."

"For what?"

"... for an explanation."

He gestured to Benz's door. Mark's eyebrows shot up.

"So Benz IS back?"

"Yeah... and get this, he came back in full makeup and tutu."

"WHAT?!"

"Nope. Stockings, heels, the lot."

"Ha oh my gosh you're KIDDING, that's-"

Benz's door clicked open. The laughter died in Mark's throat. Backs straightened as he marched out, glancing at Mark with disdain before rolling his tongue in his teeth as he often did when he was figuring out what to say next, the room silent.

"Apologies for my outburst earlier.... I... wish you all the best, Dom. I'm sorry to hear that you'll be leaving the rowdy boyz."

Another pause. Dom had to blink twice before he processed what had been said.

"Wait... did you say *leaving the rowdy boyz*?"

"Yes. We wish you all the best."

"We?" said Jaz, shooting an incredulous look.

"No-one said I was leaving the Rowdy Boyz yet..."

"I am saying it now. We wish you the best of luck-"

Jessica's arm around his waist tightened, a coiled tigress ready to defend her cub as Dom's voice rose.

"Best of LUCK?! You can't kick me out because I'm moving to another flat! It's like twenty minutes away!"

"I don't think you're focused."

Jaz entered the fray.

"*Brother*, what does that even mean?! Besides you're not the only rowdy boy. Tryin' to pin Dom so we don't talk about you dressing up like a girl-"

Benz's face contorted into something inhuman.

"*Listen here you fuckheads*. I'M the one who makes the decisions. I created the Rowdy Boyz from nothing. Dragged you from NOTHING! You'd all be NOTHING WITHOUT ME!"

"Dude, that's not-"

"WHICH ONE OF US MADE THIS CHANNEL... HIRED THE MANAGEMENT TEAM, SORTED OUR BRAND.....!"

His voice rose to a screech.

"... AND LET YOU GUYS SIT ON YOUR ASS AND MAKE MONEY.... Hang out with these!

He made to gesture at Zalta and Jessica, but upon realising their full heights and rather terrifying ice-stares, quelled any intrusive thoughts quickly in the presence of such Alpha females.

".....-th-these.... ladies.... But I've had ENOUGH of it. NO MORE!"

Slender hands shook as he went back to the coffee machine, grabbing a new mug.

"I've been too lenient.... Other channels are uploading daily vids and we get one a week, two if we're lucky. From now on, three videos a week...."

"Three?!" Mark uttered, "Benz-"

Benz whirled. Another mug went flying.

SMASH

"MARK, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN YOUR FUCKING UNDERWEAR!.... Get out of my sight and put some clothes on so I don't need to see that beached whale body. And take that *skank* with you."

Mark quivered. Dom's jaw clenched. Jaz and Zalta both stood up, ready to leap in-

"No."

something in Mark's face had tightened, something that wouldn't let him slink away from the man who 'made' his career, as it was so often put to him. He glanced at Clementine, who give a steely nod.

"Ex... excuse me?"

"I said, no. We're not doing three videos."

Benz coiled like some sort of praying mantis, cocking his head.

"You think... you can talk *back to me*?"

Mark quivered, but a hand on his arm from Clementine straightened his back.

"Yes. L-Like I said... we're not doing three videos."

"*You said... YOU SAID?!.... YOU* who was... let me check, one twentieth of my subscribers? One who has clung onto my back as I became the most famous influencer in the world?!"

"Dude, you're like seventeenth," Dom said, amazed at the man's sheer ego, "and that was only on youtube-"

"SHUT UP. You're out Dom, so SHUT IT! And *you.. Mark*, if you don't get back in there and change... hell, you're out too."

Mark didn't budge.

"I said no."

Clem beamed beside him.

"I-I'm one of the Rowdy Boyz, and this is my flat too! I'll wear what I want... hey, a-and you know what? The guys told me that a skank wondered into your room earlier... s-so know anything about that?!"

"Hell yeah brother!" Jaz piped up.

Benz's hands tightened to fists. His lips quivered with rage... but also a touch of fear

"I-I-..... *You. How dare you...*"

"What happened at the gym?" Clem piped up, smirking.

"Yeah," Mark nodded, suddenly flushed with adrenaline as he realised his backup had arrived, "what happened at the gym?"

Benz's fists were white knuckled.

"*NOTHING*. Nothing happened... I've had enough of this..!"

Dom piped up.

"So, what about when you were wearing girl's clothes earlier?"

His mouth became a thin line, closer to that of a shark than a human.... Yet everyone noticed the bead of sweat trickling down his temple vein.

“Who comes and goes in my room is no concern of yours.”

“Dude, you were wearing a wig.”

Benz’s voice rose to a grating screech.

“MY PRIVATE LIFE IS MY OWN!! You have NO RIGHT TO TELL ME ANYTHING. People LOVE ME! Boys want to BE ME, and girls want to be WITH ME. THE END!”

“Alright bro. Sure-“

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! You’re all NOTHING. YOU’D BE NOTHING WITHOUT ME! And just because you all decided to... to hang out with these.. These FREAKS... doesn’t mean I want to be sullied with all of your.. Your disgusting behaviours....!”

Flecks of spittle were leaving his mouth, his eyes wide as he stormed back to his room, coffee forgotten. After a moment, laughter broke out. The boys looked at Zalta incredulously as she guffawed, clutching her chest.

“HAHA oh my good LORD....”

“What you laughing at,” Jaz smirked.

“OHH just... that boy’ll be lucky to keep his manhood if he tries to pull that shit with Jewell.”

“Why, you think she’ll come back?”

Zalta raised an eyebrow.

“Honey... Benz is finished. He just doesn’t know it yet.”

Four hours since moving in...

Dom clung onto the heaving mass on top of him. Long hair rained down on his face, oily and bedraggled from the sweat. Jessica’s usual perfume smell had long gone, replaced by the musk of bodily fluids. It was quieter than it might have been before... but the intimate passion with which Jessica pressed her manhood deep into his body was sending him into raptures, her fist curled into his hair, holding him tight as she pinned him to the bed.

“Ohhhmmummmuhhh....”

“Yeezzz... yyyeesssszz....”

Her words were breathy, hissed into his ear. His asshole clamped down on whenever she bottomed out, begging her to stay, to never leave the depths of his soul.

The dim light came through gossamer curtains, falling onto the sweaty back of his lover.

Jessica's bedroom was just as pristine as she was, a painting of an older famous trans model framed on the wall shaded blue by the moonlight, perhaps an inspiration for her ice queen persona. Small framed photos of family and a few friends sat arranged carefully on the bedside table, and dressing gowns hung ready on the wardrobe door. It felt vastly different to Dom's mess, but he supposed he'd have to get used to being far tidier these days...

"My love.... *Mummy boyyyyy*," she rasped.

Cheek claps had been replaced with the gentle sigh of bedsprings as Jessica perused every inch of her bitch's body, snorting his neck, licking over his shoulder and down under his arm, gripping his thighs and smothering him with her breasts. Finding his senses blanketed by a pair of huge breasts was perhaps the most idyllic place that Dom could ever find himself, happily searching for a nipple in the dark whilst his head was buffeted. Difficult when his ass was being sodomised, but not impossible.

"Huhhuyuh.. *YYuuhh.*,"

As his lips found a chunky nub to suckle, he felt a pump that caused a chain reaction in Jessica's body. Twitches of her arms and legs, a huffed breath in his ear, a clamp down, driving him into the bed as she managed one last, deep thrust before the flood.

"*LLLlove you-*"

SPLURGE

Dom wheezed and held on as he felt the volcano explode in his core, sperm lava filling every crevasse. His own manhood fired at will, and together they gasped and sighed through their collective orgasm, one of so many that he'd lost count. It only mattered that they were here, together, intertwined in mind, body and spirit.

When it finally abated, the cum flowed easily from his utterly destroyed hole.

"H-hoo... m-my ass... Jesus Jess...."

"Kegel," she muttered, panting, "kegel exercises..."

“...m’kay....

He found his ragdoll body being pulled onto hers, sprawled across her like a human sash as she idly tickled just between his thigh and buttocks.

“I’ll teach you,” she murmured, kissing his forehead.

One day since moving in....

Dom groaned as he tried to pull the table. It wouldn’t budge.

“Jeeeee, how is this.. So... HEAVY...”

The glass was slim, yet dense enough that he could barely drag it an inch through the carpet. After a few more tries, sweat forming on his brow, he managed to drag it a whole foot from the middle of the room. Taking a moment to regain his strength he looked up at the Miami coastline glittering through his new ‘office’ window, and beyond it the stunning blue of a sea in summer.

‘Not a bad place to have a setup..’

As he made to pull the desk again, Jessica’s sultry voice came from behind.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m... making..... *space.*”

“Did you ask me?”

He turned to see her leaning in the doorway, wearing turquoise satin lounge-pants and a button up shirt, tied together by a sash.

“O-oh... sorry, I... I thought you said...”

“I said make the space your own. I’m asking... why didn’t you call me for help?”

“Ha, oh... I didn’t want to disturb.”

She clicked her tongue, striding forwards.

“Why are you trying to be a man in this house?....”

She reached under the table, and grunted as she squatted upwards, the desk coming straight up with her. Dom watched, saliva flooding his mouth as his woman carried the table through the door and out into the hallway, each step steady despite the firm frown of effort on her face.

“Well... I thought I had it,” Dom muttered, following her as she set it down next to the front door before gathering him up in her arms, tickling his nose with hers.

“Of *course* you did... I just have it better.”

“*Mama... thanks.*”

“You’re welcome bitch. Do you need me to help with the rest?”

“Um... sure....”

“I love to help,” she murmured, “just let me change.”

Jessica returned moments later with a toolbox in hand wearing tracksuit bottoms and a vest which allowed Dom to stare at her side-boob whenever she moved past him. As she placed it down, he kissed the skin there. She gave a sigh of contentment.

“I knew I chose well.”

“Hey, *I’m* the one that chose you for an interview.”

“Then you chose well also.”

She withdrew a screwdriver from the box.

“I’ll disassemble the wardrobe.”

“Hey... you know, you could pay someone to do that?”

She shrugged.

“I don’t like people in my home. You are my special boy, nobody else comes in unless I want them.”

“Fair enough.”

She reached inside to begin carefully unscrewing each piece, laying it out. She worked at a meticulous pace, so steady that Dom almost found himself being bored. He noticed the vest fluttering, draped across her breasts which were screaming at him like the headlights on a shiny new Porsche. He snuck under her arm and kissed the supple flesh there.

“Do you think you’re helping?”

“Yeah,” he said, kissing it again, rubbing his face against it.

She pursed her lips, letting out a sigh.

“You know I will just fuck you again.”

Another kiss, easing under the vest towards the waiting nipple, already puffed and ready for battle.

“Mm-hm.”

She grabbed his head and gently guided him away with a smirk.

“Go and unpack your clothes. You have left them in boxes for a two days already.”

“Aww.”

She grabbed him by the head, and he flinched as she spat in his face.

“PFTOO!... There’s a little something to tide you over. My nipples are waiting when you’re done.”

He left with her saliva covering his face, and a raging boner in his pants.

Four days since moving in...

Dom looked down and winced at the crumbs he’d just left having devoured the brownie. He’d have to clean it or there would be trouble...

“Fuck it,” he muttered, figuring he could just do it later.

He turned his attention back to the task at hand, the two sets of drawers in his new bedroom. Jessica had been so careful with her planning that she’d ordered a second set in advance of his moving in date. When he peeked in hers he saw things folded, laid out neatly in rows of colour coordination, along with an eye-watering array of bras and panties, not to mention enough sex toys to earn a suspended prison sentence. That wasn’t even including the walk-in wardrobe..... Glancing over to his own set of drawers, a multicoloured pile of everything had spilled over the side, leaving the top and middle unable to close. He’d only done two boxes so far.

‘Her place feels so pristine... Am I really gonna fit in here?’

It had the air of a show-house.... The white walls smooth and unblemished, that same statuesque portrait staring him down. The bed had been laid and the sheets fitted tight, also all white, and he realised that although she had cleaners occasionally a lot of the work was from Jessica herself. She had even de-grimed the oven with a toothbrush after showering the previous night because she had noticed an oil stain there and could not sleep without deleting it from existence.

“Crazy,” he muttered, checking the fit of the sheets (almost straitjacket tight) before flicking up his phone and checking it. Jaz had sent a message.

He opened it and snorted.

How’s the new penthouse. Bored yet?

He jumped onto the bed, lying back as he responded.

I got an ocean view. How’s the middle city looking?

Definitely not as interesting as the beach DICKHEAD. But seriously brother, now that you’ve moved... wanna come watch a movie at your ex-flat?

Dom texted back with a chuckle.

Already? Maybe we can wait ‘til next week at least?

Brother... What if I told you we just got the footage

He frowned.

What?

THE. FOOTAGE.

OF WHAT

Benz. Stu's camera.

Dom's stomach tightened.

From the gym?!

Yup. Gonna watch it tonight. Surprise family night ;)

Family night was when the Rowdy Boyz settled in for a movie or food. They hadn't had one in ages... but this one seemed fairly significant.

Does Benz know?

A smiley face with devil horns came back.

Not yet.... Thinks we're finally gonna watch Deerhunter, his favourite film. Makes sense considering he's a psycho... I just hope it might be enough to tempt him out of his room. Barely seen him since you left, and I really want to see his face when we switch it.

Holy shit.

Dom called out to Jessica.

"MAMA!"

"What my little slut?"

"Can we... go for a movie night to the old flat?"

"So soon?"

"They found the camera footage... of Benz in the gym."

No words came back, but the muffled stomping of an elephant in the hallway was bookended by a beautiful face emerging, twisted into a sneer. It re-confirmed to Dom that Jessica was loving, capable... and capable of true savagery.

"Good. When do we see it?"

"Jaz said this evening."

"Will we see that little devil's face?"

"Yeah."

"Be ready in one hour. I will shower and change."

"Oh, okay... there's no rush...."

She reached down onto the bed and gently grasped his throat. He spluttered as the his windpipe began to constrict.

“Be ready. I want those boxes empty... or I’m fucking you in front of your friends.”

He spluttered.

“Y-yep.. Yes Mama....”

A glance down. She’d seen his erection, and reached down with her free hand to caress it, smiling cruelly.

“Seems like that is not so bad for you.. Hmm?”

“W-what?”

“Nothing... get ready,” she whispered, faking a lean in for a kiss before sliding her tongue up his face and strutting to the shower, once again leaving Dom shivering with a raging boner.

“Y-yes Mama....”

She stopped at the bathroom door, kicking loose her jogging bottoms and letting her hog tent forwards in her boxers as she pulled her vest clear.

“... or you can come and shower with me.”

Dom had never stripped so fast in his life.

“Deal.”

“Good boy,” she smiled, keeping the door open for him to scurry through... only to stop him with a firm hand on his naked chest.

“M.. Mama?”

“... Clean those crumbs first.”

“Ah... yes Mama.”

The smell that greeted them as they opened the shared penthouse was familiar and yet different. It wasn’t uncommon for the smell of sperm to permeate the halls, but the quantities and sheer eye-watering stench of sex was unreal. That and the soundtrack had now been dialled up to eleven as they heard the sounds of screeching coming from the living area.

“I.. Think I left at the right time,” Dom murmured.

“Why? The sounds in our flat are not so different.”

“I’d rather make the noises than hear them.”

“I can make that happen.”

“Not here mama,” he murmured, kissing her on the cheek as he stepped over the threshold.

She cupped his bottom as they walked in, the small touch signalling her ownership. For this occasion she wore a tan crocodile skin suit with flairs and a white blouse, presenting pitched perfectly between a rockstar and a pimp with gold-rimmed aviators. He felt like the gum she chewed was even part of the look, and it just made her even sexier with the blouse unbuttoned, to the point her cleavage would drag all eyes towards the seemingly endless hills.

He lent into the power imbalance further by walking slower, challenging her to grope harder. She responded by pressing her fingers all the way into the crack of his jeans.

“Mmh-“

“Hn... next time you wear leggings,” she chided, unable to get the appropriate amount of invasiveness she desired despite already pressing his boxers into his asshole, “I want to feel everything down there...”

“Hnn, *leggings*... where would I wear them?”

“Everywhere.”

“Oh... even when we’re -oof- going to a fancy restaurant?”

She gave one particularly harsh finger which managed to press some fabric into his hole, and he bleated, jumping forward a few feet.

“You’ll wear panties and a butt-plug at Pierre’s if I say so.”

“Is that a promise?”

She scooped him close under her wing, the glimmer of a smile on her face hinting at so many juicy possibilities.

“My bitch, I promise you with all the love in my heart.... But because I’m an excellent mistress, I’ll allow you to wear a suit on top...”

“Thank you Mama.”

“...*Sometimes*. Ah, I think Pasha is enjoying herself.”

Jessica’s warm tone was incongruous with the rape happening in the living room, despite Duppie’s hard penis bouncing on his belly like the ugliest see-saw in the world as his limbs quivered in a backwards crab.... and Pasha drove her hips up beneath him to hammer her girthy monster into his waiting cave. Duppie’s eyes bugged out further when he managed to see the figures approaching upside down.

“Oo-OOHHh- Do-OOM-MMUHh-D... D-DOOm-“

Dom had no idea how to respond to his naked friend getting anally decimated in front of him, her large balls slapping up into his significantly smaller ones.

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP-

“H-hey... man.”

“UHGH-UHG-“

Pasha was a machine. The clearly fake tits sticking out from her body jiggled up and down with each controlled, powerful thrust upwards, almost like gym reps rather than loving meetings of their bodies. From the look of them they'd spent hours here, the woman's skinny-ripped body (but hyper-sexual curves) shining with sweat, her hair no longer smooth and sleek but wiry and frayed, her makeup smudged. She did not even slow as they came to a stop in front of the sofa, her thick white steel-hard cock driving up into Duppie with eye-watering intensity. Their frames were similarly sized, yet his lankiness seemed almost helpless compared to her wiry strips of muscle, a body designed for sex marathons as Duppie whooped... and shot a long line of his cum into the air. Dom realised similar lines were already staining the carpet where the new batch landed, one of them even reaching as far as the bay windows in the wide space as Duppie bayed for his master.

“UU-GHH-“

“GGOooooood bitch,” she growled, not even acknowledging the entrants.

“Um... shall we wait in the kitchen?” Dom murmured to Jessica.

“No.”

“...Oh.”

“Sit.”

She settled herself on a dining table chair nearby, and patted her knee. He quickly scurried to her, perching on her. It felt like he was a playboy girl sitting on her sugar daddy's knee.... and it felt incredibly sexy as she placed a hand between his legs, nudging his manhood with her thumb.

“Good bitch.”

“Th-thanks Mama...”

They settled in to watch as Pasha grunted, her balls squelching. She slowed, allowing Duppie to rest briefly on top of her, both of them facing the ceiling with her dick still hilted in his core. A few tiny thrusts. A few dog-yips from Duppie as he

shivered. More lines flew clear. Dom felt profoundly glad he didn't have to live in the flat when the likelihood of seeing a friend getting his asshole broken in was now a daily occurrence. Pasha's expression didn't change beyond a low murmur, but the squelch that came from Duppie's ass was loud enough to make Dom shiver. That was a serious load.

The pair juddered and creaked. Duppie went limp in her arms, but had nowhere to go, simply quaking in the one-woman earthquake that was Pasha. It took minutes before she finally let out a sigh of release, and came to a stop, leaving a smack on Duppie's red ass for good measure.

Smack

"OOohhffucckk..."

"Shower. Now."

Duppie whinnied. He tried to sit up, but collapsed back on the woman beneath him, his limbs failed. Pasha growled, rolling him over before pulling him roughly to his knees in front of the sofa, still hilted inside him.

"Crawl. Like a dog, bitch."

The boy did as he was told, every paw forwards beginning to slide him free of his mooring to her crotch. A wet, vacuum-y slurp took place as both Jessica and Dom watched the boy's asshole cling to the weapon all the way to the tip, jizz leaking out with every inch that left him. It made Dom feel profoundly queasy as he began to feel a stiffy rising in his pants, watching a broken boy pant whilst pulling himself free of the cock that had broken his ass, the head covered in white liquid which gushed like a broken water faucet from his cavernous anus.

'Jeez...'

The boy crawled on shaking limbs, leaving a trail on the carpet behind him, watched by Pasha whose face remained impassive, yet she didn't blink as she watched him go. Finally, he disappeared into the corridor.

Jessica gave a small 'rich' applause, tapping the back of her hand.

"Very pretty."

Pasha simply kissed the air at her before rising to her full height, wet cock dripping onto the already soggy floor, her whole body covered in sweat. Dom's jaw dropped... she was another marvel of the human species, drop-dead gorgeous, her body toned

from endless gym sessions, breasts fake in the most tasteless yet magnetising bimbo way.

“I know. Why are you here?”

“... To watch the video. You did not hear?”

“Know what? What video.”

Jessica smirked.

“Put your clothes on. Then we talk.”

“It’s my house.”

“We have a key too.”

Pasha tutted, and strutted to a room. A faint *smack* and another “uuyhuuh-!” from Duppie meant she had found his ass cheek with her palm again.

By the time Zalta knocked on the front door, most of the others had already made it to the living room. As the door clicked open, her expectant smile dropped, mirrored by a young, white face with pink hair. The ‘girl’ holding the door shrieked, and threw it closed.

SLAM

“Huh... how interesting.”

Zalta knocked again.... After a few moments, Jaz answered. Zalta had black leggings and a sports bra on, still wearing her gym shoes from work as she smirked.

“Did you... see our little sissy answer the door?”

“*Huh*, Benz? Yeah.”

“I think the wig suits him.”

Jaz had to suppress a cackle that might be picked up by nearby bedrooms.

“God damn, can’t believe he’s *still* trying to convince people he’s not dressing like a girl...”

“I still can’t believe you haven’t kissed me yet.”

“Well, anticipation is what makes it taste better,” he smirked, coming out to meet her.

“I think your taste is what makes it taste better,” she murmured back, dropping her gym bag to grab him and sample his mouth. The hall was quiet for a moment, bar the gentle smooches to reacquire each other’s flavours.

“*Mmh...*”

They broke and nuzzled. Eventually Zalta grabbed her bag again.

“C’mon hotshot, we can kiss more in the movie theatre. I was promised a show!”

Jaz puffed up his chest.

“WELL, right this way M’lady! We have all the best films of this year... twink-hunter seven... Grind-hog day...”

He took her hand and led her in a slow walk down the hall.

“OHH I love those... do you have interracial gym-fuck 2?”

“Absolutely... a connoisseur's choice.”

“I’m actually surprised you understand what connoisseur means.”

“Well that’s because I AM a connoisseur...”

“Of my dick?”

He flinched, and then, upon checking no-one else was in the corridor, sidled up and pressed himself against her, sliding his hand between her legs.

“I don’t remember saying you could dirty talk in the corridor... my house my rules.”

“Your ass is mine, so I make the rules.”

“Well your dick is mine, so I make the rules.”

“Biggest dick gets to make the call.”

“Biggest.. *hat* gets to...um...”

She giggled and shoved him hard against the wall, forcing the air from his lungs.

“Or we can just wrestle for it.”

“*Deal*,” he croaked.

“Later.”

She unpinned him, clasping his hand in hers as they emerged in the living room where Zalta threw her hands up alongside a beaming grin.

“Well, I must say the service is first class...”

Beanbags had been dragged to either side of the sofa, one of which was taken up by Jessica with Dom safe in her arms. Duppie alone knelt on the floor in front of the long sofa which hosted the rest - Clem snuggled up to Mark, with Pasha on the other side, ignoring the new entrants because she was too busy steering a half-naked Duppie against her crotch. Whilst Clem wore simple leggings, skirt and vest, Pasha had made the bold choice of picking out a crop-top akin to a leather bra with tassels, her crotchless jeans even more outrageous making her look like a cowgirl stripper, but it allowed the most important thing which was access to her cock and

balls, jutting out from her body and into Duppie's face. The boy himself had only a gimp leather thong covering his dignity, plus straps across his chest and neck connected to a leash held in Pasha's fist. She forced his face up and down her hardness, threatening to insert but always letting her cock spill out of his saliva-covered lips before he could vacuum it inside, a blasphemous game of cat and mouse.

"You sure don't mess around do you Pash?" Zalta chuckled.

Pasha gave her a vacant look. They all saw her cock jerk upwards, and launch a string of pre that landed on Duppie's back.

"Yeah... always knew you liked being watched," Zalta muttered, leaning into Jaz, "feeling lucky you met me first?"

"More and more every day."

"Try the beanbags, they're nice... I might have to steal one," Dom grinned, snuggling tighter into Jessica's front. If she'd had a pouch, he would have been inside it.

"There's space on the sofa if you want," Clem smiled, snuggling up tighter to Mark, "we're happy to squeeze."

"I'll bet," Jaz chuckled.

He couldn't believe the changes in the Rowdy Boyz. Mark looked like a different man... his pump from workouts with Clem over the past few days had given subtle definition to muscles that had never seen the light of day before, and Duppie had gone from a brainless idiot who liked to constantly take the mick.... to a brainless idiot who only existed to serve Pasha's cock.

"Nah all good.. We'll grab a beanbag," he answered, leading her down. "After you *m'lady*...."

"Why thank you *kind sir*."

"I'll get the popcorn!"

"Wait you have *popcorn*?"

"Yeah... GOTTA have popcorn for DEERHUNTER!!"

He shouted it in the direction of Benz's room with a grin, scurrying to the kitchen. The others tittered, and even Duppie chuckled whilst he was being mashed up against Pasha's balls, his laugh more of a muffled, "*Hhhmmf*-" as Pasha grunted, unmoving cheeks at odds with her urgent movements.

“Wonder if Benz is ever gonna show his face,” Dom grinned, “at least, his BOY face...”

“Face it. I don’t think Benz is turning up,” Mark shrugged, “honestly, I’m cool with it. He already went kinda crazy even before the dress-up stuff...”

“Aw c’mon, but to see his FACE!”

“Well, we saw his face earlier,” said Zalta, “looked so *pretty!*... almost like that ‘girl’ he’d mentioned before...”

“Yeah, she seemed WRECKED from the good time Benz showed her.”

Mark frowned.

“Hey guys, knock it off.”

“H.. Oh.”

Dom raised his eyebrows.

“What?”

“Yeah, I think we should *please* change the subject... to MOVIE NIGHT!”

The guys all guffawed, Duppie vibrating his laughter down the drooling shaft in his mouth, looking up to see even Pasha was letting out as much of a smirk as her botox allowed, before she pulled him hard down her shaft and cut the laughter short. The sudden throat-fucks were loud as the rest tried their best to keep the conversation flowing in the face of Pasha bucking her hips, the couch creaking as her ass slammed into it over and over.

*SLLUGHHH-GLph-GL-LGHH-“

**creak-creak*-*

Dom let out a nervous chuckle.

“SO uh, can’t wait for this... I sure hope Stu wasn’t messing.”

“Yeah... oh I do like watching the trailers before the main show,” Zalta grinned on the other side, watching Pasha face-fuck Duppie so hard that her balls slapped his chin, tears running down his face. His own cock, curled up in an eye-wateringly hard erection, jerked, leaking a small line of pre-cum on the foot of the sofa. It looked pitiful, especially when Pasha grunted, and Duppie’s mouth immediately filled with white splooge.

“MPH-GLUHH-*gghghlh!*“

Creak-creak-creak

It was almost impossible for everyone to keep talking when such an insemination was taking place, Pasha's pre-cum strong and thick enough to seduce Duppie entirely from any rational thoughts entering his brain. There were no longer people, or flatmates, or friends around him. Just the stench of his mistress's seed. Emboldened, he descended on her lust stick with renewed passion, the zing of her taste thrumming through his brain as he tried to vacuum her cock clean off.

A silence descended bar the heinous squelches coming from the union of mouth and cock. Clem and Mark watched in awe and disgust respectively (although Clem spotted the hard-on beginning to tent Mark's jeans) as Duppie was used and abused.

Just as the gargles began to resemble a pelican swallowing something larger than itself, Jaz returned with bowls of popcorn. It took him a second to adjust to seeing his friend defiling himself on this pillar of superiority, before mounting a nonchalant smile.

"Ooooookay..... Good to see Duppie's got snacks already I guess?.... For the rest of us...Clem, Mark, popcorn?"

"Hell yeah!"

He wheeled over like a waiter at a fancy restaurant, depositing a bowl.

"Dom, Jessy? Want to taste my specially popped corn?"

"Oooh I do love me some salted popcorn," grinned Dom, "thanks brother-"
Jessica grabbed Dom's wrist, glaring at Jaz.

"My name is not Jessy....and I want caramel flavour."

"Ah...sorry... Jessica, we ah, just have salted," Jaz said with a catch in his voice, wilting under her glare. She let the boy wither under her gaze for a moment longer, Zalta and Dom both trying to stifle their laughter as Jessica toyed with her food.

".... *Fine.*"

"*GREAT*... Thanks Jessica.. Sorry....."

Dom gave Jaz a subtle thumbs up to Jaz for surviving, pulling Jessica's chin in to save his friend from further discomfort.

"It's okay Mommy, I'll get you sweet popcorn later..."

She growled, and wrapped her hand gently around Dom's throat. The boy mewled, ready to be abused.

"Alright. But remember, you use my money. You pay for nothing. *I own you.* I get what I want, you're only allowed to sit and look pretty..... *Bitch.*"

Dom stared up with oxygen-starved, lovestruck eyes into his queen.

The bowl lay forgotten by their side as Jaz skittered away, almost upending himself when Duppie reached up to grab a bowl, slurping all the way off his mistress's glazed cock. Pasha gave him a molten look for even having a single thought of his own.

"I... like salt," he murmured, before kissing the top of her cock, "especially..."

He licked down the shaft.

"... when it's..."

He latched onto the skin of her balls.

"... your salt."

Pasha seemed to be considering action, her hand feathering on the leash... and then lay back into the sofa, sighing as pleasure in all its forms drifted up from her groin to her brain, rubbing a breast with a brief look over to Mark and Clem close by. A single wink scared Mark almost as much as Benz on his worst day.

"I-I'm not... I don't-"

"Shhh," Clem giggled, "she's just messing with you. I'll protect you."

Mark looked over the prodigious athleticism of Pasha's body, not muscular per say but in absolutely pristine condition for any physical activity, be it flexibility, power or endurance... and then Clem's petite frame.

"Th-thanks," he murmured. Clem just giggled again, throwing a middle finger up to Pasha. Another dead-faced smirk in response was enough to confirm the sneaky humour that lied underneath her model-esque looks.... Perhaps it wouldn't be too dangerous to let Mark feel a little fear. Nonetheless, she stroked his hair to calm him as Jaz settled down between Zalta's legs once more. Nestled up against her front, she quickly wrapped her legs and arms around, cocooning him in her heat, almost a floor-grapple that left him immobile. A wet kiss on his temple melted him. Never in his life had he felt so strait-jacketed by another human being, yet so safe.

"Ya know I.... Might want a piece of popcorn," he murmured as she kissed down his neck.

"I'll feed you."

Those three words left him fully in heat, the sounds of Duppie somehow far in the distance as Zalta's stink from her unwashed gym-gear began to permeate in the air around him. Perhaps the best stink he could ever want.....

As the couples around them all began to engage in various forms of fooling around, squelches and sighs filling the living room-cum-amphitheatre, Clem nudged Mark.

“Seems like you’re in charge,” she grinned.

“Yeah.. *Yeah...*”

“Don’t look so surprised bubby wub.”

“R-right, right....”

After a few wrong channels, he managed to connect to Jaz’s laptop sat by the TV. A quick voice-activated dimming of the lights into darkness, and they were ready.

“Here we go everybody!”

Dom felt a tongue retract from his throat, gasping for air as Jessica glanced up at the screen which now lit up the space. The gym filled their vision.... Trained on a small white figure, and leading him away, a black, muscular beast of a woman.

The smell of gym iron and chemical floor cleaner was thick in the air as the Rowdy Boyz watched each other being taken to different, more private corners of the gym. The room was a flurry of cameras, small, nervous-looking boys and tall, confident women, the cougars isolating their prey.

Benz’s face twisted between fear and disdain as he was pulled by Jewell towards the squat rack, Stu following behind. The camera zoomed as close to Jewell’s prodigiously toned ass as possible, panning up to the back muscles rippling like a hive of small creatures all working together to shift her mighty frame. She looked like a woman who lived in the gym, a power-lifter in all senses of the word, glutes rippling with each step as the thick muscles in each huge butt-cheek contorted and released. Benz whimpered as he was manhandled away from everyone else towards the rack tucked into the corner, staring at the ass leading him on like a siren’s call. Each woman and boy split off to their respective sections of the gym, the cameramen doing their best to follow the action. Stu remained trained on them.

“So.... You ain’t squatted before, clearly.”

That gravelly voice came from a pit deep inside, and sent shivers through his tiny frame.

‘Come on Benz. Ham it up. She’s just a dumb brute... You’re smarter than her!’

“Hmm. Now I think you’re being *judgemental* there. Why would I want to build a girl’s ass for myself... I’m not gay!... like *others...*”

He winked and gestured towards Jaz being pulled away by Zalta. Benz's jocular vibe dropped briefly as he shot orders at Stu.

"Stu... keep them in the background if you can. Alright, back on us."

"Sure."

"Alright... now, Jewellllll right? I'd say show me how to squat like a woman, but not sure if that's the right phrase..."

He smirked, winking at camera. Jewell didn't seem perturbed, her dark smile only growing wider. She began to pull off plates from a barbell.

"Let's start easy...."

The load came off in tens and twenties until a rather pathetic set of two dinner-plate sized weights were left. She picked it up like it was made of air, propping it onto her shoulders.

"You start here...."

She squatted down, and Benz felt a tug at something inside as he watched her ass expand in the dark-blue leggings. It took an effort to squash it back down, but focusing on the bulge helped fuel his distaste.

'I'm not gay. Not like Jaz, the faggot...'

As she came back up, her body was steady. It looked almost too easy, as she placed it back on the squat rack.

"... One rep. You'll do twelve."

"Yes sir. Whatever you say!"

Benz grabbed the bar, taking the weight off the rack, and realised instantly that the bar combined with the plates was surprisingly sturdy, shaking a little.

"Ohhh... HHmph-"

The squat down was easy enough... going up was harder. He jolted as a hand cupped his bottom.

"Tighten your glutes on the way up."

"Hmph."

The hand squeezed, Benz feeling two rings on her fingers digging a little harder into his ass. He whimpered, glutes tightening appropriately to send him vertical.

"Better.... Got a nice ass, *boy*."

"I'm.... Far from a bitch... if you.. *Hadn't.. Noticed!*"

As he came up, a palm came to his belly.... Her hand was huge, almost able to cover his abs completely.

“Core engaged.. Hey, I told you to tighten that ass, *bitch*.”

Benz let out a strange feminine noise he hadn't made in his life before as the hand slid to his ass and squeezed it like she was kneading dough, even giving a love tap that sent heat between his legs. The camera lens loomed in his peripheral vision.

“H-HEY! You can't do that! Th-that's sexual harassment!” he spat, trembling as he brought himself back up again.

“Oh, so you're saying you *don't* like it huh?”

“Of COURSE not... why would I like anything that a *man* does!” he shrieked, before braying as her hand came to clasp his cock and balls. Being immobilised by a clamp to the gonads is a rare occurrence for most men, and Benz felt that animal shock of being utterly controlled, quaking as he tried to stop himself from dropping the bar even as she tickled a finger up and down his turgid manhood.

“HHUH-“

“Seems you're enjoying it plenty.... Is that honestly as big as it gets?”

“HHE-... *can you stop this RIGHT NOW—eeeek-!*“

The second squeeze of his testicles was harder, and meaner. Benz was starting to understand this woman wasn't someone to be taken head on as pleasure blossomed even through the pain as brutal stimulation was wrought on his junk, causing him to stagger. She easily brought the bar back to centre, and him with it.

“C'mon, be honest. Do girls even feel it?” she chuckled.

Benz snivelled, temple throbbing as he attempted to re-rack the bar.

“*I-il.... We're done here... You're just... just fucking JEALOUS...*”

This brought a deep laugh that filled the space as she put a hand on the bar, forcing him down into another squat.

“Jealous of not touchin' a woman's sides huh? Yeah, I'm real jealous of ya... and you're not done until I say we're done.”

“*I-I said we're DONE...Sh.. Shit... s-stu, get this off me!*” he hissed, staggering with the weight again, yet she kept him away from the rack with two fingers like an adult controlling a child, her free hand sliding to the nape of his neck. Benz made another involuntary noise, a woodland creature caught in a trap even as the devil emerged in his expression, a foul scrawl of fury on his features.

“Y-YOU CAN’T DO THIS TO ME!!!!”

As he panicked, the black lens carried by Stu came into view, closing to his face. Benz swallowed. If there was only one thing he valued more than his status, it was content. They *needed* content, twenty-four-seven... and he either had to be like those others and let these twisted bitches win... or man up and control the narrative. He shifted some of the spite from his face with a huge effort, grunting, and steadied the weight back to centre.

Control the narrative.

“... Hhhuhh.... JJust such a... *SILLY* workout anyway!”

“Huh, why, because ya can’t even do girl’s weights? Twelve year olds lift this,” Jewell growled.

“I-I don’t need it.... This is... this is clearly for booty workouts!” Benz sniffed, his knees shaking as he pushed up again, “ but I could do it.. *EASY*... I’m... *fine*....”

“Prove it.”

He clenched his jaw. No-one talked to him this way. He was too rich and successful for this nobody. Internally he made a pact to himself... somehow, somewhere, he would make sure this woman regretted this. If he had to bring the entire internet down around her ears, he would do so. He flexed his burning glutes.

His body went down with the bar, and up. Down and up.

“That’s twelve.”

Benz racked the weight. His buttocks burned, both from the strain and the humiliation.

“S-see? Easy....”

He gave as haughty a wink as he could to camera, sweat dappled on his face... and felt a swooping sensation in his tummy as he was scooped up into the air. The musculature clamped on his body was so powerful that he found himself crushed in a hug, a nose ring touching his forehead, the hard testosterone stench of Jewell’s sweat and breath thrumming in his nostrils as she took a gigantic lick of his face. Feeling the wet, rough texture of her tongue (as well as the metal stud in the centre) as she slid over his eyes and forehead was another bullet to his ego, prevented even from turning in his head in such a tight bind.

“WWwwhhhat the... th-the hell-“

Air could barely reach his lungs, clamped against her abs with his face just above her breasts so she could groom every inch of his visage like a tigress with her cub. When she had finished basting his face in saliva, she dropped him to the floor. Benz dropped to his hands and knees, shaking from the pure monstrous strength that had squished his frame like a trash compactor, gasping for oxygen and also from the panic now quivering in his breast.

“*You got another set, boy.*”

“Uuhy... I-I think we need a break-“

“Take the bar.”

Benz took a deep breath, clambering to shaky feet.

“No. No, I think that’s quite e-“

SMACK

The slap sent the boy clean off his heels, world spinning as he found himself on the floor. His cheek was on fire, and when he got to another shaky position on his hands and knees, it was now in a cowering position as Jewell stood over him.

“Take the bar,” she growled, raising her hand.

“O-OKAY, okay,” he bleated, tears in his eyes as he clutched his face, staggering to the rack.

She followed close behind, and Benz tried not to bleat or cry as Stu rotated around them.... until a finger slid up his crack. It pushed further up, forcing a mewl from his lips as he felt the soft material of his boxers bunching up against his anal rim.

“OOUyyy-“

A coughing noise from behind was enough to know that Stu had seen it.

“Sure you ain’t a girl? An ass like this... Little time in the gym and we could make a little sissy pornstar out of you in no time.”

“S.. Sissy?!” he breathed, trying to control his breathing, to find some sense of control. “You’re fucking sick you know that?! You’re a fucking *freak*-“

The hand that had been on his ass, reached around and grabbed him full by his balls again, or rather his entire package, such was the size difference between her palm and his groin.

“-UUF!”

He tried to rack the weight backwards, but she merely hoisted it back on his shoulders again, one handed, and tightened a tree-arm around him.... Benz felt her

body shadow his from behind, clamping to his back like a tandem parachute jumper... except she'd specifically butted the most gigantic crotch-bulge up against the crack of his ass, causing him to almost scream. What came out was a hoarse whimper instead as he settled into a humiliating squat, her hard bulge splitting his cheeks, hand clamped around his family jewels. The stimulation was as foul as it was invasive, worse even than the sting on his cheek.

Her voice was soft in his ear, the depth of her voice sending vibrations to his core.

"Let's get one thing straight.... For the next hour, you're MINE."

"H-hour... what.."

She pulled him up.

"Down."

He did so. As he went squatted, she ground the thick pipe against his ass-cheeks, trying to split them like the moses and the red sea. A bleat escaped him as his eyes snapped to Stu, still patiently filming as she ground into him with her erection. He tried to give a head-shake to stop, but another squeeze of his nuts brought an eye-watering squeak.

"UuuuyyyyUUHN-!"

"UP!"

"UUyyuh-!"

His voice had never come out so high-pitched, trembling as he pushed upwards, and his glutes hugged the hot-dog filling his buns, thanking it for such a warm, deep welcome. A chuckle from behind vibrated through his back as she squeezed his manhood again.

"Hhuh.... How you even use it?... I ain't felt one so small before!"

His face flushed. Such hatred scrunched his facial features that when he glared at Stu, the boy thankfully lowered the camera. Benz gestured with his gaze to look elsewhere.... But then a softer rub of his package distracted him again.

"Mmmhff..."

He hated the sounds coming from his throat, clenching his jaw.

'Control yourself. You're not enjoying this. You are not a fucking FAGGOT... Jaz might have brought these fucking freaks into our product, but you won't stand for it... when I get my hands on him, I'll ruin him....'

Gritted teeth.

Up. Down. Up. Down.

Each time, she buried her log in his rear area, stimulating parts of his body he might well have nightmares about later as she grunted again in his ear, sending little zips of pleasure from places he'd never quite felt such sensations before. A whimper left his mouth.

'Don't. DON'T. Just Lift!'

Up. Down. Up. Down.

His glutes burned. His breaths were heavy.

"... DONnnE..."

"Good boy. Twelve."

Her breathing was deeper now in his ear. A tongue snaked inside it for a moment, and he couldn't suppress a gasp as his body flooded with her warmth... and then the bar was lifted from his aching shoulders.

"Come. Pullups."

"Wwwha... P... pull.."

He shook his head. His glutes ached, massaging them as he backed away from the torture machine that was the squat rack.

"N-no... no I want to.... I want to do running! I think we should see what the others are doing-"

Jewell stalked forwards, muscles that Benz had never seen on a human being rippling as he glanced around for help... and noticed Frankie looking over, questioningly, camera in hand. Immediately he frowned, motioning to get the camera as far away from him as possible, pointing to what might have been Duppie and the raven-haired woman up against the window, mouthing "GO. FILM IT!"

Frankie nodded.. And then smirked as Jewell grabbed Benz's face and smushed it before he could continue.

"You're not paying enough attention, *boy.*"

"M-maybe you're not a great dance partner-"

She pressed herself against him. Benz felt steel trap hands clamp on his limbs, so tight they hurt.

"Maybe you should listen instead of talking...."

The bulge; that terrifying bundle of hard meat in her leggings, squeezed against his torso. It felt like someone was shoving a baseball bat against his sternum.

Dom watched as the camera zoomed in on Benz's face being smushed between the wall to ceiling mirror of the gym and Jewell's sports bra... a war of attrition between fear and anger playing across his brow, until fear won out. The sight of a huge black goddess grinding her breasts and dick against a helpless young waif of a male was an arresting sight, and as he watched, Dom felt a shape press against his lower back, a familiar hard, meaty shape. The hands draped across his belly began to squeeze, drawing him into the web of his girlfriend, although owner might have been a more appropriate title as he felt Jessica begin to grind against him, imprinting her log, her balls up against his tailbone.

As he looked backwards over his shoulder, he noticed that other scenarios were beginning to emerge, not including the obvious debauchery of Duppie being speed-bumped into the carpet, the drool spreading from where his face was squished up against the expensive fake fur as Pasha's attention flicked between the TV and her prize possession, Duppie's wide-cheeked, impaled ass.

On the other side of the sofa, Clem was gently lowering herself back, her skirt raised a touch to allow Mark to slowly push up into her. Her pretty eyes went wide, and despite keeping well controlled as she was impaled, couldn't help her breathing becoming deeper, shuddering as stimulation ran up her spine.

Further over, Zalta and Jazz's chins were connected by saliva, clearly lost in each other as they pressed in for deeper kisses.

As sighs and heavy breathing permeated throughout the room, Dom felt more and more comfortable squeezing back against the honeytrap that was Jessica, only stopped from squeezing deep into her cleavage by those pesky clothes she'd brought. The deep breaths were making him bite his lip, made even naughtier by the fact he was watching something secret, a voyeurism of non-consent. Yet he couldn't peel his eyes away even as he felt warm lips on his neck.

The gym lights felt too bright, the music too loud as Benz felt the fingers around his neck loosen, sliding down his back to cup his ass as Jewell grinned.

"Pullups... you can do 'em right?"

He'd been terrible at monkey bars as a kid... never enough coordination. This metal bar up near the ceiling felt impossibly high, so high that if he dropped he might

genuinely sprain an ankle, around double his height. It was a bar made for giants like Jewell, as she squeezed his buttocks again. Benz yipped.

“I-ieee!... I... let’s n-not today actually.. How about we do some dumbbells huh?... you can show off those guns you have to the camera...”

She snorted.

“Pft... showing off’s for little girls and boys... you got a dance partner now, and you’re not gonna disappoint.”

Quick as a flash he was being grabbed and lifted once more and thrust into the air, experiencing that stomach-churning feeling of weightlessness in her grasp, before he was elevated to within reach of the bar.

“Grab it.”

He did as he was told. She immediately let go, leaving him dangling. His arms protested with aches and creaks, more used to leaning on a desk or berating a cameraman than dangling from a dull metal bar. As he looked into the wall mirror, he couldn’t help the thought that his silhouette wouldn’t have looked far off an unathletic teen girl, stick arms holding up his curvy hips and ass.

‘Jesus... stop thinking like that! Winners don’t think like that!’

“See pussy? Easy.”

Stu snorted loud enough that Benz’s jaw tightened.

“W-well.. Insults say more about the person giving than receiving...”

“Oh.. so you like to *receive* then?”

“What, n-NO I didn’t say that-!”

He saw her rub her bulge in the mirror, flicking from staring at his front to his back, trained on his ass as she reached out and gave a soft slap of his tush.

Smack

“Uy!”

“I think you said it just right. Damn that juicy ass is just like a steak... ain’t that right?”

She gave a nasty grin at the camera, and mimed her fingers under Benz’s ass. Stu caught every bit of it, even zooming into the boy’s behind for extra comedic effect.

“Just waitin’ for someone to take a bite.”

“L-look, *just*... let’s exercise n-normally.... I-I’m.. Oogh....I’m not going to be here all day-!!“

“You know, you’re such a pussy..... like a little honeypot.”

Benz felt such fury, such humiliation and embarrassment coursing through his veins already that this small interruption, her taking control of the narrative, provoked a vented cry of frustration.

“I-I AM NOT A PUSSY, YOU FUCKING BITCH, I-I swear to GOD-“

SMACK!

Sharp pain was still not something Benz was used to. As he swung from the momentum of the spank, his mind went blank from the pain of the tender skin on his buttocks.

“You talk to me like that again, you ain’t walking out of this gym *bitch*.”

The fight leaked from his body like a deflated tyre. His arms seemed to ache more as he clutched the bar for survival, glancing down. It seemed pathetic, but the floor being over a metre away gave him additional anxiety when considering his legs might crumple on impact. His lips for once remained sealed.

Jewell chuckled, hands on her hips.

“Good pussy. Now, up.”

Benz frowned, and asked his arms if they would like to assist in bringing him up to the bar. His arms said no. He asked again. His arms pretended to ignore him. Eventually, he grimaced and forced them to pull slowly, achingly, up to the bar. Everything protested. Even his stomach was complaining that it was having to crunch to achieve such a pointless exercise. For a moment, as he touched the bar with his nose, he felt a small surge of relief and happiness. He COULD do a pullup...

He looked down.

Jewell was underneath him, face stern.

“*One*.”

He mewled.

“*I-I don’t think-*“

“SHUT UP.”

The depth and anger jolted him to silence, wincing as his fingers began to sweat on the bar.

“Up.”

“I....”

“I said.. UP!”

He tried with all his might, arms shaking as he pulled his chin up to the bar again, gasping at the top.

“Two.”

Benz whimpered.

“I... is that enough?”

The woman snorted.

“Look, if you’re only gonna do two pullups, I ain’t letting you off that bar.”

He could feel his grip weakening already.

“I-I don’t have much... choice...”

He squeaked , glancing down at the floor which looked fairly hard and ready to injure an unfit twink.

Then the huge figure beneath him grinned and came directly underneath to the point he could see down her tits into the sweaty crevasse, and suddenly two powerful hands were gripping his ass, pressing upwards. A pinkie finger slid nastily into his crack, making it clear this had little to do with friendly support.

“*Here*, I got you.”

He bleated, her touch invasive in the most distracting way possible.

“NNn... *can you not-?!?*”

“Well if you could do pull-ups like a real man, you wouldn’t need my help right *pussy?*”

The ‘P’ in ‘pussy’ popped from her lips sharp enough to puncture his already wounded ego. It got worse as he felt the finger tickle towards his asshole and bring another bleat. He pulled up sharply, arms burning as he tried his best to bring his chin to the bar. The hands squeezed his plump cheeks the whole way.

“*Gooooood pussy...* again.”

Through the pain he pushed, and when he somehow cajoled his muscles to the top again, he was rewarded with another heavy squeezing of his ass, her pinkie riding deep enough to press a little bit of his boxers up into his hole.

“HHNN-“

He whinnied, trembling, and checked around the room to make sure nobody was watching, greeted instead with a camera lens reflecting his face in Stu’s arms before it circled to the hands cupping his ass.

A smile as best he could muster was pushed to his face.

'Come on.... At least get content...'

“Wow! W-well... there you have it... folks... Looks like this lady knows what she’s doing I guess!...”

Jewell snorted.

“Pushing yourself feel good huh?”

She squeezed his ass again as she said it, nails gripping into the meat of his rump.

“Y-yeee-EHH-EESs!!!..... Y-yes, it does... *i-if you could.. not..!*” Benz squealed, managing to keep what counted for a weak smile painted on his lips as he felt those powerful fingers massage deep into his ass, cajoling glutes that had not been called into action properly before today. The aches, muscle release and thrill of her touch all swirled through his body. An indignant cluck was the closest he could manage to anger.

“I think we’re done, yes!?!?”

It was a leading question of the kind nobody disregarded.

“I think you got one more in you.”

A snarl that came out as half of a sob left him, his arms on fire.

“I... I *don’t*...”

“Trust me. You do.”

“L-let me down!.. Just... Let me DOWN!!....”

A firm hand under his buttocks prevented any sort of escape.

“Come on, your momma didn’t raise a quitter did she?”

He mewled as she lifted him easily, and he made a token pull with dead arms, already pretty much at the bar, and the hands that had raised him up lowered him down.... And pulled down his shorts in the process.

“WH...HHEY-!”

“Oh your Mama sure gave you somethin’, sexy...”

Benz mewled in horror as the cool air-conditioned breeze fluttered over his bare ass, almost letting go but at the same time unable to relinquish his safety, glancing at Stu who was snorting with laughter as Benz’s legs kicked madly, as if trying to catch a new pair of underwear in the breeze.

“W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JESUS FUCKING.. P-PUT ME DOWN, TAKE ME DOWN!!!”

Stu’s laughter paused, his mouth falling open as Jewell pulled the boxers down to the floor, revealing the smallest penis he had ever seen attached to Benz’s front.

It looked around one inch soft, and as thick as a thimble.

Jewel's gaze tore from the two white hills in her vision with a pink flower hidden in the crevasse, to the far less offensive appendage on the front.

"Huh... Mama sure gave you a lot... but looks like your Daddy didn't."

Benz's face went an ugly purple colour, and his eyes filled with tears.

"C-CUT THAT SHIT OFF, RIGHT NOW.... CUT THE CAMERA!"

Stu's smile vanished, and he obediently lowered the camera, only for Jewell to spank Benz so hard that it sounded like a tennis serve, the echo of it bouncing around the room as Benz bleated hard, a little snot leaving his nose as the sharp sting remained long after the hand had left him.

SSSMACK!!!

"UGHn!!!... NNghuhh-"

Jewell pointed a finger at Stu.

"Keep rolling. Got it?"

Stu gulped and nodded.

"S-sure."

The camera came back up. Stu didn't empathise with Benz. Despite the lady's deplorable actions this was the chance to get that little shit right between the eyes (or cheeks), and he would hate himself for not doing so.... Besides, this footage was definitely not something Benz would want to risk being revealed to the public.... Leverage could be a useful bargaining tool.

Stu had to contain his laughter as he zoomed in on Benz's penis, trying to fill the frame with it.

There had never been a smaller skin-flute that he had seen with his own eyes.

"Shoulda paid more," he muttered, making sure to get as much of it as he could in shot along with Benz's purple plum of a face, so embarrassed that he couldn't even form full sentences.

"D-don't.... Cut... c-cut the... let's just wrap and take.. t-take five.."

"I don't think it's anywhere near five," Jewell murmured, "unless you're a hell of a grower..."

Defiant tears trickled down his cheeks. His entire body slumped, barely holding the bar as Jewell supported his weight on her arm and shoulder like a human parrot. Stu

made sure to get a full shot of her supporting him on her shoulder whilst standing tall, a miss universe contestant and Olympic bodybuilder rolled into one.

“L-let me down... *put me...*”

“Down? Aw baby, I think I gotta check something first...”

She propped him up with both hands, and nudged his butt-cheeks wide. Stu grimaced as he saw Benz’s starfish in full high definition for a moment, the boy himself wiggling, a mad look in his eye as he struggled like a cornered animal, to no avail.

“S-STOP, NO WHAT ARE YOU DOING-“

“Lemme get a little bite of this cherry first...”

“*W-what do you mmmmEMMEANNNNNNNNUHHHHH!-*”

The squeal was higher pitched than any sound Benz had ever made in his life as Jewell’s face slammed straight against the centre of his butt, parting his cheeks like the white sea as her lips found his anus.

“OHhhh-uHOHHH-!”

A lips-to-rim kiss took place, energy thrumming through Benz, suddenly desperate to pull himself up and away from the spine-tingling contact... only to find himself being held in place. Jewell grunted into his entrance, her tongue snaking out to lick at the sensitive, rubbery ring. It puckered up, trying to defend itself.

“OohhHH!”

His legs waved to no avail. Arms ached fiercely, but letting go would only let her dine deeper into his asshole, too weak to pull away. Instead he was forced to bleat as he felt her tongue attempting to unlock the key to his anal tract.

“Nnnoohuhh... *uhhhh-!*”

It prodded and coaxed the opening. She was almost inside.

Benz’s head whirled desperately, glancing at Stu who was sniggering, barely able to keep the camera straight.... as Benz’s flailing limbs went taut.

“UUHHH!”

The tongue squeezed in, painfully, and wiggled to an inch or so deep, searching for new textures, finding little spaces of anal wall to enjoy as Benz’s grip tightened on the bar, his legs freezing in place as Jewell found quite incredible sensations that made him quiver.

“*UHHhunHU-OHH-!*”

Stu gulped, unsure what to feel as he watched his 'boss' being rimmed against his will, a beast of a woman French-kissing his anus like it was their wedding day as sloppy squelches came from the point of entry. She certainly wasn't holding back, her eyes closed as she lost herself in the magic of a white twink's virgin hole. When Stu panned out, she saw that her leggings now had a demonic horn aiming straight out from her crotch, a wet patch growing at the tip.

"Fuck."

He made sure to steer well clear as she consumed the boy's ass like it was a three-course meal, dining on the beautifully tender rump steak and grunting into it, the vibrations zipping up Benz's torso as he felt warmth spreading in his lower regions.

"SSStttuuuphhh-h-hhuhHHh-"

Terrified of the sensations being forced into him, he searched for a way out and moaned as he saw his own erection in the mirror, perched up on his balls, a spot of pre already forming at the tip.

"NNNuuHHGHH-nnGUhh-"

The tongue wiggled in his ass. It punched in and out, rotated... the rough textures forcing muscle spasms up his back as she grunted into her prize like a wild boar.

"MHHMMH-!"

"Ayymgg-hHHMmm-hhm...!"

Benz gasped, trying to contain the sensations growing in his body. His dick had grown to a full two-point-five-inches, hard and pulsing in time with his racing heart. The sound of a pig snuffing truffles came from his rear end as she savoured every moment, dining on his butthole buffet.

Benz couldn't hold it in. All the anger in the world couldn't force down the pleasure being forced into his body, and finally, he moaned... a high-pitched, effeminate moan of a woman being fingered.

"NnnnnUHH...NNNUHHHH!"

Stu couldn't believe what he was seeing, hand over his mouth to stop himself howling with laughter and disgust as he kept the camera clasped to his face, watching Benz helplessly wriggle and moan with shame as the orgasm overtook him. The first line shot out and hit the mirror, the second unable to reach it as Benz hung, helpless, body jerking as he let loose his worthless seed.

As the boy's balls pushed out the last of his effluence, he fell slack.

Jewell surfaced, her mouth covered in a sheen of saliva. Gently, she lowered him down, the boy's confidence shorn from him in this act of humiliation, finally allowed to cover up his dainty manhood... Only to have his hands slapped away.

"Ey.. boy's got a grower!" Jewell proclaimed, presenting it to the camera as if she were presenting a trophy.

Benz was on the verge of tears, trying to force a crazed smile on his face as he recovered the small but clearly erect baby penis between his legs.

"W-well that's about all we've got time f-"

Jewell's ringed fingers slid around his throat. He bleated as she squeezed, leading him like a dog to a horizontal bench with Stu in tow before forcing him onto it in a mounted position, the leather moist against his face where someone had been sweating fifteen minutes ago. Benz felt himself being positioned belly-down on the bench, his arms and legs hanging off either side, and his eyes went wide.

"W-wait, wait listen I need to go-! HNNG-!"

The large hand squeezed tighter around his neck.

"Don't worry pussy.... We got time for one more exercise."

He heard her reach into a gym bag nearby and rustle for something... and squealed as cold lube then splattered into the crack of his buttocks.

"OOHHH GOD WAIT, WAIT J-JUNE.. EWELL...JEWELL!!!-"

"My name is mistress, boy."

"M-MISTRESS, MISTRESS PLEASE-"

Snot was running down his nose alongside tears as she kept his head firmly clamped to the bench, his legs and arms squirming.

Her lips came to his ear, as her huge, hard weight settled down on his back.

"You're cute boy... but you're gonna be cuter once I break ya."

A pair of leggings were flung aside. He felt something large and wet slide up against the swamp that was his lubed-up asshole and mewled, choking tearfully.

"N-no... Jewell... M-MISTRESS, I-I'll... I'll give you money... how about that I-"

The tip pressed. It felt like a torpedo was being squeezed between his buttcheeks, barely able to even touch his anus, let alone slip inside it. She was absolutely humongous.

"-I-I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY, I'LL PAY, ANYTHING OH FUCKING GOD JUST STOP, STOP THIS-!!!"

Jaz moaned. The hard cock of his girlfriend was in his hands, half his attention on the odious, unbelievable video in front of them of a big black cock sliding into Benz's asshole, and the other half focused on jerking her behind his back. The quiet slicks were covered by the slapping of Clem's cheeks on Mark's lap, and the less quiet moaning of Duppie as he rode Pasha. Looking over, he saw that Dom was already leaning forwards into a doggystyle position. Their eyes met as he felt Zalta's hand on his shoulder pushing him into the same position... and both boys decided it was less embarrassing to just not look at each other, instead facing forward, ready to be entered.

As the big black cock slid deep into Benz's core on-screen, the boy's cries and whimpers spurred on Zalta and Jessica, who also glanced across at each other. They smirked. Jessica pouted and grabbed Dom's hair. Zalta reached underneath and made Jaz coo as she tickled his hard cock. Then they both began to push in unison.

On screen, a pair of black peaches snuggled up against a pair of white grapes.

Jewell bottomed out, and Benz opened his mouth but no scream came out. His eyes bulged. Taut fingers gripped the bench, his entire body lost trying to deal with the fifth limb filling his asshole in the most brutal, undeniable way. The camera swooped in close, which would have added to his humiliation had he been able to concentrate on anything other than the steel pole flexing between his internal organs.

"Nn-... ugh....."

"Hhohh baby aren't you the tightest pussy I ever fucked," Jewell moaned, her body vibrating against his. Benz felt the drool running down his chin, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the nuclear missile pulsing in his core, so painful that it should have brought tears to the eyes.. Yet a glimmer of pleasure existed, just out of reach. He could feel it now, a potential that hadn't existed before... and it terrified him. He imagined being like Jaz, of being ordered around by some hung bitch.

'Faggots. You're not like that... you CAN'T be like that!!!..... Just DON'T LET HER-'

He put all his weight into pushing upwards, forwards, anywhere. She didn't even bother to respond, her mass like a boulder on his back, anal walls hugging her

womanhood too tight. This more than anything made Benz feel beyond small, useless and at the mercy of his captor. Saliva dripped down his chin.

“Gguh...hghg.....”

She moved the cock a touch out and, as he moaned, back in again.

Benz’s toes curled as his world flipped upside down.

“HHOhhhhh..”

It moved out and in again, her hips melting into his.

This particular moan was laden with orgasmic tension, and it horrified him to know that this was being brought forth from his lips by a big black cock, Benz trembling as he felt a smug chuckle above him.

“Seems like you’re starting to get it.”

“I-l..ghghhHHHHUhh... MMM-NOT... G-getting-“

She pulled and pushed. His buttohole oscillated as she pressed home, smiling as he went taut again beneath her.

“-iiiHHHHhhuhhhh.....”

The nose ring nuzzled against his ear. The touch of metal and her much bigger presence on top of him felt alien and impossibly large.

“You’re gonna be a good girl for me... don’t you worry.”

“N-no-“

Jewell began to accelerate.... and Benz’s soul left his body for the first time in his life.

“Ohh fuck...”

Dom moaned, biting his lip and gripping the carpet as he worked with Jessica to shunt into her oncoming thrust, his body jolting each time she hit... and of course, she hit hard. The ruse, if there had been any, was up between all of them as sighs of pleasure came from his lover, mirrored by Zalta’s on the other side who had Jaz in more of a fuck-hug, almost sprawled out horizontal on the carpet.

“Hh-ohhmy... HH-oomy...”

Clem’s pants and huffs were obvious now, lost in Mark as she controlled the pace, slamming herself down with abandon on his large, rigid cock, her own cock tenting her skirt. The boy seemed lost in her thrall, clinging to the sofa as she rode him like the most beautiful cowgirl in the west... almost a counterpoint to the meanest

barbie in Pasha, who had her arm around Duppie's neck, tenderising his ass with thrusts that had the boy barking like a chihuahua, a zombified smile just visible on his face.

Dom tried not to bitch squeal as Jessica thrust her manhood deep into his core, but it was almost impossible. Jessica simply could not be denied - she was too focused, knew his body too well. Even now she founds those little knots of secret pleasure that blended his mind into mush with her hard love....

“FFFuuu-UUU-uUUUckkk-“

Clem glanced down, sweating, at Mark's friends, and let out a breathless smile.

“Wwwow... sseeems l.. Mmm... Picked the only straight guy.. Uhhh-!”

Both Jaz and Dom's faces flushed, called out in the open with no retort as their asses were stuffed full of their girlfriend's cocks. Mark himself also felt that pang of embarrassment on their behalf, glancing down at the boys who were both jerking and trembling under the pleasure and strain of their sodomy... and thanked the powers above that Clem had chosen him instead.

Dom's head bowed until Jessica grabbed him by the hair.

“Head up, *bitch*.”

“Yyyeahh MMmummmuuuh,” he mewled, as she shunted a series of rapid thrusts between his cheeks, hard *plap-plap-plaps* that were being echoed by the other pairs of lovers.

As he was being fucked, he glanced up at the screen, and gasped.

“Hhh.. Holy shit-“

He flinched, unprepared for such brutality. Having been trained by Jessica, he felt his tolerance of hard anal had developed somewhat in recent weeks, but this particular sexual movement was far more brutal than even he had experienced. A beautiful scene true, yet terrifying to observe, like a Siberian storm or a hurricane, the cruel power of nature made manifest in human form - that of a sweaty, glowering Jewell. Every muscle in her body contorted, combining to drive herself into Benz with such force that the boy's eyes looked like they might pop out with each burial of her battering ram into his inner sanctum. Her arm had wrapped around his head so no sound escaped beyond muffled screams, the bench beneath them a creaking anvil on which to strike her prisoner's abdomen with black steel. Her hips drove down with the unrelenting speed and strength of a pneumatic drill,

tears running down the boy's face, from pain or pleasure, it was difficult to say.. But the rolling upwards of those bulging eyes quickly revealed the truth.

CLap-clap-clap-clap-clap-clap-CLAP-clap-CLAP-clap-

“MMmg-MMh-mg-“

Saliva dripped from Jewell's forearm as Benz spasmed within the cocoon. His body responded to the brutal ministrations, unleashing a flood of chemicals that sent him to space and beyond, suddenly on a rocket-ship, except the rocket was inserting itself into his ass at the speed of Mach twenty.

“Like that bitch... huh?... MMMHGGHhh... Yyyooouu like that?!”

The claps of their cheeks were like whip-cracks, the bench creaking under the violence being administered as she somehow got even deeper and harder.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

“Gonna make you my WOMAN... Rruuhh... fucking WHORE-!”

If her growled insults were understood, Benz didn't give any indication. His body was imprisoned in a fuck-fest machine that he could not control, under Jewell's will and authority until she chose to break it. As a light sheen of sweat began to build on her body, the last of his hope was obliterated as the cock pounded into him, and the orgasms that had been diminishing... didn't. She simply found the spots inside that were an endless source of brain re-wiring pleasure and attacked them.

As Jewell sweated, pumping and grinding, crushing her muse... her eyes flickered to the camera.

Stu's hands trembled as he tried to keep the lens steady, a ball lodged in his throat as he watched Benz being clinically unmade, the scene too raw and brutal for a nature documentary let alone an influencer's vlog, yet he couldn't tear his gaze away from it. Something deep in his ancestral instincts for survival told him so, because Jewell had ordered it... and Jewell clearly destroyed boys that didn't do what she told them.

The lens went out of focus as Benz squealed through another blistering orgasm. Stu blinked sweat from his eyes as he panned round to the back, filming two gigantic black balls swinging into the pink grapes of Benz, Jewell's hunky ass like two contorting mountains of prime musculature, twin pistons that drove down to devastating effect. The bench upon which she was breaking him almost jumped forwards from the momentum of her thrusts.

Benz was cross-eyed. He didn't feel the sweat from his lover dripping down on his neck and back, nor hear the whistles of some other girl as she laughed at his misfortune. All he felt was the multiple orgasms stacked one after the other; constant dizzying pleasure that was changing him, removing his identity of a straight white male, a powerful, famous, rich man with influence, and replacing it with the singular title of cock-slut.

It was almost a relief when she began to slow, lip trembling. The callouses gripped his arms, holding them behind his back as she raised up, her thrusts becoming jerky but bottoming out each time.

Some lucidity returned... the orgasms abated, even as he yipped from a full impalement on the big black obelisk. Glancing into the mirror, he saw the slack-jawed gormless look on his own face, the glistening female holding him down, her eyes wide as she tried approached the final insemination. He watched her make eye contact with him.... And slid her baseball bat all the way out, Benz able to see a glossy black log covered in pre-cum and lube, impossibly wide, impossibly long, but about to unleash itself on his soiled insides. He whimpered, wiggling. Tears returned to his eyes.... She had allowed him to regain consciousness just so he had to feel her insemination.

"Nnno.. Nnuhgh-"

She grunted, and the thing pulsed in his entrance, poised to deliver the final blow. Benz could feel it.. She was about to explode, and rip the last traces of masculinity from his soul.

"N-NO, NOO-"

Jewell felt it too. He knew because as she slid all the way inside, stimulating all up his anal walls, her cock pulsed against them as she filled him with dick-meat, sending shockwaves through his body. Her groans vibrated through his body via the tuning fork in his belly, signalling her pleasure.

"Ooohh yeeeeeahhhhh bbbaabbyyyuh.....!"

Benz thrashed wildly, he snivelled, pleaded, but then-

"-NNOOhoN-... OOhh.. OO-OH.. OHHH FUUCKING-..NNnnoooouhhhhh-"

Tears sprang from his eyes as the thing in his ass released a torrent of cum. Like a hose thrust up his insides, the heat blossomed, overtaking the terror and humiliation, flowing through his body in pure waves of orgasmic bliss.

On screen, the figures jerked, moaning. The cameraman was nothing if not efficient in a perverted, voyeuristic way, zooming in on the big black balls as they squelched, rotating round to the faces locked in a cruel grin and a mind-melting scream of pleasure.

“NNOOOooooouUHHHHHhhhhhh-“

“*Woah...!*”

Clementines utterance was the only intelligible noise amid the cries and moans of every woman and boy present in the penthouse, Duppie no longer able to contain the squeals of pleasure as Pasha dropped him on her cock, a reverse cowboy straddle with her leaned back on the sofa, barely watching the TV anymore as she pulled on the leash around his neck. His vision had become blurred from the orgasm overtaking him, made stronger by oxygen deprivation.

Dom watched Benz squeal, and moaned himself, firing a load over the floor as Jessica grunted into his ear, herself pulsing inside him. The juxtaposition of watching a black muscular beauty breed a stuck-up twink, and his own lover destroying him at the same, breaking her bitch just like she'd done the first time they'd met, was intoxicating.

“Mmumuuhhh,” he mewled.

“*Baaaaby,*” she grunted back, her voice urgent, hoarse.

Molten lava filled his core, as other inseminations took place at the same time, Jaz spasming under the pin of Zalta, who was now fully strapped to his back, pumping downwards, crushing the boy into the carpet. Her ball-squelches were just audible under her gasps.

Pasha meanwhile, was grunting audible words of humiliation at Duppie, clutching him against her fake tits.

“*Cum for me boy.... Do what I say bitch.... MMMMuh-!*”

A launch of sperm from his erect cock shot into the air, almost landing on the tv just as the *SLAM* of a door from the hallway pricked all their ears.

The sound of Benz's voice was shrill even over the demented moaning in the video.

“WHAT is this RACKET!”

“HhHu..... *Uh-ohhhh*,” murmured Jaz, attempting to cover up his hard cock. Zalta didn’t stop shunting him however, footsteps from the hall resolving into a furious figure staring with an open mouth as Jaz’s cheeks were clapped.

Benz’s eyes were bulging as he spread his arms wide, spittle flying from his mouth. The hair gel in his hair seemed to have forgotten a few strands, and the eyes seemed sunken, as if sleep had been an afterthought.

“WHAT are you doing, fucking watching porn at n-?!“

He paused upon witnessing the scene of debauchery. Dom was still shaking from his orgasm as Jessica clutched him, her fingers in his mouth. Jaz was splayed out with Zalta pinning him with her weight, rising up so her sweaty breasts dripped onto his back as she smirked, unafraid of being seen in her naked glory. Clem was too busy biting her lip and firing her own line of cum, hitting the TV with the first two trails as she bounced on Mark’s lap, the boy clutching her breasts from behind. Duppie was merely a quivering wreck in Pasha’s arms, face in her tits as their naked stink soaked into the leather of the couch.

Benz clapped his hands to his head, screeching.

“WHAT THE FUCK..... YOU FUCKING FAGGOTS...W-WHAT..... WITH THE FUCKING CURTAINS OPEN?! Why don’t you just put a GUN TO OUR HEADS AND PULL THE TR-“

He stopped. The white boy being analysed on screen let out an effeminate whine straight down the camera, although all his own eyes stared inside of his head, rolled up with tongue lolling.

“-... TR... *trigger*.... *Wha..?*”

“Hey, what’s that exercise called?” Zalta asked innocently, “seems pretty intense.”

“No... no-no-no....”

Benz, put out his hands as if blinded, scanning immediately for the TV remote with madness in his eyes.

“NO-NO-NO... NO SHUT IT OFF, SHUT-IT-OFF-“

The shrillness was piercing as tears came to his eyes, grabbing his hair, face contorting from the natural prettiness that his persona had not earned.

“*TURN IT OFF!!!! Y-you... you PERVERTS....!!!*”

He grabbed for Jaz.

“WHERE IS THE REMOTE!“

Only a small portion of his fingers touched Jaz's neck as Zalta's slap came hard and fast, Benz sent back like a spinning top from the casual power.

"Hands off."

"Holy shit," Jaz murmured, still shaking from his comedown, "Th-that's hot."

Zalta growled back, thrusting her tongue in his mouth. It swirled and sloshed. Jaz swooned, and when she extracted her tongue, she wasn't smiling.

"Yeah... you a got a bad bitch."

"Yeah... I do..."

A trickle of blood wet the corner of Benz's mouth as he staggered to his feet, tears streaming.

"You... you're all f-freaks... w-when I-"

"When you'll what?" Zalta said with a harsh tone, "squeeze our dicks with that gay-ass butthole of yours? Seems like you're a freak too."

"I'LL... I-I'LL SHOW YOU.... SHOW YOU ALL, NO-ONE... MESSES...W-WITH... B-BENZ-"

Three heavy knocks at the door.

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

The mood in the room switched. Everyone became a little less hazy, trying to gain some lucidity amid the fuck-fest in case a guest arrived... But none more so than Benz, who suddenly shrank to half his height, no longer focused on his own anal porn scene being played to his compatriots as all his attention locked on the hallway.

"-.....oh no.... N-no!.. not now..."

The front door was still vibrating as the next knocks almost took it off by its hinges. Everyone remained still bar a pleasurable shiver or two, the video of an orgasming woman and twink still playing in the background as Benz's words became hoarse, almost whimpers akin to the sound of a sick dog.

"Oh... oh no... ohnonnohno....."

To the soundtrack of his own mini-moans, he fled in terror to the bedroom.

"Nono-nonoooo...!"

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-crack

The thumps on the door were accompanied by a splitting of wood as something in the frame gave way. Benz's door slammed closed.

"You better answer that baby," Zalta cooed to Jaz, "unless you want to pay for a new door."

“C... can you take your dick out of me first?” He murmured, shivering as she pulsed inside him.

“Oops.. yeah, sure babe,” she grinned, “.... But... ya know what? I think I know who that is.”

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

“C-cool... can you.... lemme go f-find out?”

“... Why don't we do it together?”

“huhh?”

The door swung open. A dark-skinned woman wearing a black dress stood, panting. Lines of anger on her face didn't dim the beauty, complimented by the shine of her nose ring plus various jewellery draped between her breasts and dangling from her ears. A large handbag hung from her arm, and the tall heels made her leg muscles contract into diamond-hard ridges. The fury in her expression was confirmed by the small cuts and dirt on her fists, further testament to her durability.

“Hi Jewell,” Zalta grinned, “lucky you got the right house.”

“Hm.”

The stink of sex was so odious that Jewell's scowl softened, snorting it in. The sight of a small, brown-skinned boy wearing only a Stetson cowboy hat being held in mid-air was even more enjoyable. Jaz's legs were folded up with his back against Zalta's front, his blush complimented by nervous, darting eyes that couldn't meet her own. The cherry on top was the tiny, hard cocklet between his legs, his balls perched on two large, white testicles.

“Nice,” she murmured, nodding her approval.

Jaz mewled, eyes wide as Zalta gently rotated her hips, keeping him impaled to the nutsack as she explored his gaping asshole with her cock. Judging by the cum dripping down her balls, she'd blown a decent load in him, confirmed by the swollen belly.

“Good slut. Now where's mine”

“Nice to see you too Jewell,” Zalta chuckled, dipping her chin over Jaz's shoulder and kissing him on the cheek. “Meet Jaz. Think you know each other briefly from our little gym session?”

“Pleasure,” Jewell grunted, reaching out and ignoring the awkward hand he’d offered, tapping the underside of his balls. He yipped, and the Zalta had to contain her laughter as Jewell gave a nod.

“Yeah... not bad.”

“Oh, *far* more than not bad, this one’s boyfriend material.... Maybe even *husband* material....”

Her tongue tickled around his ear.

“... If he behaves....”

Jaz gurgled with pleasure, allowing the humiliation to be overtaken by the sensations Zalta was feeding him.

“Zalta. Where’s mine...?”

Pausing her kisses for long enough to roll her eyes, Zalta responded.

“Okay, O-KAY... he’s first door on your right. You gonna bring him out for the end of the movie?”

“No. She’s been a bad girl.”

A mite of lucidity came to Jaz, toes still flexing as pleasure travelled up his spine.

“Bad... girl?”

Jewell ignore him, speaking to Zalta.

“He’s going nowhere.”

“Hm... maybe the punishment should be public... he spoke very badly to us after all... Maybe we could get an apology?”

“Hn. Maybe.”

She turned and pounded a single fist on first door. Jaz wiggled, whispering to Zalta as he began to dribble pre-cum onto the carpet.

“C-can we... l-leeeee... eehh.. eeave them to it?”

“Of course darling... “

The quiet opening of the lock came from behind, but Jaz was already being carried back to the living room.

“See... told you Benz was done,” she whispered.

“Yeah.. Fucking hell...”

As he entered the living room welded to Zalta’s front, Jaz had a brief vision of Dom with his eyes rolled up in his head, being full doggy-styled by Jessica as Clem and Mark curled up to each other, watching idly. Duppie was asleep against Pasha, who

stroked his hair, staring into the unconscious boy's face as if trying to understand him just a fraction more, to be closer to him. She idly stroked her penis, covered in a sheen of their combined spunk, which dripped down her balls and onto the leather. The combination of sweat and sperm would likely taint the sofa forever.

Somehow, none of this was the most shocking vision to Jaz. The TV however, sent a jolt through his body.

Jewell's back was steaming, bathed in sweat. Little ripples and squelches felt huge in the surround sound of the living room speakers, and the stench of jizz in the air made it feel like they were inches away from the huge ass on screen, and the balls underneath it.

The woman rippled.

"Camera boy.... Watch."

Stu audibly gulped and zoomed in on the gaping, plugged up yaw that was Benz's asshole just in time for the large balls hugging his own meagre offerings to slowly pull backwards. Everyone conscious watched, enraptured as the thick black pole slowly slid clear, dripping with semen as an oceanic dam of splooge erupted from Benz's ass. Like a gushing pipeline, it launched a coating straight over the cameraman's shoes, and as Stu moaned in horror and backed off, through each coating of the floor Jaz could hear Benz's snivelling whines as his body expunged a great lake's worth of his new master's stinking effluence.

"Wwoahh..."

"Hell yeah honey... Benz is more than done," Zalta whispered.

"Mmm, for surreee....-"

She pumped upwards. A zip of pleasure raced up Jaz's spine. The hands gripping his legs tightened.

"Mmm... ya know.. this movie really makes me horny!"

"Hhuh-?"

She put him on all fours gently, lifting the cowboy hat from his head, and placing it on her own.

"... I think I'm getting a little inspiration.... *Brother.*"

The room was quiet bar the soft whimpers of three sated boys and one sated girl, naked bodies sprawled over each other. Dom had been able to shakily get up from

the warm embrace of Jessica, glancing over with a bright-pink blush at Mark, Clem snuggled up to him, almost drifting off.

“Uh... w.. want a blanket?”

“Yeah,” croaked Mark, unable to ignore the sperm dripping down the inside of Dom’s thighs as he limped to one of the store cupboards and took out a bunch of sheets and throws, returning to offer one to each couple, or rather the bigger-cocked partners of each couple, most of the bottoms still basking in the afterglow.

Just as his legs gave way, and he sank down into Jessica’s sweaty, masculine yet motherly body, he heard the click of a bedroom latch. Zalta’s ears pricked. Clem’s eyes crept open, and Jaz stirred from his dick-drunk nap, looking quite un-steady as Zalta propped him up to her side.

Everyone’s eyes (bar Duppie’s as he continued to snore) locked on the entrance... as a pretty girl with pink hair crawled on all fours towards them, a leash on her neck. Behind her, came Jewell strapped into the most terrifying sex gear imaginable, crotchless black PVC panties with similar bra exposing her breasts, Black stockings down to heels sharp enough to kill. With her nose ring and low, dangerous brow, she looked like a cross between a dominatrix and a tribal warrior. Towering over the figure, she held the leash tight in one hand, in the other a riding crop. She teased it over Benz’s buttocks as he came to a halt, the boy clad in full halter bra-and-panties with stockings that also exposed his cocklet and nipples, his own heels unnecessary other than to make him look more pathetic as he crawled. The sissy kept her eyes only on the carpet in front of her, leading Jewell to the front of the TV, ironically paused on Benz’s gaping anus.

They came to a stop in front of the group. A few titters from Zalta and Jessica seemed to bring a snivel from the sissy’s mouth.

“Everybody, this is Candy. Say hi Candy.”

“*hi.*”

The sound was so soft that it was almost inaudible.

“I SAID, say HI. PROPERLY!”

SNAP

The riding crop left a red mark where Jewell rapped it on Benz’s buttocks, pulling a shriek from Benz’s lungs.

“*YEEP!!!.. H-HI, HELLO EVERYONE... N-nice to meet you...!*”

“Hiii Candy,” Zalta grinned, before murmuring something to Jaz. His dreamy expression remained unchanged, too dick-drunk to think as he basked in a true woman nuzzling him, uttering a weak, “yyehh....”

Candy kept her eyes on the carpet, so humiliated that to make eye contact with anyone might have melted the last shreds of her dignity as tears tried to force themselves onto her cheeks.

“Better. Candy has come out to apologise to you all.”

Silence.

“Candy. Speak.”

Benz’s voice was higher pitched, and trembled with fear.

“I-I wanted to apologise... to everyone here... I’ve been. A-a *naughty girl*...”

Tears began to stream as he broke, still face down in his shame.

“.. a-and I promise... p-promise I will be a good girl from now on.”

“How sweeeet,” Zalta grinned, offering some low, slow claps. Jessica and Pasha joined in, and even Clem tapped her hands together, tittering as the sissy wept her pig-headed persona away, to the applause of the big dicked women who had destroyed his life, forced to receive a long avoided dose of humility.

“Good girl.... You’ll prove it over the coming year,” Jewell grunted, rubbing the riding crop down Benz’s asshole to touch his balls.

“HHHeuu...”

“Come girl.”

“.. *Wait.*”

Jewell’s brow furrowed as Dom’s voice came out soft, within Jessica’s embrace.

“May we... take some photos? Just in case Candy.... *Forgets.*”

Benz for the first time snapped his attention to Dom, a haunted look replacing any anger that might have come his way.

“You got your phone?” he murmured to Jessica.

Jessica gave a smile of appreciation.

“Yes. That’s my smart boy.”

“Thanks Mama.”

She gave him a sloppy, tongue-ish kiss on his cheek, reaching for her handbag and bringing up the phone. Benz’s eyes twitched towards it. A touch of panic came to his

face, but the dainty figure remained on all fours, obedient as Jessica tapped her phone, pointing at the scene.

CLICK

Jewell smirked. She opened her stance up to allow her cock to be more central in the picture above her bitch as Jessica raised an eyebrow, moving the phone lower to make the woman loom over the pathetic figure beneath her.

CLICK... CLICK.. CLICK...

Noticeable flinches came from Benz. Any chance he had of brushing this off was gone. He was Jewell's bitch, and all the people he had disrespected knew it. When they were finished, Jessica scrolled through a gallery of pornographic pictures of Benz looking like a demure slut under Jewell's control.

"Perfect."

"Send them to me," Jewell ordered.

"Of course."

They nodded, two alpha females acknowledging the presence of each other, and with a tug of the leash, she marched out, the figure pulled quickly behind. Underneath, a tiny penis was hard and happy, too small to bounce as they disappeared.

As the front door closed, everyone looked at each other with disbelieving grins or raised eyebrows.

"Well... I didn't know the movie had a live action sequel," proclaimed Jaz.

Zalta was the first to burst out into full laughter, and many of the others followed, even Pasha letting out a brief titter as they all let out their relief, especially Dom, Jaz and Mark. Zalta had been more than right.

Benz was done.

Coda

Dom spasmed, the seed leaking out of his broken asshole. He watched as Jessica turned off the cameras one by one, and the lights, leaving just an overhead.

"Mask off baby."

He pulled the pink mask off, and threw it aside. It wouldn't completely hide him forever, but he hoped people wouldn't cotton on for a long while... a fake tattoo stencilled onto his arm would hopefully help to sell the illusion. His legs ached from

being bent over his head, and he wondered if his body would ever get used to getting dicked down by such a well-endowed, aggressive woman.

“Mmm... doing it on camera is... different,” he murmured.

She crawled onto the bed and snuggled up to his back, clamping him into a deep spoon, her leg hooking his leaving no hope of escape. Somehow her grappling him into a tight love-bind was the most wondrous experience of his life.... bar the assfucking of course.

“Why?”

“Because.. I don’t know... it’s more... performance.”

“You don’t like it?”

He giggled and kissed her. She responded with softness... they’d kissed hard plenty of times whilst filming, and feeling her gentle caresses of his stomach, wet with his jizz was somehow so romantic in the dirtiest way.

“Of course I like it. It’s with you, isn’t it?”

Jessica smiled and kissed him on the nose.

“Correct.”

She snorted his hair deep, gripping it between her fingers like an addict who needed more of him inside her.

“My little pornstar,” she panted.

“Yyeahh...”

“My slut...”

“YYHhu-“

“*My husband...*”

“H.. Huh?”

Jaz leaned over Mark, nodding as he presented the new ‘Rowdy Boyz’ logo.

“Awesome.”

“Yeah... I think the other guys are good for it.... Um hey Jaz do... do you think the fans will miss Benz?”

Jaz smirked.

“Some, yeah.. But we’re still the Rowdy Boyz. Benz or no Benz.... We got this.”

Mark nodded, his chest puffing out.

“Great... great! Are Stu and the other camera guys good to go?”

“Oh, some of them are ah... camera gals now.”

“Huh?”

“One of them uh... he... *she*... quit... now working full time at the gym... under the reception desk.”

Mark looked back, his eyebrows raised.

“*Under?*”

“Don’t ask... and be thankful you came out that place with Clem.”

“Someone speaking about me?!” Clem called out from the kitchen, the smell of garlic and onion wafting through the open door.

“We were just saying how perfect you were!” Mark called out.

“Welllll now you’re just flattering me!...”

She raced from the kitchen to pop her head around the door.

“And I *love it*.”

“I... love you too...!-”

Mark croaked. Perhaps he hadn’t quite meant to be so open, but immediately Clem’s eyes grew wide, and then the most cherubic smile exploded across her face.

“I love you TOO!!”

As she rushed back to the cooking, Jaz grinned and punched Mark in the shoulder.

“Ow!”

“Stop looking so happy.”

“What, and you’re not?”

“That’s not the point.”

They bickered back and forth idly, making small adjustments to the logo along the way. It felt strange not seeing Benz front and centre... Jaz hoped the brand would thrive without him.

“*UM... hey guys.*”

A higher pitched voice from the door turned their heads, and both their mouths fell open.

“Benz?!”

“Jjessus.. *Benz..*”

“It’s CANDY, remember?” said the sissy quickly, her eyes wide. The same pink wig was on, but this time she wore booty shorts and a PVC crop top that was little more than a cover over her breasts.

“Woah-“

“Hhoh-“

Both boys stared, shocked as two swells stood out from the gurl’s chest. There was no seam or place where a prosthetic might have begun, two white hills attached to her chest. She bit her lip.

“Um... So I got surgery.....”

“Oh.. RIGHT!”

“Okay..”

“... just a little...”

Jaz raised an eyebrow. They seemed more than a little, healthy tits that just about stayed in proportion with Candy’s body, perhaps a little bigger than her frame might dictate. A large hand placed itself on her shoulder, and Candy’s knees turned in, biting her lip deeper as the hand slid across her chest and squeezed her new left breast.

“OOhhhh..”

“My bitch just wanted to ask if you wanted your rooms cleaned weekly. She’ll do it for free,” growled Jewell, still massaging the breast in her hand. Candy’s hand slid down to the front of Jewell’s leather trousers and began to massage the bulge there as both the boys stared, equally shocked, horrified and aroused all in one moment.

“Uh... th-thanks, guys,” Mark managed, “we’ll.. think about it.”

Jaz added, “yeah... thanks. That’s... great.”

Jewell nodded, and pulled ‘Candy’ away, their bedroom door thumping shut

SLAM

“Woah,” Jaz murmured.

“Yeah.... That’s.. I don’t know what to say.”

“Then don’t say anything at all,” he grinned, checking his watch. “Ah brother, I think we’re all good to go... lemme call my girl.”

“Gotcha. Don’t get too happy.”

Jaz grinned as he pulled out his phone, scrolling down to ‘Z’ in his contacts.

“Should really edit that,” he muttered to himself, idling back to his bedroom... and freezing upon entering. The phone clattered to the floor as he stared at Zalta with her blond hair in a superman quiff, a full black catsuit vacuum-packed to her body, wearing five-inch heels.

“Hello honey.”

“H-Hey... babe.. I thought you weren’t gonna be back til after dinner...”

She smirked, and gestured to the huge swinging cock which had just located its prey, beginning to bob upwards.

“I finished early.... And don’t worry. Your dinner’s right here.”

The End

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About the Author

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

If you enjoyed these stories please leave a 5-star rating or review as it helps tremendously, and if you want to enjoy early access, read exclusive or free stories before they are made public, influence the outcomes of your favourite characters, or support the artist on patreon (thank you!), please go to my website:

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