Futa Cucks The Boyfriend Pt. 01

Olivia grimaced as the shopping bags dug into her palms. It had been a long day, and the broken elevator didn't bring her any cheer as she bustled her way to the first of the seven floors she had to climb. A work colleague had mentioned online delivery and she was beginning to think maybe it was the way to go as she panted and staggered slowly towards her flat... But then she thought of all the hassle creating accounts, talking to customer service, and thought better of it.

'It's just a little climb anyway.'

After stopping twice (and severely regretting the extra pint of milk she'd bought for pancakes), Olivia finally managed to haul her catch onto floor seven and over to their front door. She opened it and squeezed through, trying not to bang her knee again on the tattered speakers stacked next to the entrance.

"Martin?"

There was a faint noise from the bedroom, and Olivia reckoned that he must be working on his music as usual, coming to a grateful halt in the kitchen and taking a moment to catch her breath.

"Nearly done," she muttered.

Packing the shopping away took fifteen minutes before a louder noise rang from the bedroom.

"'Liv!"

Taking a moment to compose herself despite fantasies of collapsing into a chair, Olivia dragged her feet across the floor, avoiding one of Martin's vinyls, and shuffled to the back of the flat, rubbing her palms where the bags had placed the strain.

The door opened and she sighed, taking in the sight of Martin, her boyfriend, meagre cock pointing up in the air, lube bottle in hand.

"Oliviaaaa!"

No flowers, no candles, no foreplay.

Like always.

"Hey, I'm a little tired..."

"Nonsense," he proclaimed, whippet-thin chest puffed up to its broadest state. "I'll get you going, I always do."

"Right, yeah..."

His smooth, youthful face was framed by ginger curls, and he was often mistaken for being a teenager despite being in his mid-twenties. Right now it was bursting with excitement.

Olivia had the look of a woman about to visit the dentist for a root canal as she squeezed past a desk filled with DJ equipment and made her way to the bed, taking her top off. Martin didn't enjoy having to fiddle with clothes, preferring them both to be naked before beginning, and soon she was ready, awaiting instruction.

Her dainty body, thin hips and gentle swells were exposed to the air, and a shiver snaked up her back.

"Could we turn the lights off?" she asked. Her voice was gentle, and she had long since stopped trying to add weight to it; no one ever took her seriously anyway.

"Oh yes, of course" he said absent-mindedly as he applied lube over his right hand. She walked over to the light switch, plunging the room into thankful darkness, the freckles on her face illuminated only by the dim moon glow between the crack in the curtains.

"Right, here we go..."

She didn't answer, slipping into the bed and lying on her back as Martin jumped on top like he was trying to wrestle a gazelle.

Olivia looked up at him and put a hand to his cheek, bringing their lips together, and received a curt kiss which he drew back from hastily.

'He never did like kissing...'

Olivia had a flashback to the first and only other boy she had kissed, in school. She could still feel it, the taste of him as their mouths

clashed together. She shivered as she was brought back to the present by Martin's hand applying large amounts of lube to her vagina. At least the bed was comfortable for her aching shoulders as his fingers sloshed around, and eventually he withdrew, following up with his penis which he quickly inserted inside. At least, she was fairly sure it was inside; It was hard to tell.

'Here we go.'

She counted the seconds as he pumped away like a dog on its owner's leg, stimulating the barest sensations in her.

'Is that a cobweb on the ceiling? I've not dusted it in a while...'

After a minute of mindless humping, the inevitable warm cream spread inside her with a loud moan from Martin who smiled at her, extracting himself, and jumping up, bubble butt shining in the moonlight. Weirdly his globes made her quite self-conscious of her own shallower curves.

"Amazing babe," he said. "Did you cum?"

She tried to give a smile.

"Of course."

"Damn right," he smirked, and then he was off and into the bathroom to shower.

"Oh, you're going to love the new mix I just made," he crooned from the bathroom. "I think it's my best one yet."

She sighed, as this usually meant she would have to listen to it... All of it. He didn't even let her cook or clean at the same time, forcing her to give up half her day just to sit through what sounded like a broken record repeating over and over, that seemed purpose-made just to send her to sleep. Martin had taken to explaining the changes and creation of these 'beats', which were completely lost on her, but she tried to be supportive and listen.

Olivia waited for nearly thirty minutes to shower and clean up. (Martin's evening routine involved shaving his entire body. Apparently it made him 'more manly'.)

After he came out she used the toilet, got in the shower and turned on the warm water, letting the liquid flow through her hair, down her back.

'The boy from school had a nice tongue... I wonder what would happen if we had stayed longer?'

She stopped wiping herself as the heat of that kiss came back to her. The hand that had been at her side slid down between her legs and began to rub up and down slowly.

"Hmmm..."

'No, I shouldn't. Martin is my man.'

She sighed and withdrew her hand, the ghost of the kiss lingering in her mind as she cleaned up and stepped out to towel herself down. When she was finished and back in the bedroom putting on her pyjamas, Martin piped up, already under the covers.

"Oh by the way Olivia, I said we'd go to a party with some old school friends tomorrow evening."

"Oh, tomorrow? But... that's when I watch my show..." she said in a small voice.

'Fifth Street West' was garbage TV and she knew it, but it was nice to tune in, switch off her brain and actually get some time for herself during the hectic schedule.

"Well, it'll be on the internet somewhere, just, I don't know... watch it next time."

She struggled morosely into her pyjamas, and placed herself in the bed. Usually she would be starving but she felt so exhausted from the day's events that the bed was the only thing she cared about right now.

"Okay... I guess that's fine," she said, and placed her head on the pillow to try and get some sleep.

The kiss came back to her even stronger, and she lay awake for a long time, not helped by Martin who immediately fell asleep and began to snore like a walrus.

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"Uh... What the hell are you doing here *Martin*?"

He flashed an un-charming grin, stood on the porch of a beautiful apartment, in an area of the city that Olivia could only dream of living, dressed in a long black coat which he said made him looker taller, but in fact did the exact opposite, making him seem like a child who had delved into his mother's wardrobe.

"Well it's a reunion right?"

The intimidating girl in front of them narrowed her eyes. Her striking features were heightened by the way she seemed to loom over them, and Olivia couldn't help noticing how gorgeous she looked; the large brown eyes and full cheeks made what little confidence she had gathered this morning drain away into her shoes.

"Yeah, between *us*," she stated tersely, gesturing to the three ladies down the hall, laughing and drinking wine. "How did you even *find* this?"

"It was an event on your Facebook."

A look of surprise crossed her face.

"What?! It was private! Look, I'm sorry but we didn't..."

Her eyes slipped to Martin's left, taking in the girl in a white dress with shoulder length honeyed bangs, feet turned inwards, and magically her demeanour switched.

"Invi...Oh, goodness... How rude of you not to introduce your friend Martin... My name's Roselyn. And yours is?"

"Olivia," she said quietly.

"My girlfriend," Martin butted in, smugness beaming from every pore.

Roselyn raised her eyebrows.

"Seriously? ... I must say I'm a little surprised."

He puffed his little chest up.

"Uh-huh, she's a lucky girl."

Roselyn sniffed.

"Well Olivia... I have to say you're beautiful."

Olivia rubbed her hands on her sides.

"Oh... th-thanks," she replied, not quite remembering how to react to compliments about her looks.

"Yeah, pretty right?" said Martin.

Roselyn's lip pulled upwards in a subtle scowl.

"No, you're fucking gorgeous girl, I mean really... you might be the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen."

Olivia tensed up like someone had attached her nipples to a nine-volt car battery.

She stared in wonder back at the tall, olive skinned young woman, her ample chest attracting her gaze like a magnet, the toned stomach, jeans like a second skin around her thick ass, the muscles in her legs clearly defined in every crevasse. Physically she dwarfed the pair of them, and Martin in particular seemed even more weedy in her presence.

"Th...thanks," she said, an odd quiver in her voice that Martin hadn't heard before, a tiny smile creeping onto her face.

Martin tapped his foot.

"Okay, I mean... Sure, whatever," he threw out, offhand.

The smile disappeared.

Roselyn didn't bite, but it was clear already that she wasn't overly keen on Martin, her thighs flexing like a lion about to rip the head off a gazelle, and there was a pause as she seemed to be turning something over in her head.

"I tell you what... I'm thinking you're right Martin, this *is* a school reunion! Why don't you both come inside.."

Olivia felt a deep sense of foreboding at Roselyn's sudden charm, and had the distinct feeling they were walking blindfolded into a tiger's den, but Martin marched in immediately and she was left with no choice but to follow whilst trying to ignore Roselyn's piercing gaze as she entered the spacious threshold.

When she stepped in the first things to notice were shoes of all shapes and colours in a neat rack by the door, fragile-looking vases set on hardwood tables, and gold-framed mirrors, surely not real gold, but giving a good impression of it.

She stared longingly at the beautiful area, the shoes in particular, and Roselyn nudged her as she was walking.

"You should see where I keep the rest of them, there's a walk-in wardrobe with enough shoes to cause an avalanche."

"Oh wow," said Olivia, secretly shocked that someone their age was so in control of their lifestyle.

"I'll show it to you alone sometime," she said winking, and Olivia felt her nerves ratchet up a notch.

"Right... Um... maybe..."

With that they were ushered into a well-lit hallway as Roselyn followed behind them, and pointed them down to the living room.

Martin wasted no time in throwing his coat onto a table in the hallway having not cared to notice the coatrack behind them, and Roselyn clenched her fists but said nothing.

"Nice place, I guess your parents must be pretty well off!" said Martin.

"Actually, I was investing by the time I was eighteen." said Roselyn icily. "And don't you ever let this cutie talk?" she said gesturing to Olive who blushed.

Martin gave her no time to reply.

"We're usually thinking the same thing, it's a key part of a good relationship," he explained.

Roselyn couldn't even respond to this level of arrogance, instead waving them into a long living space with cream carpets and off-white decorations brought to life by splashes of colour, burgundy roses in a vase on the mantelpiece, sunflowers on the opposite side.

It was the polar opposite of their cramped, overflowing flat, and she looked on enviously at a living space she could only ever dream of owning.

There were a few beaming photos of Roselyn and her family dotted across various surfaces without making it feel cluttered, and Olivia noticed there were no boyfriends or husbands next to her in the photographs.

Martin entered first, and as Olivia followed, staring in awe, a hand slid across her ass ushering her through.

She looked up, into the eyes of their host, who gave a squeeze.

Olivia murmured, surprised, but before she could remove it the hand was taken away, leaving her confused and touching the place where she had been stroked as Roselyn begin introducing the girls.

"So, this is Gemma, Kya, and Zara."

They all waved, confused but polite at the newcomers.

"Hi girls!" said Martin, pleased. "Apologies to you all, but I just wanted to clear the air and let you know that I'm taken," he said gesturing to Olivia whose cheeks began to burn, "So no come-ons please."

"Wait ...you're *Martin*, right?" said one of the girls slowly.

"Nice to see you again Gemma!"

"Yeah... Sure," said the blond girl. She did not sound enthused.

"Way to invite the class perve to the party," snorted Zara, a dark-skinned beauty with long braids and purple eyeliner.

The other girls tried and failed to supress giggles at this, one snorting, another openly laughing.

Martin seemed unperturbed.

"Well, as you can see, I've found a girl who is better than you all!"

"Oh God I'd forgotten about this guy," said Zara, addressing the girls like he wasn't in the room.

"And who's the lucky girl?" chimed Kya, a girl with earthy brown skin and long flowing black hair, dark eyes gleaming with interest.

"Olivia," he said, presenting her to them like a trophy.

She gave a polite wave, trying not to show how terrified she was, but Roselyn put an arm on her shoulder.

"Relax babe," she said, and Olivia's muscles unclenched.

"Girls, get the perve a drink," she said offhand.

Martin bristled.

"That nickname is old guys, get a new one."

"I'm going to get this fiiiine girl something nice," she said, ignoring him and putting a hand on Olivia's shoulder.

The freckled cheeks went a fine shade of pink.

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The evening was far more enjoyable than Olivia had expected mainly because Roselyn was so charming, helped of course by Martin having occupied himself annoying his old classmates.

"I am not surprised you don't have boyfriends yet," he said airily to them, who were snorting into their wine glasses with every vacuous statement. "None of you have changed since I last saw you, as for me, I moved up in the world," he said, gesturing to his girlfriend as if she somehow made him superior to everyone else in the room by virtue of her existence.

Olivia tried her best to ignore him, which was easier whenever Roselyn was chatting to her. She was quite charming, and soon they managed to separate themselves from the rest of the group, making

drinks at the counter whilst Martin continued to make himself public enemy number one.

Roselyn gave her a nudge.

"You know you look exactly like the main character in a show I watch, Gloria from F-"

"Fifth Street West!" Olivia finished, her eyes lighting up. "I love that show! Bit of a guilty pleasure... Wow, Gloria, really? Well... Well you're the spitting image of Jessie to me."

Roselyn cocked her head.

"Didn't Jessie and Gloria hook up?"

Oliva tittered, and rolled some of her shoulder length hair in her fingers.

"Ha yeah...they did..."

"Cute couple," said Roselyn, searching the expression of the girl beside her.

"Yeah... yeah..."

She sipped her drink a little faster than before.

"And you, you... you really think I look like Gloria?"

Olivia rolled her wine glass between her fingers, staring into the inviting translucent liquid until Roselyn tipped her chin towards her.

"Yep, you do."

Roselyn's expression was earnest, and Olivia's heart beat a little faster. Clearly this wine must be stronger than she'd realised...

Another few minutes passed of them discussing the show, and Olivia found herself getting more and more animated as they pored over the tragic love triangles and injustices.

"I wish I could be like Gloria, she's amazing, her character is probably my favourite, I even got one of her signature dresses one time but I've never had the opportunity to wear it-" gabbled Olivia, who

seemed to be releasing all the pent-up passions she could never talk about at work or home as the conversation flew by.

"Wow you are a pocket rocket Missy," laughed Roselyn, and Olivia found herself breathing heavily after her long tirade as the woman smiled at her.

She couldn't help enjoying herself, gasping, wincing and laughing out loud as they talked about TV, work, and life in general. Roselyn began telling her funny stories from her life; about the time she had tried to play basketball and accidentally knocked out her own teammate, how she had tried to cook for the girls and nearly destroyed the oven with a frozen pizza, and the time she had tried to lose her virginity and nearly scared the guy she was with to death after showing him her penis for the first time.

"Woah, wait... you have a dick?" she said in wonder.

"Yeah, and it's a good one too," Roselyn said, winking.

Olivia couldn't help it as her eyes snapped down to the girl's crotch. There was a subtle bulge there, and her eyes went round like saucers. It was rather ominous. How had she not seen it before?

As if reading her mind, Roselyn explained.

"I had it tucked earlier, but I was feeling comfortable around you," she said, lazily placing her hand on Olivia's arm.

Olivia felt the warmth and shuddered. It was a lot to take in.

"It worked out in the end though, him and his girlfriend loved it," added Roselyn, grinning.

"His... his girlfriend?"

"Yeah, well, ex after that... I think she was keener on mine than his, if you know want I mean," she said winking.

Olivia felt a warmth between her legs and closed them, suddenly hyper aware of the hand tickling her skin.

"I should... I should check on Martin," she said in the smallest voice imaginable.

"Sure," said Roselyn, casually removing her hand and leading them back to the table as Olivia's heart thumped so loudly in her chest that she was sure someone would hear it.

Martin meanwhile was in full flow, and the girls weren't even hiding their disdain anymore. Kya had turned the music up louder but somehow his voice seemed to drill between the airwaves and resonate shrilly in everyone's eardrums.

"I don't think wine makes you cultured, quite the opposite in fact, I mean really it's just grapes that have gone off, and who wants mouldy grapes?"

"Hey babe," said Olivia.

"Huh? What 'Liv?"

"Are we planning to go soon?"

Martin seemed perplexed.

"What?! No of course not, darling this is our reunion!"

She looked at the four girls, all carrying wine, looking at her sympathetically. It didn't seem like a school reunion to her.

Roselyn chimed in.

"Don't worry cutie, you'll like the drinking games."

She smiled.

"Look, thanks, but... I haven't played them since University..."

The girls all piped in.

"Well you're playing them now!"

"Yep, damn right Girl!" shouted Kya.

With that she was pressed down in a chair before she could protest, with Martin marching to one side of her, Roselyn on the other, and a deck of cards revealed.

"Okay," said Gemma, the only light-skinned girl there apart from Olivia. "This is the 'do or drink' game... If you don't do the activity, or answer the question, drink!"

The game began.

"Kya, you have to enact a fellatio on a penis-shaped object within the next thirty seconds. If you don't manage to portray a convincing blowjob, drink two fingers!"

Kya burst out laughing and quickly ran to retrieve a banana from the kitchen. The girls cheered her on as she quite convincingly gave the banana a sloppy surprise, and the applause at the end was merited as she took a bow.

"Not sure about the tongue use, perhaps she should drink half?" said Martin, which drew withering stares.

The game continued like this, with people licking chocolate off noses, Zara giving Gemma a sensual back rub, and Olivia receiving a card which told her to reveal how many men she had slept with.

"Just... one," she said, blushing and unsure where to look.

"She only needed one," said Martin, smugly.

"How do you know," said Roselyn, who was watching Olivia keenly as the young man bristled and began a haughty reply.

Olivia's blush intensified as Martin waffled, too busy feeling Roselyn's eyes rove over her to notice what he'd said.

Then Roselyn pulled a card from the pack.

"If your crush is at the table, point them out, or drink a shot."

She nodded, and rubbed Olivia's arm.

"I guess I'm a sucker for brown-eyed girls," she grinned. Olivia looked like she might melt, unnoticed by Martin who was busy trying to take an unwanted selfie with the girls who were dodging desperately out of frame.

Eventually Martin picked a card which asked him what sounds his partner made in bed.

Roselyn chimed in.

"Oh I can tell you that," she said turning her head to Olivia who was already smiling, expecting a joke.

"I know a screamer when I see one."

Olivia gawped in surprise and gave a gentle elbow to Roselyn with a "Hmph!", laughing as she did so. Their host seemed to enjoy this immensely, bringing her hand to the small of the girl's back, who didn't shy away.

Martin's voice cut in, a smug expression on his face.

"She's quite quiet in bed actually."

Olivia stopped laughing.

"Of course, I mean, it's simple for me to get her going..."

"Martin, maybe let's not talk about this in front of other pe..."

But Martin was on a roll.

"- And she orgasms every time we have sex, so uh, I guess I don't need any comments from you," he said, facing Roselyn. His voice had become disdainful. "But thanks for the kind words honey, honestly, I mean it."

Olivia became fascinated with a broken tile on the floor and was now staring at it, as Martin folded his arms and sat back.

Roselyn leaned in, her gaze fiery.

"Well, if you're so confident in your sexual prowess, maybe we should make a bet?"

The hairs on the couple's necks stood up for extremely different reasons.

"Oh?... well.."

Olivia leaned in and whispered.

"Martin!"

He ignored her.

"What would you suggest?"

Olivia's nails dug into his thigh.

"*Martin*-"

"10 minutes on my dick, and if she doesn't prefer me to you in bed, I'll give you twenty thousand dollars, straight up."

The hand froze, a thick layer of silent tension descending on the room.

Martin's heart seemed to be making drum and bass rhythms in his chest.

"And if she does, you don't owe me a cent," Roselyn finished.

The girls all fell silent, eyes glued to the scene before them.

Roselyn wasn't looking at Martin, just staring at Olivia, who felt the deep brown eyes slide into her brain.

She once again looked Roselyn up and down, this time with more concentration. For some reason her mouth had started watering.

"Absolutely!" exclaimed Martin.

"Wait, what?" said Olivia.

The girls gasped.

"Can you give us a minute?" said Martin sweetly, grabbing a shocked Olivia by the hand and leading her down the hall to the empty kitchen as the girls began to react to Roselyn with amazement.

"What the hell!" hissed Olivia when the door had closed, the music and animated chatter now a distant muffle.

Martin's eyes had lit up.

"'Liv, all you have to do is say you prefer me... Oh my God, this is easy money! Twenty Grand... that would pay for a whole new set of decks... and maybe a tour van... Think what that would do for my career!"

"Martin, are you serious... you're asking me to... to... fuck someone for a van?"

He softened.

"Oh come on, it's just one time, and maybe... maybe half could go towards a mortgage!"

This made her pause, eyes roaming round the plush white walls and large windows of Roselyn's apartment.

"Well, that would be nice..."

He flashed his best sincere smile.

"Exactly...This could be what kick starts my career... And a house and stuff..."

She didn't respond, too busy churning the thoughts through her head.

Martin was trying to stay calm, but she could sense the frantic edge to his words as he spoke to her.

"Look, all that'll happen is she puts a little girl dicky in and out for a bit, and that's it! What's the worst that could happen?"

Olivia swayed, running this all through her mind as she stared at a photo of Roselyn sitting on her living room sofa with two figures that looked like her parents, smiles beaming.

Then she breathed out and nodded.

"Fine."

It was small, but it was an agreement, and that was all he needed.

"I love you," he smiled, rubbing her back.

She nodded but didn't respond.

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They moved back into the living room.

"We'll do it!" Said Martin.

Roselyn ignored him.

"You okay?" she said to Olivia.

"Yeah, yeah I'm okay with it," she said, locking eyes with her and giving a small nod.

Despite herself there was a certain excitement to feel someone different, and Roselyn seemed to read it in her gaze, a gentle smile cresting her lips.

"Cool," she said, "let's move into the kitchen... Girls, stay here... And maybe turn the music up a little."

"Sure," snickered Kye, who was eyeing up Olivia. "Have fun," they cooed as she walked out.

And so they went to the kitchen, and Olivia having been used to getting things done quickly in the bedroom removed her dress in one smooth motion and bent forwards, grabbing hold of a chair at the dining table.

Roselyn let out a small whistle as she took in the lithe woman in front of her, unconsciously resting her hand on the crotch of her jeans as Oliva slipped her underpants down and spread her legs, revealing the faintest hair resting on her pussy, a tiny flower, now facing Roselyn.

The tall woman quickly began removing her own clothing to reveal she was wearing a pair of red lace panties and a bra holding in her ample assets. Olivia looked back and did a double take, staring for a long time at the girl's chest, the smooth, toned stomach, and bit her

lip. Seeing Roselyn behind her was a lot different to seeing her boyfriend there, and that warmth between her legs grew.

Martin was rubbing his hands, waiting for them to begin.

She looked forward again with a determined look, like she was a four hundred metre runner and this was something to just endure.

"We have to use lube, as she doesn't really get that wet," interjected Martin, making Olivia cringe.

Roselyn seemed amused.

"Is that so? Well why don't we make sure..."

With that, she gently turned Olivia's head towards her, and began to nuzzle against her lips.

Olivia hadn't been expecting any foreplay whatsoever and didn't know how to respond, simply waiting for the kiss to start as a hand crept up her waist and the lips rubbed back and forth, teasing, but never quite attaching themselves to hers.

Something fluttered in her stomach.

Then her lips peeled open, moistening as the hand threatened to slide up to her breast before settling on her belly.

Olivia began to breathe a little heavier and tried to push in to speed things up, but Roselyn didn't let her, pulling those juicy lips just out of reach, and suddenly it was Olivia who was desperately edging her mouth forwards, trying to ease open Roselyn's.

Martin bristled.

"Hey, I don't think we discussed kissing guys."

Roselyn answered him by making Olivia whimper as she slid her tongue down her throat, and the house came down as they folded into each other, glued together at the face, each one trying to tongue the other to death.

He was chagrined at the fact they both completely ignored him, Olivia clinging to Roselyn's chest and even taking a light squeeze of her tits.

Olivia moaned.

She already knew this was different.

"Ah... This isn't going to help the sex guys."

Roselyn broke the kiss, and turned to the unwanted voyeur as she massaged Olivia's tits with one hand.

"You sure? I think cutie here feels differently..."

Martin looked down to see that her sex was glistening, with Roselyn's fingers riding high up her thigh, tantalisingly close.

Olivia had put one hand behind her on Roselyn's hip, and the other was gripping the chair tighter than before, knuckles going white.

"Hey, you fingered her, the timer hasn't started yet!"

She smirked.

"I never touched her pussy, stud. It's called foreplay, go search it on the internet."

"She doesn't need foreplay," he responded, head held high. "She'd rather just get straight on with it."

Olivia's look of disgust towards Martin went utterly unheeded as his eyebrows remained raised, convinced of his superiority.

Roselyn remained cool as a cucumber.

"Well let's try things my way for now, after all, I got your Olivia for ten minutes, and once she feels me, there's no way she's settling for a three-incher like yours."

He smirked.

"Oh I can't wait to see your mighty penis, two inches maybe? Two and a half?"

Olivia looked embarrassed as she avoided his gaze. He hadn't even bothered to look at the bulge straining at Roselyn's panties.

"You ready?" whispered Roselyn into Olivia's ear.

She was trembling as she let out a small nod.

"We're ready," said Martin with an air of confidence, "Show us what you got."

Olivia couldn't help a frown coming out at the sound of her boyfriend's voice.

Roselyn and Olivia settled into a position where the tall girl was standing behind her, and for the first time she released the object in her panties.

Martin's face fell, and he let out a squeak as out sprung a massive, erect cock. The head was a purplish mushroom, angry and swollen. The shaft was full of vigour, like it was ready to go through a wall, and Roselyn watched his reaction, smiling, victorious.

For the first time in the evening Martin began to sweat, folding his arms across his chest.

"Like what you see?" asked Roselyn, grinning.

He didn't respond, hitching an unconvincing smile onto his face and shrugging his shoulders, trying to act like it was just another normal ten-inch monster aimed at his girlfriend's vagina.

She brought it up to her and slid it slowly across Olivia's pussy.

Olivia's eyes bugged out.

"HOLY... What?!"

She looked underneath her to see the massive dick hanging there.

When her face came back up there was a shocked expression that briefly turned into a smile, before morphing into guilt.

"How's that for you baby?" murmured Roselyn.

"It'll be fine, it's n... nothing special" whispered Olivia, glancing at Martin as she said it, tight lipped, although when Roselyn rubbed her cock against her pussy again she could feel it accumulating moisture.

"Mmmmmmm," hummed Roselyn as she began to slide herself up and down against Olivia's sex, who whimpered as she felt the sheer girth pressing across everything between her legs.

Martin's foot began to tap quickly on the floor, watching his girlfriend's face and trying not to stare at the savagely huge flagpole sliding back and forth under her gushing sex.

Olivia's face was sheer confusion as everything was stimulated by the object, which was now covered in her natural lubricant as she huffed in time with each long slide from tip to hilt.

"Okay, okay guys," interjected Martin, trying to calm them down as he saw how shiny the cock was becoming, as if by magic. Olivia moaned in frustration which made him bristle, but he continued nonetheless.

"Let's just get this over with shall we? Twenty grand is going into those decks..."

"*Mortgage*!" hissed Olivia.

"Yes, mortgage," Martin said quickly, correcting himself.

Roselyn brought her hands back to his girlfriend's hips and lined herself up, resting that head flush against her pussy. Olivia was wondering how it was going to feel, and a deep part of her was thrilled... desperate almost. When it finally began to squeeze into her it was like nothing she had ever experienced.

"*Fuck*," she whispered.

"Time started!" said Martin in a boisterous tone that didn't quite hide the quiver in his voice.

It eased her lips wider, finally sliding inside. Her face was intense concentration as she took it.

Martin stared as Oliva's eyes widened.

"Huuh," she muttered, as the head rested at her entrance.

Roselyn was stroking her back as she stayed there.

"All okay baby?"

Martin's eye twitched at her calling his Girlfriend 'baby'.

Olivia nodded.

"Yeah, yeah... just a little bigger than..."

She didn't finish her sentence, glancing guiltily at Martin.

He looked a little taken aback, and smiled nervously at her, giving a thumbs up. Roselyn snorted, and settled her hands on Olivia's hips.

"That's okay, we're going to go slow."

A lot of the tension in Olivia's neck and temple seemed to release, and as she relaxed, Roselyn pushed.

Olivia's eyes bugged out.

"Woah, okay... *holy*..."

Martin snorted.

"Wow, Liv, you're really selling it..." he chuckled just loud enough for the participants to hear,

Her knees were shaking, her expression getting more and more frantic as Roselyn went deeper.

Martin's hands tightened into fists.

"Okay, really.. really selling it... A bit much there," he muttered as his girlfriend began to gulp down huge lungfuls of air.

By the time she was halfway in, Olivia was almost grimacing.

"Ha, wow...*wow.* That's*...I..."*

Roselyn pushed further.

"OHH*hhhhh... Phew...* ha, this is... oh, I've not felt that before..."

"It's okay baby," said Roselyn smoothly, "The first time can be a little crazy."

"No, no, it's nice," she responded quickly, before her expression became guilt-ridden again as Martin's face turned into a worried frown.

"I MEAN, it's a nice effort, nothing special," she added hastily.

Roselyn snickered.

Martin's chest puffed back up to it's full feeble expansion.

"Of course, of course...That's my girl!" he crowed.

The look Olivia gave him could have turned most other living beings to stone, but he didn't seem to notice, too busy counting out money in his head.

"Don't worry baby," said Roselyn, completely in control. "This next part's gonna be special, I promise."

The smooth confidence of her temporary lover was making her flood Roselyn's womanhood with juices, and then she was pushing again.

Olivia held in a cry as Roselyn's shaft began to immobilise her, flying past where Martin had ever reached, and for the first time in her life Olivia felt something stimulating six, seven, eight inches and more inside.

"God... Oh God, Oh GooOOOODDD!"

Roselyn didn't stop, Olivia's lips clinging to the shaft which seemed never-ending as it delved inside.

Olivia was holding her face as if she were trying to hold in a tortured scream. Her head dropped, and the groan that followed was so zealous that even Martin's uncrackable confidence wavered.

"Calm down honey," he chuckled nervously, "n-no need to get her hopes up!"

His hands began wringing each other as Olivia shuddered.

"I guess it does find a few *HUHHHHhhhhhh* *plaaaa*ces.."

She seemed to have forgotten his existence mid-sentence as her hands placed firmly on Roselyn's thighs.

Martin began fiddling with his shirt, eyes snapping to Roselyn's crotch and Olivia's expression, both of which were starting to cause him deep concern.

"How's that feel," whispered Roselyn, who herself seemed to be experiencing a heightened level of pleasure, lips parted as she took in the feeling of Olivia's insides clinging to her rod.

"Good," moaned Olivia. "It feels good..."

Martin's eyebrows rose.

"Honey..."

"Look, it's, it's just a feeling, it's not serious-.. *FUCK*..!"

Her apologetic expression snapped to one of pure concentration as she tried to deal with the python stealing further into her insides.

"It might be just be a long... D-D-*EEEP FEELING*!"

An earthquake seemed to be take place somewhere in her bowels, her legs shaking, jaw slackened.

"I'M... I'M GONNA CUM," she heaved, as Roselyn kept pressing inside her.

"HUUUGHhhhhhhhh-..!"

Liquid streamed down the inside of her thighs, some launching into the air in front of her.

Martin watched, numb, as she panted, face red, unable to look him in the eyes as it trickled down her legs. Clearly even she hadn't expected this to happen.

"Did... Did you pee yourself?" he squeaked so quietly it was barely audible.

Roselyn seemed like she was standing even taller than before, revelling in the moment.

"Oh, stud, you never had a girl squirt before?"

Her grin was so wide it was threatening to meet itself at the back of her head.

For the first time tonight he was speechless as Roselyn began to laugh, a deafening rumble that cut him to the core.

"Want me to keep going baby?"

She stroked Olivia's hair as she spoke, and somehow it elicited a whimper from her.

"Y-y-yes," she whispered.

Martin was blindsided. It looked so different to when they usually had sex; ordinarily Olivia would look much the same as she did after a light walk. Here it seemed like a million things were happening in her body, that cock stimulating everything, so much so that she was even beginning to rub her own tits with one hand.

Roselyn withdrew and thrust in with a little more force, and Olivia full-on bellowed as that beast hilted inside her.

"HUUUUHHHHH!"

"Steady on 'Liv," said Martin with an expression of rising panic, and he could no longer force a smile as Roselyn began grunting and gyrating her hips, pumping steadily away at the woman beneath her who moaned, eyes unfocused as Roselyn unlocked deep waves of pleasure in her abdomen.

The sounds of his girlfriend being stimulated were loud and overbearing, ringing in Martin's skull as if he could *feel* the wetness of his girlfriend, the tautness of Roselyn's dong as it throbbed against Olivia's insides.

"'Liv...'Liv?" he asked, leaning in to see if his girlfriend was still able to hear him.

She didn't acknowledge his presence, chest expanding to take huge gulps of air in as she purposely kept her eyes locked forwards.

Then she started to push back.

His mouth opened as Olivia began to gyrate herself against Roselyn's pelvis, knees trembling as she let out louder and more urgent croons of delight.

"*Cumming*," she whimpered again, and another stream of wetness ran down the insides of her legs as Roselyn began to smile at Martin's growing restlessness.

"Now... now just hang on...!"

Olivia spoke, her voice still jumping in places from each spasm of her insides around Roselyn's cock.

"It's *Ugh* okay Martin, *ugh*, it's just... her cock is..."

She paused.

Another trickle of liquid.

She had to take a few sharp breathes to calm herself down.

"Her cock is.. it feels *so good*..."

She took herself up to the tip of it once more so that the polished, rippling beast was waiting behind her.

A franticness had now crept onto Martin's features.

"Okay, I think we've seen enough, Olivia, clearly you are just being influenced by the alcohol, I'm sorry Roselyn but she gets like this after a few glasses. There's no need to get her hopes up..."

He slowed down when he saw the look of anticipation lining his girlfriend's face. Jaw tight, chest heaving.

Martin said nothing, shaking his head in a wordless plea as Olivia looked him in the eye, and with determination, forced herself back onto the shiny pillar.

"HUUUUUHHHHHHhhhh!"

Olivia let out a sopping wet moan as it filled her pussy.

"Okay, okay, stop 'Liv... We're done, it's... it's finished!," he stammered.

She looked up, confused.

"But.. I still *_Huhhh_* have two more minutes?"

His eyes widened.

"Olivia, forget it, the *bet's off*, okay?" he hissed angrily. "Stop letting her f-f... just stop it!" he begged as Roselyn's hips clapped obscenely loud against his girlfriend's cheeks every few seconds.

"Or what?" said Olivia, looking him squarely in the face.

Martin's jaw dropped. Her eyes had a look of cool detachment, and Roselyn took this opportunity to begin bouncing his Olivia harder against her hips, which made her go cross-eyed.

"You're losing more than a bet tonight, Perve," Roselyn snickered.

Olivia's legs were shaking.

"I still ha-have two m-m-minutes," she whimpered as the cock pumped steadily in and out of her gushing pussy.

"Olivia," he said, a note of pleading entering his voice. "Just stop, STOP now darling..."

Roselyn drank in the breaking of his spirit.

"Aw Martin, did you ever manage to find THIS place inside her?" she said, unleashing a savage thrust into his girlfriend which nearly collapsed her legs.

"OHHHHHhhH!!!!"

Martin moaned as Oliva's delirious squeal made it obvious how good that had felt.

"OH-Okay! okay just slow down, please..."

Roselyn's sneer was pure evil.

"Oh baby... you never found it, huh? How about THIS place!"

She slammed them together, gluing her pelvis to his girlfriend's ass as Olivia let out a high-pitched pornstar moan, her expression ecstatic.

"Guys... Olivia... okay maybe we should stop," he cried as Roselyn began to pound Olivia's lights out, machine-gunning her cock into Olivia's pussy so that she her whole body was juddering under the force of it.

The worst part was when his girlfriend started screaming in ecstasy.

"So *DEEP*! **HUH* *HUH* *HUUUGH**"

She began to gyrate her backside, rutting in time with the metronomic assault, squealing like a woman possessed as Roselyn bounced her like a child on a trampoline.

"Okay guys, ten minutes, ten minutes is up!" Martin cried as Olivia's screams became louder, cheeks slapping against her invader's lap as she came again. Her thighs were slick with juices, growing into a puddle on the floor as another stream was released.

"Olivia!" he pleaded, desperately trying to get her attention as she flew on and off that awful, monstrous weapon, her pussy by now so distended that it looked like she was going bow-legged.

She answered with another filthy, guttural moan.

"HU*uuuuuugghhhhhhh*..."

SHLICK* *SHLICK* *SHLICK

"OLIVIA!" screeched Martin, as Roselyn began to batter her, grabbing her shoulders with both hands and savagely excavating Olivia's

vagina as stream after stream of warm juices gushed from their mating spot. Olivia's face went slack, and the only sign that she was still there was the fact she was subtly shifting herself into Roselyn's evil thrusts, legs planted so she could receive as much punishment as Roselyn could give her.

"*Cummingg*!" she squealed, as the sound of each thrust became wetter and sloppier, which meant she had exploded all over Roselyn's dick again. By now the smell of sex and female fluids were filling the room in a fog of lust, and Martin was clutching his ginger locks in sheer panic as Olivia was bred right in front of his eyes.

"Just, j-just stop, you can keep the twenty grand, keep it!!" he snivelled, aiming his plea towards Roselyn because his girlfriend was no longer responding to him, tears forming in his eyes as she continued to make high pitched keens of desire.

As he pleaded for mercy, Roselyn gave a harrowing thrust to the gut of Olivia whose toes curled as she hit a spot that Martin had no hope of finding.

"Sorry mushroom-dick, too late for that," she said, smiling as Olivia bucked beneath her.

"What do you want? I'll do anything," he whispered hoarsely.

"You can be a good boy and watch me break your girl," she said with a sickening grin.

Martin moaned in despair as Olivia's back arched, and Roselyn began long-dicking Olivia, pounding away, melting his girlfriend's brains.

Her expression was pure release as she angled herself onto Roselyn's horsecock, breasts jiggling and ass rippling as she slammed backwards, the two of them perfectly synced in a mating rhythm that enabled that huge penis to hilt into the young woman at a frightening pace.

Olivia looked like she might pass out from pleasure, crying out in a constant high-pitched squeal as the orgasms blended into a raging river that didn't seem to have an end.

Martin saw an animal in Olivia that he never known, one brought forth by deep submissive instincts and physical stimulation.

Roselyn was hilted inside his girlfriend as she flooded her thighs with juices once more, and this time the intensity built into a crescendo as Roselyn bent over Olivia and wrapped her up in a lover's embrace, crushing their bodies together so that she could feel as much skin and warmth from her partner as possible.

Olivia bathed in the warmth and safety of Roselyn, a fuck-hug that neither party wanted to let go of as she felt Roselyn readying her seed with a deep-seated grunt.

"Here it comes baby," she whispered as Olivia readied herself.

"*Fill me*," she breathed.

They both heaved as Roselyn felt every muscle in her body release, and Olivia felt a flood of semen coat her insides.

"What the fuck," sobbed Martin as he watched the two of them judder, eyes lidded, as Roselyn began impregnating his girlfriend.

Olivia was loving it.

The whites of her eyes were showing as she gave huge animalistic moans, legs wide open as her belly began to distend slightly from the flood of cum expanding inside her. She began to scream, and Martin began crying as cum blasted from her pussy where the pressure inside was too great, flooding down their thighs and calves as Olivia bucked and quivered in the throes of her final orgasm, before slumping forward onto the table.

Steam was almost coming off of her back as she heaved breaths into her battered lungs and body, half asleep as Roselyn withdrew her raging penis, which issued a few final spurts inside Olivia's broken sex, just making sure to mark its territory in front of its previous owner.

Martin was snivelling as he watched the head finally leave Olivia's battered sex with a wet *_pop_*, and began to cry like a baby as Futa 1 spread her cheeks and a monstrous cream pie was presented before

his eyes, and what looked like a pint of baby batter poured from his girlfriend's insides onto the lake on the floor.

"How's that look, *boy,*" she grinned, panting as she rubbed the ass of Olivia, who was whimpering, somewhere else in a world of aching fulfilment.

"Just... you just..."

She smiled sympathetically, an expression laced with smugness as she spanked the reddened ass of the girl she had just conquered, and walked over to put an arm on his shoulder.

"It's okay, I know it's hard to accept, but you'll learn from this," she said, leading him towards the front door, away from his quivering girlfriend who was slumped against the table, eyes closed, a flickering smile on her face.

"Just... I don't..."

He was blubbering, cheeks scarlet, ugly tears running down his face as she opened the door, her cock still swinging in the open as she gently pushed him through.

"Thanks so much for coming Martin, it's been so much fun. I'll have her cleaned up and returned to you in a week... maybe two or three... Either way I'll let you know by the end of the month."

She made to close the door and as she did so she paused, opening it again.

Martin looked back, a tiny glimmer of hope creeping onto his features.

"Actually... I think you forgot something."

Martin seemed to gather some composure at this point.

"Ah, ah yes, yes..."

"One sec," she said, smiling as she walked back inside.

Martin took a steady breath. Perhaps it was best for them to leave and just put it behind them. No more reunions for sure.

His face fell as Roselyn returned with a dark coat.

"Here, wouldn't want to leave without this," she said in an understanding tone, handing it to him before slamming the door and leaving Martin crestfallen on the front porch with his coat in his arms, and his girlfriend alone, full of someone else's cum.