Goth with Girth pt.1

(Futa on Male/female domination)

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Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male/female domination, 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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Goth with Girth - Part I

Toby Pearce grimaced. Deep in the darkness of his bedroom, surrounded by rows of model aeroplanes and miniature train-sets, he sits alone at his desk, phone in hand, self-loathing in his soul.

He wished he weren't such a pussy.

He wished he could peel away from the recording of the girl that he fancied, Gemma, splayed out on a bed, naked and sweaty as a veiny cock the size of a forearm plunged into her gaping vagina.

It hurt less than it might have, considering she had shot him down hard no more than a week ago. A simple 'no' would have been painful enough, but Gemma was one of the popular girls, and had decided to make a show of the runt who had believed he could romance such a superior status of woman. The entire school had known in hours how she had declined his offer, and she'd had even gone out of her way to tease him the rest of the week with overly-dramatic winks and waves whilst laughing with her friends.

Looking at her now, writhing, a sliver of satisfaction soothed that still painfully raw rejection.

Now at least he got to see her naked.

He tried to contain his murmurs as he jerked his three-inch erection, not wanting to wake his parents next door. Despite the humiliation of being semi-cucked…. The scene was too hot to avoid. He'd fantasised for weeks about Gemma's boobs, what they might look like under her shirt… now he watched them in all their glory, bouncing as she was shunted, dehumanised, abused.

Toby sped up and leaned forwards, engrossed.

His chair squeaked.

Pause.

He freezes with tight shoulders, slipping his headphones off, ears pricked for any noise from his parents' room next door. When no sound emerges, he continues.

Headphones on. Volume up.

It was obscene, seeing the way her vagina seemed to have stretched to accommodate the thing between her legs….. What made it filthier was the noise. Not just the wet slaps of their hips colliding, not the creaking of the bed… but the

ecstatic squeals. Cries that were barely human as her eyes bugged out, fixated on a point somewhere in the middle distance that only she could see - a holy place only the luckiest women ever glimpsed, a place of where the purest orgasms reside.

"OOooohhhh yyuughhh… YYYUUHHHHH-"

Toby went back to jerking his tiny erection, watching the gigantic white cock become shinier as the girl came all over it, juices reflecting the harsh phone-light as it pumped in and out. Eventually the camera began to shake, and Toby moaned as the cock impaled itself deep in the guts of his most recent school crush, briefly trying to imagine it was him finishing inside her as the balls squelched, and Gemma curled up, clutching her belly, eyes rolled up as the last remnants of her soul left her body. The squelch of testicles were like pneumatic pumps as Toby's eyes watered, watching the belly begin to expand. His own cocklet, all two-and-a-half hard inches of it, released its own strings over its owner. Quickly he was slumped in his chair, spent, yet the scene continued, on and on.

Gemma's belly began swelling to a shining bump, saliva trickling down her cheeks, seemingly never-ending. Only after an inhuman amount of time did the banshee screams begin to wain as the pumps slowed, and after one final spine-curl, the squelches stopped.

Gemma was done. She collapsed back on the sheets, limbs spasming… and the camera panned out to show the owner of the cock that had unmade her - a huge goth girl with tits so big that they made Gemma's double Ds seem almost nun-like in their demureness next to the giant udders taking up half the screen. Thorny tattoos wound up the side of her breasts and down her arms, a sheen of dew covering her body. Black mascara had smudged around her eyes from the sweat dripping down her face. The girl was just as massive as her appendage, a giantess looming over the defenceless, petite frame of Gemma like the most gorgeous brute of all time, the monster that had slayed the princess. Her short jet black hair had become curly with sweat.

He'd seen this all before. This wasn't the first of his crushes that she'd cucked him with.

Agatha Mc'Mitchell. His bully…. A loner… yet one of the hottest, most terrifying girls in school, and his unflinching, uncompromising nemesis.

She wasn't smiling. In fact, she never smiled. All she had was that same disinterested expression on her face, like the world was too annoying to interact with. Round, babyish cheeks stood at odds with her goddess-like body.

He wished he could stop. Stop looking, stop feasting on this treasure trove of female wonders.

Thick bands covered in deep black lipstick pursed into a kiss. The video ended on that image. Her staring at the camera, those black lips goading him.

Toby slumped in his seat. His cock was still semi-hard, and seeing her tits had brought warmth back to it.

'You can't jerk it to the girl who cucked you AGAIN… just go to sleep…'

He considered throwing the phone aside… and stared at the frozen image of her tits filling the screen.

His thumb hovered over the replay button.

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Toby crept into the lane and parked, rubbing tired, swollen eyes. He always got off the bus one stop early and walked, because the first and last time he'd stopped directly outside the school, one of the pick-me girls had immediately named all the poor kids filing off, like a victim conveyor belt… He didn't need that kind of attention. Not with Agatha lurking. As he followed the horde of other young adults, a familiar orange Beanie floated above them down the sidewalk, past trees with a similarly willow-like stature. A buck-toothed beaver smile greeted him.

"Eyyyyyyy Tobes!"

"Hey Philly."

Skinny enough to slip out of eyesight were it not for her almost-six-foot height, Philadelphia, or Philly as she preferred to be known, was straightforward, honest, and firmly in the inbetweener camp on account of her being a girl with buck teeth, glasses and acne, but still being chill and oddball cute enough to get romantic attention (a decent portion unwanted). She formed one quarter of the semi-nerd trio he hung out with, too cool to hang out with the dungeons and dragons crowd, too nerdy for the basic crowd. Usually she'd be walking with Ben, but today she was alone, dressed in her usual jeans and sweater.

"Ey, you alright? Lookin' tired. Were ya making models at four-AM again?"

"*No*, no…."

“Aaaight. Cool well.. you seen Ben-Ben?”

“No. He’s probably skipped again.”

“Ugh… I don’t blame him.”

“Yeah.. freakin’ Gemma and those stuck up bitches… probably scared him off.”

“Y-yeah… bitches,” he muttered.

“Still can’t believe you asked her out man. Seriously…”

“Can we *please* not talk about it?”

“ALRIGHT, alright… just sayin’ those tits ain’t worth the personality… *ugh*, speak of the devil…”

A gust of wind and a high-pitched motor whine whipped past, and Toby’s face flushed with heat as his eyeballs tried to zoom in on the flash of low crop-tops and poufy hair that seemed designed to tease virgins like him as they whizzed by in a gleaming white convertible sports car.

“Yeah I’d drive one of those if my parents were rich too,” Philly grunted.

“No you wouldn’t.”

“Oh yeah? Why not?”

“Because you’d lose your beanie.”

“Ah… yeah, true that. Makes me feel a lil’ better…”

The car made a sharp turn and disappeared into the school parking lot.

“Should we wait for Ben-Ben?” Philly frowned, looking back down past the stream of kids coming from cars and busses.

“Na.. He’s defo skipped.”

“Huh. I guess no time like the present to get bent over and educated huh?”

They began to trudge towards the gloomy grey buildings that formed their high-school complex. ‘Welcome to Saint John’s Grove’ was displayed outside in smart but faded letters. As they walked in, they saw the white convertible parked close to the entrance, right next to Headmistress Mc’Millan’s black sedan. One of the four girls getting out spat on the windshield of the sedan as they went past, and then giggled with her twin. The Lopez sisters… barely a brain cell between them, and Gemma’s devout followers due to her being the queen of Saint John’s.

Gemma was indeed present and wearing a light-blue boob-tube that made her buns look heavenly squished together… and gingerly steadying herself as she straightened from the driver’s seat, almost like her legs weren’t quite working properly. As she

checked her shoulder, her eyes met Toby's, and widened. Her cheeks flushed red in unison with his, the echoes of gluttonous squeals racing through Toby's mind as Gemma quickened her unsteady gait.

Philly wasn't at all aware of the churning in his head, still nattering.

"Waddya think Miss Smithers is gonna make us do today… recite the periodic table?"

"Y-yeah…"

He watched Gemma motion her girls to follow, proceeding in a strange half-strut, half-limp getting her through the front doors. He felt that same swirl in his stomach as he imagined her vagina leaking Agatha's ball-cream down her legs.

A punch on Toby's arm jolted him awake.

"OW…. What??!"

"Earth to TOBES! What's got into you. You're deep in your head and it's annoying."

"I-it's nothing! Just.. Tired."

Philly groused.

"Sure, whatevs man. But just chill out yeah? Whatever it is, you don't need a 'Nam flashback with those assholes around."

As she spoke, the wheezing pop of a rusted exhaust jolted the horde of kids. A rather shabby-looking black hatchback swerved into a space, right next to the white convertible.

Toby tightened, his stomach already flipping upside down as the door protested with a squeal as dry hinges were forced into movement, and a figure forced herself out of the near-foetal position in the front seat. A huge black boot hit the tarmac, ripped tights leading up a huge, pale leg. The chunky shape always present under her patchwork black skirt sent a bolt of fear to Toby's core as the figure levered herself from between the steering wheel and the seat, sending a few kids who made the mistake of laughing scurrying faster as they drew a hard glare. Even a teacher, Miss Price, blushed and pointedly turned her head.

Eventually a black top also appeared, sat snug around her boobs whilst presenting them to the world for inevitable stares and salivating onlookers. Somehow her faux-vintage clothes always sat so tight on her body that onlookers became immediately aware of every sex-bomb curve and valley of her body with a glance. Black lipstick formed the same unmoving bands he knew too well, and as she towered to her full

height she took a measured one-eighty stare around the front lot, as if daring everybody to confront her. No-one did, all present putting their noses to the floor and proceeding quickly past. They all knew the unspoken rule - Don't mess with Agatha, she won't mess with you. *Everyone* knew that. Well, except for Toby.

Even the cool kids pretended they saw nothing untoward about her fashion or battered vehicle, although Gemma's eyes in particular bulged out of her pretty head, and the red on her cheeks became burgundy as she dragged her shaking legs through the front entrance, her posse giggling at their leader's woes.

"Hurry?" Toby muttered to Philly, quickening his step.

"Yup."

They scurried towards the safety of the main building, but when he looked back his heart turned to ice. Piercing green eyes were locked onto his.

"Shit."

"She spotted you?"

"*Y…Yeah."*

"Sheeeiiiit. Let's go. Maybe we can get seats early," she muttered, hauling him onwards although he could feel the fear in her demeanour mirroring his own. Agatha never let him get too far. Philly could only do so much. Thankfully the monster didn't turn up to registration, which of course Miss Wellings allowed because Agatha had 'special learning challenges' because she was dyslexic, apparently.

This brief, enjoyable interlude took a nosedive straight into the first class.

"Watch it!"

One of the sportier guys known as 'Brick', bearing a rather beefy demeanour and thick brown curls jogged Alex in the doorway, leaving him scrabbling to his feet amid titters around him.

"You should get those eyes tested, dickwad."

"Ignore it," Philly muttered, helping him inside.

They bustled into the labs, greeted by an acrid smell of burnt chemicals and blinding white ceiling lights, rows of long, faded tables bearing the scars of spillages and misplaced flame. Loud indecipherable class chatter swirled around them as they caught up from the previous day even though they'd barely stopped texting from the moment they left. Like a shoal of fish they moved together, none particularly leading the way yet compelled to follow some predetermined path. Toby ignored the

diagrams of human bodies on the walls just like every other day, probably still bearing the same laminate cover since the eighties, as well as the headless mini-skeleton hanging above a row of filing cabinets, missing so many parts that it barely resembled a human anymore.

They grabbed stools at the front row snug against the window, as far from the 'cool kids' as possible.

"CLASS!"

Everybody fell deathly quiet. Miss Smithers gave them a dry look.

"I don't doubt you're all as useless as ever. Well today, we're going to try and raise our standards. If that's possible with cretin like you."

They simply sat, dumb to the usual speeches. Trying your best was never enough for Miss Smithers. The only students she tolerated were the ones that stayed quiet, or got top marks… plus the ones she fancied.

Especially tomboys.

Her eyes flickered to Philly. It was obvious that she held a special dark hunger in her heart for Philly, and it made the front-row pair shiver as she rested her hand on their table.

"Please prepare yourselves for experiments and grab your lab coats!…"

They all rushed to get non-ripped 'white' coats, or at least nominally lighter than grey. Once everyone was seated and ready to begin what would undoubtedly be another boring PH test of different water samples, the cool girls stalked in, right on schedule at five minutes late. Some wore pink button-up sweaters that sat wonderfully around their breasts, of course only buttoned halfway for maximum damage to all virgins. Gemma came in strangely reticent, back straight although her strut seemed wobbly. Her resting bitch-face also kept melting into a far-off haze, as if she couldn't quite gather her thoughts. She almost knocked over one of the blackened bunsen burners being place on the table by Miss Smithers, who snapped at them.

"Late as usual. *Typical!* Grab a lab coat if you haven't already, before I give you detention."

They sniggered and grabbed some from racks by the door… just as a huge, dark frame filled it, cleavage almost the width of the entrance itself. The clique of girls all tensed, hurrying a little faster away to their corner whilst muttering something

about ‘ogres’ and ‘trolls’ as Agatha stomped in, thick doc-martin boots that signalled the class into a fearful silence that none of the teachers could ever instil.

Toby knew he should look away. He couldn’t let the desperate youthful lust in his brain take over… but how could he fight such his aching need for such a bountiful bevy of jiggling woman? Today she looked stunning, black top eye-wateringly fixed around her boobs, skin-tight so he could see her fat nipples. As he wondered in a lust-filled haze whether they were fatter than his index finger, they turned to point in his direction. Trailing up to her vacant expression, dark green irises consumed him. A sweat droplet rolled down his back, caught in her gravity until a hard nudge to his ribs snapped the invisible hold.

“Oof-!“

“Stop staring,” Philly muttered.

“I KNOW, I know….. But… just she distracted me….”

They hunched over their desk, studiously looking out at the other school buildings.

“Dude…I know, she’s got a special pair of titties, but you remember what happened last time you stared?!? If you want her to ease up, you gotta not give her ammo. Think horrible thoughts…World war two… her freakin’ dick….. ya know, SOMETHING shocking….!”

“Yeah…”

He glanced over as Agatha was pulling on a lab coat. He could probably suffocate between her breasts.

“Are you looking at them again?”

“N-no…!”

“Freakin’ HELL Tobes!”

Miss Smithers’ sharp voice rang out.

“CLASS! Today we will be experimenting with the PH levels of different water samples. Place your goggles on.”

Everyone placed their goggles at the ready despite the chemicals being less toxic than the canteen food they ate every day.

“We will begin with sample one…”

Two minutes into the project Philly and Toby lost interest, along with half the class as they absentmindedly placed PH test strips into each tube. Ten minutes in the pair

began drawing different limbs on a character on their notepad. After fifteen it had barbie legs, space soldier arms and a praying mantis head.

"Looks like Miss Smithers," Philly murmured.

"More like Agatha to me."

"Nah, needs bigger tits."

"Miss Smithers has a decent pair too."

"DUDE, seriously…. I…. well, I suppose that's true…"

They both snickered, before composing studious masks onto their face as Miss Smithers' magnified eyes glared at them through thick glasses, her body tall and imposing as she clicked her nails in annoyance before continuing silently with her rudimentary graph on the whiteboard at the front of the classroom.

Toby had never particularly enjoyed Miss Smithers's classes, but for Philly she was particularly difficult. One time, Philly was sure the woman had 'accidentally' squeezed her ass whilst she was waiting in the lunch queue…. Then again, Philly seemed to get a lot of attention in general for a semi-nerd. A paper aeroplane hit her in the back of the head, and she turned back to see one of Gemma's crew, a blond barbie called Ellie, flutter her lashes. Philly crumpled the aeroplane, scowled, and turned back to their drawing.

"Now, the chemical elements in this will oxidise under a temperature of-"

"Miss Smithers."

Toby felt the fight-or-flight rise up in him as Agatha's alto voice came strong from the back of the class.

"Yes Agatha?"

"Can Toby sit with me?"

She peeled her eyes.

"Why?"

"He helps me a lot with my dyslexicance.. I-I mean… Dysleixa…."

A small chuckle from somewhere nearby. Her eyes flashed with anger, and Toby quivered as bull-like nostrils flared. He noticed Gemma was looking wide eyed towards the front, face white.

Miss Smithers waved her hand.

"Very well. Toby, to the back of the class please."

"B-but miss-"

“TOBY. NOW please.”

He whined, but Miss Smithers was too busy glancing towards Philly again, her chest puffing up making her breasts look even larger than they already were.

“Right…”

Toby picked up his things, traipsing to the back of the class. Agatha looked like a forced perspective trick, somehow remaining huge even as her surroundings seemed to shrink. She barely moved her lips as he sat next to her.

“Hi.”

“Hi,” he said back in his most sarcastic tone.

He tried to keep his head directly facing the front where Miss Smithers was showing everyone how they would be mixing their samples to find a completely neutral pH level using Philly’s set as an example. She seemed to take great delight in brushing over Philly every opportunity she could.

“See here how the dosage should be exact…… Now class your turn!”

Toby steeled himself, and gave Agatha a questioning look. She gave a dead-eyed stare back, making no move to touch anything on the table. He sighed and grabbed a test tube. As he carefully poured, Agatha’s shadow enveloped his.

“Thanks for helping. Been lookin’ forward to seeing you.”

“Well.. The feeling’s not mutual.”

A growl from above. A large hand enclosed on the back of his neck, and squeezed. He whinnied like a cowed dog.

“Are we gonna have a problem?”

“N.. No…”

The hand released.

“Good.”

Silence.

Toby began to pour a little more of the first sample into another, trying to ignore the pounding drum in his chest telling him to sprint away. Her voice came, quiet, but too close for him not to flinch.

“Why don’t we use the most alkle… alk…”

“Alkaline,” he muttered.

“….yes.”

“Because it’s a higher base strength than the acidic liquid. So we need to add more acidity to reach PH neutral.”

Toby felt the flutter of a heavier breath in his hair. A hand grazed his knee.

“You’re smart.”

His stomach rolled in his abdomen as he gulped, glancing at her skirt. Of course, there it was…. The giant tent. He gulped. The scenario felt like being locked in with a caged tiger, ready to strike at any moment.

“Not really… C-can you not… *distract*….”

“Well… just keep doing a good job… and I’ll try not to distract you”, she murmured, squeezing his thigh. Having her grab almost half his leg was quite unmanning as sweat began to dapple his forehead, test tube shaking in his grip as he poured.

A whisper in his ear straightened his spine to an icicle.

“….Be my good boy.”

The tube spilt everywhere, Toby panting as Miss Smithers let out a sharp exhale through her nostrils.

“TSK, I said EXACT dosage! That’s why we pour SLOWLY!”

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Philly glanced back. It seemed Toby shrivelling was under the unblinking stare of Agatha, her breasts now pressing into his shoulder with intent, almost curved over the boy and forcing him down into his seat. She gulped…. He’d have to survive it on his own. She had her own problems.

“Do you understand?” said Miss Smithers, resting her hand a little lower on her back than was necessary.

“Fine.”

“Hmm. Well don’t worry, I can assist you for now.”

Miss Smithers seemed tremendously pleased, sporting that same rather dirty smile as she bustled tighter into Philly’s space.

Philly’s eyes widened. Her teacher’s breasts weren’t as huge as Agatha’s, but they certainly took up a fair amount of real estate as she tried to keep her gaze focused on the test tubes which seemed even more pointless now.

“A-actually Miss Smithers, maybe I can join Toby and Agatha-”

"*This is a partner project, not group*. Now, which test tubes do you think will mix to give a neutral PH?"

In truth Philly hadn't really been listening.

"Umm…."

The hand stroked her back. She felt heartbeat quicken with fear.

"… the right ones?"

"Oh dear, I'm afraid those are both acidic… here, let me show you."

Miss Smithers came round behind her, as if she were spotting Philly for a squat, wedging her right against the desk. Philly felt the woman's warm chest press into her shoulders and neck, whimpering as the woman moaned with an eagerness that made some of the students nearby shuffle in their seats, staying silent in case they received her ire.

Except one.

"MISS… can *I* join Philly????"

Miss Smithers jerked back to see Ellie, one of Gemma's stuck-up crew, a pure blond barbie who also wore short-shorts that almost showed her entire ass, chewing gum with her mouth open.

"I.."

"Gemma was my partner but she had to leave!"

It seemed like Miss Smither's neck would strain from being unable to think up an adequate excuse before nodding, irritated.

"…..Fine."

Ellie gave a high-pitched giggle and strutted on her heels like she was on a catwalk, laser-focused on Philly. She let her hand trail across Philly's shoulders as she sat beside her. Philly grimaced, but at least Ellie wasn't a teacher trying to grope… just a student trying to grope. Screw it, she'd take a barracuda over a great white shark any day.

"Heyyy gorgeous," Ellie grinned, the wad of pink bubble-gum flying around her teeth, never out of sight for more than a second.

"Hey," Philly muttered.

Ellie leaned over, and Philly tried not to fall into the honeytrap of the perfect features and open breasts thrust into her eyeline, pert, juicy and today cupped by a ludicrously small pink crop top.

“I’m glad we can be closer to each other…”

“We’re just working together,” Philly muttered.

“For now.”

Philly stiffened as the girl pulled her stool up a little too close to hers, glancing back at Toby. The boy was being squeezed into the darkest corner by Agatha’s bulk. He looked like a pre-schooler in her shadow.

“Let’s… just get this done, yeah?”

The lesson became far less linear as Miss Smither’s mood dipped sharply. The samples were rushed through, those who had taken too long or not understood left behind as Miss Smithers took a marker pen and began to scrawl on the white board with such intensity that the marks were stained in places from how hard she pressed, her tone even sharper than before.

“NOW class…. Next we will convert our liquids into gas… We will turn on our bunsen burners on a LOW heat…”

At the back of the class, Agatha leaned into Toby, and sniffed.

“*Mmn*. New shampoo?”

“P-piss off….”

He immediately regretted the outburst. Her hissed response was low and sultry.

“OH… feeling pissy today huh? Think you can talk back to me like that??”

“N-no..!”

She flicked his chin to her, and he looked up into intense, confident eyes.

“No? Then why don’t we talk about the present I gave you?”

“I.. Don’t know what you’re talking about,” he murmured.

The wobble in his throat seemed to expand Agatha’s chest, her breathing becoming heavier.

“The video. I know you watched it. How many times?”

“Um… only a little-.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“N… no.”

“But you didn’t think she looked pretty filled up with my dick?”

“*N… can we just…* do the lesson please..”

He couldn’t think, couldn’t move, rooted to his stool as Agatha pressed her sweaty bulk into him, a hand coming to clasp the small of his back.

“Be honest. You liked watching me fuck her… didn’t you…?”

Her top was damp as it pressed against his arm, and the sultry voice in his ear was flushing his crotch with heat… he struggled to keep his thoughts straight as Miss Smithers vaguely gestured at something on the whiteboard without explaining it.

“S.. Sort of…”

He felt Agatha’s hand move down to cup his ass, and squeeze. Heat coalesced between his legs, a small tent appearing beneath the desk. He leaned forwards, desperately trying to protect it from view, but it only allowed more space behind as Agatha slid her hand right to the centre of his butt-cheeks… and wiggled at the top of the crevasse.

“Hnnnnn-!”

“How many times…. did you watch it?”

He tried to grab her wrist and pull it out. He might as well have tried to move the foundations of the building, her wrist containing more power than his entire arm. The finger journeyed deeper between the valley, towards his tightly puckered anus.

“N…”

“Tell me…”

“N-Noo….!!”

Her smooth voice became a hiss.

“TELL ME…!”

The finger pushed forwards and poked his anus.

“… o-okka-AYYUH…!!! Y-yes… I-I liked it…”

“How many times!”

“Th-Three times!“

“Really?”

He snivelled, shame squeezing his stomach inwards.

“….No… five times…”

“Good boy.”

“Excuse me!”

Toby jolted, heart racing as Miss Smithers stared them down, furious.

“Were you planning to talk through *all* of my lesson?”

“N.. .sorry…”

Toby gulped, trying to stop himself hyperventilating, still wedged against the desk by the large, hungry girl who spoke with an unbothered air.

"Sorry Miss. Toby was just helping me…. but I *think* he's got a stomach-ache."

"Well please inform your partner to ache QUIETER."

"I… think I should take Toby to the school nurse."

Toby's eyes bulged in his head. If Agatha got him outside, for any reason…. No. This would only lead to bad, bad things.

"Ah, M-miss, I-I'm feeling a bit bet-"

Agatha pressed the tip of her finger up into Toby's bottom.

"-EERGHH-"

"See? Please let me take him Miss Smithers."

"Right, That's *enough* Toby. Please would you let Agatha kindly accompany you out of my sight to the school nurse, at once!"

Toby whimpered, seeing every one of his fellow student's faces all staring at him, some with indifference, others smirking, a few fearful and glad to be anonymous in the shadow of bullies like Agatha. Better him than them.

"At *once*!" Miss Smithers emphasised, "and please copy the notes of your peers when you're done. If you miss anything, it'll come out of your grades."

Agatha wasn't even looking up, already gathering her things into a black patched-up satchel bag.

"Cool."

Toby moaned. He couldn't bring back any worse grades to his parents… they'd be gutted if he went down to Cs. Especially after grafting on weekends just to get him there… A hand on his knee squeezed hard, painful enough to quench any potential rebellions before they began.

"O-owww.."

"Come on."

Agatha stood up, waiting for Toby to join her. He did as slow as he dared, checking the period clock. Fifteen minutes left. Fifteen minutes to try and wait out whatever Agatha was going to do to him.

'I can do this… fifteen minutes…'

He just had to stretch things out. Baby steps to the front of the class didn't feel slow enough, Agatha behind him the whole way. Once outside the classroom she put

a hand to his lower back and pressed him at a faster pace, their footsteps echoed off the corridor floor, the waxed morning shine already dulled by a thousand feet dragging across it.

"So now we're alone… you can tell me how much you liked the video *right*?"

"…Yes."

"Which bit did you like the best?"

"…. G.. Gemma."

"Huh."

The hand on his back tightened into a claw as she steered him down familiar territory… towards the lady's bathrooms in the north-east corner, out to the separate building containing the textiles and workshop area. It was always quieter… plenty of space for them to do whatever she wanted. She led him out of the main building, glancing around in case any teachers or students noticed them, but none emerged, the classroom doors closed.

"… So you thought she looked beautiful with my dick in her, right?"

"*I-I…*" he stammered, a gobstopper in his throat.

"Don't lie," she murmured. Somehow she was scarier when she didn't growl, that bored voice unreadable.

"…..Y-… *yes..*" he murmured, his voice wavering as she turned her huge frame into him. Heavenly fats pressed him against the warm outer brickwork of the building, close enough that he could smell the minty toothpaste she'd used in the morning on her breath, breasts warm through the black material, nipples chunky as she pinned him. Her BO was everywhere, infused with the harsh eye-watering tang of cheap male deodorant. Clearly she'd tried to hide her natural stink, but it was instead creating a cocktail that was fogging his sinuses.

"Oohh-"

"Mmmm *nice*. Did you think… *I looked beautiful too?"*

Her breasts were pressing into his chest and neck, isolating his head, more powerful than gravity itself. Toby was blubbering. He was defenceless, eyes widened in the face of such wonderful assets combined with Agatha's physical superiority.

"Y… yeah…"

"Good.."

As his lungs began to burn from being compressed between a hard building and an equally hard girl, she leaned her face down, and then her lips were crushing against his. He whimpered as she pressed her tongue into his mouth, forcing him to breathe through his nose in the presence of her insistent muscle.

"Mm-fh-!"

Toby was too weak to resist. It didn't help that no other girl had ever kissed him. No girl had even *touched* him beside her….. And Agatha was still a true specimen of a woman, in all honesty a million miles out of his league, even with her giant hog. The tongue swirled. It licked. It prodded. He whimpered and began to suckle on it.

A grunt vibrated his lips, and Toby felt the pleasure of the woman overlap into his own body, warmth extending down to his crotch.

It couldn't be denied that she was a good kisser.

He tried to keep any moans insides, because drawing attention from any nearby teachers or students would only draw a harsher union the next time. He let her take control, coaxing more fluid into his mouth.

"Mmh.. Mmmh-"

Maybe better than good.

She began to grind. Pushing him, squeezing him, moulding him into her little tongue-sucking bitch.

Being forced to be the receiver in the kiss was easy, if demeaning. She didn't waste any effort, maximising the bodily contact, arms wrapping around him to envelope his weak frame, cradled into her breast as her hands groped his ass. The heat of her surrounded him, and he became limp, giving into her whim, leaning into the cradle of her lust.

Her tongue slowed… becoming gentler. It caressed his, eased his around. True the kiss wasn't consensual, but as non-consent went… well, he could imagine far worse.

A gentler sigh vibrated his face. He began to whimper back.

Then the huge bulge pressed against his stomach.

"MMPh-!"

It ground into him hard enough to hurt hurt, resting across most of his lower half; a cannon threatening to destroy him. He could feel her tongue begin to shove to the back of his throat, almost sucking her tongue as it fucked his face. Every grunt and

moan from her vibrated his head. His mewls became much higher pitched as he felt her manhood pulse against his front.

Fifteen minutes!… it must be five now… or maybe ten until the next bell…?

Her saddle-sized thigh came to press between his legs…. And Agatha smiled, slurping her tongue and all of his tastes back into her mouth, leaving a copious volume of her saliva for him to swallow, heart pounding in his chest as she began to grind her hip into his erection.

"You like it huh?"

"N… no…" he mewled.

Her face turned ugly.

"Why do you always LIE?!"

"I.. I'm NOT LYING!"

He pushed with all his might. She waited a few seconds before stepping back, her beautiful face scrunched into a snarl.

"Oh yeah, Why the FUCK are you hard then!"

"Doesn't mean I want to touch that.. that THING!" He hissed, breathing heavily as he stared at the tent in her skirt, trying and failing not to think about his own outmatched mini-tent jutting almost invisibly from his jeans. His cheeks flushed with heat as he covered up the incriminating evidence.

Agatha licked her lips, adjusting her raging tent whilst tickling it, clearly getting off from seeing a bitch in heat. She walked him back into the wall again until her breasts were enveloping his mouth, two fat pillows with a thin fabric that stank of sweat.

"You're lying. I *know* you're lying… you want me."

He whimpered and tried to shake his head. She pressed her tits harder against him, and he began to struggle to breathe through the damp material of her top.

"And you're gonna get me. All of me."

"Mmnnn-"

As he looked up into the huge, unflinching gaze of this behemoth, he realised that she had already decided his fate in her head. He had to do something.. had to…

She squeezed him a little harder, the brickwork digging into his back.

"Mmn!-"

"Yeah… now, touch my dick. C'mon, *put your hand on it-"*

BRIIIINNNGGGG

The harsh rattle of the bell had never sounded so sweet as Agatha groaned in frustration, a tigress denied her meal. For a brief instant she considered keeping him pinned, but then students began to file out of the buildings, and she stepped back, allowing Toby to fall to his knees, heaving in oxygen. A teacher came out and looked down curiously at the sight of Toby covering his groin, cheeks flushed red and panting, and Agatha looking similarly red-faced even through her makeup, turned away as she adjusted something large in her skirt.

"… is everything alright here?"

"Fine Miss Tawari…. I was just helping him up," Agatha said, her expression deadpan once more, although a glint of fury in her eye was clear as day as she gave her hand to Toby. He hesitated before taking it, and she hauled him up.

"Well, say thank you," Miss Tawari said, a dark eyebrow raised.

"Th.. Thank you," panted Toby.

Agatha looked even more furious at this, stomping away, still snorting like a bull. Toby let the oxygen rush back into his body, alongside a flush of relief as he stared after her, watching the fats jiggling in her thighs, back and ass. Then he remembered he still had an erection and angled himself away from the teacher as she creased her brow.

"Are you alright? Anything the matter?"

He took a brief look at Miss Tawari, and realised with her deep brown skin, decent figure and tight trousers that this was not the place to reduce his arousal.

"Ah… *gotta go*… lunch!"

Priya Tawari frowned as the young man scurried away. It wasn't the first instance of isolation between students like this in the past few months….. Perhaps she'd need to have a word with the new headmistress about this.

***

Ellie pouted, rubbing her cock under her skirt as she stared at the lunch queue. Damn, why did that Philly girl have to play so hard to get?…. Then again, it was delicious playing the game. It would make pounding her pussy all the sweeter.

The bland steam of boiled vegetables warred with the oily stench of meat fresh from the freezer, the canteen filling up with hundreds of kids all gossiping and

chattering. Ellie continued watching from afar as a chef slopped some alfredo pasta onto Philly's plate.

"Yeah, you like creamy sauce, don't you…" she murmured.

"Can you *not,"* Gemma scowled, rolling her eyes whilst slumped in an odd, wide-legged position in her chair opposite.

"What, not like you can talk."

Gemma went redder than the bolognaise on her plate, lowering her fork.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Just stop jerking it in the canteen."

"Fine. Whatever…"

The other two girls in their clique, the Lopez sisters Bella and Lucy, both giggled in a way that made Gemma nervous. They'd been doing it all day, and she worried her current *condition* might be enough to affect her status in the group, or even worse lower her on the school food chain; something that in all her years she'd never experienced as a cheerleader and nailed-on sorority president in the future. She noticed a few other students smirking as they walked past and tried to adjust her posture to something more ladylike before wincing, everything below her waist aching having been stretched in all kinds of ways and positions the night before.

"Why'd you even *like* her anyway?"

"Huh?"

"Philly."

"Wellll she's just got… a vibe. Know what I mean?"

"What *vibe*."

"A vibe that says she'd look great swallowing my dick."

Gemma rolled her eyes.

"Of course."

"HHhaaaaaaaa, I bet she'd love it!" Bella tittered, her sister joining the exact same dog-whistle pitch as always, the kind that might break a wine glass if used too long. "Yeaaaah, she looks like a slut!"

The Lopez twins barely had a brain cell between them, but that was what made them perfect subordinates in Gemma's clique. Laugh when they're supposed to, make fun of who they were supposed to, and look up to the top girls. Perfect… unless they smelt blood.

“Can’t wait,” Ellie murmured, half to herself, “once I have her, maybe I’ll get her to join my other girls… have a fivesome where I cum over all their faces… maybe I’ll blindfold myself and see if I can guess which pussy belongs to who…”

“Whom,” Gemma corrected idly, frowning as she watched Philadelphia join Toby. That little prick that had seen her naked….

She felt the urge to go over and make a cutting remark and make herself feel better, but remembered the instructions she’d received last night in no uncertain terms - leave Toby alone.

She squirmed, adjusting herself on her seat. If only she hadn’t got *bewitched* by Agatha and her huge cock. At this point, Gemma’s eyes glazed over, and she replayed the sensations burned into her brain of being filled, completed and obliterated all at the same moment… becoming one with her own body via the perfect pulsing, pummelling key.

“Ey, whatcha staring at?”

“HUH?”

Gemma blinked herself to the present, seeing Ellie eyeing her with a raised eyebrow, a single piece of pasta on her fork so she didn’t smudge her lipstick.

“Nothing. I’m.. tired. Just tired today.”

“Yeah, wonder why?” Ellie sneered. The twins giggled in unison.

“Um, excuse me?”

Gemma’s eyes flashed dangerously. Ellie shrugged.

“Well... maybe you got a little action last night…. Or some big action.”

More tittering from the girls. Gemma squirmed, eyes flickering around in case Agatha was in the room… thankfully not.

“No. Why would I do that? Stop being an idiot… I’m saving myself for my future husband, you ALLL know this.”

“Maybe… but you’re sitting funny.”

“Well it’s… it’s a new style. Ever considered that? Maybe you’d know if you weren’t wearing yesterday’s cardigan.. or should I say yester-YEARs!”

The twins “*oooooed,*” Gemma feeling thankful that she was able to divert attention away for a moment. Ellie scowled, and it seemed as if normality had been restored until a hand jogged her shoulder.

“H-HEY-!”

She turned with a face of thunder towards whichever little twerp had-

"-Oh."

Agatha stared down at her with those empty eyes. Gemma felt her stomach shrivel as she felt something touch the underside of her chin…. The girl's tented skirt bulge.

"-U-*ummm*…. Agatha… to what do we owe the pleasure-"

"You're going to the bathroom."

Gemma's eyes slid down at the huge tent and a lorry's worth of saliva dumped itself in her mouth, having to gulp it down as the bulge began to rub from left to right, right to left across her cheek.

"R-right… well I just have to finish.. lunch-"

"I have your lunch right here."

The bulge slid across her face. Gemma whinnied as she was then grabbed and dragged out of her seat to stand, Ellie and the girls all open mouthed at the rumours being confirmed before their eyes. Looks like Gemma Adams had indeed hooked up with Agatha.

"Enjoy the bathroom!" Ellie sniggered, loud enough that a few tables nearby turned their heads, Gemma trying not to tear up as she watched her 'friends' giggling and smirking as more and more people began to look up from their food. Then she was being forced into an uneven jog to keep up with Agatha, led out of the canteen through a hall of eyes, some even popping out phone cameras, *click-clicks* echoing in her wake.

"Oh *no…"*

Once outside Agatha simply gripped the girl's arm and made a beeline. She half-dragged Gemma into the nearest bathroom, making her way to a stall… just as Miss Smithers walked out of the neighbouring one. For once, Agatha looked surprised. The woman regarded Agatha, and the rather pitiful Gemma trembling next to her, eyes watering from watching her reputation be shattered in one single stroke.

"Is something the matter Agatha? Gemma?"

"No ah…. Gemma was just helping me."

"…. With going to the toilet? I don't believe dyslexia requires that."

Agatha's jaw tightened, but she knew when to back down.

"…. No… of course. She was just helping me with some equations from the previous class. The end that I missed. I felt embarrassed doing it in public."

“Well then, you can do that in an empty classroom.”

“Yes Miss Smithers.”

Gemma watched the girl’s vacant expression, which didn’t shift as she led Gemma back out.

“Classroom it is.”

“Agatha… C-can we do it later? I promise… I promise we’ll have the whole night. My father won’t do anything even if we’re loud-“

“Shut up. Whores don’t talk.”

Gemma trembled, trying to maintain a cool air despite her ‘friend’ walking with the air of a father about to give his child the belt, nostrils flaring as she gripped Gemma under her arm, hauling her forwards. The halls echoed with her heels clip-clip-clipping to keep up with the sporadic thud of Agatha’s boots.

“Here.”

Agatha flung Gemma into an empty classroom, the girl landing in a heap on the floor.

“Get up.”

Gemma dragged herself up on the teachers desk, and then found herself being bent over it.

“A-Agatha… Let’s do it just… tonight, let’s do tonight…”

Her skirt was being hiked up, her panties pulled aside.

“… we can go round my place and- UUUUGHHNN-“

She moaned to the ceiling as a huge, mushroomed head pressed straight into her sopping wet vagina, ready for the superior human to take it once more.

“NNUUHh!…..O-or… n-*now….UUGHHN-”*

Agatha began thrusting before Gemma could even process that feeling of fullness, heat spreading from her vagina to every part of her body as eleven inches slid deep into her body. She clung to the desk, half in shock, half dizzy from the anticipation. Her entrance clamped around the giant pillar pressing into her body, and suddenly the desk was being shunted forwards beneath her as brutal pleasure was pumped into her body.

“-UGHn-UGHn-UGHN-“

Ugly screams left her throat as she felt an orgasmic avalanche bury her senses, a sick smile coming to her features as she was given the dicking her inner cave-woman

truly craved - a jungle fuck that would leave her legless as Agatha hissed, pumping her hips into the girl's backside with no regard for human life.

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP

She began to groan and moan just as a phone hovered in front of her eyes, and she saw a red recording button on screen with her own face wide-eyed, a hand on her neck as she was shunted back and forth.

Oh no.

"Ww-waiiighh-UHh… W-waii-UGHH…."

Electricity flowed through her body, sending her limbs into trembling ecstasy as she looked at the phone screen, straight down her throat to the source of the wails of pleasure. Above her, Agatha's dead-eyed stare was fixed on the phone, for whoever was going to be watching. She realised it would almost certainly be that little cuck Toby, the twerp who had unknowingly got her in this situation in the first place-

SHhhlick

All logical thoughts left her as Agatha bottomed out, and a spurt of pre-cum flushed deep into her body. Gemma wheezed, her pussy squeezing tight to the magic wand buried within, gifting it with as much juice as possible as it squirted over the meaty pipe, as well as dripping down the inside of her thighs.

Agatha barely let out a breath as her half-litre of pre-cum spread across Gemma's insides, instead addressing the camera.

"Thinking of you."

She clicked it off, and abruptly pulled her cock out of Gemma's obliterated pussy. The creampie oozed as her legs began to wobble like a baby giraffe learning to walk for the first time.

"HHuh… uuhh-…. Th-thankzzzuh…."

"Don't thank me yet."

Agatha's voice was dry once more.

"W…. Wha…?"

"I still gotta finish."

"Oookkauuu," Gemma drooled, trying to raise her ass for breeding once more on legs that weren't working, slumping back on the desk.

"Oh don't worry… I'm not gonna fuck you again."

“Wwhhyyyyy,…”

Gemma blinked through the haze of her pleasure as the classroom in front of her was blocked by a huge cock aimed at her face. The light of the phone camera flashed above them.

“Not worth it. Close your eyes.”

Gemma gave one last whimper, screwing her eyes shut, as Agatha began to pump her meat. As the quiet grunts grew, Gemma flinched. Another string of pre fell onto her lips, and she squeaked.

Any moment.

“Glph-“

“Shut up”.

She clamped her lips shut, trembling. After what felt like forever, yet could only have been a couple of minutes at most, Agatha let out a sharp grunt.

SPLURGE

The stream was so hard it slapped Gemma in the face, covered by a fireman’s hose in hot ball-glue as the stink surrounded her sinuses.

“Uugh-GLLOph-“

She made the mistake of opening her mouth in shock, which allowed a river to flow down her gullet. She sputtered, trying to cover up, but Agatha grabbed her hands, and sent another shot into her hair - a sticky shampoo that ran down the back of her neck as Gemma felt her pussy aching for it as well.

The torrent continued for second after elongating second, ten… twenty…. When the flow died, Agatha was panting, somehow withholding any display of emotions, instead letting the cock fall on Gemma’s drooling, half-asleep face.

Splat

“Mph...”

Splat

“Mmmghhh-“

Agatha let out the smallest of smiles, and tapped her phone contacts, sharing the video to Toby.

“Enjoy,” she murmured.

“Yyyeahh,” Gemma responded, blearily trying to lift her head, unable to open her eyes with a facemask of cum.

“Not you,” Agatha shot offhand, before using part of Gemma’s skirt that wasn’t soaked in cum to clean her cock, tucking it away back into her tights.

A small voice came from the corner of the room.

“U-um… excuse me… can we go?”

Gemma and Agatha both froze. Slowly, Gemma wiped the drool from her mouth, parting the sticky hair flopped over her eyes and managing to scoop enough cum from one eyelid to behold the blurry image of a terrified looking couple at the back of the class. A young guy and girl, fairly uninteresting but both wide-eyed with shock. It looked like they’d been fooling around, only to witness the entrance of the pair and the exorcism of Gemma’s soul. The boy in particular looked scared for his life, whereas the girl’s cheeks were a light pink, flicking up and down Agatha’s impressive physique.

“… sorry for being here… W-we’ll just go…”

“No, you gotta stay here” Agatha drawled, stomping out. The pair nodded, fearful of any repercussions.

Gemma tried to pull herself off the desk, and realised it was the only thing keeping her upright.

“Fffuck….”

She frowned, looking up at the two students, still watching with wide eyes.

“Oh *get out*!”

“B-but.. she said-“

“Sh-she’s FUCKIING with you…. Now GET….. OUT!”

They both hesitated, then slowly slipped out, leaving Gemma attempting to clamber up the desk.

“And don’t tell ANYONE ABOUT THIS…C-come on…. Shit, *shhhiiit….”*

Her legs buckled. She landed in a puddle of Agatha’s cum mixed with her pussy juice, moaning.

“…. Shhhiiitt…”

As the pair rushed past, the girl quietly raised her phone at her waist and snapped a picture, before dashing out with the wide-eyed boy in tow.

***

Toby held the phone tight in his hands as he stared into Gemma’s eyes… watching them scrunch shut, then disappear under a wave of white liquid. The grunts from

the owner of the huge cock in the foreground sent ripples through him as he clutched the phone, peeking outside his hiding place in case any of the last trickle of students happened to check under the stairwell on their way out, free from the faded halls and oppressive classrooms.

After a few minutes of watching that part on repeat, rubbing the small, hard shape in his trousers as Gemma's features sank under an ocean of cum, he relented and clicked off the video, shoving his earbuds back in his pocket.

Plenty for home. But now for the most important question - Where was Philly? Usually she'd have texted by now. He'd not seen her after the class with Miss Smithers… that had been almost an hour ago.

He checked his messages. Nothing.

A tingling in his stomach sent power to his legs as he bolted from the cove, past a swarm of girls all giggling to each other over their phones. Him and Philly almost always left school together, better to not get picked off alone by their respective bullies. That is…. unless she'd already been caught.

"Philly?!"

He shoved his head into an empty classroom.

"Ph… Philly?!"

Knocks on a girl's bathroom.

"Philly?!?"

"Huh?! The fuck is that?"

"Sorry!!"

He sprinted, checking the familiar places that kids were taken to get beaten or worse - behind the bike shed, in the storage room-

Just as he reached the gym, he saw it. A flash of an orange beanie from under the bleachers. A few subtle moans were issuing, Toby not quite able to discern what was happening, but possessing a fair idea.

"HEY!"

He sprinted around the side, looking underneath, and bleated, seeing Philly clutching one of the steel struts holding up the stand, jeans around her ankles and bent over as Ellie's hand rode up between her legs. Toby had a full view of Ellie's fingers inserted into the girl's vagina, grinning as Ellie huffed, trying to keep her lips

shut but squeaking whenever the speed picked up. Her pussy sounded very wet, the fingers sloshing against a rising tide.

"Uuuhy…uuuh-"

Ellie's booty shirts were unzipped at the front, her panties bulging with an angry erection and a wet patch at the tip.

"*See, toldja we'd be good together,*" Ellie murmured, "…. Oh hello there! Looks like your pussy friend came to watch!"

Toby gawped at Philly's exposed lower half, and then the hefty club spilling out of her shorts.

It looked much larger than his own.

He tried not to blush, or feel the inevitable flush of heat to his crotch as he watched his friend gasping for air, arm held firmly behind her back. Despite trying to grasp for abstract thoughts, the girl was unable to resist the growing sensations between her legs, urgent sounds coming thicker and faster from wet lips.

"Uuuy.. UUghhyyy-"

"Stop it!" Toby cried.

Ellie smirked.

"Or what?"

"Or… or I'll tell a teacher!"

"Go ahead….. I'll be drowning in pussy juice by the time you get back."

Toby felt his stomach flip as Ellie gave Philly a harsh spank, making the girl judder.

SMACK

"UUYY-"

"Maybe you'll make it in time to stop me fucking her brains out."

"I-I'll be back!!"

Toby tore away, sprinting towards the teacher's offices.

"Heeeeeey, c'mon, I love it when there's an audience!" Ellie jeered, Philly's moans increasing in volume every second, echoing off the hardwood of the gym and around Toby's skull as he sprinted back to the main building. Just across the courtyard, towards the offices-

A looming figure blocked him.

"UFF!"

His butt hit the floor, and he winced as Agatha stood over him.

"Hi."

"H…. Hey, look I need to go-"

He jumped up, and she grabbed his collar, placing her other hand on his cheek.

"Just wait one sec… I wanted to talk. Alone."

"N-no-"

He tried to pull away.

"-I don't have TIME-"

"Hey. Just us. Like, literally five minutes. I won't even fuck you or anything like that, okay?"

That same dead-eyed stare. He felt like a cadaver might possess more of a light-hearted demeanour, and frankly he'd rather 'talk' to a dead person than the girl that had fucked all three of the girls he'd fancied in high school, and was now holding him against his will.

"N-no.. I said let me GO!"

He pulled out of her grasp.

Her dead-eyed face… crunched. Her brows creased inwards, and a line emerged on her chin. For her, it was a truly astonishing show of anger.

"*Why…* WHY?!?!…. *you literally got hard for me!"*

"Y-you just tricked me," he spat, heart pounding, "I was just… thinking about Gemma!"

She squinted.

"Nah… you're LYING. I know you like me, Toby. I *know it."*

This was it. This was the moment he stood up to her. No more Mr nice guy. He was going to save the day.

"Agatha… I feel NOTHING for you."

She recoiled as if he had thrown a punch. Elated, he took a step forwards.

"You're nothing but a dumb bully… I hope I never have to touch your disgusting body ever again."

He saw a shimmer in her eyes. Quickly she blinked it away, but for one moment, she had almost looked vulnerable. A squirt of guilt wormed its way into his heart, but then her face was dead-set again.

"You know what? Fine. If you don't want to admit that you like me…. I'll just have to *show you*."

“Yeah?! Well…. G-good luck with that,” he managed, before wheeling off in the direction of the teacher offices.

As he sprinted away he expected a pursuit, or perhaps to yell… but no thumps of boots on concrete issued. When he looked back, she was a buxom statue staring nonchalantly after him; a shadowy figure out of place when framed in the bright outdoor light. In front of the huge gym building, it almost created the illusion of her looking small.

He frowned, and flew off in the direction of any possible teacher that would be able to help. He’d already left Philly for too long.

Adrenaline pounded through his system as he sprinted down corridors. He’d done it. He’d stood up to that bitch…. Sure, maybe a white lie or two about being disgusted by her body but.. she’d hurt him plenty. A taste of her own medicine couldn’t hurt.

***

He checked the name on the first door he found…. Shit. Of course this would be the nearest one. Something creaked inside, so he knew he had to try.

Toby slammed his fist onto the grey door.

THUMP-THUMP

“Miss Smithers!!!”

A pause.

“…..WHAT!?”

“Please, I need help… a student is being bullied-“

“I’m BUSY. Inform me tomorrow. Goodbye!”

“Please, it’s important-“

“I SAID inform me TOMORROW!”

He groaned.

“It’s… it’s Philly-… Philadelphia.”

Objects clunked inside the office, and a few seconds later Miss Smither’s office door was flung open. The woman herself looked flustered and red-faced, breathing heavily.

“Philadelphia? Bullied you say?”

“Yes.”

“By whom?”

“Ellie.”

Miss Smithers gritted her teeth.

“Show me.”

***

They entered the gym to the sound of a girl’s cries crescendoing, rushing under the bleachers at the exact moment that Philly’s whines reached fever pitch…. And then Toby and Miss Smithers both froze as the girl squealed, her knees pressing into each other, forced into accepting the orgasm as liquid squirted around Ellie’s prying fingers.

“Uuuhghh-“

The image of Ellie biting her lip as her eyelids fluttered engrained itself in Toby’s virginal brain. He felt utter shame at the excitement he felt watching his friend unravelling before his eyes.

“Yeah… get milked slut,” Ellie grinned, before regarding the entrants with an annoyed look, “you might want to get a mop.”

Toby noticed she turned away and zipped her booty shorts back up, hiding the bulge somewhat. Clearly she didn’t want to reveal her manhood to a teacher. He couldn’t help watching the liquid running down Philly’s glistening thighs, and both the entrants followed it down to a puddle on the floor of clear liquid. Clearly, the girl had been forced into multiple orgasms.

Miss Smithers heaved a deep breath, drinking in the quivering girl as she steadied herself on one of the metal supports before speaking.

“Philadelphia.”

Philly’s cheeks were tomato red as she reached a shaking hand down to her jeans around her ankles, facing her vagina away from them.

“M-Miss Smithers…. I can e-explain-“

“Yeah, how much she likes being a little slut,” Ellie sneered.

“Language,” Miss Smithers snapped, before regarding the girl pulling her jeans up her wet legs. “Philadelphia…… you’ll be spending this weekend in detention!”

“W-wwwhhaaat?....”

Toby’s jaw dropped.

“B-but Miss Smithers-!”

“She has made a mess on school property, and this is also a sanitation hazard.”

Philly stared at the floor, too embarrassed to speak, sweat dappling her face. Toby tried to remonstrate.

"B-but she.."

"That's ENOUGH. Not a word out of you."

Philly met Toby's eyes, still breathing heavily, her legs squeezed tight together. She seemed defeated, although a flutter of her lashes spoke to the afterglow still warming her as Ellie loudly sucked her fingers, enjoying the girl's pussy juices.

"What about me?" the cocky blond grinned, tilting her head. Her eyes flicked to the teacher's breasts packed together, "gonna punish me too??"

"What about you?" Miss Smithers remarked, her mouth a thin line, "I think you should be making your way home."

"Well… I was here too… maybe you should give me weekend detention too!"

"Either you were not a part of this, or you instigated it."

"Errrm…. The second one?"

"Then I think your punishment should be more severe….a two-week suspension should suffice. We shall discuss this further in my office."

Her beautiful visage dropped into an ugly snarl.

"WAAAAT?!"

"Now," Miss Smithers hissed.

***

Two rather dishevelled students walked home, their cheeks bright pink.

"Just another day at school huh?" Said Philly.

"Yeah…"

Toby didn't want to think about Philly's orgasm face. Or Gemma's creampied pussy. Or Agatha's dick digging into his abdomen as he got a full-on boner. He felt so dirty afterwards, but especially the way Agatha's huge… *thing* felt pressed against him… it was truly indescribable how terrifying it was to be shown in no uncertain terms how easily he could have been penetrated.

'Like a gazelle in a lion's maw.'

Yet despite it all he'd done it. He'd finally stood up to her, properly. Perhaps this would signal a new lease of life at school… perhaps he'd finally be off the near-bottom of the pile?"

“At least she didn’t fuck me,” Philly managed. She didn’t seem too perturbed, and perhaps the fact she’d covered a decent portion of the gym floor in her orgasm juice had lightened her spirit, even if it came at the hands of a chief antagonist.

“Huh, I suppose Philly… God, is every girl in the school a dick-monster?”

“Well, if it helps, I’m not one… a-as you saw….”

“Ha yeah…”

Philly grimaced, and Toby spoke quickly before the silence could lengthen.

“….. I’m just glad you’re alright.”

“Yeah. Thanks Tobes… I mean even though Ellie’s a bitch, at least she knows how to use her fingers. Just a bit bummed out about the detentions to be honest.”

“Oh… *yeah*… I’m sorry-”

“Don’t be. If she’d gone any longer, who knows if I’d be walking home with ya right now, or pregnant. I doubt she cares about condoms.”

“True.”

They fell silent for a moment, lost in contemplation. A lorry sent a gust of wind over their shoulders, a plastic bag whipping past their feet as they trudged onwards.

“I… stood up to Agatha today.”

“Oh yeah?!”

“Yeah. Told her to shove it.”

Philly punched him, almost skipping until her legs wobbled.

“HA.. *Ooouhg*… y-yup, I’m not doing any parkour today… but dude, that’s freakin’ awesome!”

“I think I’m gonna be seeing a lot less of her.”

“Hell yeah.. Fuck that bitch. Speaking of bitch, did you hear about Gemma?”

Toby’s hand subconsciously reached for his pocket where he’d received the most recent video on his phone. He was definitely going to be playing the video on repeat tonight.

“*N.. no?*”

Philly chuckled.

“Apparently she got sent home… fucked until she couldn’t walk.”

“W.. wow… by who?” He lied, nervously staring at the sidewalk.

“Well, no-one is saying for sure. Maybe a teacher if they’re that scared about it… Could be that perve Miss Smithers. I bet she’s packing… Ben-Ben said I was crazy but…”

“Ah, right.. maybe.”

She softened upon seeing his anxious frown.

“Sorry if that’s… I know you fancied her.”

“Ah it’s alright.. always another girl, right?”

Inside his heart was in a vice. There would probably never be a girl for him. Philly scuffed a leaf from the sidewalk as after-school traffic idled past.

“What you gonna do tonight?”

Toby felt a flush of heat to his groin and tried to think of anything that wasn’t Gemma’s face being drowned in semen.

“Uh… play some games maybe.. War Duty two...”

Philly nodded as they rushed across the road. Always good to get a little distance in case any of the bullies got wind of them.

“Cool. I’ll seeya online then.”

“Seeya online.”

As they set off on different paths, Toby heard the *BANG* of an engine back down the street. When he looked, he saw nothing but families in four-by-fours or students in hatchbacks. He turned back, telling himself it could be anyone, but a Pavlovian response quickened his step.

***

Toby trudged up the flights of stairs overlooking the car-park of their low apartment block, watching the headlights of trucks and cheap cars illuminate the graffiti and litter on the concrete building. He nodded to the familiar hooker, Princess (real name Stella), leaning over the balcony three doors down from his family apartment. He’d spent a lot of his youth dreaming about her, despite the sag in her breasts and face from all the smoking, a familiar stub in her mouth as she waved, smoke curling around a ginger wig.

“Ey Toby. Good day at school?”

“Yeah, fine Stella. You alright?”

“I’m good… ey, eyes up here.”

Toby blushed, and the woman chuckled, throat hoarse and phlegm-y from the tar of ten-thousand cigarettes as she waggled red rapier nails.

"Oh you are cute. Ten years younger and I'da caught you."

"Well… maybe I'm more mature than you think."

She chuckled again and stroked his hair.

"Run off to Mom and Dad."

He nodded, heart pumping a little faster. She'd always rebuffed his advances, but he still enjoyed that she actually gave him the time of day, and any touch she gave was a god-send. It left him in brighter spirits as he came to the grey door of his family apartment and knocked, already taking his key out-

A crack opened quickly. His mother's round, sweet face level with his own poked around. She wasn't smiling as usual, strangely fidgety as she slid out, closing the door behind her.

"Well, *look who's here*. Toby, I think we have something to discuss."

His back straightened.

"W.. What?"

"Is there something you'd like to tell your mother?"

"I… Mom *what* are you talking about?"

His brain frantically trawled the week for any possible incident… the chemistry lesson?… not seeing the school nurse?.. Skipping a lesson to avoid Agatha on Tuesday?!… *Had they called his parents over it?*

"I'm… *sorry*-!"

"You should be."

Her face broke into a beaming smile.

"Not telling your Mother that you had a *girlfriend*! How could you!?"

"W.. What… girlfriend-"

She wrapped him up in a tight hug.

"Oh honey I'm so *proud* of you. She's such a lovely lady… your Dad is going to love her!"

"Dad..?… Mom I.. don't *have a girlfriend*!"

She snorted.

"Oh please, at least do me the courtesy of not acting like I'm stupid. Come on, she's waiting inside!"

“In… side?”

She bustled him in through the front door. His home was laid out untidily, the same as ever. The same peeling flower wallpaper, the same cluttered living room with a bicycle wedged behind the sofa, tv with a crack in the bottom corner… and the kitchen, somehow completely different. Today it possessed an unusually warm, orange glow instead of the usual harsh white halogen for his mother to see more easily when she cooked. A number of candles had been placed on as many surfaces as possible, lending it an old Italian restaurant atmosphere with a red cloth draped over the table…. And a huge, white-skinned figure sitting at it.

The monster in the darkness, Agatha’s unmoving expression flickered as if possessed by ever-changing shadows, black clothes, lipstick and mascara eating up the light, the skull on her arm laughing at him as the candles made it come to life.

His chest constricted like a boa constrictor was wrapping around him and squeezing the life out of it.

“U-uuh-.!.”

“Hi baby.”

The whisper of her voice made his butthole clench tight. She was real. She was here. It wasn’t just a nightmare.. It was a dystopian reality.

“I can’t believe you’ve been keeping her from us!” Penny beamed, rubbing her son’s back, “*Ang*…. Aga.. Agatha?”

Agatha nodded.

“Mmhm.”

“Yes, *Agatha*… such a gorgeous name! She’s been so wonderful… she even brought flowers!”

She gestured to a vase that had a rather meagre-looking collection of small yellow flowers, sagging and wrapped with parcel string. Penny beamed at them like they were a firework display, straightening them on her kitchen counter.

“Well? Are you going to tell me you don’t have a girlfriend now?? Agatha spilled the beans that you’ve been seeing each other for months!”

Toby felt like his arteries were filling with sludge, the world in slow motion. He simply stared, slack-jawed at Agatha.

“H-how… you followed…?”

“Yeah baby.”

The plastic chair squealed as it scraped back across the floor, Agatha rising up to tower over the comparatively tiny figures.

"I didn't want to keep us a secret any longer."

Toby had the strange thought that she could have rested her breasts on their heads quite easily as she stooped forwards, comically large in their cosy kitchen as she crossed it in one stride. He got a movie screen-sized vista of her breasts looming towards him before her arms scooped him up. The brutal stench of cheap men's body-spray combined with her tit-sweat that had been collecting ever since the morning almost knocked him clean out as his face was plunged into the wet cleavage of a hormonal nineteen-year-old girl for the second time that day. He tried to remove his face from the swimming pool at the centre of her water-balloons, but she simply grabbed his neck and shoved him deeper, the musk of her stink replacing any oxygen in his lungs. He clung tight to her, brain fogged by the stench, trying to pull away. An attempted shout only received wet boob-flesh instead.

"MH-!- *glh*-!!"

His brain was foggy. He tried to push away, but might as well have tried to push the building for all the difference it made. Her tight black shirt was also sopping wet… it was akin to falling into a wet dog as Agatha groaned, vibrating him like a bell as his senses were overwhelmed by this utter brute of a human. Her boner quickly inflated into his stomach, almost winding him as she began to hump. Suddenly Toby was being pressed against the wall of his own home, one of the pictures of his family digging into his back as she ground her erection into him, a huge, rough tongue sliding up his face and covering his ear in her spit.

"I just had to.. *HHmm… sseee you today….*"

"Oooh you two are so sweet…. Just like me and your father," Penny beamed, squinting at the girl subsuming her son, "I hope you don't mind me setting the table… Agatha did say tonight was special for you both! Goodness where are my glasses…"

Special? It already sounded terrifying.

Toby moaned, tears in his eyes as she pressed him hard enough to compress his lungs.

"You're my perfect little slut," she whispered, voice hoarse with what might have been emotion. He could only utter the most minuscule of noises from within the confines of the female straitjacket wrenching his senses to her body.

"Mmmghh-"

"Don't worry… I already asked your mother for consent," she murmured, sliding her tongue up his face. The rough texture left a trail of slime as he managed to twist his head to the side, able to heave in a deep breath across the vista of her left breast only to have her plug his lips with a tongue torpedo, rocketing to the back of his throat.

"GLPPMMMH-"

She gave soft grunts as she began to whirlpool her tongue, churning saliva like butter at the back of his throat as he gagged on her love-muscle.

"GL-HGl-G-"

"Ohh young love," Penny giggled, "oh it's so nice to see you growing up my boy!"

Toby felt himself going light-headed, choking on the tongue until Agatha extracted it from somewhere around his tonsils, handling him like a toddler as she heaved him off the floor with a single palm under his ass, his stomach dropping to the floor as he was wedged to her side.

"Arms around me," she growled in his face, before putting on the dainty voice once more.

"Penny… is it okay if we get a little time together… for our… first time?"

"W-!?"

Toby almost screamed, but a hand slid up to grip his windpipe, and gently squeezed. A chicken-cluck popped from his lips as his eyes bulged.

"-Gluk-"

"Oh why of COURSE…. I already messaged your father.. It's been a long time since we've gone to bob's burgers and… and even though it's a school night, we both decided to take a few hours to ourselves…."

Toby watched his dim-sighted mother smile at what she thought was a union of young lovers, leaning forwards, squinting.

"… I left some protection on your bed son. Be safe. I love you both!"

"Aw, thank you," Agatha said, turning her gaze down on a teary-eyed Toby, "see? I told you things would be fine."

Penny grabbed her handbag and padded to the door.

"I'll take the bus to the library until your father's done with work. See you at Ten!"

Ten O'clock. She was going to leave them here for four hours.

"M-mom-"

The hand on his throat tightened.

"-…"

No sound left his throat, and he began the more serious process of trying to pull air into his lungs instead of pushing it out. Agatha gave him a dead-eyed stare, her voice light as she gripped his throat tight.

"Bye Penny… it's so lovely to meet you!"

"And you as well my love."

She beamed at them, waving as she closed the door.

Toby watched his last hopes of him keeping his anal virginity wave herself out, and then the pressure on his throat released. He gasped as air flowed into his lungs, tears running down his cheeks as Agatha put both hands underneath his ass, forcing his legs to cross around her waist.

"Put your arms around my neck, bitch."

Her voice was heavy, filled with a heat that he knew meant bad intentions. Coughing and spluttering, he did as she commanded, the world moving as she carried him easily out and down a small hallway, her feet thudding quieter than usual, although the floorboards groaned with each planting of her weight. He realised she wasn't even wearing her boots, which would have left her knocking her head on the door-frames as she bent her head anyway to get underneath them, padding barefoot bar her tights.

"Your mom's cute."

He said nothing, still in shock. She padded to the closest room.

"This yours?"

"Y… yeah…."

Toby could barely string a sentence together, still overwhelmed… as well as fearful of further reprisal. She had followed him back, was in their home… what else was she capable of? Clearly resisting just meant escalation.. He couldn't let things get any more horrible. She met his *Mom*.

The hand on his ass squeezed as she raised an eyebrow at the spread of plastic model airplanes, battleships and various sci-fi vehicles, chess set, and various other nerdy implements beside a small single bed with two condoms on it that looked like they had been sat in a drawer for a decade. She sniffed.

"Cute, but.. no."

She carried him onwards, to the second room.

"A-Agatha-"

"Shhhh."

He rubbed the huge real estate of her back, feeling the bevy of fats over her muscle.

"P-please-… *I'm sorry… can we just do it.. Not yet-*"

She faced him up, her face so close he could almost see the few hairs on her face that she hadn't quite managed to shave glinting, those deep green eyes boring into his, unmoving, heavy breaths tickling his nostrils.

"Don't worry… Like I said before… I know you're never gonna admit to yourself that you want me… so now I'm gonna show you."

"…Agatha-"

"Shhh!"

The door-nob was clunky as she entered the darkness of Toby's parents bedroom. Agatha bounced Toby from two palms to one as if juggling a bowling ball, easily catching him as she flicked the light switch with her free hand. A dim illumination of wooden wardrobes and a dresser tight around the edges of a simple white-sheeted bed lay before them, barely enough space to stand around the edge for Agatha.. But she sighed and nodded as she beheld the queen-sized bed squeezed into the room.

"Mmm… Sorry to your Mom. I hope she's got spare sheets…"

"Spare… sheets?"

"Yeah. Where?"

"B… boiler closet."

"Wait here."

The world tumbled as he was flung onto the bed, almost bouncing out of it as she stomped away to another room. Toby was panicking. He grabbed his phone from his pocket, fingers trembling as he swiped it open.

"O-oh God.. *Oh Godohgod-*"

Philly.

He began to jab buttons as fast as he could, mistakes unseen.

Shes herr. Fonund my home. Fuckk-

"Got a few towels-"

His fingers weren't working fast enough. Agatha filled the doorway as the towels in her hands dropped to the floor. Her eyes blazed, two green laser sights trained on his forehead.

"-….. *Put it down."*

Toby dropped the phone to the bed. Agatha didn't even bother looking, taking it, and chucking it onto a pile of clothes on the dresser.

"I wanted this to be romantic…."

She advanced, and Toby crawled to the opposite corner of the bed. Her knee compressed deep into the mattress, the frame creaking its despair as she began to crawl towards him.

"….It was going to be sweet… but you would have just *ruined it."*

He slid off the bed, cowering in the corner. She curved a long, black-nailed finger.

"Come here, *bitch."*

It was said with a cold fury that chilled him to the centre of his bones, shivering as he crept towards a grim reaper of a woman. When he reached her, he could feel her heavy breathing against his face.

"Are you going to be a good boy?"

Tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Y-yes… yes…"

"You're going to do what I say, yes?"

He nodded, snivelling.

"*YES…"*

"Kiss me."

He did, their lips wet with his tears. She was gentle, but he flinched as she tickled his lips with her tongue.

"Shhh…. Come back here…"

He whimpered, clenching his eyes shut and proffering his lips to her like she was a Venus fly-trap. The mat texture of her lipstick grazed him, dry and powdery, sending a jolt up his spine.

“Keep your eyes closed.”

A pause. Nothing touched him, and the panic began to rise in his chest again. Then the dryness tickled his cheek. His knee jerked. More empty air as the bed creaked under her weight around him. He was too filled with terror to open his eyes, or disobey whatever this demoness commanded.

A tear reached his chin… and was sucked up by a thick pair of lips. Then a smooch tickled his forehead. Further kisses travelled down his neck, sending a pulse of energy to his extremities.

“Huhhh-“

The neck-kisses didn’t stop, and she focused on that area, Toby panting as she began to vacuum his skin into her mouth, grazing him with her teeth, biting softly to leave an imprint. A hand played with his shirt, pulling it up and over his shoulders. The air on his bare chest was chilling and deeply exposing. His eyes flickered open to see her a millimetre away, her nose tickling his. She was drinking him in, licking her lips.

“Finally….”

Agatha was basking in this moment, her tongue slathering up his neck, back down to a nipple.

“UUhg-“

“Mm…. Cute….”

Black lips latched on, and Toby whinnied as she powered her muscle across his delicate nub, feeling her mouth latch onto him and suck his chest.

“NNNUh-“

Agatha closed her eyes, moaning into the limpet-hold. Toby felt a shiver run through him as her fingers fiddled with her skirt, pushing it down her legs and kicking it away.

There it was. His greatest fear.

A huge, veiny cock sprang up, half-hidden by the rest of her body yet impossible to ignore. It pointed right at him like an attack dog, drizzling semen onto the mattress.

“Sh.. Shit-“

“On your back.”

Toby resisted at first. Maybe if he just played dumb… or didn’t do what she said, she’d relent. Realize he didn’t want this.

Thump

The breath left his chest as he was thrown down against the pillows with barely a flick of her elbow. He watched the black and white demoness, slinking over his feet in what might have been a lithe manner had her cleavage and fats not rippled with every movement. She reached for his jeans… and undid the clasp.

A slow unzip was followed by peeling down his legs, revealing feminine thighs that squeezed against each other as he held onto his last layer of defence.. his boxers.

"Mmmnnn… you think your little panties are gonna save you?"

Toby clutched a little tighter, knees tight as this vista of flesh and fat jiggled over his body like a roiling sea of woman. She growled and pulled the jeans so hard from his ankles that part of the crotch ripped fully open.

RRRRIP

"UGH….You know what's so…. *annoying about you?*" She growled.

He couldn't respond. The dick was touching his thigh, and he was trying his best not to cry as the remains of his jeans were thrown aside.

"… the fact that we both know your tiny cock is begging me to sweep you off your feet… but you're STILL trying to say no!"

He squeezed his legs tighter together. Toby hated that his cock was a puppy begging for a treat from its master, eager for Agatha's ministrations.

"J-Just… do it. Whatever it is you're gonna do, *do it*," he sniffled.

Her jaw tightened.

"Fine."

She pulled her top off in one fluid motion, and Toby's world went strangely circular as everything in his brain was shoved aside to make way for the glorious pair of breasts now hanging over his face, darkening his skies with their planetary mass.

"Suck my tits."

For once, Toby decided that his bully was right.

He cupped one in his hands and kissed it. Might as well enjoy it… Then he tickled the nipple with his tongue, slathering all around the edges, feeling the surrounding pimples signalling Agatha's arousal as she groaned, hovering them lower over his face for her pleasure.

"*Mmmuuuhh*….thought that'd… *mmuh…. Change your mind.*"

He clung to the breast, feeling its shape. Both his hands didn't cover even half its surface, so wonderfully squishy and yet firm underneath, the perfect water balloons that warmed his face as Agatha released some of her weight downwards. Toby disappeared beneath her.

Her breasts mashed against his face, and as they did so, she dropped her cock onto his abdomen. It was obscenely huge, running from his dick to his belly button and beyond, laying the blueprint for what was to come. It pulsed against his skin, and Toby's spine straightened as he felt a visceral fear, born from ancestors fleeing from pythons as they slithered out of the undergrowth.

A hand came to his boxers.

He whined like a dog, no longer concerned with being a proud male but merely survival, suckling her other nipple deep and hard, sloshing a full mouth of saliva around it in the hopes of preventing the popping of his anal cherry.

"MNnuh….. that's so good baby… but it's not gonna save your ass."

Her beautiful features possessed no mirth. The hunger had taken over, and her prey was finally in her grasp. Thick, powerful hands gripped his thighs, and then grabbed his boxers.

"Come on… *open…"*

She pulled. Toby held on. Her face resumed the more normal Agatha expression of dead-straight as he scrambled to keep the meagre material wedged around his crotch.

"Toby… you're making me angry…."

"Just.. H-*hang on-"*

RIIIPPPP

The shreds of his boxers were thrown aside, and Toby scrunched into a ball, the sheer wonder of a huge pair of breasts no longer enough to distract from the fact her gigantic cock was leaking warm liquid onto his sternum.

"You know what Toby? I'm tired of this act of yours. Fuck you….. *literally."*

Hard fists grabbed his ankles, and Toby squealed as his legs were wrenched into a wide open, defenceless position, her cock now rubbing against his own equally hard, but hilariously tiny penis by comparison.

Toby felt a disassociation with his body, as if the physical form that Agatha lusted after was somehow apart from him, separated. The sensations of hair-raising

grinding between their cocks was beyond abnormal, utterly humiliating and wrong, yet his baby dick pulsed happily against its new aggressor, unaware of how tight with fear Toby's butthole had become.

"A-Agatha-"

"Shhh."

As she slowly, terrifyingly, forced his feet over his head, and Toby's body folded like a deck chair, the resistance in him crumbled. He started to cry.

Agatha watched, blindsided as the naked, butt-naked young man started to sob in his parent's bed.

"What. Seriously, you're crying?"

He snivelled, and shook his head.

"Jesus fucking…. So your eyes aren't leaking, and you're not hard for me. You're just fucking delusional."

As the tears rolled down his cheeks, Agatha snorted, licking her lips and concentrated on positioning her hips instead so her shaft now dripping with cum aimed itself squarely at Toby's pink rose, hiding beneath a tiny scrotum. The tears halted as a thick helmet pressed up against what turned out to be quite a sensitive anal rim, tickling him with her boy-breaker. His eyes bugged out.

Imagining it was very different to living it.

Time slowed down. The giant girl, her luscious, magnetic pornstar body hanging over him, was staring him down. Her dick pulsed, a train pressed against the tunnel of his asshole as a spurt of cream leaked against his hole.

"Hmmph… Eye contact. Got it?" she whispered, her voice hoarse, almost reverent.

He managed a single nod. His mouth wasn't working any more.

The girl pressed down into the splayed-out boy beneath her. Toby managed a barely-coherent squeal as all his senses vacated their place to concentrate on the gigantic creature forcing itself the wrong way through his anal rim. Feeling something enter his asshole was so wrong that Toby felt like someone was setting his brain on fire, hormones flooding his body as a huge pink mushroom slipped inside, tainting this hallowed ground with another spurt of pre-cum that warmed his entrance.

"AAUUhhg-uuHHHHYY…!!!!!"

Agatha said nothing. She simply gripped his jaw tight enough to hurt until his bulging eyes settled back on hers. She let go, and continued to push, staring into his soul. Toby mewled as the pain of being invaded took over, his internal organs being nudged aside. More trembling wracked him as his guts were rearranged in his parents' bed, locked in place by those deep, green galaxies, laced with unstoppable need.

"UUY-"

It felt like being in some sort of industrial press, no stopping in sight as Agatha burrowed her meat cylinder down into his depths. When their hips finally met, Toby's face flickered from wide-eyed and terrified to glassy, glancing down. Her tits were in the way, but he could *feel* her pubic stubble, hips tight to his stretched glutes…. And her fifth limb pulsing against his insides.

"Oouh."

She leaned down, and smothered him with her weight. For once, Agatha made a strange noise, her face scrunched as if she were trying to hold in her emotions. The sweat of her tits and belly heating his front was so strange, especially when combined with the thing throbbing against his insides, more powerful than his own heartbeat.

Toby's fingers and toes twitched. A snatch of pleasure through the pain sent saliva trickling into his mouth.

"Ww-*wuu-*"

It was strange, being re-wired. Like a sleeper agent, his body was unlocking all of the sensations required to accept the presence of her dick inside him… his asshole quivering around the base of her girth, sending small signals of dopamine up to his brain. Staccato breaths quickened as his eyes threatened to turn inwards into a cross-eyed, orgasming waifu face, Toby fighting it with all the desperation he could muster, trying not to let the masculinity in his soul die.

This could not happen. He could not let Agatha turn him. Just lie back and do nothing…. Look at the ceiling.

He tried to rest his gaze just past her to the ceiling wallpaper. It was faded just like the rest, and some of the cracks were deep enough he could see a cobweb somewhere within-

PULSE

“HHhugh-“

A bubbling moan left his lips as her cock throbbed inside him, triggering a flurry of sensations in his abdomen.

“-ffugh….”

It felt like someone had sailed a full battleship into his ass, or perhaps a submarine was descending into his deepest areas, humming with power. Every vein was raised from the surface of her cock, so he could almost picture the exact lattice across her shaft as they pressed dirty places inside him.

Agatha wasn’t quick. She basked in every moment of it, determined to sample every eye-twitch, every scrunch of his nose as Toby tried to work through these now sensations of being stuffed like a turkey at thanksgiving.

He’d never been in such a demeaning, compromising position before, hell he’d not had SEX before, and now his legs were over his head, being slowly widened and re-shaped from the inside out by this goliath dick. As he tried to slow the hyperventilation building in his body, she broke all of his attempts at self-control by squeezing her cock out and back in, barely a few inches either way. Toby felt his organs move, and groaned through a brief flash of orgasmic energy as she pressed something sacred inside.

“WWUHhh…..*W-wha-?…”*

Agatha bit her lip at his confused moan, excitement building as she gently angled herself a bit deeper, and push-pulled.

Every time she hit that spot, Toby began to enjoy it… no he COULDN’T enjoy this, it wasn’t right-

Schhhliick

“UUUHnn-“

The tiniest smile crept onto her face. Toby had not seen one like it before… without the strange dead-eyed stare she almost looked… pretty.

Schliiick

“UUooff..nhhh-“

The wet squelches of pre-cum in his butthole were loud in such an intimate setting, Toby gasping as she churned her semen against his insides with the huge pestle. Then she began to buck her hips, gently bouncing on the bed. The soft

applause of hips clapping against his backside grew louder as she groaned, snaking her tongue between his lips.

clap…clap…. clap…..

Toby was so overwhelmed that the tongue slithering into his mouth was barely noticeable compared to the dick pumping him, something a filthy cherry on top of the sodomy ramping up as the sex began to accelerate.

"You look so pretttyyy," Agatha rasped, lost in the sensations of her lover.

A weak gurgle was all he could manage, trying to force back the rising tide and failing as she began to pull her manhood out longer, and longer, and longer…. .until he was fully being long-dicked, and suddenly the vibe switched entirely.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-

"UGUh-GUGUH-UUH-"

From merely coercing, she was now sending eleven inches into his asshole, thrusting into places deeper than Toby could have imagined.

His body was contorting with each heavy blow, strange, alien sounds coming from his lips. They sounded like girl sounds… like pornstar squeals as a slut was fucked unconscious.

But it was him. It… couldn't be him?

Reality broke through as Toby felt his entire body jolting with every seismic thrust of Agatha's hips, an earthquake shaking the room as the rickety bed-frame began to thump the wall.

Thump-thump-CRUNCH

One of the wooden bed-slats broke, but Agatha didn't even slow down, if anything increasing speed, using her full unfit but powerful body to bring down a reign of terror on Toby's ass, sweat beading on her forehead as her tongue swirled across her lips. Toby's arm and leg muscles went taut, unable to move but nonetheless tensing up as an inevitable tidal wave of orgasmic energy approached. Saliva trickled down his chin, sweat from Agatha's forehead dripping onto his nose as she sacrificed the boy beneath her to the gods of dominant alpha dicks.

*U-UGH-UUGHHmuU-"

The single light hanging from the ceiling jumped with each soul-shattering thrust, Agatha a one-woman wrecking ball destroying Toby's self-esteem permanently with every unmeasured, full-bodied blow to his anus.

He tried to resist. A brief push…

Agatha didn't even noticed he'd tried, fucking a machine-gun flurry that had him baying like a cowed bitch to a Goddess that would show him no mercy.

He tried to stop the impending swirl of pure bliss from engulfing him. He tried to force his brain away from the dark chasm of orgasmic energy greater than any physical sensation he had ever experienced, but it was too much. As he caved, her lips latched onto his, grunting into his mouth.

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP

Two thick testicles whipped his buttocks with each blow, further emasculation as Toby screamed with pleasure into the tongue plugging his throat, firing stringy lines of translucent white over his belly and Agatha's tits as she french kissed him deep enough to choke him.

**M-GLp-Gh-!"*

His worst fears came true as deep submissive pleasure ran riot through his body, cocklet spewing like a broken faucet as Agatha grunted and tensed up, pressing his ankles a little deeper to stretch his overworked glutes.

"Mm-"

It came in such a hot, raging torrent that Toby thought for a moment that she had pumped in hot custard instead of semen, his full body spasming as she inseminated his anal tract, gallons of spunk sealing his insides like glue.

"UUMUHHG-UUH-"

Agatha brought his chin to face her with a shaking hand to witness the stealing of his soul. The boy's eyes were bulging, jaw hanging open as the newest wave of orgasmic delights imprinted itself forever in his brain.

"UUGh-guHHHH-UUH-uuNNH-"

"You were….. M-made for….. my DICK!!! UUGUHHH-"

More hot cum pumped into his butthole. It was endless. Agatha shook as she finally released every dark, jealous desire she'd held within her and sent it deep between Toby's pink buttocks, revelling in her victory over her dream slut. With no end in sight, and his belly beginning to swell from the pressure of cream in his anal tract, Toby let his mind drift to happiness, that of the pleasure of being owned as his eyes rolled up, and he let out a full cum-slut moan of pleasure, his inner pornstar coming out to play as he began to subtly roll his hips in time with her pumping hose,

although considering he was immobilised, it achieved little beyond showing Agatha he was beginning to break, losing the part of his soul that would rail against this humiliation.

"Thaaaaat's it," she groaned, cock pulsing in his guts as she unleashed all her poisonous love into her muse.

The final insemination, though it lasted but a few minutes, felt to the lovers like hours… but eventually, even the might of Agatha's pulsing shaft began to lessen. A few strokes later, the final quivers signalled the beginning of the end, the air filled with the sour taste of semen as Agatha shivered, her last vestiges leaving her piss-slit.

She fell on top of him, splayed out and balls deep inside the pancaked young man, her sweat and cum covering him inside and out. The stench would have felled a small rhino. Toby barely noticed, already half-unconscious, his brain unable to accept any further stimulus as Agatha heaved oxygen into unfit lungs.

"Hhuhh… HHhhhhhnn how do you.. feel…… *now,"* she rasped.

Slowly, painfully, she pressed herself up off the quivering, newly-bred figure. Toby was open-mouthed and drooling, his IQ reduced to nothing.

"See?… *told you*…. You'd like it…." she panted, reaching down and pressing her thumb into his mouth.

He couldn't suck, because he didn't understand where he was. He barely remembered his own name. His mouth simply lolled around it, eyes lidded.

"Lluh… ullh…."

Agatha raised her eyebrow and looked at the alarm clock on the bedside table.

Eight-thirty.

"Well… I think we have.. a little more time," she murmured.

Toby understood nothing, but the dick that had become his world pulsed inside him, hardening to its full might once more. If he'd have been lucid, perhaps he might have been able to scream, or gasp before she began to pump again, but Toby was gone. He wouldn't return that night, the quivering, ecstatic slut left behind squealing as his prostate was annihilated… and his phone buzzed forlornly on the washing pile. The room shook. Outside, Stella's ears pricked, and she frowned as she threw her cigarette from the balcony. Sounded like someone was getting the full nine yards… lucky girl.

She smirked as the clear sounds of hips-on-ass began to issue. They sure were going at it. Full national geographic stuff. As the sounds went on, she began to raise an eyebrow.

"Jesus… give that poor girl a break," she muttered, not that the girl sounded like she needed it, bar the growing hoarseness in her cries. Eventually, after a rather unnecessary length of time, the night grew quiet. Stella breathed a sigh of relief. Enough of reminding her she needed to earn her due. She took out another cigarette and lit it, unaware of the neighbour's boy a few rooms away that lay broken, drifting off to the deepest sleep of his life, his body and soul forever changed.

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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.

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