

Goth with Girth pt.2

(Futa on Male + female Domination)

Thereshegoes123

## Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male and futa on female domination, as well as elements of sissification, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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

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## Goth with Girth pt.2

Two figures walked down a dead street. Penny and Fred Pearce smiled at each other, idling hand-in-hand as they enjoyed each other's warmth in the cold evening. Even the flickering neon signs of the strip club and the car alarm firing down the road couldn't alter their mood, Penny's breath fogging up in front of her as she sighed.

"I enjoyed tonight."

"So did I."

Fred had a faded Stetson on his head, fairly well-built and towering over his sweet lady, sporting a thick beard with streaks of grey. His robust nature was belied by soft green eyes with a permanent twinkle in them. Penny snuggled up closer as they walked.

"It's so wonderful to see that our Toby is finally dating... I was starting to worry..."

"It happens to all of us... some just take a little longer than others. But I thought you were talking about *our* date, missy!"

He squeezed her bottom, and Penny hooted.

"Excuse me! Just because you're a firefighter, doesn't mean I'm going to bend over backwards for you!"

"Oh really? Which direction are you bending.."

"Forwards, of course," she purred.

Fred felt a desire that hadn't stirred within him for some time. He cupped her rear as they walked, a little faster into the parking lot of their building, the familiar tang of nicotine in the air as they ascended the staircase of their building.

"Well, it has been a while."

"Shh. Stella's here. STELLA!"

The friendly neighbourhood hooker let out a grating chuckle, still leaning over the walkway balcony as she flicked her cigarette away.

"Well look at you two lovebirds... If I didn't know any better I'd say you just went on a date."

“Perhaps!... I just asked this fine gentleman to escort me home.”

“And I’ll not pry any further tonight for such a fine young lady,” Fred smiled.

“You’d better pry,” Penny muttered.

“Oh you two! Go on, I won’t hold you up... at least I know you two weren’t the ones making a racket.”

“A racket?”

“Well.... let’s just say someone hit enough home runs to win a world series.... Hell, went on so long, thought I was listening to a broken record. Thank God they finally called it a night or I mighta called the ambulance for that girl.”

Penny gave an awkward chuckle.

“I suppose we came at the right time... see you soon Stella!”

They bustled off towards their door, Penny breathing a sigh of relief.

“Hopefully those neighbours she was talking about have gone to sleep.. I heard a few rustlings two doors down last week..”

“Damn thin walls...”

“Hey... *you don’t suppose..*”

He raised an eyebrow down at his wife.

“What? Stop speakin’ in riddles.”

“Well... I left Toby and Agatha... and Stella heard a ruckus... *you don’t think..?*”

“Ha, Penny stop makin’ things up. I love our Toby, but I don’t think his first time with a gal is gonna be a marathon. A sprint maybe, but I think he’ll need a few goes to get the hang of it.”

“But what if it’s not his first time?”

“If it isn’t, I’ll eat my hat.”

She slapped him on the arm, searching for the keyhole.

“You are ridiculous.”

“Yup.”

Large arms came around her.

“And you like it that way.”

“Mm... you’d better wait until we’re inside mister...”

“And then?”

*\*Click\**

“You tell me.”

Penny’s stomach swooped as she was picked up in Fred’s arms, the man’s groan causing her to frown with worry.

“Oh, is your back alright, love?”

“Shut up. I’m being romantic.”

“And daft.”

“Same thing.”

She rolled her eyes and kissed him as he nudged the door open.... And stopped dead at the sight of a humongous girl sat on their couch. Fred’s eyes shot up past the brim of his hat. The girl had short black hair which looked more like a collection of straw, matted together with sweat. Her eyes were covered with smudged black makeup, her flushed red countenance strangely bored and vacant barring the tiny creases upwards at the corners of her lips, but it was the sheer scale of her that made him feel rather like he had entered the rabbit hole and entered wonderland, huge breasts and thighs squeezed into a sweaty black makeshift outfit that had dark patches all over it, sofa buckling in the centre under her weight. Fred was a big man, but this girl made his living room feel crowded on her own, bigger than him and Penny put together.

“Hi.”

Fred placed his wife down, groaning as his back complained, before doffing his hat.

“Ah, Hi there!.... You must be.. Angelica?”

“*Agatha*,” Penny hissed.

“AGATHA... yes that’s it... a uh.. pleasure to meet you.”

“Yes. You too. I wanted to apologise before leaving. We got a little carried away.”

Penny and Fred shared a surprised look.

“Oh, uh... that’s quite alright-“

“No. We... ended up using your bed.”

“*Our...?*”

“We didn’t fit on Toby’s so we used yours. Sorry. I can patch the sheets up.”

“Patch.. *The sheets?*”

Fred was looking in amazement from this strangely unmoved freak of nature to his wife, who similarly blindsided.

“Well... that’s quite all right, a change of sheets and I’m sure it will-“

“And help find a new mattress.”

“The... *mattress!?*”

“And the wooden things under the bed.”

“The... the bed slats?”

“Yeah.”

“*What.....* What about them...?”

“We broke them.”

Fred couldn’t hold it in. He laughed out loud, slapping his knee.

“WAIT a second... you mean to tell me that you and Toby BROKE THE BED?! Holy *SHIT!*”

Penny punched him on the arm.

“FRED. Stop it, you’re embarrassing our guest!”

“I’m not! It’s just... well, hot dang...”

It was odd how unphased Agatha seemed, splayed on the sofa as she more explained the facts than asked for forgiveness. In fact she seemed almost proud, the strange half-smile still playing on her face.

“We didn’t mean to break it.... I’m... *he’s.. passionate*. It was our first time.”

Even Penny couldn’t help an exasperated smile.

“Well, that’s quite all right Agatha. Are you hungry? I can rustle something up for you if you’d like.”

“No, I’m fine.”

“*Thirsty?*” muttered Fred, earning him another slap.

“Ignore him! Agatha you are welcome here ANY time... we remember young love all too well.”

“Thanks. But I think I should go home. My Moms will be worried.”

“Your.. Moms?”

“Yeah... I have two Moms.”

“Well how lovely... We’d be thrilled to meet them!”

Fred nodded, still searching for the words.

“Absolutely.... It would be a squeeze, *specially if they’re like you.. but* I’m sure we could find a way of accommodating!...”

Agatha seemed to go somewhere internal, face vacant.

“Thanks. I’ve had a good time here. A *really* good time.”

“Well I’m glad.. We can’t wait to have you back!”

She got up, and both of Toby’s parent’s eyes widened as they found themselves craning their necks up at the rosy-cheeked girl as she made her way to the door. They pretended to ignore her unsteadiness as she wiped the sweat from her brow, a pair of tattered jeans in her hands.

“What’s that?”

“Oh. I saw that they were ripped. I’ll repair them.... As a surprise for Toby.”

Penny couldn’t stop a beaming smile spreading across her face.

“Ohh... you are *too* kind, but there’s no need-!”

“It’s fine.”

“.. *Well...* aren’t you a charming young woman.”

“Thanks. See you later.”

She drifted past, and Fred found himself letting out a long breath as she ducked under the door-frame, into the night air wearing very little to protect her from the cold.

“*Well... I’ll be..*”

The moment she was gone, Penny raised her eyebrow.

“Well.. I suppose we owe Stella and our neighbours an apology.... And you need to eat your hat.”

“*I guess...* Toby young fella, I read you wrong!”

“You sure did,” Penny said..

“You think she was... overstatin’ it? The uh, the bed?”

“Let’s find out.”

The moment they opened the bedroom door, their eyes widened.

“*Jesus Lord above-*“

“I think she... understated it,” Fred murmured, staring at the crater in their bed. Sheets were torn, huge stains in the mattress. The more they looked, the more it resembled a war-zone.

“... Young love?” Penny whispered, clutching her husband in shock as she took in the destruction.

“Not quite how I remember it,” he murmured back, “Hell Tobe, what devil got into you?”

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Streetlights flashed past, fuelling the adrenaline that was keeping Agatha awake as she burned through a yellow light on the verge of flickering red. She barely saw the road, replaying over and over in her head the feeling of pressing that beautiful butt-fucked boy Toby into his parent’s marriage bed. She groaned, erection squished against the steering wheel.

All the memories were so fresh - the taste of his mouth, saliva mingled with tears. The tears fading as his pink cheeks curved upwards in some sort of hazy smile, lost to her power. *The feeling of his asshole clenching tight to the base of her shaft, gripping it like a lover.* It was overwhelming... and Agatha moaned as her tired, aching balls tried to rouse themselves, desperate to impregnate another hole.

“Hnnnn...”

She jammed the accelerator, engine protesting to anyone who would listen as the rusted car flashed past, exhaust pop echoing down the street. All whilst her internal slideshow repeated endlessly.

*His expression as she bottomed out... that delicious moment of fear and shock as pleasurable things had begun happening inside his abdomen....*

Agatha wrenched the gear stick and dove into the first scrap of free space she could find in a cramped side-street amongst other dilapidated vehicles, coming to a stop a short walk from a garage with the rusted words 'Gale's Gals' on it.

Gale... her mother. Or one of them, at least.

She pulled herself from the driver's seat, letting her huge body stretch, before stomping towards the garage. It was always the same; old tires piled to one side, tools and parts scattered around the interior, and two cars currently in states of disrepair. Most of the lights were off bar one overhead lamp, the girls having gone to sleep, but she recognised the huge, muscular legs of her eldest sister sticking out from under a battered-looking old Chevy. She sped up on the way past, but the girl's gruff voice was loud.

"Hey! Don't think I can't hear those big-ass boots of yours."

The girl rolled out from underneath, and the sharp, humorous brown eyes of her oldest sister, Millicent, found her just before she crossed her hands over her clear erection.

"Milly. *Why are you up?*"

"What are *you* doing Aggie, coming back so late on a school night huh?"

"Nothing."

Where Agatha was giant and curvy, Milly was shorter and ferociously muscular, her biceps oiled with sweat (short in this family still being a touch over six-foot-two). She had a tan from often smoking outside the garage, although the same beautiful features mirrored Agatha's face, if not the expression which was curved in a large grin.

"I care... you look like you just ran a marathon. And your clothes look even more ragged than usual."

"Fuck off. The others asleep?"

"Yaaa, and don't change the subject... if I didn't know any better, I'd say my lil' sis has been out BANGIN' again!"

Agatha shrugged.

"Maybe."

“Maybe bull-SHIT. Looks like you’re sportin’ a hard on for the ages. You banged for sure... who was it... some dumb bimbo? That slut from the video?.. and what’s that in your bag-“

Agatha recoiled as Milly made a grab for the torn jeans.

“HEY! Fuck off.”

“You stole someone’s jeans?!?!?”

“I didn’t STEAL anything...”

“Unless... your ripped ‘em off?? And now you’re gonna sew them nice and new for your new boo!!! Ohhh this is different... you *liiiiiike* this one...!”

Agatha growled and stomped off.

“... Wait til our sisters hear.... They’re gonna LOVE this! Bitch-boots mc’angry face is in Loooooooooove-“

Agatha’s expression turned to a deep glower, trudging into the back rooms, looking around carefully to the kitchen-cum-waiting area. Nobody there... she was about to tiptoe upstairs when a voice came from the top of it.

“Honey? Where have you been?”

Agatha groaned.

“*What.*”

“That’s no way to greet your mother,” she chided, hefting up the braided dress that perfectly matched her long woven hair. As she descended the stairs, her head-height went down to Agatha’s neck, then her breasts, then to her belly. Edith’s wise eyes and hemp bracelets looked absurdly out of place in the garage amongst the clan of giantesses, but she provided an emotional balance to the rest of the family that was sorely lacking.

“Come, let’s talk.”

“I’d rather sleep.”

“Why not spend it in the bed you just came from?”

Agatha scowled, but the kindness on her mother’s face was difficult to shoot back at.

“It’s... I didn’t want you to be worried.”

“Well, I’m worried anyway. Come, I’ll make us some hot chocolate.”

So the unlikely mother and daughter settled in the small kitchen where wrenches and tools lied scattered about, Edith frowning as she poured the last remnants of chocolate powder into one cup.

“Mom, you don’t need to-“

“It’s alright, I wanted tea anyway. You finish it.”

“But-“

“I SAID you finish it.”

Agatha grumbled, but didn’t protest further when a steaming mug was placed in front of her.

“Now... how’s my girl doing?”

Edith always called her ‘my girl’. Perhaps because Agatha was the most different, or the most difficult in the bunch - either way, it made the chocolate that little bit more warming for her soul as Agatha gave her a blank stare.

“Good.”

“You look flushed. Like you’ve just been five rounds, and I’m not talking boxing.”

Agatha took a sip but said nothing.

“... this is the part where you say, ‘you should have seen the other guy.’”

Another sip. Edith sighed.

“Agatha... I love you. I’m just worried that you’re getting distracted. Your grades are getting worse, I’ve heard rumours of videos...”

A frown in response.

“... and remember I STILL love. you.... But I just want to know what you’re thinking.”

“I’m fine.”

“If you were fine, you wouldn’t be locking yourself away.”

“I’m an adult.”

“You’re *young*. Younger than you realize... there’s more to life than sex and skipping school.”

“So you just want me to work at the garage with my sisters?”

“GOODNESS no-, I mean...”

For the first time, Agatha gave a small smile as Edith composed herself, the clang of metal in the background signalling Milly had just dropped something.

“... I-I mean... if you wanted to, of course, but.... I imagined something different for you.”

“Like what?”

Edith rubbed her arm.

“I have no idea... but you’ll never know if you don’t spread your wings.”

Agatha scrunched her nose.

“How.”

“... Well, sometimes the universe provides. Just... open your mind and your heart.”

Agatha didn’t like when Mom went into the chakra-crystal-astrology mumbo jumbo world, but she did feel happier with a warm belly of chocolate and two small arms squeezing her shoulder and neck.

“I’m going to bed. Have a good sleep.”

“.... Thanks. Mom.”

Edith paused, savouring the small note of appreciation. It was a rare occurrence.

“Love you.”

“Yeah.”

That was as much as she could hope for, and Edith plodded off to sleep. Agatha followed minutes later, creeping into the small room she shared with Gabs, the second youngest of the bunch snoring like a wounded hippo on a single mattress on the floor. Agatha grumbled, stripped, and then smacked Gabs until she snored at an acceptable level that wouldn’t register on any local seismometers before falling onto her own mattress, having to curl up just to fit on it. As she clicked off the lamp, she touched the dream catcher that Mom had given her all those years ago, before falling asleep to crystal-clear memories of Toby drooling as his eyes rolled up into his head.

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Toby walked in a dream-like state... or rather, he limped, equally split between the pain of his stretched, abused asshole and leg muscles.

*“Ugh...”*

His thoughts drifted back to the mad, beautiful face leering at him in his home, as she penetrated deeper and deeper into his body. Hands clenched and unclenched.

*‘Stop thinking about it.’*

His asshole ached again.

*“Uughh.. Shit...”*

It had taken him ages to get most of the cum out of his ass in the shower, and it wasn't a total certainty there wasn't still some in there, made worse by his brain causing phantom liquid to run into his boxers. He'd subtly checked several times on the bus, and nothing was there, but he couldn't stop thinking about it.

Frankly he wished he'd called in sick... but he didn't want to let Mom and Dad down after leaving their bedroom in tatters.... They were already disappointed by his grades, even though they tried not to show it...

Lying in bed with his broken asshole had only allowed his thoughts to swim back through every spine-tingling sensation.... Her hands tightening on his ankles, gurning as she bounced her nuts off his butt-cheeks. Warmth flowed between his legs.

*“JUST... shit.”*

He wiped any potential tears away, trudging on.

*‘What's done is done.... Just don't think about it.’*

A flash of orange beanie over the heads of some other students didn't fill him with confidence. Instead it terrified him as he tried to straighten his spine, mewling as his anal rim burned, protesting angrily at such decorum.

*“TOBES!! Are you alright?!?!”*

*“Philly...”*

*“You weren't answering your phone, and.. after your message!?”*

*“Sorry, I thought, uh... thought she found me, but she didn't. Just a joke, ha.”*

Tobes gave him an angry frown.

“Dude, I’ve been worrying about you all NIGHT!”

“I just-... felt kinda tired...”

“GUYS!”

Toby groaned as the third member of their group, Ben-Ben, appeared.

He was the shortest of the bunch, baby-faced, and had an almost elvish complexion, as if light glowed around him, reflected by his feminine aura. He always wore black, baggy clothes with long sleeves to try and avoid being the centre of attention, his long brown hair tied up in a scraggly bun.

“Yo, sorry for not turning up yesterday... what did I miss?”

“You missed Toby giving me a HEART ATTACK!” Philly scowled.

“Hey, I’m sorry... it was just a mistake...”

“Huh?”

“Don’t worry about it. Good to have you back man.”

“I would say good to be back, but that implies I enjoy school, and I don’t want anyone getting the wrong impression.”

They snorted and began to wonder in together. Having the three of them made normality feel a little closer, as if life had been put on hold, but could now be resumed with the bits in-between blurred out or clouded into insignificance.

“Hey, you guys gonna come with me to chess club?”

“Nah man.”

“It’s so NEERRRRDY.”

“But... we’re nerds.”

“Not to everyone.”

“Aw c’mon...”

“If we go to chess club, everybody else will think so.”

Some kids further down the road turned and frowned, clutching their chessboards a little tighter under their arm, before grumbling and continuing on.

“But you like chess?”

“Not enough to be shoved to the bottom of the barrel.”

Ben Ben pouted.

“Who cares about the barrel....”

**\*VROOOM!\***

Wind whipped their faces as the white convertible careened past. They got a glimpse of the clique girls wearing faux-school outfits that looked more like Britney spears music video slutware.

“Ugh.”

As the car flew... a screech of tires preceded it skidding to a halt in a cloud of smoke. The trio watched in growing confusion as it slowly reversed, until three smug faces and one rather ashen-faced Gemma were level with them. Ellie’s blond hair was done in a tight ponytail that whipped to the side when she looked Philly up and down.

“Hey... wanna ride?”

“Nope.”

“No space anyway,” Gemma grunted, gripping the wheel.

“Shhh cock-muncher, don’t be greedy just because you’re getting all that goth dick” Ellie grinned, and Gemma’s eyes almost popped out as she tried to detach the steering wheel, veins bulging on her pretty neck. Both Lopez sisters in the back seats cackled. Apparently, word had spread fast; it looked like Gemma’s time as queen of the castle was over.

Toby found it hard to believe he had once found such a vapid, soulless creature attractive, then noticed her tits were on display and forgot what he was thinking.

Ellie continued, patting her lap.

“Plenty of space here for one more girl... I know you liked it last time,” she murmured, gesturing in a lewd motion with her fingers.

Philly’s cheeks went pink before she clenched her jaw.

“Fuck off.”

“Oh come ON I thought we had something special! That fingering under the bleachers... *it meant something!*...”

All the while the twins in the back of the car guffawed at every word, slapping their thighs. Ellie gave an insincere pout, showing off her best acting skills as she held her heart.

“I know you dress like a boy to fit in with your dumb little friends but... I think if you look deep inside... you’ll find that you’re a cock-hungry slut like all the other girls!”

“Enjoy your detention tonight,” Philly shot back, motioning to the guys to go.

“Fine.... Have it your way. But I’ll have you in my harem soon enough... maybe I’ll make you number two behind Henrietta...” she leaned in, “*I call her the hoover... those lips could suck the oceans dry!*”

With that they roared away. Philly growled before turning to the others.

“Thanks for the *assistance* guys.”

Toby had only just come out of the trance caused by Gemma’s breasts.

“O-oh... *sorry....*”

“Yeah, we’re sorry,” Ben-Ben murmured, still shrivelled inwards. Philly softened, remembering how desperately shy and sensitive Ben was around women, especially women as pretty as the basic bitches.

“Ah it’s alright... but guys, we have to stick together. We can’t let these bitches push us around.”

“Yeah.. Yeah you’re right.”

Ben-Ben gave a tiny nod, fidgeting with his nails.

“Mm....”

“Ben ben?”

“... *Yeah...*”

Ben Ben already seemed lost, and Toby didn’t like it. Fail mentally in a place like the school, and it would eat you alive. He already seemed resigned to being victimized. A girl like Gemma could probably break the boy with a click of her fingers.

As they entered the looming building down the road, Toby winced as his legs trembled again. Agatha hadn't quite broken *his* spirit..... yet. He straightened himself, trying not to acknowledge Philly's raised eyebrow as he controlled his wonky gait.

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Toby shifted. His asshole ached no matter what position he sat in.

"Dude, you alright?" Philly muttered.

"Fine," he grumbled back.

"You sure?"

"I said I'm FINE!!"

"Am I *interrupting??*"

They fell silent, the stern stare of headmistress Mc'Millan cauterizing their eyeballs.

"Well then...."

Her voice echoed in the hall, the students falling silent as they fiddled with their pencils.

"... these mock exams will help to understand your prospects for higher education. They can have an effect on which universities or colleges you will hope to apply for, so treat them as you would the final tests. You have one hour."

The rustles of one hundred sheets of paper filled the room, and then silence. Toby stared at the questions. '*Sin(38°) ...work out the shaded angle....*'

His pencil began moving before he could panic too much. Glancing left he watched Ben's fly, and Philly's on the right moving slower but with grim determination. Just concentrate....

He glanced up to see Headmistress Mc'Millan strutting past, unable to stop a glance at her thighs and ass filling out her skirt in the juiciest way possible - listening to her was almost impossible when she was stacked like a pornstar - she even had the black rimmed glasses ready for a load over her pretty lips, and Toby was sure she knew the effect she was having on the young adults around her... right?

Either way, it was only after a few minutes fantasizing that Toby finally settled into a rhythm, ideas flowing. The smell of ink and pencil shavings floated

through the air. Coughs and scratches as people crossed out a badly written answer. Just as he was turning the first page, the door banged open, and through stepped his nightmare.

She had to duck to enter. Her breasts were displayed in a tortured tight t-shirt, complimented by black booty shorts patched and ripped from the girth of her thighs.

The pencil snapped in his hand as his eyes met green orbs of pure malice; at least, that's what he felt when he saw the woman who had pounded him last night, his asshole screaming again as he shifted.

"Take a seat," Miss Mc'Millan murmured coldly, ushering Agatha to the back of the room.

Toby couldn't think. He couldn't concentrate... he was sitting in the hall, yet he was also on his back, legs in the air, squealing like a sodden whore as he was bred, pounded to high heaven. As she stomped past, Philly and Ben both looked over and exchanged nervous looks as the girl squeezed her bulk into the desk directly behind Toby.

Toby's lip wobbled.

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He blinked and read the line again.

*'If  $2(X=1) = Y$  over  $Z...$ '*

Halfway through Agatha sniffed behind him again. He jerked, looking up, flustered to see the headmistress walking his way.

*'Head down.'*

*\*Click-Click-\**

The heels passed. He snuck a look at her ass on its way past... and then saw the huge black boot turned into the aisle. His body twisted to see Agatha, not even touching her pencil, squished against the desk like a mountain bear forced into a tutu. She gave an air kiss, and cupped her breasts, raising them. Like a loyal soldier, his dick flushed with heat and began to rise in his pants.

He looked forwards with his heart pumping.

*'Just do the test.'*

The numbers seemed to have changed from last time as he tried to wrestle the information on the page into his brain.

*'If  $2(x+1) = Y+...Z...$  wait what?'*

Something whistled past his ear and landed on his desk. A scrunched-up ball of paper. He glanced back. Agatha's tongue was circling her black lips... tickling the new large metal stud she'd put in the lower one.

"EYES FRONT!"

He snapped back to the front of the class. Miss Mc'Millan's heels approached, and he snuck the scrunched-up paper under his desk just in case she thought he was cheating. It would be much harder to explain if she noticed it. He felt her perfume waft into his nostrils and send more vigorous energy to his cock, which he was sure was at absolute full mast between his legs.

"I know she's pretty, but try to focus. It's your future here," she murmured with a warm tone, before walking on.

"Y-yes.... Sorry Miss..."

As she walked away, he glanced down at the paper in his hand, and uncurled it. Crudely, a penis had been drawn with a love-heart next to it.

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"I FLUNKED it!"

"Dude, it's alright, it's just a mock exam."

"Fuck... my parents are gonna be so pissed..."

"I can't imagine your parents getting pissed," Philly smirked.

The trio leaned over the stairwell, where they usually hung out during breaks. Space was hard to come by, and the stairwell was as good a place as any, mainly because people didn't want to hang out in such a dingy place that had a slightly off-smell to it.

"No, it'll be worse... they'll say I did my best... support me... but I *didn't*... They believed in me and I let them down."

"*Dude*, it's alright. All you gotta do is do a bit of study... we could go the library..."

"... with the nerds," he finished.

Ben sighed, Philly stepping in.

“Look, we can do it at my place, or somewhere else if you want. But c’mon, don’t give up!”

*\*Thump\**

The echo of heavier footsteps from down the hallway pricked their ears. Toby already felt the fear rising in his chest.

“Relax Tobes... we’re here,” Philly muttered, “right Ben-Ben?”

“Um.. Y.. Yeah...”

*\*Thump-thump-thump-\**

Agatha’s bored expression was preceded by her rack which had Toby in a vice from the moment he saw it. She spoke in the same robotic bored drawl.

“I was looking for you.”

“Can I *help* you?” Philly scowled, stepping in front of him.

“No... move.”

“Why.”

“Because I’ll move you if you don’t.”

Philly backed up a step, but kept her chest out.

“Fine then-“

**“DON’T!”**

She whirled around to see Toby looking crestfallen.

“What... Tobes-“

“It’s alright,” Toby muttered, “thanks Philly.”

Philly kept her eyes trained on the monstrous girl, taking one step to the side. Agatha acted like she no longer existed, looming over Toby.

“Here”

She reached into the black denim bag around her shoulder, and pulled out a pair of jeans, proffering them.

“I.. Huh?”

“Repaired them. And... added stuff.”

He took them. They had new rips in places that looked surprisingly natural without ruining them, and the patch was almost impossible to spot. Toby realised that her ‘style’ must involve a lot of reused clothes.

“Right.. *Uh*.... Thanks...”

“Why does she have your jeans?” Philly murmured, confused.

Agatha’s mouth opened before Toby could stop her.

“I ripped them.”

“*Why*... did you rip them... WHEN?!”

“Last night.”

“*THANKS*... th-thank you Agatha!” Toby squeaked. “I’ll... I’ll seeya...”

“After school.”

“*H.. Huh*...?”

“After school. I’ll drive you home.”

“*Agatha*....”

He pawed at the jeans, searching for a way out, melting in the spotlight of this woman’s stare. It didn’t help that Philly was give him an equally red-hot glare.

“... *no*.”

It felt like the echo in the corridor had suddenly dialled up to eleven, that one word refusing to die... ‘*no.. no... no.....*’

Agatha didn’t move for the longest time, a droplet of sweat crawling down his neck as she stared him down... and leaned in. A hand intercepted the lips that were pursing.

“Hey! He doesn’t want to,” Philly snapped.

Agatha’s aura darkened around her. Toby saw her fists tighten.

“*M-maybe another time*....”

“*No other time*,” Philly grunted, stepping back in front of him.

They locked eyes. The fury was still there in Agatha's glacial stare, and a large hand grabbed the front of Philly's shirt.

"HEY-"

"W-WAIT, AGATHA-"

The other large fist was being cocked back when the clicks of high heels stole their attention, Ellie's pearly white grin appearing around the corner, blond ponytail flicking over her shoulder.

"HEYYYYY big girl... mind not breaking the pretty one?"

She gestured over her shoulder to the twins, and then to Gemma at the rear, who was staring with hollow eyes at Agatha.

"You already broke this one in!"

Gemma flinched as the twins backed their new leader up and separated themselves from her.

"AHhhaha, oh girrrlllllll-"

"Yeah, broken bitch!"

Gemma seemed to shrink further, yet remain fixated by Agatha, breathing heavier, unable to look down at the floor as her instincts seemed to want, gone somewhere internal where her pussy was already being destroyed by a girthy cock.

"Fuck... fuck off Ellie," Philly hissed as she tried to lunge at her new antagonist, but Agatha's fist on her shirt was as unyielding as stone, the blond barbie merely flicking her wrist, sashaying forwards to the pair of them.

"Oh my pretty girl... Philly and Ellie... has such a *ring* to it, doesn't it?"

She reached forwards and picked the orange beanie off her head.

"Honestly... what even *is* this fashion... I mean I'm obsessed but... you'd look so much better in pigtails... or perhaps in a bun. *Blowjob ready...*"

She cocked her head at Agatha.

"Speaking of which... I believe you want these beautiful boys, yes?"

No response. Ellie decided to continue under the pretence of agreement.

"SO... you let us have a little *chat* with Philly here, and you can enjoy your time with Tony and the other one."

“Toby!” she growled.

“YES, yes whatever,” Ellie responded, crisply stepping back as Agatha’s bulk shifted, “... mind if we assist?”

Agatha thought for a moment... and then nodded.

“Girliesssss,” Ellie grinned, “could you assist our pretty girl?”

Philly hissed as the Lopez twins grabbed an arm each, kicking and snarling.

“Get OFF!... Get... -“

Ellie meanwhile pulled up the **oversized** shirt, revealing shallow breasts with puffy nipples.

“... Off.. G-get-!”

The blonde’s lips latched onto one and sucked hard. Philly’s struggles faltered.

“-H-HEYuhh.. H-hey-“

Ben-Ben watched in the corner, eyes wide, shaking. A few other students wandered up the stairs, saw what was occurring, and scurried in the other direction with similar terror on their faces.

“Relax,” Ellie drawled, tongue still teasing around her nub as the Lopez twins manoeuvred Philly against the railings of the stairs, “let’s find the relaxation switch...”

“Nn-no-!”

Her hand slid down to undo Philly’s jeans, and the girl kicked out as much as she could... before stiffening as Ellie’s fingers slipped inside. Long legs went soft like melted butter as fingers found naughty places in her pants.

“-nnnuhh... nnnunhh....”

Squelches began to emanate from below as Philly’s expression went from furious to anxious, then to vacant as Ellie’s fingers found their mark. Philly still squirmed, but began biting her lip, huffing as Ellie imposed her will.

“Mm... I wonder how the other nipple tastes?”

She attacked the right nipple with a swirling tongue. Philly let out a high-pitched whine, and bucked. It was unclear if she was trying to escape, or the orgasm was beginning to overtake her, or perhaps a combination of the two.

What was clear was that the orgasm won, a strange smile passing through her as her fists clenched and unclenched, sagging in the twin's arms as Ellie kept her upright, pressing close.

"See? You just need a little encouragement."

Whilst Philly was being worked, Toby felt a hand on his shoulder. It tightened, and he looked up into Agatha's face. The line of anger across her brow was far worse than her usual expression.

"I.. I-I'm sorry...!"

"I made you.... a present."

"Y-yes... the jeans are really nice... *I-I'm just not free tonight...* but tomorrow-"

"No. we fuck *now*."

She wormed her fingers into his hair and took a tight grip, marching to the nearby empty classroom and pulling him in behind her. She didn't even bother shutting the door, giving them a full view of the stairwell as she bent him over the teacher's desk.

"Agatha-"

Toby's voice went several notches higher as she reached into his pants, and pull his boxers up hard enough that they wedged right up to his asshole between his cheeks.

"-UUUYYYYHHHHHH-"

"Bad boyfriend."

"*B-boyfriend?!??*"

She pulled hard enough that the elastic snapped, Toby squealing as his boxers were ripped clean off. Through the open door, Ellie guffawed.

"Jeeesus... you see that Philly? You're lucky *I'm* your owner...."

"N-not.. My... *ownnerrrr*," Philly whimpered, legs shaking as Ellie fingered her harder.

"OOoh not yet... but you... *WILL BE SOON....*"

More squelches from her pants. Philly let out a strange warble as warm liquid flooded Ellie's fingers, staining her crotch. Meanwhile, Toby was bleating as he

felt the hand move from his hair to his neck, clamping him to the desk. His face smushed against dented wood as she pulled down his jeans, and then a few seconds later, a large pair of booty shorts hit the desk next to his head.

“Missed you,” she murmured.

“A.. *Agatha...*”

An icicle hit his soul as he felt a wet, drooling snake press up against his body; a hot dog nestling between his beleaguered buns.

“A-Agatha-“

It slid down and began to press, lubed up by its own pre-cum to give it a chance of penetrating such a tight entrance.

“-AGAAATHA, AGATHA WAIT-“

It pressed, and Toby sobbed, his asshole painfully widening as the dick slid inevitably inside his rim. It just so happened that Philly managed to regain enough brain function to see inside the classroom, and witness a huge, veiny penis disappearing into Toby’s thick pillows.

“Oh *fuck T-Tobe-!*“

“Wow, your friend’s gonna be walking funny for a while,” Ellie grinned, “I think she knows something about that.”

She gestured to Gemma who was watching from the side, clasping her hands together, staring like she’d seen a ghost through the doorway. She swallowed as the veins crisscrossing Agatha’s huge shaft pulsed, Toby shaking as the hog pressed an inch inside him.

“UUUYYYYUHH-“

“T-Toby... I-it’s okay—*uuuhhhhgyyuhh...*”

“Oh *shut up, bitch,*” Ellie drawled, rolling her eyes as she extracted her fingers Philly’s vagina, greedily sucking the liquid from them before pushing the girl’s head down. The twins obediently lowered her, “Let’s give you something to do with that mouth.”

She seemed to take great delight in tipping her skirt up, panties pushed to the side to let her pretty cock unveil itself.

Philly had no time to see it before the dick was pressing into her mouth. The stench of pre-cum lit up her senses as she grimaced.



“W-we didn’t do anything-“

“Yeah, it was all Ellie’s fault!”

She regarded them with disdain.

“Oh really... tell me then, was it the same one that spat on my car yesterday?”

Bella Lopez’s tanned skin turned paper white, shock written on her face.

“It... that was Lucy.”

“N-NO, it was BELLA!!!”

Miss Mc’Millan seemed even more disgusted by their cowardice, turning away from them.

“Is this true that you’ve been orchestrating this little get together, Ellie?”

Before Ellie could get a word out she shuddered as Philly continued to lazily swirl her tongue, lips hoovered tight to her cock. Ellie might have been able to talk had not Philly also began humping the girl’s shin, stimulating her pussy with accompanying zombie moans.

“I-iiuhhh-“

“She DID! It was her idea!”

“Who...?”

Gemma stepped forwards, head held high for the first time that day.

“Ellie wanted to fuck Philly, so she forced her. She’s a disgusting dick-toting freak, who takes advantage of girls in the bathrooms too.”

Ellie was about to snarl something back, but Philly gave a soft moan and tickled her piss-slit, causing the girl to double over.

“Iih... IiUHH.....!!!!”

“Mmm...Glh-glh-glh-“

All of the girls watched in varying states of surprise as Philly began to grind Ellie’s leg like a stripper pole, reduced to the role of a dog humping its owner’s leg as she let out a strange gulping noise. Ellie’s cock disappeared into her mouth, the girl’s eyes bulging as Philly deep-throated her dick like a pornstar.

“OOOOhhhuhhhh-!“

The headmistress regarded it for a moment, and then pursed her lips.

“Now, Gemma is absolutely right... you CANNOT display such despicable acts in the hallway....”

Gemma grinned. Enemy number 1 was about to go down... perhaps her reputation *could* be salvaged.

“... it should be in *private*! Like Agatha here politely fucking little Toby here in an empty classroom.”

Gemma’s face fell so fast that it was almost possible to see the soul pouring out of her in real time as Toby’s eyes bulged.

“B-but...”

“Agatha dear, please close the door next time,” Miss Mc’Millan said with a motherly tone, before clicking her fingers.

“You two. In there with her.”

Ellie grinned, pulling Philly by her hair as she backed inside, Philly moaning and following on her knees, the cock still in her mouth. Miss Mc’Millan stared down the Lopez twins.

“I-it was Lucy, I promise-“

“It WASN’T.”

“I’ll deal with you two later. GET LOST!”

Her sharp tone stung them enough to make them bound like racehorses down the stairs, leaving just Gemma looking hollowed-out as Fiona Mc’Millan walked up to her, back straight with a harsh glare.

“You’ve got a hell of an attitude on you girl... I thought those videos of you might have cracked that... *no matter*. We’ll discuss this in my office.”

Gemma swayed slightly as she walked, as if her motor functions were no longer listening to her brain because it had shut down. Fiona strutting in front of her, she risked one last glance into the classroom as Ellie shut the door. It was just possible to see Toby on the table mentally crumbling as Agatha rotated her hips, stirring his insides with her phallus as he shook against the desk. A dot of saliva trickled from the left corner of his mouth as Gemma remembered Agatha bruising her insides in a similarly wonderful way. The door clicked closed on Ellie’s huge grin.

Come along girl!” Fiona barked. Gemma jolted and hurried after, two pairs of heels now click-click-clicking down the corridor.

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Ben shivered, still crouched in the corner. He watched as the two gorgeous women moved away without even acknowledging his presence, one a powerful middle-aged woman in her pomp, the other a broken girl, still coming to terms with her world coming down around her ears. Despite Fiona Mc’Millan’s trousers and Gemma’s dress both hugging their figures, the headmistress’s globes somehow seemed bigger and more muscular, Gemma’s fatter and less certain in their movements.

Through the door he heard a muffled scream.

*“Oh no... Oh no...”*

He still didn’t move a muscle until the women had passed all the way down the hall, before creeping over to peer into the class through the door.

*“Ohhh nno...”*

Toby was still wedged over the teacher’s desk, Agatha bent over him from behind. Ellie was stood in the first row, leaned against a desk as Philly mindlessly blew her like it was her job.

*“Philly...”*

He watched as the girl reached up under her own shirt and began to play with her breasts.

*‘If only they were side on....’*

As he watched, he felt a little sliver of naughtiness worm its way down between his legs.

*‘This is so wrong.’*

But it was impossible not to feel that sliver expand as Ellie threw back her head and groaned, her blond hair billowing out behind her like a shimmering curtain as Philly worshipped the girl’s manhood. The two girls were beautiful in different ways, one a walking billboard, the kind of girl in lipstick commercials and only-fan accounts.... The other the alt-girl, a skinny tomboy with freckles, yet unable to hide her deep instincts for submissive pleasure.

“Ohhh Phillyyyyyy.... Such a good girllyyyyyy,” Ellie sighed, a grouse on her perfect features as she tried not to cum too early from the slobbering gremlin

underneath her, the same girl who mere moments earlier had been so opposed to her offerings. “Y’know I’m gonna make you my slave right?.....”

“MMphh-MPPhhmL-GLGLHp-“

“OOHhhhg... FFFUUCCK... *yyyyouu need double-teamingggg.....* Sh-Shit I think you need more than one dick to keep you busy....!”

As the blond rested a leg on the girl’s shoulder, resting over her back, a saliva-filled squeal turned Ben’s attention to Toby... and Agatha’s head turned in his direction.

She was looking straight at Ben, vacant, her hips welded to Toby’s ass as the boy mewled and shuddered. Ben experienced the terrifying split-second when a caveman realises a tiger is watching them through the undergrowth, the eyes of a predator freezing him in place.

“OH-!”

His whole body seized up, a statue once more as he watched the girl maintain eye contact... and unsheathe her penis. Endless taut ligaments and veins pulled out, the polar opposite of Ellie’s perfect white cock carved from marble as a breathtakingly large dick somehow unveiled itself from Toby’s ass like a magic trick. It almost steamed with the throbbing heat it gave off, veins pulsing down the shaft. Ben’s mouth dropped to the floor in horror as Toby’s legs spasmed, the boy feeling every inch of it on the way out.

*‘If it does that on the way OUT....’*

It seemed endless, and Ben was almost crying as he watched the flared ridge of her helmet bring a little pathetic mewl from Toby’s lips as it pulled through his anal rim. It bounced upwards, Agatha flexing, either from pleasure or from performing for her one-man audience, her expression revealing nothing other than she seemed hell-bent on making Toby feel every single indignity she was performing him in front of one of his best friends

Ben was horrified.... Yet warmth flowed freely to his crotch.

*‘No!!... no this is so wrong... I can’t be enjoying this...don’t look at them... she’s HURTING your FRIEND!!..’*

It didn’t help that her nipples look rock hard underneath her skirt, and when she took deep breaths her chest expanded, breasts even more clamped by the tight top. He could feel the tiny mast rising in his tighty-whities.

Agatha let the tension build, the consummate performer.... Before pressing her phallus back into Toby. The boy's back tried to arch, wheedling as his anal rim protested at the mushroom bulldozing its way in, but the elastic seemed stretched beyond repair, and Toby began to dribble freely onto the desk, legs flailing as the mushroom popped back through his anal rim.... And the shaft began to follow in behind it. As every inch of his ass was filled by the never-ending dick, Toby's expression became one of terror that slowly drifted to a vacant stare as pleasure joined and then overtook the pain. By the time she was half-way in, a droning noise issued from his open mouth, and even Agatha had to break eye contact with Ben to drink in the sight of her lover's internal organs being reorganised.

*'It's taking up his whole body....'*

The final inches of her shaft were pressed inside to a high-pitched squeal, Ellie similarly wowed by the spectacle.

*"Wowww... hmmuh!.... Cute lil' taker you got there. Not even passed out! Oooh-!"*

Her attention was ripped away again by Philly's Hoover of a mouth, and Ben felt a lurch in his stomach as Philly began a mating ritual of using both fists to jerk Ellie's dick whilst bobbing her face up and down the helmet, slurping the piss-slit like a lolly pop. Like a tree blowing in the wind, the blond buckled slightly, sagging under the assault.

*"Fffucking.. .SHHHITT-"*

It was a miracle she didn't blow her load, sweat dappling her flawless skin as she gripped the girl's hair, trying to control her sluttiness.

*"Eeassy.. EEASSSYy-UUUhh...!"*

Meanwhile Agatha began a slow out-and-insert motion, almost a vanilla sex rhythm that required little to no energy, yet had Toby scrabbling for survival on the desk. Ben felt his tiny manhood throb again.

*'This is wrong. You can't like this....'*

Yet he didn't move even as the smell of sex and bodily fluids began to drift through the cracks of the door, the glass beginning to fog slightly.

*'No... I need to see....'*

As he watched the figures jostling for position, trembling or working away at their task, he saw lucidity come back to Toby's gaze, somehow adjusting to the over-stimulation of being utterly stuffed like a thanksgiving turkey....

He blinked, and glanced towards the door. Ben didn't move... he couldn't move. Recognition and confusion spread across Toby's face... until Agatha squeezed his neck and pressed her cock from tip to base into his ass, splitting his cheeks wide and deep. The recognition drained from his face, replaced by a quivering animal as he bleated. The desk creaked as Agatha leaned a little more harshly on top of him, and Toby began to disappear under her mass. Her breasts enveloping his neck and shielding him from view sent something deeply worrying through Ben's soul.

Ben's fidgeting hands began to fidget lower... edging towards his crotch as the glass fogged.

*'No... not now... I'm close...'*

He whined as the classroom's humidity edged upwards, and the figures disappeared in the increasingly tropical climate. Desk creaks, whines and slobbering moans were all he could detect. Ben felt the utterly ridiculous idea pop into his head to open the door, before disregarding it.

*'Just... walk away.'*

His legs took a few seconds of convincing, before some kid's voices from downstairs jolted him into movement.

*'Shit!'*

As Ben hurried away, thoughts swirled in his brain.

*'I enjoyed it... I enjoyed watching them use my friends... why??'*

But the why soon faded into the background as he replayed the images over and over. Agatha's huge tits pressing into Toby's back. Philly playing with her own breasts as she sucked a pair of tight balls. He wandered nowhere, through the halls, then outside. As kids shouted, screamed, or walked past he ignored them, unable to process his mixed feelings.

*'They were so horrible.... Ellie and Agatha... bullies.... Forcing my friends to pleasure them...'*

Philly's brain-dead expression snapped into his head, and he shivered. She definitely hadn't opposed once they'd forced her into her role as a sex-crazed whore. The sight of her tongue slathering Ellie's balls in saliva was now a core

memory for Ben that he would never forget. As he wandered, he noticed Miss Mc'Millan's window at the corner of the building... and curiosity overtook him. Kids never played lingered there in case she cast her eye upon them, but he couldn't help the desperate drive within him for release as the lady's tight buns crossed his mind again.

*'I'm pathetic.'*

He drifted towards the window close to the fence, checking for signs that anyone had noticed him... and then gulped as he heard muffled chihuahua yips through the glass.

*'Jackpot.'*

He already knew what he would find... and sure enough, when he peeked round he could see the vibrant ginger strands of Gemma's hair flowing back and forth, the girl in almost exactly the same position as Toby was, except she had accepted her role in a doggystyle position on the headmistress's desk, facing the front parking lot, side on to Ben as he watched her breasts jiggle with each shunt against her body. Unlike Toby she was pushing back against the pummelling, face scrunched in a cocktail of pain and pleasure.

*"Uy-Uuy-Uy-uuh-UY-"*

*"Yes.... Yes you know how to be a little cunt don't you!"*

A hand with a silver ring curled into her hair and pulled her head, curving her back so that there was no escape from the woman dicking her down as Ben's fingers wormed into his pants and began to jerk the erection that had returned in double time.

*'She's so hot...'*

Even as he jerked he glanced back around the side of the building, trying to position himself so the kitchen dumpsters would interpose between him and any other students. The problem is... one thing was missing. He needed to see Fiona Mc'Millan in her full glory. Ben's lip wobbled as he risked poking his head further into the window frame... to spy the headmistress with her skirt hiked up to her waist, shirt discarded, one hand fingering her own nipple as she controlled the girl beneath her, steering her hair back onto herself. The white shaft pumping in and out glistened with vaginal fluid as Gemma's eyes rolled up, and the yips gave way to bitch moans of pleasure. Miss Mc'Millan was more woman than Gemma in every way... taller, larger breasts, demonic curves.... A

clear spurt of liquid splashed down onto the desk as Gemma tried to place a hand over her own mouth, but couldn't support her weight on one arm.

“UUUGH-UUHHh-uH-“

“MMm, you cum when I tell you... Hmmm maybe I should give you some work experience... as a Headmistress's... ASSISTANT-!”

She ratcheted up the pace, and Gemma squealed as her whole body was jerked back and forth, the dick pummelling her hungry pussy. Squelches were audible as she continued to leak like a broken faucet, her pretty nails scratching the desk as Ben jerked himself faster.

“Yyy-eah.....”

“Here's... y-your... REWARD-!”

Gemma let out a silent cry as her eyelids fluttered, and Fiona's chest puffed out before drilling three deep thrusts into the girl as she grinned.

“OOhh yess-“

Her balls viscerally contracted as the girl beneath tensed up. Ben couldn't hold it in, and huffed as he watched Fiona inseminating her student, firing his own tiny lines of white up against the brick walls. Three figures became locked in a strange uncoordinated dance, the two women working in tandem, their voyeur following on, rapt with awe as his last lines flew out, yet Fiona seemed to be barely halfway through, letting out deep, gluttonous bellows as she pumped every last ounce of her semen into the abused pussy of Gemma Adams. The girl collapsed after the first ten pumps, yet Fiona didn't stop, sweat running down her chest as she continued to force sperm into the girl's insides. A creampie the likes of which Ben couldn't have imagined began spilling sperm out around the aggressor's shaft, pouring down onto the desk in thick, viscous globs as Fiona decided to allow the girl some level of decency, retracting her heaving cock only to roar as another coat of testicle-glue fired all over the girl's back. When she had finished, steam was rising off the broken figure of Gemma, the smell so virile that even Fiona Mc'Millan crinkled her nose.

“Oooohh... Goodness, I think an open window-“

Ben scrambled away just in time. He didn't look back, tucking his dick into his trousers and hoping the woman wouldn't notice his evidence drizzled over the outside of her office.

As he wandered back into the playground, his cheeks rosy, Ben waited for his thoughts to go back to normal - perhaps chess... would his friends be okay?....

Yet he couldn't pretend that anything other than utter filth had infected his thoughts. He'd first felt this way watching porn... but this was different. Agatha's stare into his soul as she pressed into his friend... Gemma being dehumanized by Miss Mc'Millan...

*'So freaking hot...'*

Ben stumbled nowhere, his attention internal, head still stuck in the classroom with his friends being debased... and a headmistress pummeling her student into submission.

*'I wonder if Toby and Philly are still going...'*

He began to bustle back to the classroom.

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Toby clawed the wood pressed against his face. He tried to flail his legs which had been lifted off the floor. But the cock deep inside him continued to pulse, and leak, and throb. Every vein was etching itself into his memory as he mentally mapped out where she sat inside him, filling his abdomen with an in-human pole created less for making babies than for obliterating holes.

*"Aaa... AAAGguthhuhhhhhh."*

He mewled jumbled nonsense, tears coming to his eyes.

"Oh myyee GAWWD we KNOW, just shut up already!" Ellie crowed, taking shallow breathes as what remained of Philly humped her leg, grunting like a wild cave-woman into her superior's dick.

*"HHLGh-GLHh-LHHG-HLLG-"*

*"SHhhhhhit she's even... e-even better than I-.....!"*

Ellie's eyes went unfocused, trembling as she grabbed hold of the desk behind her for support, and began to let out a loud moan as her balls squelched. Toby watched his friend's eyes and cheeks bulge as bull-nut shot into her mouth, spluttering on the first load, before doubling down and swallowing the second with scrunched brows, trying to eke every last drop. Ellie seemed to be scrabbling for balance as Philly sucked her soul out through her penis.

*"OOO-OOHhhh Illi.. Illi-.. I've neve-EEEEUUHHRRRRRRUHHGHG...."*

The blonde's pristine control seemed to melt around her vein popping in her neck as she shuddered, one eye twitching as the Hoover attached to her crotch ratcheted up another notch. The swirling vortex of Philly's mouth seemed unstoppable as she fucked herself on Ellie's shin like she wanted to marry it. Ellie was sure she felt some moisture even through the girl's jeans, and felt her own legs shaking as Philly's belly bulged. The orange beanie fell to the floor as Ellie jerked from a particularly heavy suck.

"OUUYHh-"

The inside of Philly's mouth sounded like a water pump, sucking and diverting every drop down into her belly. Eventually Ellie whimpered, near in-pain as Philly continued to suckle, despite the well running dry.

"Shh-shiitt.. Sstop... STOP...."

Philly ignored her request and kept herself attached like a limpet to the girl's crotch, and only stopped when Ellie pulled her by the hair, her lips sealed so tight her cheeks stretched as she was forcibly removed from the softening cock. When they popped free, Ellie's knees gave way, and the previously perfect figure slid to the floor, an expression of delirious shock on her face.

"S.. GHUH... th-there..."

Philly's hazy smile faded, and she stood up, swaying slightly. A large belch brought her back to reality.

"BLLEGGH.... H... *holy shit...*"

She clutched her stomach, and then looked over to where Toby was shaking along with the desk as Agatha's tits rested on his back, lazily fucking forwards and backwards which was apparently turning him inside out as he squealed, eyes rolled up as his fingernails found bits of paper and wood. Philly's lip trembled as she began to walk towards them.

"Don't... try and... stop them," Ellie gasped, catching her breath.

Philly burped again and put a hand to her belly, full of testicle soup. She gulped as she walked past her friend being unravelled, and shuffled out the classroom.

"Ey *slut...* your hat!"

But Philly had already gone. Ellie crawled over and picked it up, smirking. Another trophy for her collection. As she got up and made her way on shaky legs towards the door, she took a wide berth as Agatha began to put more of

her energy into breaking the boy beneath her, Toby's noises getting less and less human as the pace increased.

*\*Plap-...plap-...plap.....\**

*"UUyyee—eeeehhghgg-chhh-hghh-!"*

The desk began to shake. Pens and papers fell to the floor. Her hips began to slap his buttocks as they came in with nastier intentions, more violent than before. Toby's face contorted into strange shapes and combinations, a surrealist painter producing unsettling reactions in any viewer as sweat began to matt his hair.

"Dang Tony, you sure make a fine piñata," Ellie smirked.

Toby didn't respond other than to make some sort of sound between a lawnmower and a panting mongrel, an incessant whine that made Ellie take a step back, amplified by Agatha's gaze turning to her with glacial precision.

*"His... NAME... is..... Toby...."*

Distinct pumps of her cock into the boys rear end accompanied each phrase, wet churning noises that spoke of an asshole being rearranged.

*\*PLAP-SCHLAAP-PLAP-SCHPhhpLLAP-\**

*"Whatever.... well seeya! Pleasure doing business...."*

Ellie strutted from the classroom, a slight limp on her left side as she almost smacked Ben in the face with the door.

*"Hey, WATCH it.... Wait..."*

Ben's face was a blotchy pink.

*"... you were watching huh?"*

The boy stared down at his shoes, the pink turning traffic-light red. Ellie laughed.

*"HA. Fucking perve... guess you're gagging for my dick too huh? Maybe if you're lucky I'll invite you to lick the juice off after I fuck her properly...."*

*"Okay."*

Ellie squawked. The boy's response was so small, yet it almost made her dick rise up immediately.

“HA! What a little cuck you are huh? Well... I’ll tell Philly to send you a few photos from our next visit. Seeeyyaaaaa cuckboy!”

As she strode off, Ben continued to stare down at the floor as the door closed.... Before placing his fingers in the crack. As he peered in, he let out a sigh of relief that Agatha and Toby hadn’t noticed him... but then again, Toby didn’t look like he’d be able to notice much other than the increasingly rapid strokes being bum-fucked into him by the woman now hugging his back. As the thick weapon pumped into him, she was murmuring.

“Yes..... Oh..... *Tobbyyy.....*”

“*MMGG-GG-GLI-HGH-*“

Now that they seemed alone, Agatha let out an anxious groan, as if the sheer pleasure was too much to bear, sweat beginning to drip down her forehead and dampen her top as she finally let loose her true physical prowess.

The desk, and almost the room, shook. Toby’s whole body bucked under terrible blows as Agatha kept one hand on his neck, her hips pistoning into his butt-cheeks. Her cock was visible, already covered in white slime as her black lips let out soft moans, half-open. It was so intimidating watching the way she easily powered back and forth, yet for the tiny figure beneath her it was as if he were caught in a deadly earthquake, the noises being created between them doing something deeply personal to Ben as he listened and watched.

*\*SCHLLLAP-SCHLAP-SCHHLURGHP-\**

“*UU-YYU-YHH-GHH-!!*“

Ben couldn’t help it... slowly he began to rub his crotch again.

*‘This is wrong...’*

Somehow the dirtiness of seeing his best friend barely conscious and violated was too delicious, saliva leaking onto the desk from a wagging jaw.

Ben checked behind him in the corridor. Only a little more recess time....

He quietly unzipped his pants.

\*\*\*

Toby was floating. Which was odd, as his bones were being jolted with each seismic re-entry into his rear end.

*\*PLAP!\**

The snap of skin on skin should have hurt, but there was too much overstimulation. Instead his brain wrestled with the pulse of a huge cock in his abdomen, sending wonderful signals to all of his limbs. He let out as much of a rooster's crow as he was able, his head weighed down by two giant squishy water balloons, chest compressed by her belly. It felt like a hippo had decided to sit on top of him, yet the oxygen deprivation only seemed to heighten the humiliating pleasure that was being bred into him.

*'I'm being broken.... Can't enjoy this...!'*

Agatha shivered with pleasure and stuffed her cock back in his hole. The bitch whine that left his lips put paid to any notions of resistance, his spine unable to arch under her weight, toes curling. Agatha felt her bitch cumming and hummed into his ear.

*"Mmm... hmmm...."*

Her body vibrating on top of his was strangely comforting, like a mother pulling him back to her breast, except no mother would inflict the kind of impacts that Agatha was unleashing, her mass moving Toby's entire world as she accompanied the noise with a violent crushing of her hips into his ass over and over, as if Toby was a pump-up mattress that she desperately needed to inflate.

*"Ey-YEEYYY-"*

Toby's cock pulsed, and he felt the wonderful pleasure of his seed flying, even as the greater orgasm spread through his ass and reached every part of his body, a higher high than any possible self-made pleasure.

The clench of his anus around the base of her cock was too much. Agatha made a strange throaty noise, scrunching her face up. The desk creaked ominously.

Toby's orgasm suddenly went beyond boiling point and into the stratosphere as Agatha crushed him against the desk, all the womanly fats in the world constricting his breathing, and the steel erection jamming his butt-cheeks wide open thrummed with power.

*\*SPLURGE\**

The tiny lines he had been painting the desk with now strained in comparison to the almighty load of bull-nut that shot up into his bowels. His eyes rolled up as hot cum filled his insides. Toby squawked as his legs rippled, Agatha filling him to the brim.

“GUGUYHHUH-“

“Hhuhnnnuuh... HUUNUHHu-“

Agatha began to zombie moan as pulses of never-ending cum rifled up her shaft, balls aching with release as she finally emptied them of the load that had been backing up for the last hour.

Toby became less than a human being in that moment. Constricted, able only to squeal and spasm like a mewling bitch, he drooled his pleasure onto the table and floor, saliva and cum leaving his body.

\*\*\*

Toby panted. His body felt tingly... belly cool. He blinked and found himself looking up at Agatha.

“Huhh...”

“A little too much, huh?”

As she stroked his cheek, the door creaked. Agatha’s attention snapped to it, and she frowned for a moment, before concentrating on Toby once more, looking down on the shocked boy with icing over his belly and chin, shivering from the over-stimulation.

“Let’s go.”

“Hhuhhhh?”

Agatha pulled her dick slowly out of his body, and Toby gasped as the bull-nut sloshed inside him. The more she pulled, the weirder it felt until finally, her helmet popped free.

\*SPLOOSH\*

“UUyyHHhh...!”

His feminine whine only made the gigantic creampie that much more lurid as Agatha stood back and admired the sperm gushing onto the floor, taking a step back to avoid having her doc martins covered. The tiny smirk on her face seemed to be recognisable to Toby now as her being happy.

“Thank you,” she murmured.

“Th... *thanks*...”

Toby passed out again, his world going dark, ass aching with relief, happy chemicals flowing through his brain to dream of huge goth mommies pressing him into heaven.

Outside the door, Ben zipped up his pants, and scurried away.

###

## About the Author

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

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