

Goth with Girth pt.3

(Futa on Male + female Domination)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male and Futa on female domination and 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.3

Headmistress Fiona Mc'Millan scratched the wallpaper flaking down her office wall and tutted.

"Not good enough."

She looked down at the reports of her teachers, the grades falling slightly since she'd arrived, and farther from the year before that, and out of her window. Trees lined the car park outside, some extending onto the sidewalks and cars, unkempt. The scratches on her Mercedes caused her teeth to grind. Trees hadn't caused those.

'Maybe I really did make a mistake taking this job.... Or perhaps I've been too soft.'

Further observation brought up the white lines of the parking spots fading, the tops of fences beginning to rust. A subtle moan from the figure slumped on her desk brought a grim smile to Fiona's face. At least *some* things were being put in their place.

'Yes. I've been too soft on them. But no more.'

Turning back to the vagina oozing liquid onto the carpet, Fiona made a mental note to make sure the carpets were of better quality for a start. Stains of pussy juice and cum were already beginning to seep in to join plenty of other suspicious stains from previous regimes.

Knuckles rapped the office door.

"Enter."

A tall, dark-skinned woman with short dreadlocks stepped in, wearing black flared pants and a smart blazer-blouse combo. She immediately shook her head upon seeing a young woman slumped on the desk and turned to Fiona.

"You *never* change, do you Fi?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. She was like that when I got here."

"Do you know her name at least?"

"I'm a Principal now, so obviously yes. Gemma Adams... rich bitch. Let me tell you, she'll need more than a few dickings to break that attitude of hers."

"Well, I'd say you're onto a strong start," the woman smiled before coming to embrace Fiona in a warm hug.

"Good to see you, Fi."

"You too. Thanks for this Ska."

Her perfume was understated, but left a familiar hint of aloe vera that had warmth flushing south to Fiona's bulge. She pushed the urge down. Now was no time for that... not yet at least.

"Don't thank me yet!... I don't know what you're asking me to *do*."

"Oh the usual."

Sakari chuckled. Nicknamed Ska, she was of a similar age to Fiona in her early forties, and had an easy manner belied by a sharp, intelligent stare. Not as precociously curvy as Fiona, she instead had a hard, slim body, one carved from triathlons and peloton classes. Her ass was the exception, composed entirely of muscle; an intimidating swell from her figure.

“So... what shithole school are we saving today?”

“Welcome to St John’s Grove.... Mired in faded glory. Used to be a suburban school until the city came out to meet it. Lots of space in the grounds, but some of the classrooms are small... classes are also mixed between rich and poor.”

“Tricky.”

“Yes.... IF rich bitches like this rule the roost.”

Ska smirked, seating herself on the desk next to Gemma Adam’s quivering body.

“Mm... well you’re sounding more positive than I expected. Sure it’s not the afterglow affecting your mood?”

“Possibly. She was a damn good fuck.... But I’m serious. We can whip this place into ship-shape together... and have fun doing it.”

Ska grinned and slapped Gemma’s ass. It jiggled as the girl let out a soft shriek, too drained to move from her unflattering position.

“I don’t know... It’ll need work. More than just one filled pussy.”

“And more staff.... *Motivated*, staff.”

Ska’s large lips pursed.

“I could pull a few favours. Got a crop of strong young potential coming through that might just be able to whip these halls into shape. Any particular strengths you were looking for?”

“The usual... I want them tough, hung and disciplined.”

“I can guarantee the first two.”

“Good enough.”

“If we’re being honest, I think even you or I are still struggling to find that third one,” Ska grinned, rubbing the red hand-print she’d left, as the girl drooled on the table. “Hard to be disciplined when the fruit is ripe to be plucked....”

“You’re telling me.”

Ska frowned, then looked down at the chipped desk.

“Budget?”

“Minimal. But I’m sure that the mothers of Gemma here and her friends will have plenty to donate over the coming months.”

“Huh... you think their Daddies are going to be happy with that?”

“I believe one or two of my Nieces prefers older men. If they kicks up a fuss,

I think they'll find some young, impressive women paying them a home visit to clean their pipes."

"Damn. Sound like chips off the old block."

"They made quite the performance at Christmas when a family friend was left crawling to his car afterwards."

Ska chuckled.

"HA! Definitely us in the old days, right?"

Fiona sniffed, marching to the desk and regarding her handiwork as Gemma began to snore.

"Old days? Oh honey we're just getting started.... We have a school ready to be transformed into the belle of the ball; tons of shitty, rich parents just waiting to make a big donation... and hot bitches ripe for the plucking. The rest will fall in line when they see their leaders filled to the brim. And of course, the government will shake our hands when the grades inevitably rise and hand us a fat cheque to boot."

She held out her hand.

"All I need... is a second in command."

"Huh. Good pitch."

"Thanks. I worked on it whilst this one was sucking on my nuts."

"Do I get a chance to mull this offer over?"

"I'm letting you mull it right now."

"Hm..."

"But do hurry up. I've got duties to attend to."

Ska snorted and took the proffered hand, grasping it tight.

"Why do I always say yes to you Fi?"

"Because you like *stimulating* projects.... Almost as much as you like white bitches."

"Almost," Ska murmured, her grip tightening on the ass beneath her. Fiona noticed the moment and snorted.

Always a good move to add a sweetener to the deal.

"Want a piece? She's still fresh."

"Well, It's been a while since we took each other's sloppy seconds but... I can partake.."

"Oh please. We doubled up last year, remember? Besides, she's good for another few rounds."

Ska unzipped her pants, and unceremoniously flopped out a hardening black cock.

"Well thank you kindly. What was her name again?"

"Gemma."

"Of course. How do you find these basic bitches?"

“Used to be one.”

Ska snorted, before switching to business mode, her gaze settling to the leaking hole beneath her.

“Okay *slut*... here we go...”

Gemma didn't start to whine until the cock was halfway inside her, squirming. She barely had time to understand what was happening until Ska began to settle on top of her, and the pleasure began to flow through her body, tinged with pain due to the deep filling of her pussy.

“Uuuyyyyy..”

“Mmm... T-tell me... is her mother just as much of a *slut*!?!... *HMPH*...”

“We'll know soon. In fact I'll be looking into that personally.”

“No.. *Fair*...” Sakara grunted, as she began to shunt her hips into Gemma's ass. The desk began to creak again, just as the girl felt her body heating up once more, shaking under the ministrations of whoever had grabbed her hair.

“UUyy-...UUYU-“

“Don't worry... I've got two more girls lined up.”

“Two?”

“Oh yeah.... I know you'll like them.”

Plap-plap-plap

“UUUuyyyuh-!!!“

“Why?”

“*Twins*.”

Ska's breathless shark grin was wide.

“*Wonderful....UHN!*”

A brief flicker of recognition on Gemma's features was wiped away by a surge of juices between her legs as the cock slammed deep into her body, zombie smile reappearing as she clutched the desk. Her legs began to shake as a cocktail of sperm and pussy juice oozed to the floor.

“Oooh this bitch is a randy one!” Ska chuckled.

“Indeed. I think this school is going to take a sharp turn for the better,” Fiona smiled, whilst pulling a report from under the clawed hand of the girl being railed on her desk. “Feel free to make as much mess as you want. I'm changing the carpets too.”

Two students stared blankly ahead at the teacher. She was talking about some sort of algebraic equation, but the X's and Y's were all melding into one, barely acknowledged by their eyes as their brains continued to chew on what had just occurred.

Philly felt a trickle of something wet between her thighs. The pleasant after-tinges of her orgasms were still making her legs tremble.... but then, it was

difficult to concentrate when one had just been violated no more than an hour earlier.

Ben-Ben glanced over occasionally. Philly had allowed him to sit nearby, but had barely said a word. She seemed lost in thoughts, her gaze middle-distance, seeing something only she could see.

"Hey... you see where Toby went?" Ben-Ben murmured.

"...No."

"You think... you think he's okay?"

She said nothing, not even offering him a head shake. A pang of guilt hit Ben-Ben's chest as his friend tried instead to follow the formula on the board and write it down, before muttering and giving up, pencil clattering to the floor.

"Is there a problem?" Miss Tawari asked, turning with a raised brow.

"No miss," Ben-Ben said quickly, "my fault."

"Hmm..."

She watched as he picked up the pencil and placed it back on Philadelphia's desk. It was odd... Philadelphia seemed strangely uncoordinated, as if her gaze couldn't sit in one place. Miss Tawari folded her arms, concern in her voice.

"Philadelphia.. Are you alright? Do you need to go the school nurse?"

"No, no I'm... *fine*..."

"Alright, well.... If you do need anything..."

"Thanks.. Miss Tawari."

As Miss Tawari turned back to the board, a tug on the sleeve made Philly hiss.

"P.. *Piss off Ben-Ben.*"

"No, *look!*"

She was about to slap him when she looked out of the window at where he was pointing and her jaw dropped. Agatha was stomping quickly to her car in the distance, with a small form slumped on her shoulder. As Toby's unconscious body was flung inside the back seat with his rucksack thrown in after, Philly gulped, feeling helpless as she watched Agatha crush herself into the driver's seat. A few croaks of the motor later and the car trundled out of the gates, weaving past a lorry which blared its horn in response. A few horns in the distance marked its path towards the city.

"Shit..."

"I hope he's alright."

"Yeah...."

Hope grew in Ben-Ben's chest that at least him and Philly might be on better terms, until he caught her eye and received a cat-like scowl, hunching over her work.

The shrillness of the school bell was greeted with sighs of relief from students and teachers alike. Streams of people filed out of their classrooms, laughing and gossiping.

One perfect, blond-haired barbie parted the waves as she strolled down the centre of the hallway, lackeys in tow. A piece of pink bubble gum flew from her mouth and hit another student square in the face, the boy grimacing and dashing out of her path. She lobbed a fresh piece between her teeth and began gnashing it.

“Look, when she finishes class, just grab her and we’ll go to the car.”

The Lopez twins followed, eager and ready.

“Sure babes!”

“Ooooh, what do you want us to do with her friends Ellie?”

“Who cares. They’re just boys.”

The twins frowned, hoping for more chances to bully their lessers.

“Fiiiiine.”

“Hey, where’s Gemma?”

“Who cares. As long as she’s there to drive us home she can sit on a flagpole for all I care.”

“Hhahahahaaaaa.”

“Yuhhh. Stupid slut!”

“Just grab Philly, and we’ll go. I’ll let her hold my dick and give her a quick fingering. Should loosen her up.”

As they approached the classroom in question, a voice jolted them from behind.

“And WHERE do you think you’re going Ellie McJefferson?”

Ellie scowled, turning to the large frame of Miss Smithers, breasts and hips filling the classroom doorway.

“Nowhere.”

“I believe you were SUSPENDED. Why are you in school today?”

“Well.... Headmistress said I could come.”

“OH really?... so which class were you just in?”

“Drama,” she lied.

“Hmm...”

Miss Smithers glanced over at the direction they were headed, and saw Philly walking out clutching her books. With her hair down she looked even prettier in spite of the strangely crab-like way she scurried out with Ben-Ben in tow. Ellie’s baby blue eyes scoured every morsel of the girl as she made her way towards them, almost running face-first into Ellie’s breasts before freezing, her mouth falling open at the sight of the blond bitch staring down triumphantly.

“O-oH-!”

“Ready to go home gorgeous?” said Ellie with such a plastic smile that even the Lopez twins found themselves feeling uneasy, “cars waiting outside.”

“/... ”

It seemed like Philly’s soul had seeped from her body, rooted to the floor until Ben-Ben tugged her arm. The girl was still staring over her shoulder even as her legs remembered where they were and began to scurry her away with Ellie already in pursuit...

“No you DON’T!”

A large hand grabbed the blond flowing locks and stopped her dead.

“OWWW!”

Miss Smithers seemed to grow even larger, almost filling the hallway.

“So, thought you could bully a student again, eh?”

“I’m just offering her a lift!!” Ellie spat, “that a crime?”

She tried to pull out of the grip. It tightened, holding her in place.

“Hmm.... and I believe you said you were in drama... so why are your classmates in the math block?”

“Because I’m too *pretty* for math!”

Miss Smithers growled.

“Oh really. And I suppose you don’t have a note from the headmistress regarding your UN-suspension?”

“I *forgot* it.”

Miss Smithers’ nostrils flared, expanding like a raging bull about to charge.

“I think I’ve just about had enough of you. *IN*. Seeing as you enjoy school so much, I’m sure you’ll be happy to wait with me for another hour.”

As cocky as Ellie was, she knew better than to directly disobey someone as hardline as Miss Smithers, huffing as her hair was released. She blew another huge pink bubble and popped it odiously in the woman’s face before nodding to the Lopez twins.

“I’ll seeya at the car. Wait for me.”

They moaned.

“But you’re gonna be aaaaagesss...”

“WAIT IN THE CAR!” She screeched, before marching into the classroom, heel clicks echoing as Miss Smithers slammed the door behind her.

Toby’s dreams were muddled and shifting. Dreams of a huge, glistening angel splayed out on top of him were being brutally ruptured by a giant cock pressing up into his body. His asshole ached, and her moan was vibrating... or perhaps it wasn’t the moaning?

A loud rumble wrenched him from his dreams, and something unpleasantly flaky humming against his face finally managed to force his eyes open a sliver.

Realisation dawned that his cheek rested on cracked, grey-black leather with questionable stains on it... although the ache in his asshole was very real. His eyelids quickly clamped shut again as he noticed who was driving the car, stomach bouncing along with the vehicle itself as they hit a bump fast and hard. It suddenly seemed preposterous he could have slept in such a location as the roar of the tiny engine kicked up again, Agatha jamming her meaty leg into the accelerator pedal, apparently trying to put her boot through the bottom of the car as it jerked in response. Toby did his best to steady himself whilst still remaining slumped and unconscious in the back seats, haphazardly belted in.

'I'm in Agatha's car. I'm fucked.... She's just gonna take me somewhere and bend me over again...FUCK...'

"Oh. you're awake."

Panic took hold as he pretended to blearily open his eyes again, seeing her deep green irises staring through the rear-view mirror.

"You're pretty when you sleep."

"Um.. *Thanks...*"

"I took you out of school. You were tired."

He sat up, and moaned as muscles ached in protest. He could feel wetness between his thighs and between his cheeks.

"B-but...*my grades*. I can't leave-"

"You're smart."

"... that's not how it *works*," he moaned, but she was already focusing on the road.

"You needed rest. I'm your girlfriend so I'm taking care of you."

His heart sank at the finality of her tone, and he almost wanted to slump back on the seats. It was impossible to argue.

'Is there anything that won't go wrong in my life..?'

The car slowed as he pulled himself upright in the back seat. Buildings flashing past and then slowed. He frowned as he recognised his local Bob's Burger bar.

"Um... are you taking me-"

"Home."

"N-no that's fine... I can walk."

"I like your parents. They're nice."

"I... *they'll be working...*"

"Hm."

As they pulled in and screeched to a halt, it was indeed in his apartment lot. The same graffiti was there, Stella the hooker still smoking from her balcony.

'Please don't be home Mom...'

Agatha hummed to herself, squeezing out of the driver's side and pulling

open the back door, proffering her arms.

“Come.”

“I-I can see myself up...”

Agatha’s jaw tightened... but she stepped aside.

“Fine.”

“Th.. Thank you...”

He grabbed his rucksack and tried to pull his legs out. They were almost limp, and as they touched the tarmac, he felt his body slipping.

“W-WWoah-!”

A large arm was around him, before (with surprising gentleness) Agatha lifted Toby into her arms.

“I don’t need help.”

Her teeth bared. Small specks of saliva hit his face as she hissed an inch from it.

“*You can’t stand. Cum is leaking down your thighs and you don’t even want me to touch you?? I’m gonna give you one chance to be a good boyfriend, or I’m gonna get angry.*”

She spat the last few words enough that flecks of her saliva slapped his cheeks, one running down her chin as she shivered with rage.

“O-okay fine... c-carry me,” he whispered.

“Again.”

“W.. Wha?”

“Ask again. Properly.”

“Please... *please carry me!*”

“Good boy.”

Her lips were approaching before he had a chance to respond, and the metal stud in her lower lip tickled his own band, adding a metallic taste to the kiss as she filled him with her tongue, scooping the saliva from his mouth and depositing her own, mixing their flavours.

Up above, Stella watched as Toby the neighbour’s boy had his face swallowed by a gigantic goth bitch, molested even as he curled up into the embrace, instinctively nestled against her bosom.

“Well.... Would ya look at that.”

She chuckled, taking another drag of her cigarette as the slurping down below became so loud it almost echoed through the car park. The boy’s arms encircled the girl’s neck, perhaps to keep himself upright, or perhaps because he was lost in the moment. The girl didn’t seem to care which, tonguing the boy so ferociously he was almost gagging as she jabbed his tonsils.

“Dear baby Jesus.... Boy’s got himself a pitbull.”

It was several minutes of deep French kissing later that Agatha finally popped

free of Toby's mouth, who now needed oxygen to recover as he heaved in gulps of air.

"You're a good kisser," she murmured absent-mindedly, before kneeling to grab his rucksack and stomping to the stairwell.

"Th... *thanks*...mmp..."

As they approached Stella, her eyebrows shot up as she understood that not only was the girl far taller than she was, carrying Toby like a sweet maiden in distress, but also sporting the most gigantic boner she'd ever laid eyes on in her booty shorts. It looked like an iron bar was trying to snap through the denim, straining to extricate itself off her thigh.

"Afternoon Toby... Want to introduce me to ah.. your lady?"

"Ah, Stella.. This is Agatha.."

"His girlfriend," Agatha added bluntly.

"Right... hell of a package you got there. I've seen shotguns smaller than that!"

The flush of red on Toby's face was surprisingly arousing to Stella as she observed almost no change in Agatha's posture. It was as if she'd suggested loudly that the sky was blue.

"Excuse me. I have to drop my boyfriend home."

"Don't let me keep you young lovers."

Toby was so embarrassed that he didn't see the different glint in Stella's eye. She gazed at the boy as he was carried away.... takers were always cute to her, and she realised now that Toby was exactly the kind of boy that would take whatever was forced upon him by the right woman. Clearly Agatha was that right woman.

"Well now... how about that..."

She squeezed her legs together, surprised at the flush of heat as she called over her shoulder.

"Have a good night Toby!"

"Th.. *Thanks*..."

Toby's hand shook as he fished out his key and managed to unlock the front door.

"Hello? Anybody home?"

A few seconds passed. He let out the breath he'd been holding.

"*Okay, just-*"

"Who is it?!"

His Mother's muffled voice came from the bedroom.

"*Shit!*... AH J-JUST... just me!... You're ah.. You're home early....!"

"And *me*," Agatha added, her grip on his arm tightening until it was painful.

"A-AND AGATHA!!....*O-ow*... *I'm sorry, I'm sorry-*"

“Fantastic! One second darlings!”

Toby tried to extricate himself, planting a quick placating kiss on Agatha’s cheek as he wiggled from her grasp... only to find her squeezing him tighter to her.

“Please...” he murmured, “*She can’t see us like this... I’ll do anything you want tomorrow, just.. just please put me on the sofa and go...*”

“Fine... if you kiss me in front of her,” she said bluntly.

“YES, yes sure, just... just put me down!” he pleaded.

“Okay.”

She knelt down and gently began to lay him on the floor.

“No, NO... *the sofa, the sofa idiot!...*”

Her expression scrunched up in anger, and he gave her another quick kiss on the cheek.

“Sorry... The sofa please..?”

She finally laid him down on the couch just as Penny Pearce bustled into the room, eyes bright. A glow seemed to bloom around her upon seeing her son laid out on the sofa with Agatha leaning over him (Toby did his best to keep his head directly in front of the raging boner pressed against the back of his head, the denim rough and packed solid with burgeoning contents.)

“Darling, you’re home early? And Agatha so lovely to see you! How are you dear?”

“Good.”

“Wonderful. Will you stay for dinner?”

Agatha glanced down. The painful desperation in Toby’s face as he gave the tiniest shake of his head didn’t seem to move her in any way. When she spoke however, the relief in his body almost sagged him to the floor.

“I’ll.... leave. Just came to drop off Toby... He seemed tired today.”

“Oh that’s so SWEET of you!” Penny beamed. “Are you SURE I can’t tempt you with some mac and cheese?”

“Thank you. Maybe next time.. Bye baby,” Agatha said, leaning down and pursing her lips. The metal stud seemed to catch the light, and for a moment Toby could almost see his own gormless expression in it before he gave a brief nod.

“Yeah.. Sure...”

He reached up, wincing as his asshole and legs protested. The moment her lips met, that huge tongue slammed back into his mouth, and he almost choked as she began to lean further into him. Penny watched with growing surprise as Agatha began to eat his face, slurping and coaxing every bit of his mouth into action, an octopus expanding and writhing within him. By the time she extricated herself he was plastered to the sofa like a chameleon.

"Bye."

"B... Bye..." he gasped as she stomped out.

"That's a hell of a woman you've got," Penny murmured, watching as her son adjusted himself into a very unrelaxed casual pose on the sofa.

"Yeah..."

"You've been tired today? Is that why you're home early?"

"Uh.. Yeah, a little. The ah... nurse sent me home. Agatha was too nervous um... so she took me."

His mother's smile warmed and cut him to the core at the same time.

"Such a sweetheart!"

"Yeah... *I guess*.....How come *you're* home early?"

Some of the sunniness in her smile faded.

"Well.... They're cutting down our hours at the hospital... but it's alright. I was hoping to have time for a bit of spring cleaning... what with the bed needing repairing and all that..."

"We can't replace it?"

"Well.... It's a.. a nice bed. Sentimental, you know?"

The two of them quietened, unwilling to dredge up potentially painful subjects to the surface. Eventually, she tutted.

"Well, I'll be on with things.. Help me with dinner later?"

"Sure."

The moment she bustled away, Toby slid from the sofa, clutching his buttole. He could feel his aching, un-tightened hole leaking, and began to crawl, pathetically, to his room.

Ellie watched out of the classroom window with slitted eyes as Philly staggered away, one of her nobody friends in tow. Quickly they were lost in the crowd of young people swarming out of the gates.

She licked her lips, imagining all the things she would do to the girl when she had that long hair in her fist.

The first steps of enslaving Philly into being a cock-slut had been sweet, but it was not enough. Ellie was already getting a boner just thinking about how pretty Philly would look dressed up in pink... maybe with some hair extensions, a ponytail butt-plug, some reins so she could ride her around her bedroom like the whore she truly was...

"Yeah... *fucking slut*..."

"AHEM!"

Ellie scowled and turned back to Miss Smithers. The woman had made her sit in the central front row, despite it being just the two of them. *What a control freak*. She looked around the now-empty classroom, scowling at that same sad,

headless skeleton leaning to one side. It had to be said that it seemed like the crappiest place ever to spend one's life. No way was she becoming a teacher when she was older... maybe marry some rich young bitch and pump her full of seed. Force her to wear a maid's outfit? Now THAT had potential-

"ELLIE! Would you stop staring into space and read your textbook! At least we can be productive whilst you're here."

"Whatevrrrrrrrr...."

Her teeth ground the umpteenth piece of bubble gum she'd thrown into her mouth that day as she watched Miss Smithers' nostrils flair.

"Quite the attitude you have."

Ellie shrugged, a pink balloon the same colour as her lips inflating from between the glossy bands.

POP!

"*Take. That. Out.*"

She shrugged again, spitting the wad of gum in a long arc to the whiteboard before throwing a fresh one into her mouth. Miss Smithers had to physically hold herself at her desk not to avalanche forwards and grab the girl by the scruff of the neck.

"*Girl...* You think that just because you're pretty that people will bend over backwards for you?"

Ellie glanced out the window again.

"... yuh?"

"Hmm... how *interesting...*"

Miss Smithers lowered herself over the desk, allowing her prodigious cleavage to hang between them. It almost made a statement with the weight of her breasts alone as she spoke levelly.

"... well I'm here to tell you that in this case, and I will not be bending for you. You'll listen and obey.... And you are to stop bothering Philadelphia."

POP

The continuation of loud chewing noises sent a ripple of fury through Miss Smithers as Ellie grinned.

"Or what?"

"*Or... what..?*"

Miss Smithers puffed up, ready to blow the house down until Ellie jumped up from her stool before her teacher could respond.

"I THINK me and you just haven't seen eye-to-eye yet."

"....Oh is that so?"

"Yeah... and you're gonna do whatever I say."

Miss Smithers bent forwards until she was almost mounting the desk, snorting like a bull.... Until Ellie dropped her booty shorts and underwear in one fluid

motion, throwing her panties aside to reveal the smooth porcelain cock crafted by a Greek master craftsman, all pretty pink helmet, white shaft and barely a hint of any vein. It seemed almost to be made of milky marble, and at seven and a half inches seemed like a fairly sizeable appendage, especially for those who hadn't contended with one before.

"Change your mind now?"

Miss Smithers frowned. She stared at it for a moment... and then murmured.

"Well... I daresay you've made a few girls in this school very pleased."

"Yup," Ellie said smugly. "Most beg me to be their girlfriends. I'll let you join them if you're lucky. Maybe I can fit you in on Thursdays..."

The flash of danger from the taller woman's eyes went unnoticed, Ellie already revelling in her victory.

"C'mon. Sucky sucky!"

She waved the appendage side to side.

"I know you want it. All girlies do secretly..."

"Well, how kind of you to offer... although, I'm afraid I'm a little luckier than you think... because I'm not just a *girlie*," she growled, unzipping her skirt and placing it on the side.

Ellie frowned at the granny-pants that clung to Miss Smither's belly and quads... and the rather tiny bulge at the bottom of it. A hand came to nominally hide the outbreak of laughter from her belly.

"Um.. Wait, so... you're telling me you're packing... and *that's* your penis? Ha OHHH-EMMM-GEEEE... that's TINY! I-I mean... That's even smaller than that Ben-nie kid when someone stole his swim-trunks!.... Damn I gotta tell all the girls about this..."

She reached her phone up, and began taking pictures.

"Oh absolutely," Miss Smithers said smoothly, sliding the spanx down. With difficulty they came free, and as she dropped them down, Miss Smithers reached between her legs and ripped off a batch of tape from her inner thigh.

"AHHHh thank Christ..... I'm sure you'll be telling everyone about this after I'm finished with you."

The smile disappeared from Ellie's face, phone clattering to the floor as her heart stopped beating.

A huge cock, perhaps eleven inches, swung up like a wrecking ball between Miss Smither's legs. It was the complete opposite of Ellie's, veins crisscrossing it like a bodybuilder's bicep, the head purple and squat like a strange toad. A liver spot stood on one side.

As it began to leak slowly onto the floor, Miss Smithers almost went cross-eyed with relief.

"Ohhh GOODness that's better....."

“W-what the fuck,” Ellie murmured. She had to steady herself as the brutish stink of this alien creature burned her sinuses, coughing as it filled the room with musk.

“Oh, surprised? I keep it well hidden,” Miss Smithers said lightly, “it does have a certain... *virility* that can be distracting. I must say it is *so freeing* not having it strapped to my damned leg.”

Ellie couldn't think. She kept staring at it, but it smelt like twenty cocks combined, such a stench that her eyes were tearing up. It began to swing closer as Miss Smithers strutted from behind her desk, and a hand came to her hair. She didn't even think to resist, too shellshocked as she was slowly led over to the front desk, then bent over it, face-first into a marked exam sheet with a large red 'D' on the front where she unwittingly added a pink lipstick mark as she was smushed against it.

“Let's see what your mommy gave you...”

Miss Smithers came behind and caressed the girl's ass.

“Not bad..”

“*Miss.... Smithers-*“

A nudge between her legs widened them, until she was splayed out, ready for whatever lay ahead.

“You'll address me as *Mistress*.”

“*M... n-no....* “

She'd never bowed to any superior before. Then again, she'd never met someone who actually *was* superior... especially in the crotch department. Ellie felt her chest tightening as the woman tickled her balls, the chemicals in her body accelerating.

How had this happened? Was this how girls felt when they saw *her* cock for the first time?

“*So pretty... so quaint.*”

Ellie tried to focus her thoughts. All she could think of was cock.

Then it happened... she felt a flagpole, or something of similar girth and hardness, press up against her anus. It was wet, and warm.

“*UUYYNNUUH-*“

“Try to relax.... Or not. I don't give a fuck. But remember, I'm not slowing down,” Miss Smithers smiled, her voice more jovial than Ellie had ever heard it, yet far more controlled as she felt the first push into her privacy.

“*EUUuuhhh.... Mmmmiiss Smmiithhherrrrssss,*” she whined. The hand in her hair tightened, smooshing her face against the cluttered desk, her lipstick leaving another imprint on the stacked papers there.

“You will address me as *Mistress*.”

“*C... Cmmph-!*“

“Quiet now... you’ll behave if you don’t want me to pay a visit to your mother... I know your father drives a beamer so his penis will most likely be tiny....”

Ellie whimpered. The cock pushed again, and she crowed on demand.

“UUYHHHHUH-“

“Feeling... lucky... nowwww???”

A huge almost oval-shaped mushroom pressed into her anus, widening it to the point it no longer looked human as a similar wideness hit her mouth, a vacant scream not quite issuing from her lips.

“UUuh-uh... UHHH—..”

“Oh, you’re not who I wanted to fuck but God damn, it’ll be a pleasure breaking a bitch like you,” Miss Smithers chuckled, her tone now smoother, released from her shackles, “just know if you do a good job, maybe I won’t keep you in a gimp suit when I enslave you.”

Ellie clung to the desk, her nails burying into some of the half-marked papers. This was not the way she had expected her day to go... one minute she was taking over their little clique as Gemma lost her mind, then fingering Philly under the bleachers... the next she was being fucked by their *chemistry* teacher. Not even the gym teacher; at least Miss Edwards had abs!

A pipe sliding deep into her insides brought a snivelling whine. She couldn’t think... her hands slipped, unmarked papers scattering across the floor.

“You’ll... be picking those up afterwards,” Miss Smithers breathed.

The dick pulsed on its way in, finally coming to rest within Ellie’s core. She let out a beastly moan that reverberated through the window blinds and off the drab, ragged walls filled with old diagrams. She felt impossibly full.

“UUYuUUUHHHNNGG-“

Miss Smithers didn’t bother letting her adjust, instead grabbing the girl’s arms and pulling them back, keeping that perfect face pressed into the papers so mascara and drool began to muddy them. Then she pumped her hips.

Plap

“AAAAYYYUeeEEEEH-“

Ellie’s high-pitched squeals were raucous, and Miss Smithers considered spanking the bitch to shut her up.... But the noises were too delicious. Let her show her true colours.

She began to shunt her hips with more venom. The girl jolted, spine curling as her moans died to quiet whimpers, the dick sliding across her anal rim and sending tremors of pleasure that spread through her body to her extremities.

Below her, her dick started to harden, a pussy destroyer being turned into a sissy tap.

Plap-plap

“Uuyyh-“

The moans softened to quiet “Uff-uff-uff-“s as Ellie’s lungs were jostled from underneath by a rearranging of her organs.

Plap

“Uuff-“

Plap

“Uuuuff-“

The ass began to rotate into the pumps, and Miss Smithers snorted.

“Oh, think you can relax?” she asked warmly, “well, let me wake you up.”

SMACK

“UUUGUHH-“

SMACK

“NNUHg-“

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK

The girl squealed as she was whipped by Caroline’s palm like a racehorse being cajoled across the finish line, her buttocks quickly turning lobster red from the painful marks.

SMACK-SMACK-

“UUUUYHHHUHh-!!“

“OHhhhh I do understand why teachers used to like the cane,” Caroline sighed, taking her time to give Ellie some breathing space... before measuring each subsequent spank, just as she let her guard down.

“uuun-“

SMACK

“UUUHnG!!!.. M-MISss, Smmi-... Smith...Smithers-“

SMACK

“My name is MISTRESS!”

Tears sprang from Ellie’s eyes, joining the mess of mascara, lipstick and saliva that now covered the papers beneath her.

“”M-MIs.. Mistress- I-I’ll do anything....”

“You will, won’t you?”

“Yy-YESS, y-yes.. yes.....”

Tap-tap

A rap of knuckles on the door distracted her begging, no answer possible before it opened... and headmistress Mc’Millan strode in. A buxom blond with curves to spare, her demeanour was strict, just as sharp as her glasses and skirted grey suit.

“Well... what have we here?”

Miss Smithers raised her eyebrows in surprise. Ellie’s eyes bulged.

“S-SHE FUCKING ME!.... SHE’S A FREAKIN PAEDO-!”

“You’re nineteen,” Miss Smithers shot back.

“Well y-you’re still.....*F-fuck*.....”

Ellie’s eyelids briefly fluttered as the dick pulsed inside her, and her own hard cock deposited a little spray of white onto the floor.

“...I-I...u-uum.....”

“Take your time,” Mc’Millan said sternly, shooting a look at Miss Smithers.

“Iii... *um*... *She*.....*Sh-she* made me do this!”

Ellie’s lips curled in triumph, beginning to work herself out of the hold that Miss Smithers had on her. Headmistress Mc’Millan came and rubbed the girl’s shoulder.

“Oh dear.... Well I must say, I’m so glad I got here when I did.”

Her hand trailed to her chin, and Ellie smiled up in gratitude at the woman... and then frowned as the woman’s finger pressed between her lips.

“Th-than-mph... *MMHpP??!*”

“It’ll be nice to see that attitude.... *Adjusted*,” the woman breathed, a cruel smile emerging on her face.

Ellie felt tears come to her eyes as the cock throbbed deep inside her ass again, and then felt her soul trickle from her shoes as Mc’Millan removed her finger, settling herself on top of a desk - a front row seat to the show.

“Please continue your lesson, Caroline.”

Caroline Smithers chuckled.

“Oh, I’m sorry *pussy*... did you think you were going to be saved?”

The girl’s face was as red as her butt-cheeks.

“N.... *I’m sorry*...”

A large pair of breasts settled themselves on Ellie’s back, the full weight of a woman compressing her against the desk as she mewled in fear.

“Too late... you’ll be sorry once we’ve broken in that not-so-little ass of yours...”

Schlick-shlichk-

The cock moved in her depths. Ellie groaned.

“UUuyyy-“

“Look at me girl.”

Headmistress Mc’Millan was boring into her forehead. Ellie managed to train her tearful eyes on the woman, feeling her soul was about to be bred from her body. She’d done it to too many girls not to know when one was about to lose themselves to the pleasure.

“Now, everyone in this school knows you’re disruptive-“

SMACK

“JUYY!”

“Thank you Caroline.... You are lazy-“

SMACK*

“Fff-fuuuuchhkkuppleasee-!”

“And clearly, you are not in any way gracious, not to your friends, your fellow students, or us, your teachers.”

SMACK-SMACK-SMACK

Ellie was fully crying now, and then moaned in pleasure through the tears as Miss Smithers granted her a slow in-and-out impalement. The girl’s face didn’t know whether to look sad, happy, in pain, or lustful, instead settling in an ugly mosaic of tightened facial muscles as her asshole gripped tight to the pleasure-giving dick, attempting to sate the growing lust as well as her new master’s anger.

Headmistress Mc’Millan, leaned back on her desk, removing something small and pink from her pocket.

“Miss Smithers..... What would you think about putting our little barbie here into a chastity cage for the foreseeable future?”

Ellie groaned. *No...* She had so many girls in her harem. Her sluts... she *needed* her sluts.

"NNnuuh-!"

“Cute,” Caroline smiled, still pumping her hips.

“Nnnuuuh-“

Plap-plap

The hips pumping into Ellie’s butt-cheeks stung the raw skin where she had received several hard spanks, but it was being overtaken by waves of pleasure that washed over her senses.

“-UUUuhhyyyeeahhhuhhh...!”

“Locking that troublesome appendage up should curb some of those... *egocentric* tendencies.”

Ellie’s dick was fully hard, drizzling mayonnaise onto an invisible salad on the floor as she felt a similar spurt deep inside her. She began clutching her belly as Miss Smithers’ heat formed a small pocket somewhere between her internal organs.

“UUyyuu-“

“Enjoy this whilst you can,” the headmistress smiled, “you’ll not be using that pretty cock of yours without teacher supervision from now on.”

Miss Smithers groaned. She’d had enough foreplay.

THUMP

The sound of Ellie being fucked into the desk was nothing compared to her eyes nearly popping out of her skull as she squealed through the first orgasm, Fiona Mc’Millan giving a satisfied smile as the girl began to buck with each brutal thrust, unravelling before her very eyes.

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

“UUGh-UGYhU-UY-“

Miss Smithers for once didn't hold back, ramming herself with lust and hatred in equal measure, all that withheld virility now brought to bear on Ellie's beleaguered hole.

The girl was rag dolled, the desk creaking as she was powerfully broken in, her hoarse cries of pleasure and pain swirling around the classroom as Fiona drank in the scene.

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP

Minutes passed. The windows began to fog. Still Miss Smithers unerringly found her target, locking the slut beneath her into a brutal cycle of orgasms that had her legs shaking.

Fiona allowed herself to relax as she watched, entering a semi-meditative state as a wrong in the world was righted, a girl put in her place. She checked her watch after a few minutes and was surprised to see she'd been watching for almost twenty. Usually she'd be hurried on to another task, but on this occasion it felt important to allow the wonderful process to wash over her, to bask in the breaking of a girl without requiring the mighty effort Caroline was expending. After all, what was it all for if not for the wellbeing of her staff and students?

PLAP-PLAP-PLAP

Ellie was drooling, one of her eyes crossed inwards as her cock oozed endlessly onto the floor. Her perfect hair was starting to look like someone had thrown a wig at her without bothering to check which side her face was on, askew and matted in eyes and mouth as she blearily panted through a pure destruction of her anus, the hole so wide and over-worked that it felt like ever sitting down again would be a pipe-dream as Miss Smithers reamed her.

The woman roared and sandwiched the girl into the desk, resting her full body-weight down and compressing the girl's lungs as the vessel inside her throbbed.

Squelch

Ellie felt a full release and gave into it. Like a chemical chain reaction, Miss Smithers tightened, and unleashed a torrent of sperm lava into her ass, triggering her own tautness as Ellie's cock began to shoot line after line over the floor, a white cum puddle that spread past her shaking heels and even Miss Smithers' work shoes as the pair groaned and trembled together.

Fiona felt something stir inside her, but quashed it. This was no time for her to get involved. Let them have their fun.... Although the girl's mother was visiting for the parent-teacher day....

Various squawks and gurns rolled into one another. The two women spasmed.

Fiona couldn't help rubbing her front as she observed, the bulge growing inside her skirt before she took a sharp breath and brought herself back to the present, clapping politely as the sounds of liquid bubbling from an overworked hole slowly died, the pair's sex stink tickling her nostrils. She breathed it in, eyes closed, savouring that special smell.

"Beautiful, ladies."

Ellie's muscles finally gave up and she collapsed her head, the last few papers that had stayed on the desk scattering to the floor. Fiona regarded them with a smirk.

"Quite the mess."

"I'll... c-clear it," Miss Smithers panted, chest covered in a sheen of sweat. Fiona admired it. It was quite the impressive rack. Not to mention the woman's explosive musculature....

"In your own time... I hope you have a good evening Caroline, although please, do ensure that this is kept under wraps. Makes the parent-teacher conferences much easier, you understand?"

"Absolutely."

Headmistress Mc'Millan smiled and left. She knew Caroline would probably bend things farther than she ought, but that was fine. She didn't tolerate bitches like Ellie, and that was why Caroline Smithers would be the perfect role model for the new staff members joining soon....

As Fiona's heels echoed down the corridor, Miss Smithers reached down and rolled a finger across Ellie's saliva-covered cheek.

"Who's the lucky girl now?"

Drizzle collecting on the desktop was the only response.

Dim yellow light glared down on a singular object in a dark room; a model hurricane Mk-IIIB propped up on a small stand. Toby's fingers trembled, so slender and pretty with the paintbrush held between them, already awaiting the next stroke as he craned his neck down even further, sending the brush over the tip of the propeller. The heady fumes of open paint pots were familiar. Comforting. But it couldn't make him forget having his prostate crushed over a school desk.

'Don't THINK ABOUT IT.'

A tiny gap in the paint made his hands tremble even more as he adjusted on his swivel office chair and winced, his entire lower half complaining. He dipped again and allowed a single hair of the brush to touch the one grey plastic spot that he hadn't quite reached the first time.

"There..."

Drizzling as her hips smacked against his backside.

He shifted on the chair and whimpered, breath quickening.

'The wheels... paint the wheels... don't think about her hot seed trickling down your thighs.'

He swallowed, taking a deep breath as he cleaned the brush in water, uncapping the silver pot. The back wheels were also flimsy, so he'd have to be careful. As he squinted and touched the paintbrush to the edge of the wheel, something inside his abdomen ached, a new itch to be filled, yearning for a pleasure so deep it would switch off his brain.

'The WHEELS!.... Think about the wheels...not her fat cock stretching your ass-'

Thnk

He jolted. The door-knock wasn't loud, but it was impossible not to be jittery after the day's experience. He also realised he should have been studying, but studying is hard when your mind keeps replaying the memories of a thick, throbbing cock cramming itself into his asshole.

"Son?"

"YEAH?!"

He grimaced and tightened his legs together, pushing back the hurricane with a new ugly silver streak away, grabbing the nearest unopened textbook and opening it at a random page.

"What is it?!"

Toby's ears pricked as his Dad's' voices came from outside the door.

"... can we come in?"

"Uh...Sure...."

The hinges squeaked as they shuffled in. Fred and Penny, his parents, had to squint to make out their son.

"What's.. What's up guys?"

"Oh honey, you look tired...!"

"Ah just..."

He gulped, squeezing his hands.

"... I'm fine."

His mother frowned.

"Honey... when Agatha brought you home today.."

"I was just TIRED."

"You could barely stand!"

"I'm... I'm better now...I just needed to take a nap."

"Honey, please don't push yourself too hard... you're a smart boy. Your grades will improve, we know they will."

"I'm fine! Honestly... just.. Just running through..."

He glanced down at the page.

“... *covalent bonds*...”

“Well, that’s sure outta my wheelhouse,” Fred chuckled, “we didn’t wanna interrupt...also just wanted to let you know... we’re so happy to have met Anita.”

“*Agatha!*” Penny growled.

“*Ah yeah, Agatha.*”

“She seems *lovely*,” Penny beamed.

Toby nodded slowly. The retort he’d been planning was swallowed back down as he forced a smile to match their faces lighting up the room, as happy as he’d ever seen them.

“Y-yeah... she’s uh.. Great...”

“Sure is!”

“Oh by the way.. I noticed you threw *these* in the trash. We thought you might have done it by mistake?”

“Yeah... they look great! Hell even better than when we bought ‘em!”

His stomach churned as he gazed at the patched and styled jeans fixed by Agatha, in his mother’s arms.

“Oh... well they’re... they’re ripped.”

“Don’t look ripped to me son... *stylish* if anything...”

“I don’t want them.”

His mother frowned.

“Son... it seems like Agatha made them for you. Now we didn’t teach you to be wasteful did we?”

“Or ungrateful.”

He squirmed, the ache from his butthole worming its way around his rim, still loose after such brutal shellackings in the past few days.

“Can we just leave it? I have other pairs...”

“But aren’t these your favourite? Now, I think that your girlfriend wouldn’t appreciate you dumping something she took time and effort-”

“Can you CUT IT OUT!!”

They both paused, regarding their son with worried expressions.

“I’m not a child! They’re ripped jeans, that’s all.”

“Sorry son...”

“It... I-it was just a one-time thing anyway.”

“One time?”

“Us.. Me.. And Agatha..”

“*What?!*”

Their jaws dropped in shock.

“*Son, what are you talking about!?*”

“It’s... it’s nothing serious! We’re just... friends.”

"But... she said you'd been dating for months!"

"Uh.. *yeah*... well, it was just.. Just casual..."

Fred raised his eyebrow, remembering the war-zone in their bedroom.

"You sure about that son?"

Toby managed to force the weak smile to remain on his face, though it didn't reach his eyes.

"I'm... it's complicated. We're totally fine."

"Sure..."

Penny placed the jeans on his bed.

"Well... I'll just leave these here.... Let you make up your mind."

"... *Thanks*," he sighed. He knew it would only be more difficult if he tried to argue his point again. As he waited for them to leave, Fred gave a wise nod to Penny.

"Darl... mind if I have a little talk with Toby... man to man. You know?"

She took a second and then gave a thumbs up and a wink.

"Ah of course! Right I'll... I'll go *do the garbage*."

Another wink. Toby didn't like where this was going at all as Fred gave his son a knowing look.

"C'mon... I think it's time to share something."

He began to walk out of the room, gesturing to follow. With a groan, Toby traipsed after his father, through the hall to a kitchen cabinet, where an amber bottle with two glasses were retrieved.

"Dad... that's expensive, and it's getting late..."

"Son, please. One drink with your old man?"

He sighed, but relented. His Dad rarely had time for anything, and at least he might be treated more like an adult for once.

"... fine."

Fred seemed to be trying not to beam as he quickly brought the bottle and glasses to the living room, reaching for some ice along the way. The man enjoyed his whisky, and the good stuff was so expensive that he could rarely indulge. This bottle had been a gift from his colleagues years ago, and the fact he was willing to open it was a huge deal.

'He probably wouldn't be able to afford to replace it...'

"Take a seat son."

Toby did, and found the sofa strangely depressed, closer to the floor than it was a week ago. His face flushed with heat.

'Agatha'.

The memory of being bent over and fucked hard came so quick and so strongly that he had to cross his legs to stop any potential bulge appearing as his father poured the whisky carefully into each glass. A drink was in his hand a

few seconds later. Fred swilled his own, studying the liquid inside.

“Toby... you’re at the age where you’ve obviously got a few notches under your belt. Not that I didn’t believe in you but... I gotta say you surprised your old man!... more vigour in your bones than your mother and I thought!”

Toby’s jaw tightened.

“*Th... thanks...*”

“I was something of a lady’s man myself at your age... and it seems like you’ve sure got the genes and then some! Maybe not the height of course, but the spirit sure is there...”

“Right.”

“Cheers... To becoming a man.”

Toby sighed as he cheers-ed losing his virginity without mentioning he’d lost it in the least manly way possible, via his permanently widened, aching but-thole. It still made him squirm even on the soft couch as the echoes of being re-arranged by an eleven-inch meat hammer crept through him, the space within his belly aching to be filled.

“*....cheers....*”

They sipped. Toby felt his throat burn. It was nothing compared to the embarrassment sitting like a dead weight in his stomach, wishing he could vanish into the sofa whilst his Dad smiled and looked at the glass.

“Ahhh... good stuff.... Tastes disgusting right?”

“*What?*”

“You don’t like it. Written on your face.”

“Huh... it’s pretty ah... *burn-y.*”

Fred chuckled.

“Yup.. that’s what I said when I first had it with your Grandfather. Might’ve used worse language though. You’re a better man than me.”

Toby regarded his father. The man filled out his checked shirt well, the whitened bristles of his chin lending an air of wisdom and authority. An impossible marker that a boy possessing every inch of his mother’s short stature and dump-truck caboose could never hope to match.

“That’s not true Dad.”

“Well, depends what you value. You may not be a state-level long-jumper but you’re smarter than I ever was at your age.. Hell you’re smarter than me now! I don’t get half of those equations you bring back from school...”

They lapsed into silence. The old clock on the wall ticked the seconds by.

Fred spoke after a long pause.

“The whiskey always burns at first... but once you get through the first stage... you start to enjoy the flavour.”

He raised his glass. Toby sighed and raised his too. His father regarded him,

giving a measured look.

“There’s my toast. Your turn. What would you like to drink to?”

“Uh.. I don’t know.”

“Not your girlfriend?”

Toby’s chest tightened.

“No. Like I said she’s ... *technically* not my girlfriend.”

“Well alright then. How about your mother... for raising you with all the heart in the world.”

“Yeah.. Yeah. To Mom.”

“To Mom.”

They both sipped again. It burned the same, heated mercury flowing down his throat.

“You taste the sweetness?”

“Uh-hguh.. K-kinda...”

“I think you’re lying.”

“Is it a... a *burn-y* sweetness?.”

Fred chuckled.

“Don’t worry... I’m not expecting anything the first time. This is just the settler.”

“Right... not sure if I’m a whisky guy, Dad.”

“Give it a chance... no-one’s a whisky guy on their first try.”

Another few sips.

“So she’s... not your girlfriend?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Well.. son... have you considered Agatha might actually be good for you? Your mother certainly made me a better man.”

Toby threw his head back, groaning.

“Dad...”

“*Hang on* son, just.. Just hang on... before you start throwing accusations... honestly it seemed like you needed the release judging by what we walked into..!”

Toby groaned louder, putting his head in his hands. This had to be another nightmare.

“Just sayin’, I think she seems good for you! You spend so much time cooped up in there with your studies and models...”

“Dad, I-I’ve gotta go-“

“ALRIGHT, alright.”

Fred placed a hand on his son’s shoulder.

“All I’ll say is... if something.... Or *someone* important falls in your path... maybe think twice before looking past it. Give it a try.”

Toby's face hardened.

"I... I understand Dad, but no."

"Right.."

Fred nodded, a resigned expression before raising his glass.

"... alright son well... you're a smart kid... or man, I should say....Look, I love ya... regardless of which path you choose to take, alright?"

Toby gulped, a ball suddenly in his throat, unexpected.

"Uhh... th-thanks."

They drank. Toby frowned at the burn... and a subtle note of something flavourful.

"M...hm.... Huh. Maybe there is a... a little sweetness in there?"

Fred's stubble crinkled into a smile.

"Ha! Something to look forwards to for next time... if I can ask your mother for another excuse! Maybe after the next parent-teacher conference..."

"Huh.. Well that depends, how long is she taking the garbage out next time?"

"As long as I ask... Within reason."

He winked, sealing the bottle.

"Speaking of.. I'd better check she got those bins out okay. She's probably nattering to Stella again."

Fred grunted as he stood up, making his way to the front door.

"Oh I almost forgot!..." He rushed and took something from the side, "I think Agatha might have left these here... I didn't want to bother you but your mother washed 'em..."

He placed a bag in Toby's arms, and then nodded quickly before shuffling to the front door.

Toby frowned and opened up the bag.... And his eyes bulged. It was a pair of black underwear the size of a hippo's; simple cotton, but slightly worn in places.

"Shit..."

He crunched the bag up, and fled to his room.

When he checked them again, he realised they were more boxer-ish, most likely to fit Agatha's fat schlong inside. A squirm of curiosity flickered in his brain, and he found himself retrieving them from the bag, spreading them out. They were huge, almost line-backer sized, and seemed worn on the underside, black turning to grey.

"Fuck."

He shoved them back in the bag, and threw it at the trash can. When it missed, landing on the floor, he sighed and turned back to his desk.

"*Covalent bonds...*"

The moment he looked at the textbook, he imagined Agatha's cock flopping

out of her boxers, pressing up against his face. His buttohole ached as he buried his head in the book.

“...shit..”

Car horns. Grey clouds overhead reflected in the similarly oblique and uninspiring sidewalk where trash drifted past his feet. Toby didn't process any of it, lost in the theatre of his mind.

A gigantic penis pumping into the very depths of his soul. His asshole on fire as it clung to the lubed-up beast penetrating it, widening it to four times the girth of any shit he'd ever taken, utterly filled with a girl's cock as she slammed him into his bed, then over a desk. Where would it be next? Perhaps behind the bins, or in the middle of the school yard. His hamstrings aching from being stretched, legs double over his head in a mating press as Agatha crushed him with an ass-fucking that would be forever imprinted into his soul til the day he died.

“Dude, you okay?”

He jerked. Philly's voice was soft. She looked different with her hair down, less surefire of herself. Still pretty, but in a demure way. He frowned and managed to pull himself out of the scene on repeat in his head.

“Uh-well... y-yeah.... *Tired....*”

Philly gave him a nod.

“Yeah.. Yeah, me too.”

She seemed to lose herself for a moment also. A few more seconds of silence as other students brushed past the zombified pair.

'Agatha roaring. The hot seed spreading through my insides....'

“Hey uh.... cool jeans..”

His chest constricted.

“Yeah....”

“Where'd you get... *oh-*“

Her voice tightened as she pieced two and two together.

“... *Right.*”

A ball clumped in Toby's throat, the sentiment unspoken, yet for both of them it made their gaits strangely uncoordinated as they both tried to put any brain-melting orgasms from their mind. The pair wallowed in their thoughts as they continued the familiar walk past the veg and fruit market stalls to school. Everywhere Toby looked he saw Agatha. The melons arranged at the front of the store just like the ones pressed against his chest last night, the peaches and bananas that could only be monuments to her hefty penis and balls, mocking him with their presence.

What wrenched them from their strangely addictive daydreams was the

shrillness of Ben's voice approaching from behind.

"H-hey guys!"

The pair tightened up. As one they kept their heads down, marching at a faster pace.

"G-Guys!?"

He caught up and matched them. Stony silence was their response.

"Um.... Sorry about yesterday...."

Philly's brows contorted with such fury that Ben-Ben shrivelled up, edging away.

"... sorry..."

They walked the rest of the way in a loose formation, a tension between them and Ben so icy that no-one even noticed the white convertible cruise past at a far slower pace than usual with only three girls inside, and a noticeable lack of blond.

Morning lessons went by in a haze. Philly and Toby allowed Ben-Ben to sit with them, although most conversations were cut short when he tried to participate. They didn't even think of going back to the comfort of their stairwell, instead journeying as far as possible to the open spaces of the playground. Hanging out in the school yard wasn't the nicest place to exist, the tree they leaned on surrounded by cigarette butts and the stale scents of nicotine and cheap alcohol, but at least it meant there were plenty of witnesses; not that their bullies really cared about that sort of thing. Perhaps anything was just better than the stairwell again after what had occurred there.

As Philly and Toby chatted idly with each other, Ben-Ben remained a ghost hovering nearby, head down.

"Fuck, I missed the raid last night."

"There was a raid?"

"You'd know if you PLAYED with us sometime in the last bajillion years."

"By that you mean one week."

"That's what I said. A HUNDRED BAJILLION YEARS!"

A snicker from Ben-Ben paused the conversation. He clammed up, face flushing red. Once an appropriate amount of time had elapsed for him to shrink into a shell of his former self, Toby deigned to respond.

"Yeah... a week is a long time in fairness."

"Ex-ACTLY."

"Uh guys?"

Jaws tightened as Ben-Ben spoke, but he nudged Toby with his elbow, voice urgent.

"Guys!"

“NO. Ben-“

“GUYS!”

He pulled Toby around, and his lungs began to seize up.

The huge figure that had emerged from the double doors of the school was making a bee-line towards them. Today she had an even shorter pair of patched black booty shorts with torn edges, which Toby surmised meant she'd probably cut the legs off old jeans and repurposed them. Fishnet stockings clung to her thighs and calves as the crowd of students parted like shoals of fish, and her breasts were as revealing as possible in a low-cut dark vest that had just the right air of trailer-trash to scream slutty yet alluring at the same time. The white globes already had Toby hypnotised, but now his attention was being split between that and the lump in her shorts. He wilted, clutching his ass and backing up against the tree.

“O-oh shit... *oh...*”

“Stay strong,” Philly murmured.

Toby's legs were already jelly.

“Don't...*Philly...*”

The shadow fell across the three of them, and they both looked up into the darkness of Agatha's bored expression as she homed in on Toby.

“Baby. We need to talk.”

Philly growled.

“He's not your baby.”

“N-no, Philly, it's not worth it” Toby said quickly, waddling out to her, “I'm... I'm coming.”

Agatha proffered her hand. He could feel the rush of adrenaline racing through his limbs as he took it, and with a gentleness that surprised him, she pulled him away. Philly's forlorn expression hit harder than he expected as he looked over his shoulder. Ben-Ben's no longer mattered that much.

‘*Fuck....*’

She dragged him like a mother pulling a naughty toddler away to one of the fences, worryingly close to some jocks lounging against a thick tree-trunk, jostling each other as they spied on some of the prettier girls nearby. One of the guys around six foot snorted and squared up to them with a lazy swagger, not realising quite how short he was compared to Agatha's giant frame as he smiled back at his crew.

“Hey, circus is closed folks!”

A few laughs.

“Leave,” Agatha said simply.

“Okay, *Listen* you dumb bitch, if-“

Her swing was wild, and not at all accurate, thumping somewhere around his

temple instead of his jaw, but it still rocked him hard enough that he was on the floor, clutching his skull. Two large, black boots were stomping towards him as he scabbled up, and it was only Toby pulling with his entire body-weight that stopped her potentially breaking his ribs as an ungainly kick instead grazed the boy's shoulder.

"H-HOLY FUCK-"

"Just *Leave!*" Toby begged, as the guy considered rallying his troupe, until he realised they were all five steps back and white-faced in the presence of this flailing goth monster.

"F-fuck this..."

He fled with the others in tow, and Agatha's heaving chest became shallower as she watched them retreat. Finally they were alone, and she gave no sign of being perturbed by the violence that had been meted out, keeping hold of Toby's hand and beginning what was clearly a rehearsed speech.

"...Toby. As your girlfriend, I want to make sure we get time together. During school we must hang out at least one break time-"

"*Wait, what-*"

"-and sit together at least two out of four lessons each day. I will drive you home every day but I can't pick you up going to school because I don't like waking up early. Also we need one date night a week. I'll choose this week; we're going to see my favourite band, Clung-Sputum on the weekend. I got tickets."

Toby tried not to sink into a dark place in his soul as he tried to wrap his head around this new reality. Was there anything he could even do to avoid this? How was he going to stop her when even his parents were on her side? He certainly didn't want Philly ending up with a boot to the chin either....

"Understand baby?" she said with a rising tone.

"... Y- Yes... I understand..."

"Good."

He felt her hand squeeze his... before leading it straight to her crotch. The bulge there was already substantial, and he knew it hadn't even begun to grow yet.

"Rub me."

His heart thumped as he automatically stroked the huge horseshoe shape bundled up between her legs, the denim struggling to contain it. It seemed to react to his touch, hardening. As it unfurled, she grunted and jiggled her booty shirts to allow more movement. Was that the smell of her manhood already in the air?

Saliva trickled into his mouth. He swallowed it, disgusted with himself as he rubbed her hard womanhood.

'I'm pathetic.... Rubbing her off without even trying to stand up to her.... Maybe I deserve to be bullied...'

He looked past her to the jocks, some of whom were still staring with murderous intent.

"Could... could you turn a little... more to the fence?" he murmured, noting a few more eyes peering their way.

"Yes boyfriend."

He cringed at the words, but insistently rubbed harder the moment she rotated a touch to shield him from view, rewarding her with several heavy strokes of her lump. Agatha groaned, and wrapped an arm around him to cup his butt in her palm, squeezing and drawing him to her side like a kept woman, his crotch now pressed into her thigh.

"Uuuy-"

"Mm.."

The breath fluttered in his chest as she began to force him into a slow, humiliating hump of her leg, the hardness between his fingers feeling even more powerful as his toes were almost lifted from the ground.

'Shit...'

As he looked back out at the schoolyard, perhaps at his old life, he saw Philly and Ben-Ben watching, uncomfortable looks on their faces. He saw kids playing. He saw-

'Oh shit.'

His throat tightened as he saw a barbie blond staggering through the school yard... or at least, someone attempting to look like barbie but who seemed to have been dragged through a hedge backwards, her lipstick askew, hair matted and ruffled.

Ellie.

She looked haggard, a snarl carved out in her pretty mouth. She was also making a bee-line straight for Philly and Ben-Ben. Her usual pristine strut however was nowhere to be seen, possessed by a strange limp somewhere between a baby giraffe and an unsaddled John Wayne as she almost collapsed on one heel, before ripping them from her feet and continuing barefoot.

"Um-"

Agatha continued to grunt, massaging his ass whilst running her free hand across his chest, blissfully unaware.

"MMmmm..... You look sexy. Make sure to clean your asshole every day, and I want you to try lingerie too. Oh, also my birthday is in two weeks, and I like dogs,-"

"A-Agatha-"

“-cakes, white chocolate, black flowers, sewing, fashion, tattoos and mid-night metal.”

“Mid.. Midnight Metal?”

“Yes. It’s like Black Metal but darker. Clung-Sputum is one of the best.”

“R-right... Agatha, one second-“

He made to pull away, but she kept him in tight, gently rubbed up his chest to his neck. The fingers settled either side of his oesophagus and squeezed, a strangely heady throttling taking place that was far less painful than he expected.

“... I’ll also expect you to sit on my lap when we eat together, and if we have dessert I want us to feed each other. Okay?”

“Th-that’s... .. Agath-a...”

He watched past her bicep as in growing panic as Ben-Ben was shoved aside, and Philly looked up into the girl who had undone her yesterday, now puffed up in some sort of demented victory pose. As they spoke, a few words were just audible from where Toby was watching.

“... id you talk to the TEACHERS?!... m.... Punish y-..... Squeal like a pig!””

Toby’s hand left her bulge.

“Agatha-“

A squeeze of his neck slowed the oxygen slowed to his brain, and her breath was warm against his face as she murmured.

“... keep... rubbing...”

His hand found her bulge and ground against it. It was beginning to elongate, sliding down one leg with no space left in the front of the booty-shorts, and as she released his neck, her wet tongue began to slide across his face. Up over his forehead, down to his chin, she covered him in warm, sticky saliva.

“Mmuh...mmph-“

She began to press him up against the fence, and quickly his face was being squashed by her breasts, big sweaty bags of bouncy fat that smothered him in her body odour.

“We’ll need to make a bigger bed in your room so I can.. Mmm... stay with you. I’ll ask Mom to help. Oh, and you’ll need to meet my Moms. Do you want to do that tonight or tomorrow?”

“Mmph-*nnnot*...” he shot back, trying to pull away, *“c-can you just...!”*”

Her towering form seemed to expand, and he felt her bulge hard against his thigh as she forced him tight against the fence, the wire bending at his back as she hissed.

“No. You’re my boyfriend and we’re going to meet my Moms.”

Toby looked over and realised that Philly seemed hypnotised. She was backing up against the tree... but she wasn’t making any move to defend herself,

strangely undone by the presence of her rival.

“And you’re not going to class until you give me an apology kiss.”

“But... if you’re my girlfriend... help her!”

Agatha followed where he was pointing to Ellie with her hand around Philly’s throat.

“Why?”

“I’ll... I’ll be your boyfriend!”

“You are my boyfriend,” she said with a blank expression.

“I... I’ll suck your dick right now. In the bathrooms. Just.. Just help her!”

“Hmph. Are you embarrassed of me?”

“E-embarrassed??”

“Why are you always trying to keep us a secret?”

“BECAUSE-!... I... I’m not.”

He let out a long breath before scrambling up into her arms, and aggressively thrusting his tongue into her mouth. Her eyes opened wide in surprise, and then her tongue caught up and intertwined with his. The few seconds of French kissing were sloppy and intense, and the heat between them was carnal as he tried to pull back and she simply crushed his head against hers, almost swallowing his head in her maw. After a further ten seconds she allowed him to pull his lips off her tongue, panting. Onlookers watched and whispered to each other, some openly pointing.

“Th-there.... You’re my girlfriend. We’re official... everyone... *everyone*... knows. Now SHUT UP AND HELP... help Philly....!”

“W.. Why....”

“B.. BECAUSE SHE’S MY FRIEND-!”

“So?”

He looked down at the cock-head sticking out of the left leg of her booty shorts, then at Philly who was almost on tip-toes, and whimpered.

“Oh... for fuck’s sake...”

He wrestled himself to the ground before grabbing Agatha’s hand and pulling her to the nearest tree, as far from the onlookers as he could manage.

“Come on!”

“Why.”

Falling to his knees, he glanced around. The tree hid most of what they were doing. He hoped to God nobody could see him behind her thick thighs as he came up to her leg and lapped at her cock with his tongue. So many flavours immediately broke his brain that he almost choked without even putting it in his mouth.

“GLPhhhph!..ffuucck..”

“Mmm..”

The deep grunt of excitement for above him affirmed what he knew. She wanted him beneath her. Owned, mind, body and soul. Today, he would fulfil that wish.... for Philly.

'Just do it. Don't think.'

He forced his mouth as wide as it would go, and began to suck the head of her cock in whilst grimacing. So many flavours, with such a salty, fishy stench that he couldn't stop the tiny squeal before redoubling his efforts.

"MMmhhGGGHHhh!"

'Do it. No thought.'

Sobbing, he began to swirl around the head. Rumbles vibrated his brain as he tried to suck a little deeper and found the leg of her booty shorts in the way. The sound of a zipper hit his ear.

ZZZZT!

The booty shorts loosened.

"MGlh.... W-wait... you get the rest later!" he hissed, jumping up and grabbing hold of her cock before it could spill out of her patched boxers.

"Hm.."

"I'll do EVERYTHING... be everything... just please..."

She growled. He fluttered his eyelids in response, raising the pitch of his voice to a cutesy, girly tone as he sandwiched to her side.

"I'm... I'll do everything for you girlfriend... just help Philly please?? I'll be the best boyfriend... and I'll come home to meet your Mom too. T-tomorrow."

A tiny crease of her mouth.

".... Alright."

Relief flushed through Toby's body.

"Th-thanks...."

She made no move, and he gulped, wrapping himself against her leg, brushing up the bulge in her shorts.

".... Girlfriend."

"Mmm...."

Agatha seemed to shiver from his words, and a tongue sliding up his face was proof enough that he was saying the correct things as she pulled him up from the ground, spanked him on his bottom hard enough to leave him with a burning butt-cheek, before dropping him and jogging off towards the trio. It was strange seeing her move at a more than glacial pace, students scattering in her wake, pale cheeks red from the effort of more than minimal movement as she reached them. Clearly running was not her strong suit. Her ass was disgustingly thick in the booty-shorts, and Toby bit his lip before grimacing at the taste of cock in his mouth.

'I'm so fucked.'

As the crowds parted, Philly pressed herself back against the bark. She could feel the warmth flowing between her legs as the crazed figure of Ellie loomed over her.

“Thought you could get away huh...”

“F-fuck you..”

Ellie was grinning as she slid her fingers down under Philly’s skirt and pulled it up, so absorbed in her world that even the heavy boots of Agatha didn’t get through to her as she continued towards the girl’s panties, pulling them aside....

“Yyyeahhhh..... *I don’t think so. Now we’ve got all the time in the world, I’m going to make you cum right here-*“

Two large hands were compressing her shoulders to the ground before she could understand what was going on. As Ellie buckled to her knees, her tone and demeanour switched, high-pitched to the point she was almost squealing.

“U-UUYY, M-Miss Smithers... MISTRESS!.. *I-I’m sorry, I didn’t mean...-!*“

Agatha snorted. *Dumb bitch*, she thought, before grabbing the girl by her hair.

“-d-DIDN’T MEAN TO..... *I was just, mistress Smithers please, I’ll do anything you want....*”

“Smithers?” Philly murmured.

“Smithers?” Ben-Ben whispered nearby, once again unable to tear his eyes away.

“Mistress-“

Ellie looked back, and her face scrawled into shock and disgust.

“-YOU?!... what are YOU doing?!?!? She isn’t even your TYPE!!!!”

Agatha shrugged, aiming Ellie’s face under Philly’s hiked dress.

“My boyfriend asked me.”

Philly remained motionless, still wide-eyed with her legs open, panties pulled aside.

Agatha responded by shoving Ellie’s head straight up against Philly’s pussy, pressing hard enough that the girl had nowhere to go. The girl’s eyes screwed shut, tongue flailing wildly even as she tried to break away from the warmth and wetness enveloping her face.

“MMph-MPPHh-“

“Ohhhh fffuucckk!!!“ Philly murmured, glancing up at the playground in shock. Some other students were watching with wide eyes. Others turned away or purposely ignored it for fear of rebukes later down the line. Some were simply rooted by the sight of Ellie McJefferson, everyone’s least favourite barbie bitch on her knees, being degraded, by a nerd no less!

"What the hell.."

"Hey, that's Ellie Jefferson!"

"What is that ugly BRUTE DOING?!"

Agatha glanced over at one particular outburst from a pair of sluttily dressed girls. The Lopez twins, Bella and Lucy, were both watching with dropped jaws. Today they had dressed like perfect skanks with their shirts tied to reveal slim bellies, short skirts flirting with the bottoms of the G-string thongs they always wore.

"Hey bitch!"

"You can't DO that!"

Agatha's face didn't change. Instead she spoke with her actions, reaching down and pulling the pink skirt from Ellie's waist. She didn't know yet precisely how she would impose her will on the blond bitch, but her boyfriend had begged her, so she would make him happy. Perhaps a finger up the ass-

Agatha paused, and then, for the first time that almost any student had heard, she began to laugh. It was a strangely feminine sound, soft and lilting.

"Ha... oh..."

Ellie whimpered into the pussy, trying to cover up her crotch and pull the fist from her hair to no avail.

"Oooohhhh my god...!"

The Lopez twins' eyes bulged out of their heads. A pretty pink chastity cage was locked tight on Ellie's penis, cooped up so small that it almost looked like a bump rather than a cock. Clearly it was affecting her as Ellie whimpered into Philly's wet pussy, and her thighs squeezed inwards, as if trying to release pressure. The girl's face flushed an even deeper red as the gathered crowd gasped. Mutterings and laughter began to ripple through, and as Ellie moaned into the pussy as Philly began to grunt, her breathing turning shallow.

"Uuh... uhuhn-"

Toby finally sprinted forwards, interposing himself between the gathered throng and the scene.

"Piss off!"

"Or what," one girl, Cindy, sneered.

"My boyfriend said piss off," Agatha murmured, sliding Ellie's head up and down as she did so, basting the girl's face in Philly's juices whilst staring into Cindy's soul, "or else."

Cindy's eyes widened, and she turned without a second thought, her friend following. Within seconds one corner of the playground was entirely vacant and dead bar the quiet huffing of Philly as she began to close in on an orgasm. Toby looked back, and Agatha gave a soft smile. He returned it awkwardly.

"Thanks..."

A dark eyebrow rose.

“... ah... *girlfriend*.”

Her cheeks flushed the colour of pink lady apples whilst she idly mashed Ellie’s face into Philly’s vagina, who was beginning to press her hips back into it.

“Ohhh shhit... y-yeeaah... fucking lick it, *bitch*,” she gasped, taking hold of the girl’s head for the first time. The motions became more violent as Agatha let go, and Philly took over.

“Mmph-HMMphmMP-“

Ellie whimpered into the face-fucking, her hands coming down to her crotch as she tried to massage the pain of being denied her erection, rubbing her thighs instead. The sight of the girl’s ass rising for stimulation was like a drug to Philly, who found herself wishing strangely in that moment that she had a cock to pound that sweet ass. She turned to Ben and Toby, an urgent look on her face.

“Can you look somewhere.. *E-ELSE...?!*”

They did so immediately, blushing.

“Walk?” Toby muttered to Ben, their enmity briefly forgotten.

“Yup.”

Toby took one step, and then felt a hand crush his shoulder.

“*You promised we’d spend break together*,” Agatha growled.

“O-oh yeah.... I’ll.. I guess I’ll catch you up, Ben.”

“Right..”

Forlornly, Ben-Ben began to waddle away, trying to keep his erection from tenting his trousers as Philly began to moan louder and louder. As she pumped her hips, juices ran down Ellie’s chin and onto her breasts.

“Lllooks like... you really are gonna make me.... cccccUUUMMMMM-“

Ellie sobbed. Her tongue didn’t stop however as a flood of warm liquid squirted over her face, spreading down her front. She lapped as much as she could, whilst bitterly rubbing the device between her legs, desperate for release. It was the most satisfying orgasm of Philadelphia’s life watching her bully buck her hips back, searching for pleasure in any form as they locked eyes. Once she slumped back, she enjoyed watching Ellie’s face, makeup smeared everywhere, hair transformed into a bale of hay as she sobbed to herself.

“So... looking forwards to science class next week?” Philly grinned, “I heard *Mistress Smithers* might have some long, hard experiments for us.”

Ellie simply shivered, defeated.

Toby’s heart seemed to be racing faster and faster with each step as he was

led where he inevitable knew he would be taken.... the boy's bathroom. Thankfully she pulled him to the cleanest ones closest to the teacher block, not even bothered by the young man washing his hands on the way in. The boy sprinted the moment he saw Agatha, almost bouncing off her as he tried to escape.

Toby could feel her excitement. It was palpable in the way she stared only at their destination, Agatha guiding Toby into a cubicle. Her shadow seemed to block all light from entering this phone box of doom as she squeezed inside behind him, pressing the door closed.

The turn of the latch felt like the final death blow; a tiny **click** ending any lingering doubts as to what was about to happen.

Slowly, tortuously... her squishy front began to squeeze him against the cubicle wall. He felt her sweaty breasts under his chin, and whimpered as she pressed his head into them, engulfing him in the stink of her body odour. She didn't stop, sliding him down her front, t-shirt damp as he was given a teaser of her breasts and belly through the sweat-stained material, almost breathless by the time he was left on his knees facing the biggest bulge he'd ever known.

His chest was pounding. Humidity seemed to be growing between them as his forehead dappled with sweat.

Agatha didn't wait on ceremony, unzipping and throwing her booty shorts down. A pair of black boxers were also similarly damp. The smell of her junk was so strong in such a confined space, even with the protection, that it almost felt like a wall, immobilising betas like Toby if they wandered too close. When the boxers came down, Toby's eyes began to water as she pulled them down her hips.

It sprang up, slapping him on the chin.

"UUF-"

Boots and fishnet stockings still on, she waved the huge cock in front of his face, a white python oozing cum from the slit.

Toby had to close his eyes, taking a few moments to adjust to the stench of this monster. This close to his face, it seemed to emit an odour that somehow physically assaulted his senses, yet also dulled them, as if overwhelming by such an alpha scent.

"Baby."

He squinted upwards instead of directly at her schlong. Above him stood an urgent woman, face tense and lined with anticipation. A little squirt of liquid hit his cheek, and he shivered... and lapped it up like a good boy. The taste was salty and thick, and he grimaced as it went down... and then pressed his face forwards.

'She saved Philly. Now I need to keep my end of the bargain...'

Toby whimpered as his lips touched the pink helmet, pushing through the

urge to wretch, instead cranking up the sluttiness to eleven as he fluttered his eyelids and suction-cupped them to the tangy mushroom before pressing forwards, attempting to impale himself on her penis. Agatha let out a soft breath. She was so quiet that it almost felt like he was having no effect, belied by the angry pulse of the flagpole between his lips. As he descended, his whole mouth filling up with cock, he tried his best to keep watery eye contact as it hit the back of his throat, the stench filling his sinuses. Feeling the slinky skin and taut ligaments of her appendage inhabiting his insides was still so alien and wrong, yet he leaned into it, electricity shooting down his spine as he felt each flex of her manhood in his mouth.

“Mmph...Glgh..”

“Mm... yeah....”

Lost in her fantasy, Agatha lovingly cupped the back of his head.... And less lovingly pulled him onto her cock.

“GLLGGHk-“

Toby squealed, then began to gag obscenely as she pressed her hardness down his neck until he was slobbering, eyes streaming as she quickly buried his face in her pubes.

“GLGh-GHGH-!“

“UUuuuuhn.....”

A shot of thick, hot splooge fired down into his belly. He gulped it down as best he could, hiccupping around her staff as the pre-cum warmed his insides.

“Hhck-HHCK-“

As he slobbered and tried to breath around the coke-can width of her cock, a sound Toby had been dreading hit. The bathroom door creaked open, and a pair of heels clicked inside.

‘Heels?! Surely not Ellie... or Gemma?!’

The thought of Gemma, his once-crush, watching him deep-throat an eleven-inch meat hammer might well have been the final straw. They clicked closer, Toby shaking. He tried to hold in his splutters and gasps... and failed as another trickle of semen spurted down his throat.

“HYgh...!”

“Hmm. And what exactly is going on here?”

His eyes scrunched tight, and he tried not to let the tears go.

‘Fiona McMillan. The principal.’

He warbled over the cock, trying to unimpale himself, perhaps to explain, or to reason.... Agatha had no such grievances about their activities however, shunting herself back in, forcing a filthy slurp as her cock slid across the walls of his throat.

“GLHHHGgg-“

“Well. Answer me. What were you doing here?”

Tears streamed down his face.

I'm getting suspended. Fuck. My life is over... and it's happening with a dick in my mouth.

“GLL... Glhhhh-!”

He desperately tried to answer. It only seemed to turn Agatha on further, and she began to fuck his face, her hips shunting his forehead with each pump.

“GLh-Guh-GMMpg-GHh-!”

It was almost missed when another voice answered, quietly.

“Just... checking they were okay....”

“... GLLPHh?!?!”

He almost squealed into the cock, face flushing red.

Ben-Ben.

‘Ben was listening!?’

Fiona’s voice was stern.

“Just checking hm?”

“I... I just...”

“Well, you want to check on them? Very well!”

Knuckles rapped on the door.

“Sorry to disturb... Are you two aware you were being listened to?”

“Nuh,” Agatha grunted, uttering a soft moan as the dick flexed in Toby’s mouth.

“GLLph!”

“Sorry to disturb but would you be interested in shaming our little voyeur with an open performance? I think it would be a joy to observe some *hands-on* biology in action.”

Agatha smirked down at Toby, reaching for the lock.

He put his hands up in a sign of prayer... and began to slide his lips up and down, almost retching as her giant helmet touched his tonsils.

“GLLH-“

‘Please no...’

She shuddered, biting her lip, still toying with the excitement of voyeurism versus the desperate pleas of her lover. The wide, glassy eyes won out, and she eventually murmured in a breathy voice.

“No....mm...”

Fiona seemed delighted regardless.

“Oh of course, your privacy is important. I’ll leave you to it!..... But as for *you my little peeping Tom*.... I think you still require an oral lesson, don’t you?”

“N... wait...”

Ben-Ben’s pleas were music to Toby’s ears.

'Fuck him. He wants to be a perve? He can be the one getting dicked for a change.'

He could barely believe it as Fiona Mc'Millan wasted no time, unzipping her skirt, and a few seconds later the sounds of slobber and suction beginning to form a chorus as two blowjobs now took place in the bathroom. A dirty sense of pride hit Toby as he felt his own woman shudder and moan louder, able to faintly hear Ben-Ben's gag reflex being hit quickly with each pump.

"Hmm, a virgin mouth eh?.. HMM!... not to worry... we'll soon.... Solve... that...!"

Ben-Ben's whimpers became squeals as Fiona pumped deeper into this throat, and the slaps of skin on face began to emanate. Clearly the headmistress was not averse to physical punishment.

With Ben-Ben humiliated, Toby returned his thoughts to the woman in front of him. Maybe it was time to teach his own lesson in biology. His hands slid underneath, and began wanking the base of her cock as he slurped up to the middle, before engaging in a twisting suction with his face and jerking hard with his fists. The reaction was immediate, Agatha doubling over, letting out a low groan. He followed it up with feathering down to her balls, and began bouncing and juggling them, giving a naughty squeeze now and then that brought another few shot glasses worth of her baby batter into his mouth. This time he didn't swallow. He rolled his lips up and off, and displayed the cum roiling over his tongue, freezing the woman above him.

'Yes, that's it. Enjoy the show...'

Agatha's eyes widened. Whether he knew it or not, the young man bouncing with energy as he sank his lips back onto her cock was giving the performance of a lifetime... perhaps even a little too good as she observed the tent in his trousers. Her heart began to thump a million beats per minute, all too much as he closed his eyes and let out the softest whimper, clutching her testicles like treasured jewels.

"MMMMMmmm...."

"F...-uck..!"

Her sharp cluck was followed by a not-at-all quick and incredibly potent volcanic eruption of cum into his throat as her dick flexed to its fullest extent, and Toby, even in his slutty act, squealed in shock as he was suddenly wrapped over the head of a fire hydrant. The first wave was barely gulped down. The second he managed only half before it filled his throat. The third overflowed his lips.

"GLPH-"

He had to pull away. The moment he did, cum exploded over him. His face, hair, neck, torso... all of it got a dose of her seed as Agatha grabbed her cock

and began to coax every ounce of pleasure out of it, transforming her boy into a snowman. Toby shuddered, waiting for it to be over even as a warm wetness spread in his boxers, pre-cumming just from basking in his lover's pleasure.

Later he would tell himself it was the perfect act; a ruse, a way to get the job done and leave. But in the moment, hard as a rock, knelt in front of a shuddering, hung beast of a woman, Toby moaned in the rain of virility, trying to twist his head to receive full coverage and cleanse himself of his own masculinity, lost in his own twisted shampoo advert as he basked in her cum-shower.

There was no need to think in the face of a superior being. Just let her win.

The last ropes flew past and splatted against the cubicle wall. The pair fell still bar the shivering, barely noticing the wretches of Ben-Ben in the background.

When at last she opened her eyes, Agatha watched the most beautiful smile painted with icing on the face of her boyfriend. It took a long moment for it to fade, and for reality to set in. He raised shaking arms coated in seed, his clothes and limbs swamped in semen.

"Mmuh..."

He opened his mouth, and the stench of semen in his stomach infested his sinuses again. He closed it, shaking.

A tissue wiped over his face. He waited, trying not to cry as more tissue wiped and scrubbed, and when he opened his eyes, Agatha was kneeling, awkwardly squeezed to the side so she had enough space to get the majority of his face free of cum. She paused on one part of his chin, and scooped a glob onto one finger. He already knew what was coming as she proffered it. Slowly, maintaining a delicate, humiliating eye contact, he took the finger in his mouth, and sucked it dry as a single tear ran down his cheek.

Another tissue quickly cleared it up, and a kiss on each cheek stopped any more from appearing.

"Mm.. thanks," she murmured.

He nodded, still shaking.

"I... m-my clothes..."

"YYHHGK-"

The choked squawk of Ben-Ben shook them out of their intimate moment. Fiona's voice, filled with tension spoke over it.

"IF... I overheard you two saying your clothes.... MMM.. W-were....*take it, slut!*..... Please, in lost property we... *Ohhhh GG... GGGoooooohhhh yessss!!!.*"

A snivelling whine emanated, quickly cut off as panicked gulping took over.

"MMm... *Fucking... TAKE IT.....*"

Agatha peered over the top of the cubicle. The feeling of excitement in her belly began to build again as she saw Fiona McMillan stood with legs wide and

strong in the centre of the bathroom, not even bothering to use a cubicle as she pumped away at the cowering form of Ben-Ben. His eyes were streaming, face red. Cum was spilling from his mouth, and she snorted in disgust, pulling the cock clear and covering his face and body before pressing him with a heel to the floor.

“UGHL....*hhuhgg*....”

“Pathetic... at least that Gemma girl had talent. *Ah*, Agatha darling! I *thought* that was you.”

She took a tissue from the sink, wiping her cock before throwing it on the spluttering form of Ben-Ben on the floor.

“This one really is a little pervert. I noticed him watching me in my office as well. A shame that men these days haven’t been taught good manners.”

Agatha gave no response.

“Still as talkative as ever hm?” she smiled.

Silence, to which Fiona chuckled.

“Always been an interesting one haven’t you? Even when you were young.. Tell me, does my sister still have you girls all working at the garage?”

“Yeah.”

“Very good... Would they perhaps fancy taking on an intern? I’m sure there’d be room for some... *moral support*.”

She nudged the prone form beneath her.

“Might also learn a thing or two about how to please a woman.”

Agatha shrugged.

“Hm. Well, I’ll call ahead anyway. Please if you could, take him tonight. I don’t want him getting any grand ideas about making a fuss as things can get complicated when parents are involved. Perhaps as a bonus for you, I can make sure you two lovebirds gets plenty of time to study together, hmm?”

Agatha thought for a while. Toby watched as she wiggled her hips in thought, and the softening horsecock swung past his face, covered in a pungent cum-and-saliva cocktail.

“...Okay.”

“You know... you *can* call me auntie, right?”

Silence.

“Hm. Or perhaps not. Regardless, please, if you could bring this one along,” she smiled, nudging Ben-Ben once more with her foot before zipping her skirt back up around her waist. With one check of her hair, she was composed and impervious once more, sashaying from the bathroom.

Toby waited until she left to murmur up to his master in disbelief.

“... *Auntie?!*”

Another shrug.

“Yeah.”

“The headmistress is your Aunt?!”

She patted his face with her penis. The weight of it jerked his chin sideways like a meaty club.

“Uff!”

“Yeah. Now, would you like to meet my Moms today or tomorrow?.”

Another pat. He just knelt there, trembling. After a few more pats, it started to inflate again.

‘Oh no...’

“A-Agatha..”

“Shh.”

She stroked his head, and cupped around the nape of his neck. He already knew what was going to happen, looking up with a pleading stare. The green eyes were lost in her silhouette, pure darkness staring back down.

Hopelessness overtook Toby. He shivered and opened his mouth, a whimper escaping as the slimy salt of her cock entered, drizzling onto his tongue, before the log pressed forcefully into his mouth once more. Quietly, Ben-Ben whimpered outside, still shell-shocked as the deep slobbers and gags of a pornstar began to emanate from the closest cubicle, a small pair of knees framed by two large, black boots as Toby Pierce was debased by his new girlfriend and owner. Agatha’s moans filled the room, echoing off the tiles, lost in the heavenly grip of a pair of tight lips being forced to the base of her cock.

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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 panties, as well as various other genres.

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