Pose

(Futa on Male)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

Author note: This erotic story contains explicit Futa on male domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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Pose

The photographer stared down at the digital camera, adjusting it so it was angled perfectly towards the black couch sitting in an empty white corner of the studio.

Phil watched from a small plastic chair next to the wall, fiddling with a hole in his jeans.

“So uh.. you been doing this long?”

The woman ignored him, something beeping on the camera as she wrinkled her nose.

She was sharp in body and mind, her eyebrows hawkish, figure stick thin. Phil had barely got four words out of her.

“So uh…. Who will I be working with?”

“She iz coming.”

“Ah… right.”

The accent was French, but so far that was all he had guessed about her, and he decided he didn’t need to learn anything else. All Phil wanted to know was who he would be working with today.

He shifted on the cheap plastic chair behind the camera, placed in the part of the studio that was much more workman-like, cluttered with plywood, paint cans and half-finished props.

It felt crazy that he was even in this position to begin with; posing for an erotic shoot… his first.

Was this the tipping point to being a pornstar?

He glanced at the large halogen lights flooding the white corner of the studio with cold brightness, showing every groove and crease in the black leather couch.

It felt bare, and stark.

Exposed.

He bristled, fiddling with his sleeve and the long eyelashes that classmates had used to make fun of him for. Such pretty features were part of the reason he was getting such lucrative work, and Phil knew it.

Hey, uni isn’t cheap.

In terms of looks, Phil was touching 5'7, but his physique was healthy and slim enough that he apparently (according to his first photographer) possessed a 'pleasant white-twink aesthetic.')

The thought that someone somewhere wanted to see his naked body wierded him out sometimes, but for the money he was happy enough to let it happen. Especially for such easy work.

Get naked. Pose. Show them everything. Get paid.

But this time… This time was different.

His heart beat a little faster in his chest.

'A partner.'

Would she be tall? Short? Fun? Aloof?... A total bitch?

His imagination conjured up a stick-thin supermodel with a haughty expression that suggested everything around her smelt bad.

He pulled again at the hole in his jeans. Comfort was key, hence the shirt, hoody and comfortable dark boxers underneath. They would be fairly unimportant once the shoot got going.

He heard a car motor pulling up through the window.

Was that her?

He scratched short-shaven hair (the buzz cut had been at attempt to look a little more manly, but his friends had just laughed, and one of his lesbian friends even joked she would fuck him, ironically of course.).

The door banged open, rousing Phil from his thoughts.

"Ooooh I'm SO sorry, how is everybody?....."

Phil nearly fell off his chair at the most eye-catching woman he had ever seen.

She stood at nearly 6'4, immediately banging her head on the door frame as she stooped to enter, shaking long platinum blond hair underneath a ridiculously wide-brimmed lilac hat complete with huge feather on top. Almost certainly fake breasts and huge butt-cheeks hit his eyes like oncoming traffic, her chest so big that he couldn't even guess at a cup size, jiggling in her dress as she ungainly hoisted herself into the room.

"OUCH… *fuck* that always hurts…"

Phil temporarily thought he was having some sort of fever dream as the giantess lingered briefly on the photographer who hadn't said a word and simply continued

with what she was doing, before turning to Phil. Her eyes seemed to sparkle, the edges of her mouth edging upwards.

"Wellllll hello…"

Even looking into her face was an unusual experience; Her lips were huge, almost certainly botoxed, and her lashes thick, black and curled too, enough that they looked almost too heavy to blink. If that wasn't outlandish enough, one side of her face bore a vine tattoo with red roses and thorns winding their way down to her neck and beyond, the blacks and reds contrasting with her milky white skin – the epitome of a girl with daddy issues that Mothers warned their sons to stay the hell away from.

What caught him even more off guard was the beaming smile spread across her face as she eyed him up like a prize pig, and despite all the 'enhanced' features she still possessed an underlying beauty that money couldn't buy.

In combination it was like someone had created a God-fearing father's worst nightmare.

"Wellll HEL-LO….!"

"Uh.. hi…"

'Who the hell is this*?'*

She was absolutely the opposite of anything he had imagined.

"So, you're my partner-in-crime today right?"

Her accent was English and at first well-spoken, although there was something common about it, the 'T' in 'Right' forgotten, making it sound more like 'rihe?'. Phil dimly recalling something about 'Essex' that he'd seen on some TV show somewhere…

"Uhh… yeah…"

His stare whipped from one eye-catching feature to the next, making him dizzy as she tottered on stilettos towards him until it almost felt like he was sitting under a cartoon character, her incredibly tight (and also Lilac) dress hugging huge breasts that smushed together like two space hoppers aiming to take his head off, with an ass that rivalled a semi-truck. As she leaned in, a waft of expensive-smelling perfume bamboozled his nostrils with a rather acrid, yet oddly sweet smell.

“I’m Liza, call me Liz.. it’s SOOooo lovely to meet you, Phil right? (“uh yes-“) I’m sorry I’m late, traffic was awful, and well as you can see it’s not easy squeezing myself into a Mazda… My fault, I’m a sucker for pretty little things….”

The wide brimmed hat casting a shadow across him as she extended a hand down to Phil, whose body warmed from his core right out to his fingers and toes. Her handshake was strong, clasping him with taloned fingers, his hand lost within her palm.

“Speaking of pretty little things, you look lovely don’t you?…. You know, now I’ve seen you in the flesh, I know we’re going to have *so* much fun today.”

Phil let out a confused smile at the rapid-fire words coming from between the woman’s pristine white teeth as he continued to shake her hand, noticing the leaf and vine tattoos also wound their way all the way down her pale, smooth arms to the tips of her fingers.

“I-I ah…..”

For some reason he suddenly felt like he needed to swallow profusely, no longer sure if his legs were still working as the sheer presence of someone who truly filled the room with their both their presence and personality hit him. In terms of size alone she looked like a teacher standing in a first-grade classroom; all of the furniture, as well as Phil himself, hilariously child-like around her towering form.

He stammered out, “Wow, uh… good….good shake!”

Immediately her face switched to one of deep concern.

“Ooooh sorry, did I squeeze too hard?”

She put her other hand on his and rubbed it, softening her touch until she was almost caressing him, standing even closer to him which further drove home their height difference, her a good few feet clear, looking down upon him.

Her breasts manoeuvred into his face, a full horizon of cleavage presented with two smooth white mountains rising out of the front of the dress, screaming to be freed from their over-worked prison.

“I wouldn’t want to hurt you, we’ve got a few hours today so I think it’s probably best we don’t start off on the wrong foot…. Anything I can do for you? Back rub? massage?.... *happy ending?”*

She said it with a wink.

“Uhh…. It’s… it’s fine, just nice to meet you!”

“Oh I know, I’m just teasing!”

She bent over him, and the huge lips formed pockets of saliva on both cheeks as she kissed him unnecessarily long and wet. Phil felt a small strand of saliva from her mouth that was attached to his cheek break away and land fully on the side of his chin as she did so.

“Mmmh….*MMhh*…. pleasure to meet you too.”

A voice came from across the room.

“You are ready?”

Phil jerked. He had forgotten completely about the photographer, too busy lost in the presence of a woman who seemed to be making his internal organs rearrange themselves in the wrong order, his heart and stomach switching places, chest expanding to try and get more calming oxygen into his body.

“Oh KATIE, it’s lovely to see you too….”

She laughed, a high-pitched titter at odds with her monstrous assets.

“Well I have to say, that you’ve made me feel outmatched… Katie LOOK at him, you’ve got the eye of an angel for finding such talent!”

‘Katie’ didn’t even register that she was being spoken to.

Liz turned and bent over so she was eye level with Phil again, and he tried and failed to avoid looking all the way down her cleavage, noticing a patch of sweat in the crevasse between them, feeling the warmth of her breath tickle his nose.

“Honestly, I feel SO bad for keeping you waiting… we’ll just pretend I was building your anticipation!”

“Uh.. yeah…”

Phil felt like he was struggling to keep up, heart hammering in his chest as she turned to the photographer and spoke louder.

“Katie! Do speak to me, how aaaaare you darling???! Oh pleeeease furnish us with a few words if you could?”

The woman sent back a clipped “Fine.”

“Fantastic!...”

She muttered to him, “… And that’s all the excitement we’ll be getting from her.”

He couldn't help a chuckle, and then watched as she somehow squeezed herself into the chair beside him, making it look ludicrously small, glancing down at thighs that looked double the size of his own.

It was impossible not to appreciate her thick rear end which was attempting to break the chair in multiple different ways, plus an incredibly long, thick leg which now was waving idly in the air, crossed in his direction so her stiletto extended out in front of him.

Phil was pretty sure she outmatched him in every department conceivable except looking natural. He couldn't stop looking.

She fiddled with her handbag before pulling out some chewing gum and popping two in her mouth.

"Gum???"

"…Sure.."

She popped two into his hand.

"Just one thanks."

"Take two, when we kiss you'll enjoy it a whole lot more."

"Oh… we're going to… kiss?"

A note of excitement hit him. Whilst she wasn't at all his type Liz was utterly unique, and she drew the eyes whether they wished to be drawn or not.

She creased her face in concern.

"OH… sorry, did you not want to!? That's TOTALLY fine, I just… usually kiss all the other girls in my shoots… But then I'm naughty by nature!" she tittered.

"… Uh, right, no it's fine!…. "

He paused before adding.

"…you think I'm a girl?"

She gave him a fawning look and placed a hand on his forearm, making him flinch.

"Oh Of COURSE not silly!… Give me a little credit, I've done some research… I saw some of your pictures in Craig's portfolio!... Hot as hell…. I had to look over them a few times…"

She gave a perverted wink again.

"….. annnnd honey, just relax. I won't bite…. Well, unless Katie asks me too and you're okay with it, but I'm always gentle, I promise!"

‘She looked at my pictures. She… liked my pictures?...’

“Oh… it’s f-”

She seemed to read his face in a heartbeat.

“SORRY, was I rude to look at your pictures? (“uh, it’s fine, I-“) They’re soooo good…. I assumed you’d looked at me… if not I apologise, but I suppose you’ll get to see me soon anyway! Let it all hang out, etcetera! Sorry, did I interrupt you?”

“Ah…no.. no you didn’-.”

“Sorry… look, I’m a little energetic this morning….”

She took a deep breath, and for the first time spoke in a more measured way.

“..I saw your photos. They got me excited, but… I think that’s not a bad thing, right?”

Her eyes began to move up and down, scanning him.

He couldn’t help looking back sheepishly, still taking in this woman who seemed like the ultimate bodacious barbie doll had rolled through a tattoo parlour by accident, stopping by a toy shop on the way to collect some balloons for her front and back. Despite it all, it was hard not to enjoy her pure bottled positivity.

“Yeah… I think today’s going to be fun….”

Her beaming smile made him feel weightless.

“Great.. you’re totally right.. I think we’re going to kill it today.”

Phil smiled.

“Yeah… yeah me too.”

“Ve are ready!”

Phil jumped as he remembered that Katie was also there again, re-announcing her presence by snapping at them.

“Right you are darling!” said Liz with a smile, pushing off the chair which made a groaning, creaking sound like it had just had its spine broken.

“Oof… I never do well with furniture… always breaking the damn things…. Do I need the heels darling?”

Katie nodded.

“Damn, I was hoping to rest my feet, but style over comfort I suppose! Tell me Phil…”

She put an arm on his shoulder.

“…. How old are you?”

“Ah uh…. Twenty. Twenty-one in June.”

She glowed.

“Ooooh that’s so cute. How old do you think I am?”

“AH uh…”

“You’d better answer smart here sweety,” she breathed.

Because of the fullness of her figure, the poufy lips, she seemed older, but it felt like her energy was youthful, and she retained prettiness underneath. But the tattoos….

Better to go young.

“Twenty-four?”

She smirked.

“Oh now you’re just being a simp…. Which I will take. I am thirty.”

“Cool… you look younger…”

“OHhhh simp harder for me!”

Something clogged Phil’s throat, and it felt like his blood had suddenly started flowing through his body faster than normal.

“Strip!” called Katie as she readied her camera.

Liz rolled her eyes, sighing theatrically.

“No rest for the wicked!”

Then she placed her hat carefully on the side, and pulled her dress off over her head in one fluid motion.

Phil, who was about to get out of his chair, fell back into it.

His eyes popped as he watched incredible lacy white underwear be revealed, almost see through with intricated designs which hugged so much fat and muscle, burgeoning under the weight of the humungous tits exploding from her slim body, and lost almost entirely inside the crevasse of her ass.

Now he could see the complete vine tattoos came to her whole right side, and spread across her chest, ending up to the nipples on her breast, and over to her left shoulder. To Phil, she seemed like a slutty angel, the white background adding to the effect, her skin clear and unblemished except for the black, red and dark green vines winding up her side, popping against the white canvas.

However, it was the object sticking out of her crotch that made him freeze.

Through white, crotchless panties, was hanging a thick, drooping cock.

His eyes bugged out. It was like a bulldog, the foreskin slightly wrinkled and hanging over the head, the pee-slit just barely visible.

“Hoh..”

‘It’s nearly reaching her knees….’

The exclamation left his mouth before he could take it back. Either Liz didn’t notice or she pretended not to, fiddling with the side of her panties.

‘Fuck.. if I had that cock… it’s got to be nine inches at least…’

It would have overshadowed everything else on a normal human being, but attached to Liz it was like a gigantic, throbbing nuclear missile on top of a cake, a threatening presence that now made Phil’s stomach shrivel. He found himself unable to avoid stealing looks at the salami dangling between her legs, as if it would leap forwards and batter him to unconsciousness the moment he looked away.

“Uh… you…”

“Oh… sorry I’m not hard yet, honestly you’re making me a little nervous!”

He had to force words into his mouth.

“N.. no that’s fine… all good…”

‘She’s not even hard and she’s that big?’

It’s cool, I’ll just…. get myself going, unless you want to help which I’m TOTALLY fine with,” she laughed.

She wrapped a hand around her gigantic shaft.

“NO, no… that’s… you can do it,” he said, trying to smile, although the thickness and length of her dick was so eye-catching that he was having a hard time not being jealous comparing it to his own, even as his mouth was watering heavily.

‘She has a cock that women would lose their minds on, and mine is barely average… it’s not fair…’

“Hey… I’m feeling a bit lonesome… care to get out of those hot, silly clothes?” she said in a silly pornstar voice which made Phil chuckle, still nervously eyeing the thing she was now pumping slowly between her fingers.

shhlick

“Oh sure thing uh… ma’am.”

He fingered the waistband of his pants.

“See? Now you’re getting into it,” she grinned, winking at him, and despite his reservations he found himself slipping his clothes off more eagerly. When he had finished, it was only his boxers left.

A sharp voice came from the corner of the room.

“Strip!”

“Will you just let me do it!” he snapped back at Katie, who showed no discernible concern over his consternation, adjusting the camera a miniscule amount again.

“Just….”

A large hand came down on his shoulder.

“You okay?” said Liz.

“Yeah! Yeah….”

She leaned in.

“Hey… if it makes it any better, you’re already uh… helping me, if you know what I mean?”

He looked down at the cock which was hardening in her fingers, as she squeezed his shoulder.

“… but I could use a little extra… push…”

She held his gaze and winked whilst pumping her cock.

Shlick-shlick-shlick

Phil suddenly felt a strong desire to be a good neighbour and help Liz get hard.

He gently pulled his boxers down, revealing a healthy five-inch penis, not large in girth or length, but what he hoped was adequate.

Liz stared at it for a long while.

“Mmmhhh.”

Phil shrivelled a little.

She grinned.

“Hnn… It’s… beautiful…”

She stuck her tongue out.

“…almost as big as mine!”

He gave an embarrassed, emasculated laugh.

“Ha… y-yeah… almost….”

She eyed him with total, soul-deep hunger.

“It’s really turning me on.”

“Oh… g-great…”

Her fingers were digging into his shoulder know, the nails long and sharp.

“You know… what I *really* get off on is eye contact.”

Phil suddenly felt like he couldn’t move a single muscle in his body, her gaze boring into his soul, and he was sure she began pumping faster.

“U-uh-!”

His neck wrenched away, lip trembling.

shlick-shlick-shlick

The sounds were loud in his ear.

When he braved looking again she was stroking it, eyes roving up and down his body, and moaning, and Phil turned away, unable to stop peeking out of the corner of his eye as the huge woman pleasured herself, the cock rising on command. The hand released from his shoulder and came to cup one of her breasts, and she played with a thick nipple, thumbing around the edge of it, pushing against the lace bra before looking down and spitting a long line of drool down onto her cock.

She looked up and blushed, sucking a little back into her mouth.

“Oophh, sorry…. I’m a bit… dirty…. I’m just more comfortable to be open and relaxed… you know what I mean?”

“Uh, yeah, of course…”

“… want me to spit on yours?”

“Ah n-no, I’m.. thanks..”

“Oh don’t be polite, you can say no, you know! It’s supposed to be fun…”

She looked at him, all the while gently pumping her cock which had risen to the point of looking like a small zeppelin, Phil’s stomach shrivelling so small it felt like he had a hole in his abdomen as he watched it grow like Liza was about to use it to knock through walls.

shlick-shlick-schlick

‘It’s fucking humungous...’

A mushroomed head began to emerged from under the foreskin, pulled back by the tautness of the shaft, and Phil, whimpered, beginning to sweat as the thing was fully revealed, like a pink torpedo about to detach and rocket across the room.

Warmth flowed south, and for some reason he found himself covering up a firm erection now pointing happily in the air in front of him.

Her eyes darted down to his manhood, expression becoming a little more fervent.

“Hey, are you dirty in bed? Sorry if that seems like a personal question but… you have the look of someone who knows how to get fucked, do you know what I mean?”

“Get fucked? Uh…”

Phil was struggling to assemble words to respond to such a question.

Her expression loosened into one of shock.

“OH, you’re not a… a bottom? Oh my GOODNESS, haha, I’m so sorry, I had no idea!!!… Well, I bet the ladies love you anyway!”

Phil swallowed, shifting from foot to foot.

“Huh.. something like that…”

‘That’s what she thinks I am… a bottom? She doesn’t think I’m manly enough to fuck people…’

She gave a sultry look towards his ass.

“Hey, listen… I’m gonna be honest, you’re the hottest guy I’ve ever worked with…”

Warmth collected in Phil’s groin as his cock throbbed, his poor brain overloaded by all the contradicting signals and sensations racing back-and-forth through his body.

“R-Really?”

“Oh hell yes…”

Liz’s eyes clamped to his crotch.

“Oh… God stop it, or I’m gonna…Hnn….”

A small spurt of cum dribbled from her slit before her eyes bugged out.

“UH, *sorry*… that’s just.. so fucking hot… I gotta be honest, I like what I see..”

She gave a conniving smirk, eyeing Phil’s own mast which bobbed again.

“Doesn’t seem like you’re complaining either?”

A blossoming of warm redness filled his cheeks.

“No, no it’s fine….”

Blood was rushing through Phil’s ears, and somehow he just couldn’t stop staring at her.

They locked eyes again, and the silence was even more invasive, punctuated only by the loud *schlick-schlick-shlicks*, her huge, thick lashes making her eyes look far bigger, two amber headlights that were having a head-on collision course with the rabbit that was Phil, rooted in place.

'She gets off on eye contact…'

She let out a whimper, pursing those huge lips.

"Uhn…."

His brain was getting hot…. Was that normal?....

An ooze began to emerge from her slit, and he watched, riveted, as it dripped down, still connected by a long tendril to her cock, before pooling on the floor in slow motion.

It looked like a half of his full load, yet it must only have been pre-cum…

'That's… inhuman..'

He whimpered as another dollop merged alongside the first, spreading on the floor.

CLICK

Phil jerked as the camera shutter went off, and he turned to see Katie aiming it straight at Liz's cock, following the long tendrils as they wove towards the floor, before nodding, satisfied.

"We are ready."

Katie's voice was sharp and unpleasant in Phil's ear as she walked up to the pair of them.

"Boy, come here and kneel."

His cheeks flushed at being called 'boy', but he decided it wasn't important, and he didn't need to talk to this woman any more than necessary as long as he did what was asked and got paid.

He walked over to his mark, and Liz joined him, both of them front on.

Kate's voice was sharp in his ear.

"Kneel down."

He looked down and whimpered.

It felt akin to crawling towards a tiger, the same fear in his eyes as his ancestors on the great plains when they saw a strong, hungry predator, except this was a hard, throbbing, veiny cock hungering for his body-heat.

Liz reached out and touched his face, and for a moment it felt like he had been plugged into the mains, more scared than he had been at almost any other time in his life… and then she stroked his cheek, and everything else fell away.

"You… okay?"

"… Yeah…."

"Great… I'm just gonna…"

She released her cock which began to wave like an obscene windscreen wiper in front of him, and placed a hand on each of his shoulders.

A subtle bit of pressure made him resist.

"Just relax," she whispered with a wink, blowing him an air kiss.

His knees began to bend.

He knelt down, and as soon as his face entered the same zone as her crotch, suddenly his nose was invaded with a scent so masculine and pungent that his eyes watered.

"Ooh… sorry, it's pretty full-on!" apologised Liza, whilst carefully pressing him down onto his haunches.

He could barely see straight, the brutal tang of cum and cock ripe in his nostrils, making him shiver with ill-disguised unease.

CLICK

This was not what Phil had signed up for.

'Having a cock pointed straight in my face.. what am I doing?'

CLICK

He tried to avoid looking at it.

"So uh… do we just-"

Katie snapped out a retort.

"FOCUS."

Phil shut his mouth with a reluctant click of his teeth.

CLICK

"You smile," she ordered.

Phil grunted and forced a smile, but as the camera clicked, Liza muttered something at him whilst remaining stock still.

"Areyoutiklish."

"Huh?"

“I said are, you, ticklish?”

He paused.

“Ah… nn..No… HMMmM!”

He jerked as she tickled a finger on his neck, making him chuckle, jerking slightly.

He thought Katie would shout again, but she immediately began snapping pictures.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK

When he looked up at Liza with an annoyed smile, the cock patted against the side of his face, and she grinned at his shocked expression.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK

“Oh I have to say you look fucking delightful nuzzling my cock.”

He couldn’t help but let out an emasculated, nervous laugh.

“Haha… well… you look really nice… unless you were considering slapping me with that hammer.”

“Haha, oh *SUGAR*,” she enthused, “be careful where and when you decide to make jokes, I could do some serious damage with this….”

She dropped her cock on his head as if to playfully confirm her point, and he gasped as a dull *thud* made his head jerk downwards, and then something warm trickled down the back of his neck.

“OOF!”

He put his hands up defensively.

“OHHH I’m so sorry… I was just joking!....”

CLICK

“Ohh.. C-can you STOP taking photos whilst-“

CLICK

“- I’m trying t-“

CLICK

Before he could stand up and push away, Liz dropped to her knees and Phil found himself enclosed in a gentle embrace.

“Hnn..”

The heat of her breath encompassed his ear as she spoke softly into it.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you…”

She put her arms on his shoulders.

“We okay?...”

He looked up at her, warmth pouring from between the gaudy lashes and filler lips.

“Y… Yeah.”

“Great!”

She bounced back up to her feet, swaying slightly as she regained her balance.

“Oh these fucking shoes,” she muttered apologetically, bringing them both to chuckles as they set themselves into their previous pose.

The fleshy flagpole was once again hovering close to his face.

A brief moment of clarity overcame Phil.

‘I’m knelt next to a huge cock… ‘

Looking up at her, he noticed the prettiest smirk he had ever seen weaving its way onto her face.

‘… Jesus it smells like ten dicks rolled into one….’

Phil’s breath caught in his lungs as she began to rub the cock across his shoulder, using his other for support, the thing sliding against his neck, able to feel the tendons like steel.

“Y… you don’t mind if I keep myself at full mast like this do you?”

“No… it’s fine,” he whispered, trying not to look right where that utter monster was sliding backwards and forwards against his skin like a snake about to wrap around his neck and throttle him, “..part of the job.. r-right?...”

CLICK

He whimpered as he felt the thing pulse right next to his face. It felt hot, like some sort of battery or generator.

Katie leaned from behind the camera, her expression sharp.

“Put your mouth on eet.”

Phil snorted.

“Hn.. what?”

“Your mouth, on ze cock.”

“Wh.. I didn’t…”

“You said you do porn in email, right?”

Phil’s lip wobbled.

“I… said I would do regular porn. This is… This is different…”

As he said it, he couldn’t help an embarrassed glance up at Liz, who incredibly furnished him with an understanding smile.

“Hey, it’s okay sweet-cheeks, it’s a lot to process for first-timers… We’ll go as far as you’re comfortable, alright?”

She removed the cock from his shoulder, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

Katie did not share their understanding. The woman’s face became very ugly, and she sniffed, lowering the camera.

“We not continue.”

Phil’s stomach sank.

“Does… does that mean we don’t get paid?”

The woman snorted, and continued to turn away.

He made to stand up, but then a long, purple nail grazed Phil’s chin, bringing his gaze upwards.

What he saw was a kind, warm expression on Liza’s face.

“Honey.. we won’t do anything you don’t want to.”

He melted a little as she stroked her long-nailed hand up and down his cheek.

“… But perhaps…”

She bit her lip, nostrils flaring.

“…. You’d make me the happiest girl in the world for two minutes if you did this… Just put your lips on it… for me. Just this once.”

She winked.

“I won’t tell anyone… just imagine you’re sucking on a lollipop, and it’ll be over before you know it. Hell I’ll buy you a drink later tonight….”

Phil turned this over in his head, still on his knees.

‘That… doesn’t sound unfun….’

“… I… Guess…... that sounds cool.…..”

He managed a small smile.

“…you drive a hard bargain.”

She cocked her head.

“That’s not the only thing here that’s hard.”

Phil let out a half snort-half sigh as Liz filled the room with a belly laugh.

“HAHA…sorry I said it, I had to, I HAD to!!”

He chuckled too, and for a moment the danger of being knelt with a hog swinging inches away from his face dissipated in the simple joy of an awful joke.

Of course Katie managed to puncture the calmness with all the bedside manner of an angry wasp.

“Fine zen, now put it in your mouth.”

Phil shot an ugly look at Katie, and even Liz looked a little exasperated, before stroking his cheek again.

“I’ll help,” she whispered.

For the second time in his life, he squared up to the cock pointing straight at his face, looking at the change in colours from pink mushroom to white skin below the flared helmet, able to smell the virulence of it.

As he approached it got stronger, the tangy, salty bitterness hitting like a fog cloud, filling his sinuses, almost bringing tears to his eyes as he tried to navigate through it.

‘Am I really about to suck a cock!?..”

The danger seeped back upon realising he was going to do it, a shiver running up his spine. His heart began pounding in his chest, and time slowed, her penis bobbing fast in time with her own similarly accelerated heartbeat, the python staring angrily at his lips, listing gently from side to side before it made to strike.

Liza gripped his chin and raised it so his head was tipped back.

“Hey… Look at me.”

Seeing her caring expression instead of the ugly, monstrous organ in front of his face made his heart beat a different kind of fast, a steady pounding rhythm of excitement replacing the rushed, scared flutters of before.

Then the fear returned as a huge, slimy object pressed against his lips, and not just the smell, but the *taste* of cock filled Phil’s sinuses.

“Mmh-!“

Panic gripped his chest, but Liz sated him with a hushed “Shhh…You’re doing great… *don’t look at it*, just keep looking at me…”

Two fingers gently pressed into the sides of his jaw, easing it further open as she smiled, and then the slimy object pressed inside. Phil’s lips, with nowhere to go, wrapped around the cock sliding into his mouth. He whimpered as the mushroomed

head slid across his tongue, a bitter, tangy liquid leaking from it, making him splutter.

"GHK…*glph!*....."

"Oh sugar that's perfect.. No looking now!… yes… eyes up…."

A spurt of the cock was followed by a burst of tangy flavours in his mouth that made his whole body twitch. It was a brutally strong musk, Phil's eyes watering, desperately trying to swallow the cum sliding around the thick cock-head.

"*mmmhh* sorry, that was for you-uuuh….*it's just what you're doing to me*…."

Another string of cum leaked in his mouth, and he swirled his tongue around whilst mewling, trying to swallow it as quickly as possible.

The *stench* of her fluid was unrivalled. A salty, bitter stink that set off parts of his brain that he had never acknowledged before. Some slutty, desperate parts that near-revelled in it.

Liza's eyelid spasmed as she felt Phil desperately sucking at her huge organ, long thick lashes fluttering as she let out the tiniest whinny.

Phil was struggling to stay composed, whimpering, his hands reflexively edging to push himself away, but something in the barely contained excitement scrawled on Liza's face meant he couldn't quite bring himself to allow it, hands hovering over her thighs, ready to escape at a second's notice.

They paused like that, both their chests expanding heavily, a few inches of her cock sitting in his face.

Liz said nothing, trying her absolute best not to spook Phil with murmurs of pleasure, the tiniest snort coming from her nostrils as his tongue moved under her helmet.

CLICK

"GPhl!"

A splutter escaped Phil at the sound of the shutter going off nearby, cheeks burning as he tried to breathe through his nose and inhaled so much cock-scent that his brain nearly melted from the smell, the brutal tanginess and testosterone swirling between his mouth, nose and throat, heart pounding in his ears, able to *feel* her heartbeat sitting in his head, pulsing against his lips, stretching them in time with her arousal, the thick spongy helmet pressing his tongue like a big, hard mushroom, enjoying the warmth of his mouth.

CLICK-CLICK

Liz couldn't keep her appreciation for Phil's mouth a secret, her eyes glassy, focused on so much of the sensations she was feeling wrapped around her cock-head that she wasn't able to concentrate on keeping her moans in, her hands quivering as she stroked his head.

"Yeah… yeah amazing…hnnnn…" whispered Liz.

"Mh… mmph…."

Phil felt like his whole body had never been tauter than at this moment, the tendons in his neck so tight it felt like he might pass out.

CLICK

Katie nodded.

"Good."

Liquid came to Phil's eye as he jerked, still processing that he was being openly observed with a dick in his mouth. Quick as a flash Liz placed both her hands on his shoulders and pressed strong thumbs into the knots in his neck.

"mMMhhh!…."

He struggled for a second… and then whined in relief as the thumbs pushed through some of the tension and knots that had built up in his shoulders as she massaged him, closing his eyes, the threat of tears stopped immediately.

The thumbs were firm as they eased a knot on his left side.

"Mmnn…!"

He moaned in contentment over her shaft, saliva leaking over it.

"Mmmmmphhhhh-"

"HUH-"

Liz let out a ragged breath, trying to keep her hands steady as his lips made a long suckle at the tip of her cock, sensitive enough that she was struggling to keep her whimpers in.

"Hnn."

CLICK

Phil choked at the sound of the camera shutter again, and his eyes snapped open, looking to the side just in time to see a lens pointed directly at his face.

CLICK

A small sliver of seed trickled onto his tongue.

“MMMMMPHHH…”

He pushed off Liz’s thighs, and the cock popped out of his mouth, saliva basting his chin as he spat it out.

“UGHHh..”

Cum was over his lips. In his mouth. On his forehead.

‘Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit…’

Liz helped him up.

“Ohh sorry! Sorry!”

“N-no it’s… it’s….”

He didn’t push her hand off his shoulder as she squeezed, coming to his side.

“A-are you okay? I didn’t mean it… it just… it sort of slipped out.”

“It’s fine.. HHNG……fine…”

She let out a nervous chuckle as he wiped some of the cum from his chin, cringing at how warm it was.

“Phil..?”

“I-it’s okay…”

He cleared his throat, the stench of cock thick in his mouth, feeling goosebumps on his arms.

“Uh… I’m sorry, it’s… I’ve never done that before…”

“I know, I know… you’ve done amazing…”

“Well….. you make it… easier..”

She smiled, and then pointed.

“You okay to continue?”

“Huh?”

He looked where she was staring between his own legs, and realised his cock was looking straight back up at them, five inches and showing a dot of pre-cum which was threatening to dribble clear.

“Uh…. I’m uh….”

Liz squeezed his shoulder again and put her head against his, whispering, “we can take it really slow… I know we can do this… you got this. Just do what makes you comfortable… yeah?”

“Oh… okay…”

She guided him back down to his knees with firm hands on his shoulders, and this time took a little bit more control, not waiting for him to ask as she pressed his jaw until it opened, and guided her cock back home into the warmth of his mouth, her expression a little more zealous.

Phil whimpered, saliva running freely from his mouth and onto her shaft as it filled his face once more.

'She's controlling me… Why am I okay with this?….'

"Yes, iz good," said Katie.

CLICK

He wished awfully that Katie wouldn't talk.

Then a murmur from above him made the other woman in the room cease to exist.

Up above him, *far* up above him Liz stared, less aesthetic from such an angle with her neck craned to leer over him, yet it excited Phil more than other situation of intimacy that he could recall.

'She's so pretty…'

He suckled the tongue a touch.

A ripple came from the woman towering over him, a grunt of affirmation.

'I have to make her do that again.'

Whenever he connected with Liz, suddenly that pulsing monster in his mouth was something important, something that deserved respect… and affection.

His tongue pushed at the head.

"Hnnn."

CLICK

The sound of the camera seemed to bite every time as Katie flitted at the edges, checking her equipment with the same inscrutable expression before adjusting slightly.

'Can't she just be quieter…?'

A little higher there. A little lower here. Closer there.

Eventually Katie wiped her forehead, which was sweating, before fiddling with the camera for a moment and removing a small chip from the side.

"You stay, same position, I come back."

"Mmmph?!"

“Sure,” said Liz, smiling politely.

The woman walked out.

Phil tried to pull his mouth clear….. and then Liz placed a firm hand at the back of his neck.

“Uh-uh.”

Phil whimpered, staying there on his knees, eyebrows raised, eyes wide in a ‘what, you can’t seriously expect me to stay like this’ way.

Liz gave him an apologetic smile, brushing her hair on her shoulder.

“Hey…. Well uh…. You gotta stay there, boss said so,” she breathed, a cheeky smile flickering on her face, cocking her head and playing with her nipple.

“.. Just us now…”

Phil stared up at her, and then she cupped his face with both hands, the warmth of them so inviting as she delved into his soul through his irises, addressing all the insecurities, and melting them one-by-one like the last vestiges of snow in spring, Liz giving such a demure whimper that if he had closed his eyes, it would have sounded like a farm-girl about to lost her virginity to her first love instead of a seasoned erotic model.

Her thumb rubbed his lips.

“Just us now…. Hmm… whatever shall we do to pass the time?” she cooed.

Phil let out a long breath through his nose, his tongue pressed down by the underside of her cock. Suddenly being alone with her felt… scary… and naughty.

He took a slightly tighter suction, and tentatively licked the head of her cock.

“Glh.”

Liz let out the tiniest whimper.

“Oh…”

Phil felt his body heating up, and sucked properly, swirling his tongue across the mushroom like it was a strawberry lollipop.

Glh-glhhhhmmph-!

Liz bristled, her mouth falling open.

“Holy hell…huuhh…. if this is your first time you’re lying… MMMmm!”

She was enjoying his dicksucking more than any girl he’d ever gone down on.

‘Am I better at cocksucking than licking pussy?’

A whimper into the bratwurst bubbled up suddenly, cringing as he comprehended once more that he was sucking a cock for the first time in his life, even as his own penis throbbed, as eager and erect as the beast sliding across his tongue and flirting with the back of his throat, although far inferior in weight and girth.

Glh-glh

'Why am I enjoying this? What the hell is wrong with me….'

Liz grunted, and thrust her hips just a little as he reached his limit.

"GLH!"

The head of her cock shoved a small way down his throat, and he gagged hard as it pushed to a place he hadn't expected it to go, before whimpering in relief as it returned the way it had come.

"GLH-"

"That's so fucking hot," moaned Liz.

His lips clung a little tighter to her helmet, and far from being dissuaded, Phil's stomach fluttered as Liz made coos of appeasement above him.

The pair froze, on the tipping point.

Small lips tenderly slid up and down a touch… and then clamped down.

"Mgh."

"Huuuuhhhh…."

Her moan was low, and he felt it through her shaft, a soulful belly moan which made his head vibrate.

It sent warmth to the tips of his fingers and toes.

He sucked a little more, using the tip of his tongue to press her mushroom.

"HHoohh yeah…."

She shivered, licking her upper lip.

"Oohh… sorry your.. your tongue feels so good, you'd… you'd better not keep fucking move it… or I'm really gonna start enjoying this….!"

He looked up at her and knew what she was doing. She was goading him into sucking her cock. He wasn't stupid.

Phil aggressively pressed his tongue up, and then swirled around the head.

"HOhhhhh," she gasped, before moaning into the air as he began to apply suction to her shaft.

He felt her cock throb.

Phil pressed his lips forwards, and Liz tottered slightly, having to steady herself against the wall and whimpering in delight as he began the journey towards the stubble at the base of her crotch, sliding three, four, five inches onto her rod.

"Sssstop… oh wooowww don't stop…. Phil.. *Phil*…."

He stopped at six, nostrils oscillating as he pulled in as much air as possible to deal with the amount of adrenaline coursing through his body, his hands tightening on her legs so he could control the blowjob better.

'Oh fuck oh fuck… I'm giving her a blowjob…. She's so hot…. I'm giving her a FUCKING BLOWJOB…'

"Ooh my god you're amazing.. you're *amm-UH-aaaazzinngg*…"

She was making ugly, uncontrolled faces as he began to rocket his tongue across her shaft, loving the way she seemed to dance to his tune, able to make her whimper, moan or grunt when he pressed a certain place, licked under the hood of her helmet, sucked at the slit.

"Ohhhh… OOOHHH!... Mm….UhgG-"

Her expression became pure shock and awe, a little saliva gathering at the corners of her mouth as Phil set himself and pushed heartily, choking as he hoovered up six, seven, eight inches of cock, swallowing it down a way into his throat.

The stubble ahead of him still lay tantalisingly out of reach.

He wanted to press his forehead against it.

Feeling the way she was growling and moaning was incredible, amplified by the speaker sitting in his face, and he felt two long nailed hands settle either side of his face, gently wrapping themselves around him, thumbing the harsh texture of his buzz-cut hair.

'You can do this… You can do this…'

Inches of thick, hard dick-meat began to sink into his face as he stared at her thick hips and pushed forwards.

"Mlgh… GLh…."

His nostrils flared as he tried to breath around the monster plugging his face.

Something he remembered from porn came to the forefront of his mind, hand reaching underneath and shivering as he came to hold two of the biggest bollocks in the world, like he had just come to grab the testicles of a bull.

He squeezed the peaches slightly, and was met with a room-filling groan.

His hand dropped, irrationally scared.

'Fuck that's… they're too….'

He found himself comparing them to his own, and tried to forget it, the tears threatening to well up not entirely because of the lack of space in his throat.

'Just… give her pleasure….'

He pushed, and the inches disappeared as he buried the warm salami into his throat.

Air caught in Liz's throat as her senses were met with a full-on assault by Phil, who slid himself as far as he could go, tears forming in his eyes as he moaned higher and louder than he ever had in his entire life, the squeal-hum vibrating up through Liz's belly and almost doubling her over.

"OHHHhh S-SWEETY…."

He lost himself in the wonderful feeling of having a full hosepipe clamped between his lips as his nose hit her stubble. It tickled, bringing a shiver from somewhere within. Above him, he could feel Liz trying to contend with all the vigorous pleasure that young lips were bringing.

"Fuck….. *you're making me sweat*, Jesus…."

Phil felt the weight of her as huge hand supported themselves on his shoulders, Liz tottering in her heels as her hips bucked, pre-cum dripping into Phil's mouth as he began to add large gobs of saliva which basted the cock from tip-to-base in shining fluid.

When he briefly pulled it from his mouth, chin wet, he beheld a shimmering flesh spear, basted with various forms of lubricant which dripped from it like a great ship drawn up from the depths for the first time in centuries.

Never had he appraised a cock as aesthetic… proud…. forceful.

But this was no ordinary dick.

He briefly shared a smile with a shell-shocked Liz, before diving back onto it.

"GLPH!"

"OHHHhhgh!"

The sounds of cock-sucking that he'd heard many times, usually online watching tattooed, platinum blond pornstars with thick lips forcing themselves down to the

hilt of gigantic black cocks (smiling as they did it) now emanated from his own mouth. The noise reverberated through his skull.

Glgh-glgh!

It was so much louder when you were the one doing it.

He bleated, trying to sound as innocent as possible as he defiled himself on her, kissing down the side, following the throbbing vein as his face became a mess of liquids, eyes closed as he found himself sniffing her shaft instinctively.

Ripples of humiliating delight coursed through his body as he felt and heard Liz having the time of her life, revelling in the turning of her muse.

"GLhhhghlgh-"

"MMUHhhhh!"

Taloned hands came and clamped down on his head, and began to slide him fully up and down the shaft, causing long *GHLHHs* to be pummelled through his lips.

Pressure behind his eyes made him scrunch his eyelids tight as the unconscious moan of confusion and underlying pleasure vibrated through Liza's cock, and the feeling of the weapon throbbing angrily in response, depositing a full load of pre-cum that was so large he actually had to swallow multiple times to get it down.

"GLHHHGH!"

It was like being force-fed bitter, watery mayonnaise, yet he did it with every ounce of his soul.

Just as he was busy enjoying being facefucked; vision full of gigantic thighs, a throbbing shaft of cock jutting out of his mouth and a cute inny belly-button, the door opened.

"Ah, Good. We continue."

He scrunched his eyes as Katie bustled to the camera, realising what was coming. Two seconds later-

CLICK

"Eyes open."

They slid open, and Liz didn't back down, pulling her cock all the way to the hilt, and then inserting it faster than before.

Something huge slapped his chin, and he realised with a slutty moan that her balls were swinging into him, hefty pats that made his chest expand even more, the look on her face one of quiet ferocity.

Thwack

“GLUHHHggMPH!”

CLICK

“Yeah.. you like that don’t you,” grinned Liz above him.

He whimpered.

*“YYhh-*GHLUGH-”

CLICK

“UUHNNn… you gonna suck that cock for Mama, huh?”

“Mglph…”

CLICK

Phil’s cheeks flushed with heat as the lens of the camera appeared in his peripheral vision, an unwanted onlooker on the scene. He gagged.

CLICK

The young man squirmed on his knees, the intense look that the statuesque figure was giving him almost as invasive as the cock snug in his throat.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like this.”

She shoved her cock to the back of his throat.

“GLUGHGGH!”

CLICK

When she angled his face up to her again, sweat dappled her forehead.

“Hey… you know earlier… when you made me hard?”

He nodded on her cock.

“Mmmn….. Well.. it wasn’t just because you showed me your fucking gorgeous body…. or your gorgeous dick…”

His cheeks flushed red, and his cock throbbed, so hard it hurt, as if it had heard her glowing compliment and wished to meet its biggest fan.

Her voice was fervent now.

“… It was those big, brown eyes.”

Phil had forgotten how to breathe, his lips so tight around her shaft that it felt like he might never be able to un-stick himself.

“MMMn… *f-fair warning*… if you stare into my eyes right now… I’ll probably explode in your mouth.”

Phil had for some reason suddenly lost the instinct or the desire to blink, his entire being honing down to the smouldering gaze staring with a hint of passionate madness down at his.

It felt like somebody had connected their gaze directly into each other's souls, and he could never look elsewhere again. He wasn't planning to either.

'I have to see her cum.'

He sucked harder.

She rippled.

She was close, like a steam train that had accelerated too fast, the boiler about to blow, sweat dappling her skin, little shivers and jerks in her thigh muscles forecasting that she was close.

"Oohh.. careful…. Careful, seriously honeyyyy….!."

Phil knuckled down and increased suction, vacuuming his cheeks in until his lips were like a vice on the shaft, sliding even further down it to the point where his lips finally made contact with the stubble at the base of her crotch.

The roughness of it had never felt so good, smooching her hilt as he gargled her whole length in his throat.

Liz's voice was high-pitched, a hoarse sort of "HUNUK-" escaping her throat, and then her cock expanded in his throat. It came in a tidal wave.

Phil moaned onto her rock-solid dong as ten pints of baby batter exploded out of her shaft, enveloping his insides in warm, tangy glue as Liz rocked over him, her thighs tensing, hands squeezing his head tight as she unleashed a hellish river of seed into his face.

Cum exploded onto his tongue, her cock pulsing erratically in his mouth as it spewed a load beyond any he could have imagine, suddenly swallowing like his life depended on it as her dick-taste and miasma obliterated all other senses, coating his mouth and throat on the way down, less a paint job than a hose cannon obliterating all in its path.

"HNNNHGG!!"

Liz's face was an ugly gurn, her lip turned up as she let out ripples of pleasure from her gut, bucking as each salty stream of her jism basted Phil's insides.

"Mglh-ghlh-ghl-"

Phil was overwhelmed, tears running down his cheeks as he swallowed what felt like a broken dam's worth of effluence, all the sperm form her balls thundering down his gullet.

She was leaning fully against the wall now, her back to it, legs planted as Phil didn't let up, giving every last drop of effort he had to the task of milking her to completion despite feeling light-headed, spluttering as too much jism poured into his mouth.

"GHLPHL-!"

It burst from his lips and rolled down his chin as he tried his best, face wet from tears, sweat and cum as Liz bucked, withdrawing her cock to ensure a final few dollops of her secret sauce expunged onto his face.

The wet heat hit him like the dirtiest shower he'd ever taken, opening his mouth as she glazed him.

Click

As the last lines of ropey gloop fell onto his forehead, Phil took a huge breath, his lungs burning as he sucked in cold air.

Then he realised where he was, and what he had done.

He knelt there, shivering, suddenly cold despite the lights.

It felt like a heavy soup in his pregnant stomach, so full that a loud belch escaped him before he could collar it.

"Bleerrggggh!"

"H-Hoh…. Oh wow…."

Trembling hands wiped away the layer of cum covering his eyes as he looked up at the happiest woman he had ever seen.

"H-holy shit," she murmured, caught between a laugh and near tears of joy as she lovingly waved her dick close to his mouth.

Her hand loosely attached to the back of his neck.

"… Clean it."

Phil allowed himself to be led back onto the penis, eyes closing again as he took a few more sucks of his new favourite toy.

Click

She continued to mouth “Oh my God,” and “you’re amazing,” eagerly to him as Katie snapped pic after pic, and was rewarded with happy little sucks of her member, which had kept its hardness perfectly.

In fact, it almost felt like the first load had taken nothing out of her, because she still looked like she was holding back a pacific ocean of lust, her hands so eager to touch that she pressed the sides of his head hard, kneading his shoulders, bringing her leg forwards to where it pushed in-between Phil’s thighs, making contact with his raging-hard cock.

She shivered in delight as a little warm pre-cum dribbled out of his cock and onto her shin.

“Yes.”

Phil heard Katie say it, and waited for more instructions, gazing up again at Liz who was looking down with savage desire.

He looked up innocently, beholden to the unnatural beauty standing over him, and licked down one of the veins of her shaft. She responded with a head squeeze and a growl so angry it would have scared the neighbours, shoving her foot into his crotch, making him wheeze.

“Closer.”

Seriously?

It didn’t matter, he simply shoved his hard cock against her foot.

“OOHHHh yes!” she squealed, like she’d just seen the perfect handbag and wanted to purchase it.

“Hump it!”

Suddenly he was humping it.

‘What am I doing?’

The camera went crazy as he grinded like a dog against her leg.

click-click-click

“Hmmm.”

He was moaning now.

click-click

“Hmmmhuh…”

It happened within minutes, her muscled shin pressed against his cock, Phil rubbing it with his crotch, his wet hair being held.

It was all too much.

“HUhh!”

The moment he began to fire semen over her leg, already regret was beginning to wheedle into his mind, as the sudden rush of levity overtook him for a moment.

Spurt

“Yeah… yeah cum all over me,” she mouthed, breath shuddering in her lungs as she gripped his head hard. He felt her twist his face slightly to see a camera lens staring directly at him, his cheek touching the shaft of Liz’s monstrous cock.

CLICK

Phil whimpered, just barely over the crest of his orgasm, the haze of excitement threatening to disappear down a plughole as the lens angled down to observe his happy cock pressed against Liz’s leg.

CLICK

His legs made to move him away, anything that was less humiliating than being photographed humping a dick-sporting giantess’s leg.

Liz allowed no such escape.

She fell to her knees, scooping Phil up in a crushing hug, kissing his neck so hard that it felt like she was almost biting him, her curves cushioning him into a warm pillowy mass of woman.

*“MMMHh!-….. Mmuhhh…..*hhhnnn…”

Click

It was scary how solid the fleshy bar jutting from between Liz’s legs felt as it pressed against his belly. For a moment he shivered, but then her body-heat and warm embrace melted him once more, and he rested his head against her breasts, the huge orbs he’d been smitten by the moment she’d walked in the room.

It was the best hug he’d ever gotten, and Phil felt himself melding into this mountain of a woman, placing his hands tight around her waist, letting her do as she pleased to him, controlling him with squeezes of his buttocks, aggressive smooches on the side of his face which left her own wet with seed alongside the gentle grinding of her cock against his belly. He even felt a long-nailed finger indelicately pressing against the button of his asshole.

For a long time they remained frozen like this, and Katie smartly avoided any more camera snaps, poised for the moment when the young male would become less fearful of further emasculation.

Phil could smell the sweat and that perfume on her breasts, intermingling with the overwhelming cum-smells which filled his sinuses.

Liz placed a pink nail under his chin and lifted it slowly to hers.

Wet patches of cum were everywhere on her face where she'd nuzzled and kissed him.

'It's not even my sperm.. it's hers… she marked me with her sperm…'

"Shall we… continue somewhere a little more comfortable?"

"Uuh.."

She could feel the hardness between his legs pressed against the bottom half of her cock, an absurdly wonderful display of submissiveness from her muse. A giggle escaped her.

"Teehee…. I think you need to start being honest with me young man."

He kissed her gently on the lips.

"….. Yes.."

Immediately Katie broke the moment by getting sharply to her feet.

"Good. We go to bedroom."

"W.. uh..?..."

Liz seemed close to bursting, trying to hold back the huge sunny grin as she gently broke the embrace, pulling Phil to his feet.

"I'm totally fine with that! No problem's here… You ready partner??"

She looked at Phil as if checking with a co-worker if she could borrow a pen, even though what she was asking was for him to willingly walk to his anal damnation. Phil experienced a moment of disassociation, wondering how on earth the young man caked in jizz he was observing from the corner of the room could possibly be saying yes to following this monstrous cock-sporting lady to a more private location, naked.

"Yu…. *Glh*….yeah.. yeah I'm ready…"

"GREAT!"

She grabbed him by the hand and marched out of the studio, her cock swinging in front of her, ass cheeks tightening with each stride, Phil mesmerised.

“Just so you know,” she said over her shoulder, “this is the best erotic shoot I’ve *ever* done.”

His cheeks went flush despite the cold air hitting the seed dripping down his forehead.

“Y-yeah?”

“Absolutely….”

Long-lashed eyes glinted, whipping her blond hair to the side.

“…. And it’s going to be the first of many with you… especially once I fuck you in the ass.”

They arrived at a rather ordinary looking bedroom with cream walls, light streaming in through bay? windows to a king-sized bed with sleek black covers. Sitting on the mantle of what might previously have been a fireplace, stood a few tasteful statues, accompanied by landscape pictures on the walls, and a box of unused lighting equipment with broken tripod sitting in the corner.

She grabbed him and pulled him by his buttocks, wedging her powerful thigh up against his erection, her cock slapping his belly.

“Uuh… fuck…… intheass?”

“Yeah, got a problem with that?”

“N.. no..!”

“Good.”

Her first movement was picking him up like a satchel, driving onto the bed and laying him down before her like a bedded woman, making sure to press her weight down in an uncompromising missionary position, all the fat, muscle and silicon pressing his feeble male frame down into the bed.

“Hn!”

“One sec….”

Liz pulled him close, and he wondered what was going to happen until she opened up and slid her giant tongue through the effluence drying on his face, grunting like a bull as began to lick his face clean of her own jizz.

“Mpphh… glhph…mh…”

Just as he wondered what on earth had happened to his life, she compiled it by thrusting her mouth against his and unloading a backlog of tepid sperm, Phil

cringing as she kissed long and deep, shovelling any remaining seed down his throat.

She closed his jaw with a finger.

“Good. Now we’re ready.”

Phil’s head was spinning, a moan escaping him as he felt his legs brutally parted, their cocks pressed against each other once more.

‘This is… Holy fuck I can’t believe I’m doing this….‘

“UHHhh….”

“Like I said my little beta bitch-boy, you’re gonna love this…. Legs in the air, now.”

He obediently did it, her cruel look morphing into one of warm excitement.

“Ohhh Sweety, I’m gonna melt your damn brain…..”

“I-is that a good thing?”

She chuckled, and Phil felt himself get clamped down even tighter in the missionary position, to the point he could barely breath. Her cock pressed so hard against his it almost hurt, drooling onto his belly button before sliding further down, two peach-sized testicles patting against his buttocks.

He had never felt more physically dominated than this exact moment.

He tested shifting her weight. She didn’t budge an inch. It seemed as if he would have had similar luck trying to lift the building from its foundations.

“Ooh….”

Liz smirked.

“Yeah… you’re not getting out of this. You’re a lot smaller than me I guess… must be why you’re the bottom, huh?”

She winked, swooped down and kissed him.

Her lips felt so big that it was like suckling on small balloons.

“Mmphh…”

“LLLmhuh-“

Her tongue rolled into his mouth, and quick as a flash he went from teasing her lips to sucking on her tongue instinctively as she bulldozed to the back of his throat, trying to tickle his tonsils.

Katie shuffled in quietly as the pair writhed in their embrace, dry-humping hard, bearing the tripod with her camera on it and another camera which she had around

her neck. Already she had to set down the tripod quickly, as potentially wonderful footage was being lost with every second.

As Phil glanced over at what looked like a full home-porn video setup, Liz grabbed his face and turned it back to her, eyes flashing dangerously.

"You're looking at ME! Not her."

"Y-yes! Of course…"

She pressed her forehead against his, her thick skull almost painful as she pushed him down into the pillow, and he was suddenly aware how completely unmanned he was.

"Nnn-"

"You're mine now."

An animal trill of fear quaked in his brain. She could hurt him if she wanted to… it was simply her choice what happened to him now.

Her voice went quiet, quiet enough that only he could hear.

"Time to get fucked, gorgeous…"

A quiet alarm in Phil's head blared meekly.

'Now. You've got to stop this.'

His mouth didn't open.

"You're gonna cum so hard when my dick's in your ass," she said in a strangely soothing voice.

The alarm in his head grew louder.

'NOW. SAY SOMETHING NOW. YOU'RE GOING TO GET FUCKED IN THE ASS.'

Phil's lips quivered but did not open. Instead his legs widened a touch, waiting for his ass to be destroyed.

He needed this.

Then the log was sliding, slithering down, past the inferior, but utterly turgid erection resting on his belly. He tried to watch it go but was swept up by Liz eagerly making out with him again. Like a muscle relaxant, he became dough between her fingers as her tongue roved around in his mouth, bullying his until they intertwined, her body moulding into his, breasts resting heavily on his chest enough to make every breath an effort, her hands coming down to cup both ass-cheeks and squeeze.

It felt incredible being manhandled by someone physically superior.

As he whimpered into the deep kiss, another tongue-fucking festival of saliva swapping, a huge, wet mushroom pressed against directly against his butthole. A spasm of unconditional fear hit him as he was faced with the never-before-experienced prospect of something large going the wrong way into his rear-end. The mewl into her tongue was that of a cowed bitch as it pressed firmly, knocking on his back door.

'…There's no way….'

She broke the kiss with a wet smile, slobber on her chin.

"Here we go…"

"That's… Th-that's not gonna fit," he managed, the fear finally welling up enough that it spilled from wet lips.

Her eyes flashed dangerously.

"Oh… are you sure?"

The sickly sweetness of her voice made his lips fall open.

"I….. don't…"

The words retreated from his mouth as she pressed her hips forwards.

"HHHhnnnnn! *Hhoh Liz… "*

Thick lashes fluttered so close to his eyes that they were almost tickling them as Phil felt his anal rim being stretched incredibly wide, trying best to relax his butthole.

"Breathe," she whispered fervently, pressing harder, "breathe honey…."

Phil gurned, attempting to snatch breaths, twitching as he felt it began to enter him.

"HNNN!"

"OOOHhhh Jesus babe that's it…. *I'm….. almost….. IN…..!"*

He whimpered, tears threatening to come to his eyes as slowly, painfully, the cock-head slid under his anal rim and into his body.

"HNNNNNNN!"

It was life-changing in the scariest way, his senses honing down to the thick, wet sausage which had begun to push through his most delicate, innocent areas. Surely it couldn't go further?

SHLIICK

The sound and feeling of a wet, lubed up cock sliding deeper into his warm hole was almost other-worldly.

Shlliiiicccck

Apparently, it could go further.

"H-HO GOD!"

"Y-yeah… oh yeah I'm inside you…. you're doing great….Mmmn!"

'It's… it's in me. Her dick-helmet is in my asshole… her dick is in my asshole… her dick-.'

It felt impossibly big, like someone had shoved their fist in instead. Phil briefly had the ludicrous thought that he was being anally entered by a bimbo porn-slut with a hog the size of his forearm, but then said hog awakened something in his brain that made his body numb.

"HOhhhhHHHhh! OH it… OOwwweuh..OHHFF….MMnnn-"

The pain was intense enough to make his eyes scrunch tightly shut, as the wet, spongy helmet forced its way deeper into his ass.

"Shhhhh, *it hurts at first, it hurts at first… I've got you…"*

She stroked his head, let out deep, heated moans in his ear, sticking a tongue into one and French kissing it as Phil squirmed with pain and pleasure in her arms.

'Jesus… it's so big….'

The cock began to journey into the centre of his body, her hands seemingly never resting across his body as it did so; one moment she was cupping his ass, the next fiddling with his nipples, then onto his biceps where she put her whole hand around each one, making him feel emasculated just by the sheer difference in size.

She grinned.

"You know I could make you into such a dirty slut… Fuck you like a whore."

Her hands squeezed, almost painfully, before releasing his arms.

"… but let's go slow for now…"

She wrapped him up, and those huge bands rubbed against his effeminate lips as her hands came to clutch his back, nails digging in as he winced.

"…..Whore-making comes later."

"Wha?!- *NNnnnUHH-"*

Four more inches of horsecock slid inside Phil's quaking body.

“-UUHHHNNNGGGg!!!!”

His arms snapped up to her back, mirroring her aside from the fact she had parted his legs and sat between them, pinning him to the mattress.

“Ohh….huhh… uh…”

The pain was a lot to take, and he whimpered into her shoulder, trying not to cry as she cooed with him once more, pressed her tits on his chest, showing how wonderful he was making her feel.

“G… God Phil… I can feel your insides… h-HUGGING me… *ohhhhh ffffuck…..”*

He could feel it too, the way her hands clutched his shoulders and back like she was trying to break him, her eyelids shuttering open and closed with each snatched breath.

For a few moments she simply held in place.

If Phil had wished to guess, it seemed like she was currently eight inches deep inside his anus.

“I… Are you okay?” she whispered, her voice stuttered, finding it difficult to talk through the pure pleasure coursing up her dick and through her body.

“Y… yeah…”

“Can I….?”

She put her cutesiest, most effeminate voice on.

“… Go a little deeper?”

“HnnnnnNN?? D.. Deepeerrr?...”

She held his gaze, biting her lip like a little girl asking Daddy for a new toy.

“… Just a little more?”

Phil snivelled, feeling this incredible woman.

He almost let the fear win in that moment.

“I…. okay… you can go deep-UHHGH-!”

She wasted no time by cramming herself fully into him as best she could, pressing the full ten inches as hard as possible into his anus.

“AAAAIIIHHHUHHhhhhoh!..*hhhHHHOhhhh……”*

It felt like he was being given a new organ, but it had decided to place itself directly between all the other ones, shunting things aside to pulse like a nuclear submarine in the centre of his depths.

When their hips met, a single tear rolled down Phil’s cheek as he bleated.

“HUHNNNN!”

Click

‘Oh My GOD OH MY GOD.’

“Hnn!”

Click

It was the most invasive, unbelievable, and painful feeling he had ever experienced, like he was sitting on a hot steel pillar that kept throbbing inside him, stimulating his inner walls whilst his anal rim kept sending him emergency messages that it was in fact being plundered by a huge foreign object and that he should take any and all precautions to remove said foreign object before it split him in half.

“HUUruugghhhuuh…..”

Liz seemed to be similarly overwhelmed, the two of them shaking, hugging each other tight for comfort, those pillowy breasts sitting close to his face now, almost on top of him.

“Shhhh… shhh….. *I’m here…. Oh my GOD you’re so tight…”*

She eased them over to the point where the world went dark, and suddenly nipples were being shoved roughly into his mouth.

Her body heat enveloped him completely, and he closed his eyes, immersing himself in the warmth, the *smell* of her tits.

She smelt strangely masculine, with obvious notes from her cock and balls which made him woozy, but also the hint of sweat and mild BO, covered by a layer of sweet-smelling perfume which almost summed up the intoxicating amalgamation of masculine and feminine charms. It was far beyond any woman he had ever been with; a cocktail that he wanted to savour for as long as he could.

Liv grimaced on top of him, trying to hold herself back from breaking her little Phil in two.

‘Even her nipples are big.’

He bleated as he instinctively took the first nipple in his mouth and sucked, rewarded with a shiver and a moan from the woman above him, and the nub hardening satisfyingly, to the point where he could suck on it like a baby’s dummy.

He increased suction.

“UhHHHHHHUUHNNNN.”

It was causing earthquakes in the figure connected to him, which fed back into him as her cock shifted in his ass, making him gasp and whimper.

Click

The heat under her tits was incredible, enough to make him sweat, the cloying warmth so wonderful. Liz kissed the top of his head.

“Shhhh… Good boy… *Sh-Shit…. that’s tight…*”

Phil tried to hold on as best he could to his lover and invader, feeling her heartbeat, the muscles in her back tensing and untensing. Something throbbed deep within him, a beautiful, utterly emasculating sensation, and he let out a moaning pornstar keen again.

“UUUhhhnnn…!!”

Liz jiggled in delight.

“Oh, I think we’re ready..!”

“R-ready?!” he squeaked, nervous sweat dappling his forehead as Liz’s Cheshire cat grin expanded.

“Oh yes…. don’t worry, we’ll just start with….. THIS.”

She rocked forwards.

Phil whore-moaned as warmth and pleasure emerged through the pain, emanating from the entire length of his anal tract.

‘What… What is she hitting inside me..?’

“HOHHHhn-.. Liz… Liz wh-… uhnn?…..”

“Yeah, now you’re getting it,” she whispered harshly into his ear, leaning forwards and this time accompanying it with a slight retraction out of his butthole. Somehow the re-entry was way better for Phil than just the rocking.

“UUHH-!”

Pat

Her hips connected to his butt; her dick safely stashed in his abdomen once more.

“UGHH-“

Pat

click

Phil watched the growing joy on Liz's face, her puffy lips spreading into a hot-dog smile, bleached white and perfectly straight teeth emerging between them as his legs shook, ankles interlinking behind her back as he held her inside him.

"Fuck me, are you squeezing my cock this hard on purpose?!" she huffed in delight, breathless as she began to increase the pace.

Phil had no idea, letting out a bleating cry as she began to fuck him gently.

Wet *pat-pat-pat*s began to fill the room, the bed creaking quietly as they got to know and understand each other's bodies (Phil unable to do otherwise, mainly focused on trying not to go cross-eyed.) Liz enjoyed running her hands across him, working out the best angle to fuck him and draw pleasured *Uhn!*s and *Ah*s as Phil himself was forced into pure submissive enjoyment.

"Hnn…"

"Uuhn.."

Click

He shivered as he felt the lens of Katie's camera somewhere nearby, but then all of the surroundings became dulled next to the pleasure flooding through him as Liz hit something which made his back arch.

"UUGHNNN-!"

click-click-click

"WH-WHA….. *what the hell….*"

Liz looked overjoyed, eyes almost bulging with excitement.

"OOHHHhh I've found it!!!! You're in trouble now mister….."

"Troub-?... OH-*HHOHHHHH!!!*"

Phil felt like Liz creating some sort of earthquake in his torso, jabbing that special spot inside him with the soft head of her mace, and immediately his legs began shaking as he was swept away in a river of growing orgasmic energy by deep, easy strokes.

Plap… Plap….. Plap…

"OHHUNNNHH-MMMYYUHHH-"

She hit the special place with each thrust, every moment drawing an ugly song from his lips, crowing in the air, legs shaking as she broke him. It was all too much, enhanced by her gentle sighs and soft kisses, feeling the wonderful sliding of her cock against his anal walls, the pat of huge balls against his backside.

Pat. Pat. Pat.

A slow lovemaking rhythm. For making babies.

He sat back and temporarily let his consciousness go. Unable to think and deal with all the sensations being forced into his body.

"Hnn.uhHNUh..HHN…"

Liz saw his eyes un-focus, hands gripping to her trembling.

It was too much for the both of them, as Liz grappled him, hands clamping down hard his shoulders as they mated, her entire being shuddering, on the edge like a sixteen-wheeler about to tip sideways with nothing to hold it back… then she collapsed, and her balls tightened.

Pleasure raced up her cock.

'It's happening.'

Ecstasy cascaded through Liz's body as she let out a guttural moan, her cock unleashing a heavy-calibre creampie directly into his core, followed by several more cumshots of grand-canyon filling lady-jizz.

"MMMHH"

The hot rush of cum in his ass was something that imprinted itself on Phil in a way he never truly realised, the chemistry altering a part of his brain, enslaving it to Liz. It came in a torrent of wet, gooey lava flooding into his insides, and immediately his own turgid cock began firing all over his belly. Phil whined like a dog as his toes curled, the hard scents of her enveloping him, joined once more by that familiar brutal tang of her virulent, musky seed.

Drool ran down the sides of his mouth as he spasmed.

He would never know it, but that was the moment that any hopes he had of not falling madly, deeply in love with her died.

Click

After a few seconds of trembling in each other's arms, quiet moans fading, Liz collapsed, her full weight nearly crushing him as he struggled to breath. A few seconds later she propped herself up on shaking hands.

"Hhhohh…."

Phil was in an even worse state, still shivering in the aftershock of his first ever anal orgasm, a trail of saliva from his chin down to his neck a sign of someone with zero control over his current bodily functions.

It barely even registered that Katie was still carefully observing, sitting in the corner of the room so she would not disturb the experience taking place in the bed, occasionally daring to get closer and take a slightly more intimate picture.

Liz made sure he couldn't be spooked, wrapping him tight so tight that the sweat of her tits was rubbing all over his face. For Phil, it was heavenly.

"MMphh."

"Yes.. that's it…"

As he came down from his unbelievable high, Liz made sure to shove her nipples a few times against his mouth, urging him into a soft suckling of her breasts.

"Mph!... Mphhh..*mmn…."*

Click.

"How was that?" she whispered after a few moments, her hair falling over him, shadowing him from any prying eyes.

"I… I'm fine… how are …. *mn…* hh-how are you?" he managed, breathless.

She rubbed their noses together and nuzzled him.

"Oh I'm having a hell of a day…."

A few moments of giggling and fooling around took place, before Liz became serious again.

"Mmm…. Get up."

"Hn?"

She grinned, gripping his ass, wiping the sweat from her brow.

"I think we can do a few more positions, right?… UP!"

She spanked him and unsheathed her cock like a sword pulled from a stone, and Phil mewled as a ton of white butt-cream exploded from the biggest creampie he'd ever witnessed.

And it was coming out of his own ass.

'I'm… I've been fucked… reamed….'

It spread across the foot of the bed for a moment, until Liz had deemed that enough of her seed had left him, before shifting him easily to the other side of the bed, Phil struggling to gain his bearings as he was shoved face-first into the mattress, the weight of her bearing down on him like a tiger about to finish the kill.

“Now that we’ve found out how much you like dick in your ass…. time to break that boy-pussy for real,” she hissed into his ear.

He shivered, but Phil knew there was nothing he could do to deny this woman. She was more electrifying than anyone he’d ever met, a force of nature, and him merely a dandelion lost in her hurricane tides.

“All fours. Now.”

It was also insanely hot being submissive for her.

Phil obediently got up on quaking limbs, spreading his legs like a good bitch, and as he put his hands down his love handles were gripped instantly, and a fat sausage placed squarely at his entry.

Pressure.

“Hh-hooo…”

More pressure.

“GUH-!”

They both gasped as the head of Liz’s cock popped back into his hole, and Phil couldn’t think as she pushed into him once more, easier than before.

‘My asshole is wider…. she stretched it with her dick….. Oh God….’

Then his thoughts were wrenched back to the present as Liz swallowed behind him, licking her lips.

He looked over his shoulder just in time to see her wink.

“Bottom’s up!”

WUMP!

The sound of the bed banging into the wall as she connected their hips was incredibly loud, and after he stopped shaking and panting, *‘what would the neighbours think’* briefly popped into his head until Liz carefully retracted, his rim pulled outwards slightly with it, his anus aching to have her back inside.

“Hnnn….”

‘This… feels so good…’

“Beg.”

“Hnn?”

He glanced behind him, and saw a face of cold smugness. He mewled. This was how he had first expected her to look. The gloating, I’m-prettier-than-you façade, the snobbish glint.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

It made everything even hotter because he knew the facade wasn’t true, because she was flexing inside his asshole, making him whimper like a dog in heat. He could feel her cum inside his asshole, the heat and wetness hugging his insides like a warm blanket as she throbbed.

She wanted this as much as he did. She just wanted to hear him debase himself first. For his Queen, Phil was more than happy to.

“Hhnnn….. Just… please fuck me Liz… *please*……”

She made a sneering grin.

“Ohhh okay then… I wasn’t going to do it, but you asked so nicely…”

“Oh just….. *shut up and fuck me!”*

Her eyes flashed, shocked grin wide enough to reach around her head, as Phil’s jaw bounced, not quite sure who had said the words that had exited his mouth.

“That….. is the hottest thing anyone’s ever said to me. But now I’m afraid I’ll have to teach you a lesson about manners….”

Phil dug his nails into the mattress. Perhaps he had goaded her a little too much.

Liz decided to take her time, rotating her hips, massaging his back as she moaned, enjoying how his asshole tightened and loosened on her cock, barely able to pull itself from her shaft.

Liz knew he was still gonna be tight for months… Plenty of time to loosen him up.

‘She’s teasing me… God just fuck me…..’

Phil could sense she was enjoying his urgency, rippling with pent-up energy as the dick flexed inside him, making his ass perk upwards to better receive.

‘Please…. destroy me...’

And then she did.

WUMP-WUMP-WUMP

She opened up three pounding thrusts that sank right into his depths, ripping whore-cries form Phil’s mouth.

“UHNNN-UHNN-UHHhnmmmmyy-!”

He looked back incredulously.

“Ohhh HUhhm…!”

“Oh sorry.. *bitch*… did I surprise you with my girly cock?”

“I-I-“

WUMP!

“HUH!”

WUMP!

“OHM-“

click

WUMP!

“-UUUUGHH..”

The whole house seemed to shake as she began pounding him like she was planning to put him through the wall, bedframe and all, her hips snapping to his, hands suddenly turned to claws digging into his sides as she let out a gurning moan of pent-up lust.

“UUUHHHHhh that’s for *UHNN!*... bad manners you fucking slut… fucking take it, TAKE IT, *TAKE IIIITTTuuhhhh!……”*

“UHHU-OHHM-OHH-HUH-“

WUMP-WUMP-WUMP

click

Katie continued in the corner, her other camera still blinking red.

WUMP-WUMP-WUMP

The pair began to writhe, cry and moan as they fused at the hips, Liz grabbing Phil by the neck and crushing his ass with ten strokes so deep and hard that the pleasure was almost lighting his brain on fire, drool running freely down his chin as he began to zombie-moan.

“HHuhhhuhgghhhughhh…”

WUMP-WUMP

‘Oh God…’

Liz was ferocious, barrelling into him like a one-woman stampede, unleashing every muscle in her body to maximum, devastating effect. All the muscles in Phil’s neck were taut to stop him being whiplashed back and forth, her hands fused to his hips the only thing stopping him barrelling headfirst into the wall with each heavy smack of her hips on his tender buttocks.

The feeling of an oiled battering ram sliding across his insides was deplorably good.

‘Oh shit, oh God, oh fuck, oh FUCK-‘

She was going to make him cum *again*.

"L-Liz-HUHHNNN-UHnnn-*Uhhn… Liz*-HUHH-!"

She could barely hear him, as lost in the ecstasy of their union as he was, chuntering as she slammed him with another few blows that made his knees quake.

WUMP-WUMP-WUMP

"Yeah… Uh….. say my name.. UUUHHHhh, say my name you FUCKING slut…"

"LIZ-UHGHH-LIZ---UGHHH-"

They reached it at almost the exact same moment, her treatment of him the polar opposite of her previous warmth as she grabbed his face and turned them until he was facing directly towards Katie and her camera as he squealed whilst she railed him.

"LOOOoooOK AT THE CAMERA… UUUHHHHH! Show them what it's like to get FUCKED… UHHhhh.!!…

"LLIIIZZ-AAAAIIIIIIUUUUGHHHHHHH-!"

She clawed at his head until he was pulled into a driving rut which nearly made his eyeballs pop out of his sockets, a crazed, desperate squeal uttering from his lips that he would gawp at when they watched it back together, because he couldn't equate himself with the slutty twink screaming to the ceiling as his cock exploded onto the bedsheets beneath him, flinging seed down and then in all directions as his cock bounced wildly with each violent meeting of their hips.

WUMP-WUMP-WUMP

Sweat poured from Liz's forehead, covering her entire body like a second skin as she shook and roared whilst staring at the back of Phil's head.

"HHHOooGNNNNNNUHHHhhhhhh!!!"

Phil felt her cock pulse inside his asshole, and then screamed again as his insides were submerged once more by the geyser that erupted from Liz's cock, her body heat entering and subsuming him as he spasmed, drool flowing from both their mouths as Phil's insides were glued together by Luiz's love-paste.

Click-click-click

Katie took her eye from the lens.

It was quite entrancing watching the pair sharing the depths of their ecstasy.

Not perfect positions and angles, everything artificial and meticulously planned, pose after pose. Just two ugly, sweaty Neanderthals barebacking each other, a

pretty twink manipulated and coerced into the night of his life, the alpha huntress having ensnared herself the most beautiful trophy to break with her cock, night after night, forever more.

Katie set the camera down and nodded.

She had everything she needed. Warm, intimidate lovemaking. Cold, hard-lit photos of a straight boy with a cock in his mouth. And now, a brutal breaking of Phil's conception of what he was.

No longer a man.

She cocked her head an inch to better observe the way his penis drooled beneath him, a little white flag waving his surrender to the might of Liz's physical superiority.

Katie turned and left them to doze for a short while.

***

Phil gingerly pulled his pants on, wincing as his boxers touched his incredibly sensitive asshole.

"Mmph!"

It was still sore, and the small sheaf of bills Katie had thrust into his hands a few seconds earlier seemed somehow to be a minor consequence compared to the far more life-changing events of earlier today.

Pulling his shirt on didn't make him feel less naked…. if anything, he felt even more stripped bare, truly revealed to the two other people in the room, and himself, in life-altering ways.

'I got fucked… I just got videoed getting fucked…'

Somehow through that truly ego-drowning fact, a note of pure happiness shone through.

'I got fucked by her…'

On cue Liz put an arm around him.

"Don't worry… always feels a little tender the first time."

He managed an awkward smile.

"Yeah it sure does….feels like-"

".. you got fucked in the ass?" she finished, satisfied.

He shivered, and she pulled his chin to look up at her.

“You better get used to that… I don’t think that pride will serve you well around me.”

The look on her face was enough to make him wonder if he’d made a terrible mistake, but then a smile broke through like a summer sun through spring clouds.

“….But if you need to sit on my lap and suck my titties on a bad day then I won’t tell,” she added with a wink, before furnishing him with a kiss just long enough that he hoped for more, trying to follow her lips as they backed away to an unreachable height.

“Hm, God you are cute…”

She put her arm around him and led him from the room, before whirling around.

“OHH I forgot something, give me a minute!”

She fished for something in her handbag, pulling out a pair of pink keys.

“Go wait in the car… Pink Mazda on the corner…. and do some practice whilst you’re at it.”

“Practice?”

She smirked.

“Well, I’m a little thicker than the gearstick, but you’ll be spending a lot of time bent over… It’s a fair drive to my place.”

With that he let out something in-between an excited gasp and scared whinny, limping from the room as best he could.

She watched him go with the world somehow brighter and more beautiful in every way. Even the dinginess of the now dark studio was somehow antiquated and characterful, each chip in the floor or fleck of paint its own story.

“Oh Katie you found a good one there…”

Katie nodded.

“Yez.”

Liz smirked.

“Thanks for the help.”

Katie nodded.

“Enjoy ze pictures.”

“Oh I will…. Perhaps I’ll show him on our wedding night…. a little montage in our honeymoon suite in the Cayman islands.”

A raised eyebrow was the only response.

“Ohh can’t a girl dream for five minutes?” Liz snapped playfully back, before withdrawing a stack of money.

“Here’s for letting me know about my little sweety… and here’s for sorting the shoot.”

Katie showed no sign of acknowledgement, waiting until Liz handed her a thick wad of crisp bills.

She counted quickly, then nodded.

Liz smirked.

“Once again, appreciate you sending this one my way … you sure aren’t cheap, but it’s a small price to pay one this special…. Don’t forget the videos as well, yes?”

Katie nodded.

“Yez.”

Liz muttered like she was talking almost to herself.

“The way he took that dick like a champ… I’d say it was only a matter of time before some big-dicked guy or gal had their way with him… I’m just lucky I got there first.”

“Not lucky.”

Liz smirked.

“True.. you do have an eye for finding the perfect partners…”

With that, she clipped her handbag closed and sashayed to the door.

“Oooh my feet do ache… I should ask if he does foot massages…. or I suppose I could train him…”

As she left, she called over her shoulder.

“If you ever need a couple for some fun stuff, we’ll be ready!”

Katie didn’t respond and Liz took that as her cue to exit, tottering down the stairs, striding out into the late afternoon sun with thick glasses on, drawing gazes from all-comers as she quickly located the pink sports car with a nervously smiling young man inside.

‘Perfect.’

The giantess strode to the driver’s side, wrestled her bulk inside and kissed him on the cheek before readying the sat nav.

“So uh… do you need me to put my location in?” he said sheepishly, face flushed bright red as a lady across the road stared at the outrageous vehicle.

“Sweety of course! Just grab whatever you need before we go back to my place.”

“Oh um.. yeah, great! I-I wasn’t sure…”

Liz cut him off by harshly kissing him, grunting and slobbering into his mouth, completely at odds with her perfect barbie exterior. When she finished, both their chests were heaving, Phil lying back in his seat looking utterly delirious.

“Mm…. Well now you are. By the way, we’ll need to discuss a few things on the journey back.”

She brought the engine to a hum and pulled the clutch up.

“Number one… foot massages.”

Her hand reached behind his head.

“Number two…”

She began to guide him down over the gearstick where she was already pulling her dress to reveal her growing monster bobbing between her legs. Small lips managed to force themselves wide to swallow up the first few inches.

“Glhhph…”

“MMnnh…”

The car pulled out slowly.

“Number three….. sleeping arrangements,” she gasped as a tongue began to swirl against her cock-head.

The car lurched as a large foot jerked on the accelerator, and then the car was speeding away, the sounds of the engine almost completely overpowering the noise of eager, sloppy suction and low, eager grunts of delight. Phil stared into the perfect fairy-tale view of a woman’s stubble above her giant shaft sticking out of his mouth, the ligaments throbbing as it deposited another spurt of bitter pre-cum over his tongue.

He gulped it down eagerly.

‘What a day.’

It wouldn’t be Phil’s last erotic photoshoot with Liz. Not by a longshot.

###

About the Author

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

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Pet Teacher 1, 2, 3

Captive Lust

Finding Aimi

Dominated

Community Service Series
Community Service 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

A Shemale Flatmate series
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A Futa Mom's punishment series
A Futa Mom's Punishment 1, 2

Brutal Shemale Lovers series
Brutal Shemale lovers 1, 2, 3

The Hookup

His Futa Auntie Series
His Futa Auntie pt 1, 2, 3, 4

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Late pt.1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6