

Zia The Slut

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34280659) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34280659>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	F/F , F/M
Fandoms:	Percy Jackson and the Olympians & Related Fandoms - All Media Types , The Kane Chronicles - Rick Riordan
Relationship:	Percy Jackson/Zia Rashid
Characters:	Percy Jackson , Zia Rashid , Sadie Kane , Carter Kane
Additional Tags:	Netorare , Cheating , Smut , Lemon
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-04 Words: 94,036 Chapters: 10/10

Zia The Slut

by [dtrocked](#)

Summary

After Zia, the beautiful Arabian magician from Egypt, moves to America with her boyfriend her life is idyllic - no monsters, insane gods or world ending catastrophes. But in this town a group of powerful rich families rule everything and one of their hung sons takes a liking to her. Will she be able control her urges and resist him? Or will she turn into another one of his sluts?

Chapter 1

Z

I

A

I sighed as I saw my body in the mirror.

When I looked at it, I felt like punching God in the face and asking him what the big joke was. People grow up into certain body types. Yeah, that's all fine and good. Very natural and normal. Some people were shorter, some were more broad shouldered, some had longer arms. I could deal with that.

But what pissed me off is why my body seemed to have been designed in parts. Which wasn't to say I had body parts - which is a perfectly normal and common occurrence - it was that my parts seemed to come from different boxes. Not just different boxes, but from probably different factories, and imported from different countries.

Let's start with my height. I was tall. Really tall for a girl. Sure, a disadvantage with the boys, but hey - I'll never be caught lacking when I need something from a shelf. Being tall I could deal with.

But when you have breasts that look like you're smuggling two watermelons in your sweater, now that got me a little annoyed. Because being tall and having heavy-ass tits is not a good combination. Physics dictated that having heavy weights on a tall structure is not a good recipe for stability. But most of all, tall people just don't have big tits. It's got to do with fat distribution over a larger frame. And I was far from fat, so where were my tits coming from?

And then my butt. It was a very nice ass, or so I'm told. Nice and big. Grabable. Very shapely. A killer ass. All very nice... For the people behind me. I can't enjoy it because my head is in the wrong place, i.e. not two feet behind my torso and floating at waist level. I take their word for it. But even then, not good for balance. And again, where was all the material to make it coming from? Great for surviving the winter, not so great for combat or sports.

All this was topped off by my... Line of work. I was athletic, to put it politely. To put it more honestly, I looked like I could snap a man's neck between my thighs. You don't get to survive in the god-killing and monster-slaying business long by being a scrawny girl. My abs were so defined, guys got jealous.

All in all, life was becoming inconvenient. My irrationally built body was a pain to fight with, my tits moving with the rest of my body half a second late and throwing me off balance. And finding 36DD bras was not easy. Neither was finding clothes that fit my chest-waist-hip ratio. All my clothes were uncomfortably tight. Especially the outfit I was wearing now. The bright red-and-white uniform was made for someone two sizes smaller and three inches shorter. The skirt was supposed to go down to mid thigh but instead they barely covered my ass. If I bowed I would be arrested for public indecency.

Carter was delighted that he was dating a woman with breasts so huge that when I walked into a wall I bounced off. I'm ninety percent sure the hugs he's been giving me were to bury his face in my tits. Sure, I'm glad he's been so keen on screwing me (he's been humping me everyday now, twice on weekends), but it's getting a little tiresome. Like letting a cute dog keep humping your leg.

Now he'd pressed me to tryout for the cheerleading squad. I don't know why. He finds it arousing or something. Dancing in front of people was a harem girl's job, not a scribe. But here I am.

Trying to look like I wasn't utterly disinterested, I walked onto the field. There, three snobby looking girls were sitting behind a table. The one in the center was particularly sickening. Her fingers were twirling a pen with a heart shaped button.

"And you are?" said the girl in the middle.

"Rashid. Zia Rashid," I replied. "And you?"

I must've said something wrong, because the girls on each side gasped. The girl in the middle didn't not seem happy.

"I'm Drew Tanka. I'm pretty big around here," she said.

"Oh my God, how could you not know that?" snobby girl #1 exclaimed.

"Uh, are you stupid or something?" snobby girl #2 said.

"I don't mean to be rude, I just got her -" I tried to say.

"I - I can't even right now," snobby girl #1 said, making a face like she just swallowed a bug.

"Just do your routine and get out of here," snobby girl #2 snorted.

I was pretty pissed but didn't show it. Would've looked to cut the tongues of these dogs, but Carter had been very clear on the subject of mutilating people. Apparently it's illegal in America.

"What's a routine?" I asked.

Snobby girls #1 and #2 both inhaled so loudly I was worried I would get sucked in. With remarkable synchrony, both of their faces leapt into action - mouth gaping like fishes and hands waving like a Tai Chi master in an attempt to communicate how they simply just could not even right now.

After awhile this died down. Drew looked at me with a frosty stare and spoke with a sickeningly sweet, mocking voice, "a routine is the dance a cheerleader does. I mean, do you want me to let you in from how badly you did your hair this morning?"

Her two cronies laughed in a way that made my fists inch. But I kept it under wraps. I just have to flunk this stupid tryout and I'll never have to see these cunts again.

Gritting my teeth, I started to dance. Actually I didn't know how to dance, so I did a series of maneuvers designed to evade the attacks of the Twenty Tentacled Pentademon, a monster that looked like two octopi glued together by the head. It wasn't much of a dance but it was terribly acrobatic. When my feet were finally touching the ground again, they were speechless.

"You're in," Drew grudgingly said.

NEAR THE END OF THE TRYOUTS

Sadie passed the tryouts as well, and together we sat on the stands and watched the football tryouts, which happened right after the cheerleaders. A pretty blonde and dusky brunette sitting side by side is not a good combination for privacy. About thirty guys tried to hit on us, and it was almost pathetic the way they kept trying for a threesome.

Row after row of guys tried out for the team. To win, they either had to score a goal against the current Goode College School team, or they had to fail trying but show enough skill and grit to the coach. Finally my adorable boyfriend got onto the field, looking pretty good in his gear. We waved at him, and he smiled. On the field, he stood alone against the current team, an imposing wall of big men. But he didn't seem daunted.

FWEEEE

The game started.

The Goode team charged at Carter, but he nimbly ducked and snatched the ball. Jumping over a tackle from the side, he sprinted towards the goal line.

"Go Carter go!" Sadie cheered from the stands.

"You can do it Carter! Come on!" I yelled.

Carter grinned as he heard us urge him on. Or possibly because my tits were just popping out of my bright red-and-white cheerleading uniform. Racing along the green field, he tightened his grip on the football. The line was just a few yards away! He was going to do it! He was going to win th-

CRUNCH

Carter was brutally tackled to the ground by a massive man who appeared almost out of nowhere.

We winced as Carter crashed into the ground, pinned by the bulk of the man.

FWEEEE

The game ended.

"It's alright Carter, you did your best," Sadie said, patting her brother's shoulder.

"We're very proud of you," I said. I pulled him into a hug to cheer him up. Not that I was complaining, but the hug lasted way longer than a normal hug. He was probably super happy. I couldn't tell because his face was buried in my chest meat.

"Let's go home. You may have lost but you'll get something from me tonight," I whispered huskily into Carter's ear.

"Yo, dude!" a boy yelled. "You were great! As tackling practice, that is."

A tall, good-looking boy with wavy blond hair strode over confidently, fresh from the showers in a tight T shirt. I reluctantly noticed how much fitter and taller he was than Carter. He slung a thick, trunk like arm over Carter in a friendly grasp, his biceps almost choking Carter.

"Hey, Brad," Carter gasped slightly. "Congratulations. Looks like you won."

Brad grinned. "Well, with these guns how could I lose?" flexing his muscles.

"Well, I almost won," Carter retorted.

"And what about these ladies? You know, I just lost my phone number, could you give me yours?" Brad said. I rolled my eye's at the nimrod trying to flirt with me. Doing it right in front of Carter, what a dick.

"Dude, that's my girlfriend," Carter said, glowering at Brad with as much venom as he could muster.

"Calm down, squirt," Brad said, reaching down to his head and ruffling his hair.

"Dude, fuck off," Carter snapped. He grabbed Brad's hand and shoved it away.

Brad gave Carter a shove, sending Carter stumbling back. "The loser wants to fight, eh?"

Carter tried to shove Brad back. Carter isn't a small man, but against Brad's bulk he barely moved him. Brad laughed and gave Carter a hard slap than sent him flying away.

Reaching over his head, Brad pulled his shirt off his body and threw the sweat stained piece of cloth to the side. He raised his fists.

"Let's go, loser. A real fight. I'm going to beat the piss outta you," Brad said.

I grudgingly admitted to myself that he had an amazing body. A body that would make most gods insecure and pick up a copy of P90X. His ripped torso and thick arms shone like marble, light glinting off the sweaty sheen and picking out every curve and line. He clearly worked out. His body looked like something a Renaissance artist was dreaming of when he sculpted Zeus.

I knew Carter was going to get slaughtered. Brad threw a left jab at Carter, which connected hard with the side of his head. Carter stumbled back dazed, and Brad dashed in the opening to finish him off with a right hook. I quickly stepped in at the last second.

"Stop it, asshole," I scowled, pushing him back with an outstretched hand, a little conscious that it pressed against his sweaty, rock hard six pack.

Brad backed off. "Heh, looks like you needed your girlfriend saved your ass. Lucky for you, I don't hit girls. If she weren't here, you'd be a sack of broken bones," he sneered. He turned around and walked away shirtless.

LATER THAT NIGHT IN MY ROOM

I collapsed into a chair, hot and sweaty from the game. A whole night of cheerleading was not an easy task, even for someone who was combat trained since the age of five.

I blew away a loose strand of hair and closed my tired eyes. The cheerleading uniform clung to my perspiring body like cling wrap. Although it was quite a treat for the spectators to see me dance in me wet clothes, hair damp with sweat and skirt flying about, it was awful for me. It felt like my whole body had worn one of those cheap disposable plastic glove for hours under the desert sun.

Half the boys were already jerking themselves to me on a regular basis. I don't mean to brag, a quarter of them have came up and told me. Ugh. I figured a fountain of seed was spilling itself to videos of my performance tonight. I briefly imagined them, all the boys I knew and the strangers I passed in the hallway, on the toilet jerking themselves to my image on a smartphone screen.

Well, at least Carter will get a kick out of this.

KNOCK* *KNOCK* KNOCK

Speak of the devil.

I opened the door and Carter was there with a dopey smile on his face, here again to screw me. The bruise on his face from the fight hadn't dampened his horniness one bit. I was worn out and really wanted a bath then go to bed, but I couldn't say no to his puppy eyes. I sighed.

"Alright, just let me shower first," I said wearily.

"Yes," Carter cried , pumping his fist into the air.

Carter sat on a chair as he watched me slink into the bathroom, catwalking like a model on a runway. It wasn't intentional - it was just that my hips were so wide it always looked like I was catwalking. And he got an idea.

He followed me to the bathroom, wedging his foot into the door just as it was about to close. He grinned as the door opened slightly.

"No," I said sternly through the crack. I pointed at the bed. "Wait."

Carter's face fell and he went back to sit on the bed, an erection in his pants.

Boys are like dogs, got to be firm with them to get them to behave. Also don't stay too close to them when they drool, and feed them well.

I groaned as I slid the damp clothes down my sweaty body. I kicked the pile of stinking laundry to the side. Someone had once broke into my locker and stolen a pair of panties. Later it was sold to another kid for two grand. It occurred to me that were probably several thousand dollars worth of underwear in that pile on the school market.

I sighed in pleasure as the shower squeaked into life, spraying my dirty body with a sprinkle of steaming water. I closed my eyes, and my mind flashed back to the fight Carter got into...

It'd been happening all night. Like a catchy song, my mind intermintently replayed the moment that asshole Brad tore off his shirt and bullied Carter. The way his ripped, sweaty body looked under the floodlights, the industrial strength lamp picking out every detail of his hard and powerful body...

I ran my hands over the the body that half the school wanted to sleep with and the other half wish they had. On the peak on the huge pair of breasts, my nipples were hardening. I gasped in shock.

What the fuck was happening?

I gently prodded the tip of the dark nipple with my forefinger. My whole body shuddered as an electric sensation course from the hard nipple into my brain. I gently prodded it again, and again my body shuddered.

I was stunned. My body had never felt this way before. Curious and aroused, I went even further, gently giving my two watermelon sized globes a squeeze. I had to suppress a little gasp so Carter couldn't hear.

A pulse of soft pleasure, like liquid marshmallow, flowed through my body. This was really enjoyable. I squeezed my 36DD boobs again, sending more delicious sensations through my body.

Biting my lower lip, I realized what had got me so riled up - thinking about Brad. I was touching myself to him.

This was so wrong. Imagining his big, strong body in my mind as I fondle my tits... I really should stop...

But I didn't. Using my tits like a stress ball, I squeezed them over and over, milking the stress from my body. My breasts swelled excitedly as image after image of Brad flashed through my mind. Light glinting off his perfectly defined muscles, his strong jaw and masculine face, even his thick wavy hair...

I sighed happily as my hands played with my turned on tits. But even as I groped my tits, I thought about going even further.

Gods, I should stop.

The effect had spread downwards, making my cunt tingle and ache even as I used both hands in an attempt to massage the dull neediness of my fat chest sacks. Deep in between my legs, my pussy began to throb and drip.

I stumbled out of the shower, hoping the air would cool me off and put an end to this. I saw myself in the mirror, nipples stiff and chest flushed as I touched self to the asshole that beat up my boyfriend.

Guilty, I kept fondling my tits. If anyone were watching, their dick would be rock hard. And if they kept watching, it would explode.

With every squeeze, tweak and twirl, my puffy, bare vulva grew yet more visibly and obviously enthused by the treatment as I fondled myself to thoughts of my boyfriend's bully. As if squeezing my tits pushed fluid into my pussy which then flowed out, a trickle of liquid began to flow out of my aching cunt that wasn't water. Embarrassed, I tried pathetically to cross my legs and stem the leak.

But the rubbing only made it worse. Throbbing mightily, my cunt ached and begged for attention. Crying out helplessly, I left my right tit alone, pushing my right hand inbetween my tightly pressed thighs and massaging some relief into the twitching pussy lips. I sighed in pleased relief as my slender fingers turned the needy aching into a cool wave of sexual joy.

God, this feels amazing.

I looked around desperately for a way to satisfy my tingling right breast. Then I had an idea.

"Doughboy!" I yelled. The shabti magically appeared on the sink top.

"What do you want, I'm bus - by the Duat!" Doughboy cried as he beheld the scene - me wet and dripping, my enormous chest heaving and my hands doing all sorts of inappropriate things to myself. Even as he watched, jaw dropped at what I was doing, I didn't stop.

He probably thought he fell off a table and went to paradise. In his clay pants, a statuary erection grew.

"On my breast, now," I ordered, panting. Doughboy didn't need any encouragement. He leapt off the table and onto a cubic meter of fleshy heaven. Like a man hugging a giant inflatable ball, he sank his arms and legs into the slippery brown globe, digging deep into the soft, pillowy flesh. He rubbed his head against my dark areola and bit into the dimpled rod of my nipple, his tiny fingers easily able to push into the tiny milk hole on the tip of the nipple, every second hoping this wasn't a dream from eating too much white clay.

I moaned as I felt Doughboy bury himself into my swollen breast. I was so horny I didn't care that the little clay man was seeing me naked, or that he was molesting me. All I cared about was jerking my body off.

Shit, I really need to stop before I get carried away. But... Just a little more.

I laid back on the toilet and spread my luscious caramel thighs wide. Shoving two long fingers into my tight, hot, pussy, I rubbed the insides of the spasming tube. Moaning deeply, I replayed the moment of Brad going shirtless over and over in my mind, fingering my wet core to the image of his ripped, chiselled body and pythonic arms.

Fuck fuck fuck, this is wrong.

I couldn't control myself as I felt an orgasm building up in my belly. Damnit, I have to stop now! Every second made it harder and harder, like falling into a slippery pit.

I bit my lower lip. Just a little more.

Racked with guilt but too addicted to how good it felt, I masturbated furiously, promising myself I'd stop soon.

Might as well make it count...

Lunging towards the sink top, I quickly tapped rapidly on phone, bringing up a video of tonight's football tryouts onto the screen.

Making myself comfortable, I settled back onto the toilet and gazed eagerly at the screen.

I had to stop myself from drooling as Brad came onto the screen - tall and rugged in his football gear. I was ashamed I barely looked at Carter. My fingers dug deeper into my happily convulsing cunt, the pale pink walls squeezing my fingers tightly together.

Quickly setting it onto a loop, I replayed the video over and over.

Cheering lewdly every time Brad tackled Carter, I fingered and groped my delicious body to the sight.

My own hands got rougher and rougher as the video replayed, fingers digging deeper and twisting harder as Brad tackled my boyfriend. Over and over, Brad crushed him. Over an hour must've passed with Carter waiting outside with a painful erection. I felt so bad about it, but just a little more... One last time, I thought.

"And Carter takes the ball! He dashes but Brad gives chase! He's gaining!" the announcer yells.

"Yes!" I cried, eagerly massaging my breasts and pussy.

"And he's gaining!" the announcer yells.

"Yes!" I cried, my fingers sinking deep into the marshmallows flesh of my breasts.

"He's gaining!" the announcer yells.

"Yes!" I cried, squishing my angry red clit, flattening the clit like an overripe grape.

CRUNCH

*FWEEEEEEE! *

"And he takes Carter down! Looks like a tackle from Brad Bull stops him from making the team!" the announcer yells.

Oh no, I thought, as I felt the swelling feeling burst in my belly.

"YES!" I cried, thrusting my fingers deep into my hot, slutty vagina and cumming.

No, no, no, I thought to myself as my back arched on the toilet seat. Curled toes dragging across the wet marble floor, I traitorously cummed a fine spray of fluid to my boyfriend getting physically beaten.

I turned the phone off and laid there, guilty but satisfied, and even more guilty that I was satisfied.

KNOCK *KNOCK*

"Zee? Are you done? You've been in there forever," Carter whined.

I shot up. "Yes, I'm coming out now habibti."

I tossed Doughboy into a cupboard.

"Say anything and I'm turning you into a candle," I ordered, and slammed the door shut.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped out, hoping Carter wouldn't notice my flushed face or hard nipples.

"What were you yelling about in there?" Carter asked quizzically.

"Oh, just touching myself thinking of you to get warmed up, habibti," I lied guilty. I'll make it up to him here.

I bent over the bed as Carter eagerly dropped his pants. Unrolling a condom over his erection, he jammed it into me.

Carter fucked - or rather tried to fuck me on the bed. My young, tight pussy was encased in two thick bubbles of firm assmeat.

I haven't seen any other dicks, so I didn't know if his cock was considered small. But it couldn't go far past this protective mass of flesh. I had to pull apart my taut butt cheeks with both hands so he could put an inch or two into my pussy.

Feeling bad about what I just did, I tried to make it up to Carter by being really into it tonight.

"Oh yes, that feels great," I moaned. Or rather tried to moan. I did it so flat and awkwardly I was worried he'd know I was faking.

But he didnt. He grunted and started pounding me even harder, spurred on by my encouragement.

"Yeah, just like that," I moaned a little better this time. It was embarrassing that I tried to redo how I moaned in the bathroom while I was touching myself to Brad.

"Damn, Zee, you're wet as fuck," Carter grunted as he screwed me from behind.

"For you, habibti," I continued. Glancing back at Carter, she noticed the nasty bruise on his face.

"Wow, that bruise is looking bad," I said concerned.

"Yeah, Brad hit me really hard. But it's not enough to stop me from fucking you!" Carter yelled.

Oh, shit.

"Woah Zee, you just got even wetter," Carter exclaimed.

At the mere mention of Brad, my body started to twitch and pant like a bitch in heat.

"Y-yeah, you're fucking me so well," I lied weakly, struggling to control myself.

My asscheeks clapped together when I let them go. Instead, my hands reached under my body and squeezed my swollen tits. My butt cheeks clapped around Carter's cock like a pillow, pushing him away from my dripping pussy. But he was too horny to care, and my ass hotdogged him as he pounder away.

"Oh, fuck yes," I gasped softly and honestly. My tits felt amazing, like smooth chocolate marshmallows, as I imagined Brad and his godlike body.

"Fuck me," I moaned, groping my tits even harder. Unconsciously, I was pissed at how Carter's cock barely tickled the entrance to my pussy. It felt like an irritating fly in my ass.

Impulsively, I flipped on a back, grabbed Carter's torso with my muscular legs and easily threw him onto the bed. Before I knew what I was doing, I was sitting on his face.

His protests were muffled as my luscious brown thighs and thick chocolate butt wrapped around his head. A little sadistically I held him tightly inbetween my thighs, squeezing the bruise Brad inflicted on him.

Opening my legs a crack, I grabbed Carter's curly hair and yanked it towards my face.

"Eat," I ordered. I'd never treated Carter like this, being so rough and demanding, but I couldn't control myself.

Sorry Carter, I'll make it up to you later. Just bear with me for awhile.

Carter obeyed, sticking out his tongue and lapping at his girlfriend's swollen pussy. His dick may have been average, but Carter was great at eating me out. It felt amazing, his long pink tongue scraping at the insides of my pussy and occasionally flicking my throbbing clit.

Damn, he's such a great boyfriend. It feels so much better than my hands.

"Brad," I moaned as I pictured his naked, shining body particularly vividly. Twisting both my dark nipples, my body shuddered and fed Carter's mouth with a little squirt.

My body squirming in delight, I began to grind my crotch onto Carter's face, using my legs to shove his face and tongue even deeper into the butt.

Carter didn't seem to mind. I could see his cock was rock hard and leaking precum almost as badly as me. Voraciously eating out his girlfriend's pussy, he was anything but eager to being dominated a little in bed by his girlfriend.

"Mmm, so hot," I panted, thinking about his godlike body as I felt the swelling feeling of orgasm blossom deep in my pussy.

Groping myself even harder as I ground my hips into Carter, I engorged the feeling, moaning and panting Brad's name loudly as Carter couldn't hear me through my thick thighs.

Slamming my hips into Carter's face, I squashed my chocolatey tits into flat pancakes with my outstretched palms, grinding the stiff nipples into my titty meat. The pressure building up popped, and I came.

Moaning Brad's name, my back arched as a flood of my cum was sprayed onto Carter's face. My legs instinctively contracted and pulled Carter's into me, forcing my throbbing pussy into his mouth as I came. His cheeks bulged and overflowed, tasting the insides of my pussy as it burst out all over my thighs and his face.

I writhed on top of Carter as I rode out my second orgasm. When I settled down, the pillows were soaked, and my body slick with sweat.

I quickly finished off Carter's erection with a few pumps of my fist. He seemed to be glad, moaning in between my thighs as I made him squirt into my hand.

Collapsing into bed beside Carter, I closed my tired eyes.

Godamn I'm such a slut.

Locker Room

Chapter Summary

Zia flashes her ass to the crowd and Brad, then runs into trouble.

Z

I

A

I felt terrible when I woke up. Not terrible per se, but terrible about what I did. I actually felt sort of sleepily happy. My brains must stewing in leftover endorphins from last night. I tried to feel bad about feeling happy, and I failed. I just gave up and felt happy. Still, I felt happy but nowhere near awake. Gods, I must've ridden Carter through the night. I went through my morning routine with half my brain asleep.

Mirror. Me. Toothbrush. Toothpaste. Teeth. Brush. Spit. Face. Wash. Kohl. Apply. Waking up Carter. Awkwardly replying to his comments about last night. Breakfast. Pleasantries. School. Friends. Wait, friends?

Two girls sidled up to me. Girls who, surprisingly, I would call friends. I didn't expect to make any friends here. Friendship is based on things like trust, openness, relatability. None of which a magician from a secret organization of god-hunters (well, ex god-hunters) has a lot of in relation to an American teenage girl. I didn't really fit in here. But then again, in their own way these girls didn't fit in either.

Annabeth was a busty blonde about the same height as me. Her pale blonde hair was cut not to any fashionable style, but out of the practical need to have her hair cut at some point. The longer bits were tied into a ponytail that ran down her neck. Thick black rimmed glasses that she actually needed. Everything was plain, but her eyes stood out. They were a hard, almost metallic grey. Disturbingly intelligent and oddly still, they tended to fixate on a person and make them very uncomfortable. Brilliant student. She devoured books like cheese crackers, had a 4.0 GPA, takes AP classes, had colleges begging her to apply. Still she was far from a goody two shoes. I know for a fact that she had repeatedly hacked the school's system to fix classes around her schedule.

Líadan was a slender Irish redhead with a slight accent and pale skin. A sprinkle of freckles on her face. Pale alabaster skin, pale green eyes, she'd burn like dry leaves in Egypt. Luckily she lived in Brooklyn. Her skin was the kind of stuff advertisers employed teams skilled photo editors to achieve in skin whitening ads. It was almost pure white, so white it looked like it was glowing softly. If ever an exquisitely jeweled marble statue came to life, it would look like her. But it kind of balanced out since she was the only one of the trio who didn't have a huge rack. She was sporty. Almost as tall as me, and athletically built without all the

inconveniently jiggling bits, she was quite the star athlete. As they said in America, she killed it. What she did, she did well. And boy did she do a lot. Baseball, swimming, basketball. But her favorites were always the martial arts. She was a third Dan in Aikido, black belt in Karate, and illegally fought in underground MMA tournaments on Friday nights (MMA bouts being illegal in New York).

Why were they unpopular? Annabeth because she was smart and didn't care what other people thought. You could see it in the way she dressed. She could easily be beautiful with the right haircut and a dab of eyeliner, and she already had a popular following of people who liked busty nerds. But looking pretty was about as relevant to her as getting a blue elephant. I liked her as soon as I laid eyes on her. I enjoy a girl who thinks about more than the color of her nail polish.

Líadan was unpopular because of her personality. Which is odd. Pretty and popular are a package deal here. You could have a personality of a wet cat and still be popular if you were pretty. And boy was she pretty. Like a Victoria's Secret Model, but less anorexic and with better skin. But she was, well, allergic. To perverted dumbasses. The first time her allergy was triggered was when a student tried to grope her ass in the hallway. Luckily he used the hand he didn't write with, on account of the fingers pointing the wrong way afterwards. First time, the school was just concerned. The second time when someone tried to kiss her. Right after she left baseball practice. While she was carrying her baseball bat. She vehemently denied she had used excessive violence, on the grounds that he merely needed a proctologist, not a gastroenterologist. It was comments like that that got her banned from all the martial arts clubs and got her sent to therapy. As well as keeping most guys ten feet away from her, with their hands tightly closed in a fist on their backside. But me? A girl with more muscle than talk and not above some physical violence was a girl after my own heart.

"Can't believe you got into the cheerleading squad," Líadan said.

"I can. Her physical specifications are beyond perfect for it," Annabeth said. "Or just beyond perfect."

"I mean, how she got through the tryouts without bashing in the skull of the slut in charge," Líadan said in a way that would make a therapist start sweating.

"Drew Tanaka?" I said. They both nodded. "I've had to put up with worse."

Both of them whistled, impressed. "Boy, the school you came from must've been hell," Líadan said.

"The popular clique is, unfortunately, not a purely American phenomenon," I said.

"At least they tend to keep to themselves. Popular people talk to each other, hang out with each other, and date each other, and so on," Annabeth remarked.

"Sometimes," Líadan said with a snort. "Until they need someone to bully."

"You can quit clubs anytime," Líadan continued. "Tell that pervert boyfriend of yours if he wants to look at a girl in a cheerleading uniform, he should buy a uniform and a mirror."

Annabeth chuckled and I sighed.

"But will you be staying?" Annabeth asked.

I shrugged. "I doubt it. I hate the guts of everyone in the club and everyone who watches it. I'll go to a few practices then I'll quit."

"Don't get sucked up into all that popular girl stuff. The perpetual fixation on looks, social status, handsome boys, repeated and meaningless sex... Just ugh," LÍadan said, making a face like a fish throwing up.

"Their lifestyle is quite hollow and meaningless," Annabeth remarked.

I laughed. "Don't worry. I won't."

"We'll see you after practice. Try to kick Drew in the face doing a backflip for me, OK?" LÍadan said.

My face broke into a smile. "Anything for you, LÍadan."

LATER AT THE SPORTS HALL

I stomped over onto Cheri's table and brandished the folded set of clothes in front of her.

"What the hell is this?" I demanded.

Cheri was the quartermaster of the cheerleading club, a cute little native American and wannabe air-headed popular girl.

"Your uniform," she replied stiffly.

"It's two sizes smaller than my tryout uniform," I snarled. "And that's saying a lot."

"It's all we have for you. Now if you-" she said.

"Bullshit. I've seen the inside of your storeroom, you have dozens of spares. And I think that your club could afford clothes in the right size with its million dollar budget, plus donations," I retorted.

"It was a decision taken by the leadership committee to make use of sparse resources," she said smoothly.

My eyes narrowed into dangerous slits. "Drew did this, didn't she?"

Cheri froze, her face a rictus of consternation of whether to piss me or Drew off. I could see right through her. Drew put her up to this, and she was too scared to say. A girl as influential and popular as Drew could make her life hell. And Drew probably sweetened the deal with promises of inviting her to an exclusive party. I could almost see the cogs turning in her mind as she thought how Drew could make or break her dream of becoming a popular girl here. Against me, even as scary as I was, I lost out.

The uniform crumpled in my clenched fist. Drew had won. This time.

"Alright, fine. But tell me this. Why does Drew - that is, the leadership committee - care about the size of my uniform?" I asked.

"The school practices out in the field. Lots of people come to watch," she said with almost imperceptible relief. "Regular students, coaches, the other sports clubs, even a few teachers. Oh, and always the football team. Their lockers are just beside ours, just adjacent to the field."

"So if I go out wearing this, I'm about half naked in front of half the school?" I said.

Cheri nodded. "And if the seams burst, you're basically in your underwear."

"I would have to be insane to do that," I muttered under my breath. "So Drew is trying to get me to quit."

"You didn't hear that from me," Cheri said cautiously.

My fingers drummed angrily on the table. Stupid cunt was trying to screw with me. Well, if that's how she wanted to play it...

"I see," I said with a sigh. "If it really can't be helped, I understand."

I turned around and walked away from Cheri.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

A gaggle of girls clustered around the base of the stands. Even if they weren't wearing cheerleader uniforms, their perfectly done make up and slim figures marked them out a mile away as such. And from a mile away, I would have looked like Inspector Gadget without the hat. Or more likely a flasher. Maybe a school shooter. One of those would be pretty close to the truth. The trench coat I wore was not appropriate attire in school under any social circumstances. Still, despite my fashion faux pas, there was a little smile on my face as I walked towards the cheerleading club. I headed straight towards a dense cluster of girls, grouped around a nucleus of the most popular girls. That's where I would find Drew.

As I approached, each girl fell silent one by one like a rolling power outage and cast furtive glances my way. I'm guessing Drew told them what she did. A few meters away from the edge, everyone was completely silent, except for a single voice coming from the center of the crowd. In a nasty voice, it was telling the crowd a story about some devious thing she did to some girl to embarrass some girl that crossed her. I didn't need to guess who that girl was.

The crowd murmuring parted like the Red Sea before Moses to reveal what was across it. Drew.

We stared each other down, two front-cover models surrounded by a sea of whispering girls. I noticed Cheri cowering off to Drew's side.

"And you were... Zebra, was it?" Drew said with mocking politeness. The crowd laughed. I ignored it. They would've laughed if she asked why the chicken crossed the road.

"Zia. Zia Rashid," I replied.

"That's a nice...coat, Zia, but what are you doing here?" she said, her cool slipping a bit. I could tell she was angry underneath her forced politeness. She'd just told everyone I would not show up, then I did.

"I'm here for cheerleading practice," I said.

"Yes, yes, of course, sweetie," she said with a smile. "But where's your uniform? You need to wear it to practice."

I would have loved to wipe her shit eating grin on her face off with a solid punch. But today, I had something even better.

"My uniform," I said, pulling apart my trench coat with a grin. "Is right here."

The crowd gasped.

FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO

I left the field and took a turn to one of the deserted science buildings. Inside an empty locker room, I slipped out of my clothes and shoved them into a locker. My phone also went in because it wouldn't fit anywhere on me wearing that uniform, except in between my breasts.

"Doughboy," I called. The clay man appeared with a pop on a toilet roll holder with a broad grin on his face.

"No," I said, rolling my eyes. "We're not doing that now. I need you to get a nice long trench coat."

Doughboy's face fell. I sighed at the little pervert.

"Do this for me and you get to see me at cheerleader practice," I said. He perked up. "In the tightest cheerleading uniform to ever be worn in public." He disappeared so fast I blinked. But meanwhile, I had to get dressed.

I how to wear this blasted uniform. I gingerly picked up the shirt. Boy, Drew really didn't want me to show up. It looked like it was made to hug the body of someone with A cups. Someone with B cups would look like she was wearing cling wrap. Someone with C cups would be a walking public indecency case. And I was triple D. With a good deal of grunting and shoving, I pulled the tiny tube of fabric over my head and shoulders. And in a Herculean feat of strength, I squeezed my titanic tits into the shirt and pulled it down as far as it would go. It cut off above my navel, and the fabric was stretched so thin over my chest that the outline of my underwear could be seen. But I got it on.

I sighed. That was over, at least. The bright red and white uniform was stretched over my torso like a thin rubber sheet, revealing every curve and sweep of my body. My breasts in

particular had fabric wrapped around every inch of my trembling bosom like cling wrap, sinking deep into my cleavage between my mounds and biting deep into the crevasse of my underboobs. And on top of that the ridiculously small uniform had squeezed my already firm breasts into two almost perfectly round, flat pancakes, giving me the worst case of backboobs ever seen in public. It was that bad. I prayed to Shu for warm weather because if my nipples got hard, people would be able to count the bumps on my areola.

Now how to get the skirt on? It was a short little thing, a series of red and white bars pleated together in an elastic ring designed not to conceal, but decorate, the wearer's ass. I stuck a leg in, pulled it up my to my thigh, and cringed. My large, toned thigh had the skirt wrapped gently around it. That is to say, the skirt would fit nicely - if I wore it on one leg.

Well, shit.

Luckily, acrobatics had been an integral part of my combat training. And for added sexiness all these clothes were made with a strong elastic material to get a really revealing tight wrap around whoever wore it. I wedged myself between a locker and a bench by bracing my back against the locker and pressing my foot against the bench. Body several feet above the floor, I folded my other leg so tightly my knee pushed into my cleavage. By wiggling my foot into a small gap in the skirt's elastic band, I slipped it in and slowly worked it up. Foot, calves, thigh. Then it got stuck. So I had both legs in the skirt but it was stuck three quarters the way up my thigh, the tight band biting at the edge of my butt. I grasped the skirt's band with both hands. With a loud grunt I twisted my entire body as I yanked, shoving my two bubbly brown ass cheeks into the skirt like shoving a turkey into a microwave. Then I went out to take a look in the mirror.

Fuck.

In the mirror was the sluttiest girl I'd ever seen. I'd seen naked women and women getting fucked, but somehow they looked less slutty than me with a dick in their ass. The shirt was closer to a sports bra. The neck cut, designed to show a hint of cleavage, had been distended so much from the weight of my enormous jiggling tits that the deep crevasse between my tits was entirely bare. Half my tits were spilling out from the top, and the bottom half were straining to lift up my heavy breasts. The uniform hung above my navel, baring my entire toned stomach.

And the skirt! I turned my body to the side and could see a quarter of my ass hanging out. If I bent over I'd be baring my whole ass to the world. My lacy pink panties could be seen wrapped gently around my shapely ass. And I got that specially made for Carter...

"I found one in this guy's offi - By the Gods!" Doughboy squeaked. "Is it Christmas already?"

"Shut up," I said, snatching the coat from him and quickly covering myself with it. I don't think I could've looked any sluttier if I scrawled the words "Milk Truck" and "Hot Buns" on my shirt and skirt. Doughboy hopped into one of the pockets. If Miss Tanaka thinks I'm just going to give up and leave the club, she's got another thing coming. If there's anything I like, it's a good fight.

THE PRESENT

Everyone stared. I felt really self conscious. Two dozen pairs of eyes fixed on my bare skin in disbelief. Well, let them stare. Being so voluptuous isn't good for much, but it is good for making these bitches jealous. Drew's jaw dropped, then gritted in anger, then went slack again as she tried to find something to say. But she couldn't. She couldn't ask me to leave for wearing an inappropriate uniform because everyone knew she issued it to me. She couldn't give me a proper sized uniform because then I would be able to come for all the practices. And she absolutely could not just let me practice in peace with the rest of the new comers. Around her, her cronies began to distance themselves from her, perhaps losing some confidence in the infallibility of their leader.

"The newcomers over here," she said, her voice losing some of it's upbeat tone but still confident and in charge, and I knew she hadn't given up yet. "I'll be personally conducting your training today." A group of wannabe cheerleaders shuffled over to an open area at the other edge of the stands. As the crowd dispersed to do their regular training, Cheri quietly paced over to me.

"What are you doing here!" she hissed. "You have to leave!"

"And miss my first practice? Now why would I do that," I said.

"You don't understand. You're as pretty and as tall as Drew, you even have better ass and tits! Drew is insanely jealous!" she hissed.

"I understand that actually. I was hoping for it," I replied.

"No, not that she's jealous! You don't understand - her boyfriend is here!" she hissed.

I froze. Something Annabeth said to me earlier hit me. They tend to keep to themselves. Popular people talk to each other, date each other, and so on. And something Cheri had said floated into my mind. Lots of people come to watch... And always the football team.

I started to scan the stands, but I didn't have to. Because he'd made his way down the stands and was talking to Drew. He gave her quick kiss, then she left to train the newcomers while he watched from the stands with his clique. A tall, muscular boy with wavy blond hair.

Brad.

My head snapped away so fast I might've broken my neck. Dammit! Why didn't I see this coming! The captain of the football team would be dating the captain of the cheerleaders! I was already half naked in front of a good chunk of the school. Now Brad was here. Darting my eyes, I looked to confirm that it was him. It was him alright, looking like a teenage girl's daydream. No one else looked like Adonis had come back to Earth to play football. He was wearing a varsity jacket which bulged with muscles, and jeans which bulged with... other things.

I had about three seconds before the crowd of girls dispersed fully and the spectators started to notice me. I badly wanted to just tackle the crumpled trench coat on the ground, wrap it around myself and run back home. But Drew, like a social great white shark, smelt me bleeding fear of peer judgement and attacked.

"Not feeling well, sweetie? You should go back home," she said with a condescending smile.

"I'm fine, thank you," I replied, shooting back a smile at her.

Then Drew's voice dropped about twenty degrees. "I wonder what's it about that drives you to practice with your breasts hanging out? Perhaps you like this sort of thing!"

"What can I say?" I said with a happy smile. "I just really, really, want to be here."

And it was completely true. I really, really wanted to be here, looking that expression on her face.

"Get into rows," she snapped and stormed away.

Steeling myself, I joined the rest of the girls. Any hope of being hidden among them was crushed when I saw them spaced two arms length apart from each other. It didn't take long for the first people to start noticing.

"Is that Zia? Oh my god, look at what she's wearing!"

"Hey baby, you can come over to my house any time wearing that!"

"Jesus Christ! Bill get the camera!"

My skin burned like a hot iron was being pressed against it. I could feel their gazes playing across my exposed flesh like perverted searchlights, picking out every detail of my body. But worse of all, out of the corner of my eye I could see Brad looking at me. My heart thumped as I could feel his leering lust of him and the audience directed at me. They probably thought I was a pervert who wanted this.

Calm down. He doesn't know what you did last night. There's no need to be worried. You're just some girl who rejected him...

Drew led us through the basic moves a cheerleader needed to master. As much as I hated her guts, I had to admit - she was good. She had the rare mix of strength, grace and flexibility that the best cheerleaders needed to carry out every action with speed and precision. We jumped. We tumbled. We did splits. The other girls struggled to follow, but I didn't. Years of combat training does that to you. It doesn't however prepare you for it wearing a micro-uniform.

My tits jiggled in its red-and-white sports bra when I jumped. My ass went boing on the ground when I tumbled and left two hemispherical indentations. My long, lightly roasted coffee legs were bared when I split. And the crowd was delighted. They cheered as my breasts wobbled precariously on my chest in mid-air as they threatened to spill out of my shirt. They whooped when a forward roll threw my ass in the air. They hooted when a toe touch squished my fat tits against my knees while baring my cleavage. I felt so exposed to my classmates and students. I've never felt shy in my life, but now I was feeling it now. The only consolation was that Drew was absolutely furious that everyone was as riled up watching me practice as a they were in a big game. That was a cheerleader's job, getting the

crowd stomping. And I was doing so much better than her on my first day. With that, I pushed through the apprehension from knowing my body was on display for the assembled spectators and let my assets lose. Without shame or hesitation, I flaunted my smooth, firm breasts to the crowd, bared my svelte, young thighs and showed off my twin bubbles of young assflesh, bursting with youthful hormones. Everything, from the lithe muscular definition of my glistening abdominals to my gravity defying teenage breasts, was open to them to gawk at. But heart pounding and sweat-matted hair flying, I made my way through the practice. And it was going well.

Until Brad hollered. "I'm still missing your phone number!"

It caught me completely off guard. I froze mid tumble and my face rammed into the ground. Painfully. When the stars cleared and I got up, I was looking at Drew making little tsk-tsk noises at me while Brad ogled me from just a few meters away.

"Oh sweetie, did you lose your sense of balance?" she said in mock concern. "I thought strippers had great balance..."

I got up and spat out a clod of dirt, angry as hell and ready to knock the lights out of this air-headed bitch. Drew saw the look in my eyes and flinched.

"What are you implying, shit-for-brains?" I snarled.

"I'm saying that this club needs people with athletic ability," Drew said, her voice a teeth-grinding mixture of condescension and anger. "People who get the crowd riled up with their tits and ass, we call them strippers, honey!"

Then I did something really impulsive that I really shouldn't have done.

"Well," I replied, flipping up my skirt and presenting my dirt-smeared ass to Brad.

I waited for his gasp.

"Your boyfriend seems to like it."

I turned on my heel and stormed off to the lockers. Thankfully they were empty. I leaned against one of the metallic red boxes, my heart pounding against my rib cage with the force of a thousand tribal African drums. And that had nothing to do with my past hour of exercise. My legs were shaking uncontrollably and slick with moisture - and that had nothing to do with perspiration. My wet thighs just gave out and folded up beneath me, bouncing my bum off the linoleum floor. I tore off my skirt and furiously ground my palm into my wet, aching, panty clad mound.

Yes, that's right. I just flashed my ass to Brad. The rude, bullying, violent, stupid, dumb, overconfident, popular, tall, handsome, muscular, ripped, assertive, hot, sexy, unbearably attractive, nipples hardening, pussy moistening captain of the football team. And I was sooo turned on by it.

I didn't even realize my other hand had slipped under my shirt and was tweaking my nipples. And I certainly don't recall encircling my clit with my finger. But there I was, touching myself slowly after making half the school think I was an exhibitionist and flashing the most popular guy in school. I caught my own reflection on a mirror on the far side of the room, touching myself on the dirty floor like a homeless pervert.

Fuck I was hot.

In the mirror was a willowy girl, perfectly balanced between lithe and curvaceous, drenched in sweat, moaning softly as she fondled her ripe, round, watermelon tits and gently massaged the hump between her toned, toffee thighs. Her milk-chocolatey skin coated in a sheen of perspiration, shone like polished brass under the florescent lights. Her wild sex-hair matted in wet clumps, framing a pretty face with arched eyebrows and piercing amber eyes, imperious and lordly. Even legs sprawled on the filthy floor, sweat stained and panting, she possessed a certain dignity in her straight backed posture and hard eyes.

"Fuck," I groaned. "Why do I look so fucking hot and slutty?"

As if talking about myself in third person wasn't bad enough, now I was schlicking to my own reflection. God, what has happened to me? In a span of a day I'd gone from being me to acting like a stripper for the whole school to fingering myself to my own sweat stained body. Then I heard something. Deep, male voices echoed into the room.

"Hah, that was some show..."

"Dude that was amazing... Can't believe she did it in front of everyone..."

"Even when I'm doing this little red bunny, I think I'm going to be thinking of her..."

Deep, male voices echoed through the room and I stopped, petrified. What the hell were they doing here? Unless... I opened a locker and...

Shit.

Inside was a pair of dirty briefs hung on a hanger and a can of deodorant. This was the male locker room. In my rush to get away from the crowd I'd taken a wrong turn. And in a state like this - panties soaked and twisted, nipples poking through my shirt, skirt torn and entire body hot and heavy - it could not be worse. I swore underneath my breath. They were right around the corner. The locker had a two drawers, one below and one on top. In between was a small space to hang clothes, about half my height. I swore again, squeezed myself in and shut the door. My knees ended up touching my chin, but it would have to do. The briefs draped annoyingly over my head.

Through the slits in the locker door, I saw the guys fill up the space I was just in. And they weren't just any guys. They were strapping, Herculean specimens of men, each with the triumphant symbol of high social status that was the red varsity jacket draped across their broad shoulders. It was the football team.

Through the slits in the locker door, I saw the guys in varsity jackets fill up the space I was just in. And they weren't just any guys. They were strapping, Herculean specimens of men. In other words, roided out gym meatheads whose brain mass was in inverse proportion to muscle mass. Shit, was it the football team? My fears were confirmed when Brad strode into view like a wet dream, six feet two of popularity and sex appeal. But even more surprising was the person trailing behind him.

Cheri?!

The little native American girl was following Brad in her cheerleading uniform. What was she doing in the male locker room? That look on her face... It wasn't fear. It was apprehension, but also... Excitement?

"Doughboy!" I hissed. The little clay man appeared on my knee an inch from my face.

"Dark in here, isn't it?" he whispered.

"Shut up and go get my stuff from the other locker," I hissed.

"Why don't you just go and get it yourself? I'm not your butler, you know," he whispered reproachfully.

"Because," I whispered angrily. "I'm stuck in a locker in the male's locker room and the entire football team is outside. And if you keep asking questions, I'm going to heat this box to four hundred degrees Celcius with you in it! Now go!"

With a pop, he vanished, then reappeared with a pile of my clothes and my phone. He gave me a dirty look then vanished. I got about the painful, limb-twisting, socket-wrenching task of dressing myself in a one by two by three box. It wouldn't help make it any less awkward if they found me, but it was better than looking like I just wrapped up a shift at the strip club on Cheerleaders' night.

Brad sat down on a bench and patted his lap. Cheri's eyes flicked around in hesitation, but calmed down when Brad placing a strong reassuring hand on her shoulder. She lowered her waifish body gently onto Brad's trunk like legs, gasping in shock when cute bum touched Brad's trousers. Even on the bench, Brad's massive frame was a full head taller than the little girl - Brad's sculpted chin was tickled by her head of soft black hair. The rest of the football team surrounded the seated pair in a circle, towering threateningly over the small girl.

"Anxious?" Brad whispered into a ear.

"Y-yeah," Cheri muttered, her eyes staring into her lap. "A little."

"Awww, the little girlie is scared. How about us big strong boys make you feel better?" one of the meatheads said, the kind of dumbass who thought flirting with a cheap sexual innuendo was the peak of comedy and attractiveness. I was annoyed Cheri's shoulders shook as she let out a girlish little laugh, the sort of flirty little laugh girls make not because they found something funny but because they were trying to seek male approval. It was a disgrace to womankind, I thought. Really gave a bad name to all of us.

"OK," Cheri said softly. She smiled and pulled her shirt over her head. "What do you have in mind?" I froze, my leg halfway into my pants.

Fuck. I'd accidentally walked into a college gangbang.

"We won't be needing that," Brad said, tearing off her dark blue sports bra. Cheri giggled.

Ring. Ring.

"Hello?" Cheri said, fishing a phone from somewhere on her person. "Oh, hi mom. Oh stop it Brad," Cheri giggled as Percy ran a rough hand up her smooth flat stomach and gently cupped a small A cup breast. "Yeah. I'll be home late. I'm having some... team bonding activity with the football club... OK I'll see you then."

I watched, jaw hanging, as Cheri put down the phone. Brad fondled the tiny girl's body, greedily groping both of her cute breasts. She was barely 18! But Cheri seemed only eager to participate despite her age and parental concern. She acquiesced when Brad gently pushed her body face down and ass up into the bench. With a swift yank Brad pulled down her skirt and panties down to her ankles, exposing a sweet little ass that was as firm and round as they came. Brad lifted her chin and smothered her with a kiss that made her shiver all the way down to her tippy toes. Cheri stiffened, then relaxed. With a soft sigh, her body slackened into her doggy position. Hips waving in the air like an excited puppy, she began to grind her cute butt against Brad's bulge.

By the gods. That can't be his cock...

The huge, solid, bubble in his denim jeans was eagerly nuzzled by Cheri's dripping pussy, staining the material a darker shade of blue. But even as enormous as the bulge was, it grew even bigger as Cheri rubbed against it. Coaxed by Cheri's twerking butt, the thick cylindrical shape grew, snaking upwards, past his belt and poking up under his tight shirt. Brad lifted it to reveal a pink, plum sized cock head. A shimmering jewel of precum was perched perfectly on its head.

I unconsciously nibbled my lower lip. Gods, it was big. Of all the people who had to pick on my boyfriend, why did it have to be a hot guy with a huge dick?

Like sharks moving in for the kill, the rest of the meatheads circled tighter around the prostrate girl. In a single move their pants fell to their ankles, and out came the most incredible array of cocks I'd ever seen. Not one of them was under eight inches long or thinner than my wrist. She was surrounded by the thick wall of men with nothing but their shirts on - a style of dress that I found hot - and cocks protruding outwards like Punji sticks, and I gulped when I realized I was about to spy on a very rough and nasty gangbang. It was so wrong, but even in my predicament I couldn't help but think that they looked so sexy. The way their tight, long-sleeved varsity jackets wrapped their bulging, muscular V shaped torsos in a soft red fuzz, or how their massive sculpted thighs, each a powerful limb that propelled their bodies on wards to victory in each game, looked rock hard under the florescent lights. And especially Brad's but. Brad turned away from me and gave me an eyeful of his pert butt, dimpled and toned from years of rigorous exercise and perfectly squeezable. And like their captain, the rest of the players also had wonderfully tight and firm asses. If I were drunk with

didn't have Carter, I would honestly lick all of their perfect man asses if Brad asked, even if they were dumb violent assholes with double digit IQs.

Oh, and of course their big fucking dicks. Pink as a rare steak and looking just as juicy, there was plenty of meat to feed a girl hanging on each of their crotches. And dangling below were two delectable large, round fruit, perfect to suck on before a meal.

With a sound like a kilo of steak slapping into a chopping board, Brad suddenly whipped his hips to one side and then back, smashing his cock into her adorable butt. Cheri gasped as she was thrown forward by the force. At the other end of the bench was a waiting player, his out and dick erect. Without a care that the girl before him was half his weight and barely eighteen, he gripped both sides of Cheri's head and burrowed nine inches of throbbing cock meat into her shocked mouth.

"Damn," I gasped, so loudly that it almost gave me away. The length of dick flew past her rapidly spreading lips and slipped into her gullet, its fat tip crawling deeper into her until her nose was buried in the meathead's pubes. Her slender throat bulged with its meaty filling, brutally choking the teary girl who could do nothing but massage the brutish cock with her delightful throat and pray he would be satisfied. The surprise throat-fucking left Cheri shivering uncontrollably on the bench as the meathead used her vocal chords as a fleshlight, sliding his meat along it's wet, warm canal.

I felt a deep, aching sympathy for the poor girl, even if she did sabotage my first cheerleading practice. Just watching from my voyeuristic hidey hole, their beastly treatment sent my legs squirming with discomfort. How could they treat the poor girl like this? And the stench! From the slits in the metal door, an overpowering pungent, salty musk that permeated into my hiding space from the outside, clouding my brain and making it difficult to think clearly. The stench assailed my delicately sculpted nose, overpowering the smell of my nectar and sweat in the humid metal box and filling it with nothing but their cock stink.

"Such a pretty mouth," meathead #1 said.

"Nice and tight. She keeps gagging and choking though," meathead #2 replied. "Not that I give a shit."

"Her pussy looks nice and tight too," Brad said, rolling a condom over his delicious - I mean big - cock. "But it's not going to be and I'm done with it."

The team chuckled nastily. Brad straddled the bench, aligning his eagerly twitching cock with Cheri's body. Even as I spied on Brad about to tear apart Cheri's teeny pussy with his monster cock from my damp metal box, I couldn't help notice how sexy he looked, his glorious body wearing only a tight shirt and jacket, poised to drive ten inches of solid manhood into the innocent girl. Together with the other meathead, he was going to spitroast Cheri like a cute piglet. Somehow Cheri managed to extract the cock lodged in her throat, and whimpered in an anxious voice.

"Please be gentle, I've never taken anything so massive..."

And it was true. Cheri's perfectly pink pussy was so tight it was almost virginal. Brad's flared head was larger than even her dripping hump. I shuddered to think how much smaller her hole must be. It was impossible for such a thick cock to penetrate such a tiny hole. It would be like a pushing a baseball bat through the eye of a needle!

"Sure thing, sweetie," Brad said, gripping her soft round hips in a firm grip. "I'll gently touch the inside of your womb," Brad snarled, slamming Cheri's body all the way down to the base of his cock. She screamed as her waifish body was callously speared by Brad's monster, fucking her so deep her typically smooth stomach was warped by a thick cylinder protruding downwards out from under the skin. I cried out in shock and my hand leapt to my pussy. Laughing happily, Brad twisted his cock in circles inside of the shrieking girl, likewise making the cylinder in her belly revolve. My hand followed, grinding my own soaking mound in a circling clockwise motion in perfect time with Brad's deep bitch burrower. It was a mesmerizing sight, the skin of her stomach stretched over his cock so tight I could make out its flared head. My eyes were transfixed, swiveling to follow its progress even as my hand did the same on my pussy.

It felt so wrong that I was touching myself like this, especially to my boyfriend's bully. But just yesterday I'd came my brains out just thinking about Brad. Now he was right in front of me, giving it to some girl like a sexual god. It was as if you just jerked the night away to some beautiful actress and the next day you found yourself in her closet watching her get thoroughly and roughly fucked. I couldn't resist.

"Damn, someone's going to come if she keeps screaming," meathead #3 said.

"Don't worry," meathead #4 said, taking advantage of her open mouth to jam his huge ass cock in and muting the girl. "This'll shut her up!"

"Thanks, bro. Just had to break her in," Brad said, pulling his cock out and slamming back into her. "Now I can fuck'er!"

A deep moan escaped my lips when I saw what happened next. Brad withdrew his cock like a magician - pulling an oversized cock from a tiny girl - all the way except for its fat flared head, the tight 18 year old pussy grasping so hard on his dick that it pulled out a little pink sleeve. Then he drove it back into her. At the same time, the player waiting at the other end who had just the tip of his cock in her mouth had his cock head buried in her gullet as she was propelled forward. Then he slammed into Cheri, sending her flying back and onto Brad's cock. Brad returned the favor, burying himself deep into her and sending the poor girl's mouth sliding along the player's shaft until her lips were pressed firmly against his hairy crotch. It'd never seen anything like it. With impeccable coordination, they threw the petite girl forward and back - she was perfectly helpless as they slid her back and forth along their shafts like a lewd abacus.

Meathead #4 suddenly gripped the head and held it there, destroying Cheri's airways. A sound like a hundred sputtering mustard bottles emanated from her throat. I could see the cock's outline in her throat twitch violently inside her throat.

Oh gods, he's cumming.

The lewd sight of his cock thrashing in her tight throat as he came sent my hands into a desperate clit-frigging. Two fingers slipped deep into me as I panted like a dog from seeing the ultra virile genitals slosh cum down Cheri's eagerly gulping throat. It seemed guys like him never needed to ask the girl whether they swallowed. They pissed their seed right into the girl's stomach. And even as from one end cum was pumped into her belly, Brad gave a bestial grunt and sped up his pounding of Cheri's spasming cunt. Cheri's ecstatically squeezing cunt clamped down so hard Brad seemed to have trouble fucking her as fast as he liked. But with a powerful squeezing of his mighty loins, he blasted past it. It climaxed into a deep groan - Brad hilted into Cheri and judging from her eyes widening into the size of saucers, he just dumped a garbage truck worth of cum into her. The trio stiffened as the football team shot creamy cum into the tiny cheerleader, and relaxed as their orgasms died down. With twin pops both dicks were removed and Cheri threw up a river of cum, gasping for air even as she retched.

My own eyes went wide when I saw Brad yank out his cock. On the tip of the condom his loads had been gathered and they dangled, an orb the size of a baseball sloshing with sticky seed.

The lewd sight of his cock thrashing in her tight throat as he came sent my hands into a desperate clit-frigging. Two fingers slipped deep into me as I panted like a dog from seeing the ultra virile genitals slosh cum down Cheri's eagerly gulping throat. It seemed guys like him never needed to ask the girl whether they swallowed. They pissed their seed right into the girl's stomach. And even as from one end cum was pumped into her belly, Brad gave a bestial grunt and sped up his pounding of Cheri's spasming cunt. Cheri's ecstatically squeezing cunt clamped down so hard Brad seemed to have trouble fucking her as fast as he liked. But with a powerful squeezing of his mighty loins, he blasted past it. It climaxed into a deep groan - Brad hilted into Cheri and judging from her eyes widening into the size of saucers, he just dumped a garbage truck worth of cum into her. The trio stiffened as the football team shot creamy cum into the tiny cheerleader, and relaxed as their orgasms died down. With twin pops both dicks were removed and Cheri threw up a river of cum, gasping for air even as she retched.

My own eyes went wide when I saw Brad yank out his cock. On the tip of the condom his loads had been gathered and they dangled, an orb the size of a baseball sloshing with sticky seed.

Seeing his seed did something to me. Maybe it was the humid box my knees were banging against, or maybe it was the stink of my sweat and the stench of their cocks. But I let out a needy cry - my other hand tore off my cheerleader's shirt and bra in one go and flew to my hard nipple, while my cunt diddling hand buried sped up to a blur. Twisting and pushing my erogenous zones to painful, flesh straining depths, I leaned forward as much as I dared, my eyes transfixed on the top of his cock where the pendulum of cum swayed slightly hanging from his gently pulsing cock.

My hands a blur, my tongue wagging, I didn't even notice my limbs banging against the metallic walls as I roughly groped my body in almost maniacal arousal. My mind was blank - or more accurately hyper aware but simply retaining none of its usual functions. I heard the noise my masturbatory frenzy was making, and saw the juices leaking out of my finger

banged cunt seeping off the drawer and out the base of the locker door. But none of it seemed to matter - not keeping quiet, not keeping hidden, or not even whether this was wrong when I was in a relationship - as I stared at that delicious ball of cum and the manly stud it came from.

"Fuck!" I moaned, my head thrown back as my long slender fingers dug and twisted into my core and my breasts were raped by my skilled, powerful digits. "Fuck! Fuck! Brad! Brad!"

The door swung open and flooded my dark, damp hidey hole with light. My amber eyes fluttered as I saw a half dozen curious faces look at me. My jaw dropped in shock after the half second my sex-addled brain needed to realize what had happened. But my hands ran on automatic and continued ploughing into my body.

The familiar feeling of cumming that I shamefully knew had been building up inside of me since I pranced half naked on the field for Brad came crashing down in an avalanche of orgasmic triumph. I desperately wanted to stop but couldn't. Unable to face them in embarrassment, I shut my eyes and turned away as I gave Brad and the football team a little waterworks display.

I squirted a little. Then I squirted a little more. Then I squirted a little more. Then I squirted a lot. Then I squirted a little less. And less. And less.

I tried banging my knees together in some vain attempt to preserve my modesty and hide my little waves of cum, but my hand stopped them from closing properly, so my orgasm was on perfect public display. I wanted to die, or run away so far no one would ever see me. But that wasn't happening. Lips pouting in embarrassment, my eyelids slowly cracked open.

I wondered what they were thinking finding me in a state like this. A sweaty, panting girl, shirt half torn away and baring a jiggling breast with a nipple pinched in between index and middle finger. Pants strewn around one ankle. Panties, twisted and pushed out of the way, covered with then hand that had two fingers buried in it. And a fan of liquid spraying outwards, pointing right to the pussy that issued it.

The universe had a great sense of humor, because just then, my phone rang.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Trembling slightly, I closed my legs and picked up the phone. This took a few tries because the touchscreen didn't respond well to my wet, sticky fingers.

"H-hello?" I whispered, trying to keep the uncertainty out of my voice and failing.

"Hey, where are you?" Carter's voice rang from the phone. "It's been an hour since cheerleading practice ended! Me and the girls have been waiting for you!"

"Yeah, sorry. I was caught up with something. I'll meet you soon," I said. "I think."

I put the phone down.

Brad walked up to me. My usual response would've been any of a dozen thinks. Calling them perverts. Kicking them in the nuts. Knocking them out. Telling the school. Breaking their arms. Bashing their skulls in. Usually a combination of these. But up close, dressed so sexily with only a shirt on and his beautiful cock out, my mind went completely blank. My only response was my pussy squeezing out a little dollop of fluid.

I stared with wide, childlike eyes at Brad.

"Give me your phone number," Brad said.

I nodded blankly and blurted it out. He made a little gesture, and I ran out of there, clutching nothing but my phone in hand. None of them stopped me. I ducked into the actual female locker room, put on some random girl's clothes, and ran the mile home.

Sexting The Bull

Chapter Summary

Zia is lured into sexting her boyfriend's bully. Against her sensibility she accepts.

Z

I

A

KOP KOP KOP

FAP FAP FAP

Both my hands moved in a blur as I sat in the squalid darkness. It was getting late, and I was kinda irritated I had to do this. One hand tapped irritably on my phone screen, my nails leaving marks on the glossy glass screen which distorted the reflection of my dimly torch-lit bedroom. The other hand was on a cute, if small, boy. I was jerking his cute, if small, cock off. I sighed and leaned back into my chair.

"Ahhh, ah, hah," Carter panted in the gloom.

KOP KOP KOP

FAP FAP FAP

My eyes twitched irritably around the room, roaming across fabulously cut limestone and elegantly designed furniture which I couldn't care less about. The good little cherub in my hands was also nice to look at, but I didn't care either. He was just squirming happily on the chair as I jerked him off. Jerk, jerk, jerk. I didn't pay much attention when his cock spurted cum onto my hand. I just kept jerking. My eyes were half lidded in boredom as I waited in the murky shadows of my bedroom. The flames mimicked my mood, burning with a grumpy dimness.

KOP KOP KOP

FAP FAP FAP

bzzzzt

Finally! My eyes flashed with excitement. The torches burned bright in tandem with my emotions. But they shrunk to a moody flicker once again when I looked at my smartphone's

screen. It was just a WhatsApp message from my mom. I sighed and slumped back into my chair. Then in a burst of sudden irritation, the flames exploded into roaring blue blazes and I heard a yelp from Carter.

"Zia, let go!" he whined. "I've already came three times!"

"Damn asshole, ignoring me..." I muttered. "What does he think he's...Oh? Sorry Carter."

In my anger I'd twisted his cock. Hard enough to make him yelp. I felt a pang of guilt when I saw I'd been so preoccupied with waiting for a message that I didn't notice he had already came. Several times. My hand was sticky with tiny globs of his pearly, translucent cum. I'd beaten his cock into a soft little mess for the last hour, then accidentally choked it with my fist.

I was annoyed because it had been three days since Brad got my number, and I was eagerly awaiting him to contact me so I could tell him off. It's not like I want him to call me or anything! It was just weird. He was so keen on getting my number. Then I was... forced... to give it to him, and he doesn't even text me! God, what an asshole. What was that prick playing at! I wish he'd just text me so I could ask him to fuck off and put this whole accident behind me.

I picked up the exhausted boy and carried him over to the bed, cuddling him on my jiggling bosom as he wriggled into a comfortable position on the duvet. Soon, the little boy dozed off in my giant mammaries. I should've gone to sleep with him, but behind his back I held his phone and stared irritably at it. Shit, what an ass! I'd been so preoccupied by Brad not bothering to contact me - too scared probably! - that I didn't feel horny at all for Carter. So instead of having my nightly sex with him, I had to jerk him off as I waited.

An hour ticked past. Then two. Then three. For Nut's sake! What was he up to! The flames mimicked my mood, simmering with annoyance in their scones. My fingers drummed on my phone. Was he too busy banging some slut? Well, if that's the case... I don't know if he is, but that seems likely. Best I check for myself...

I left the bed, being careful not to wake Carter, and tiptoed to the balcony. My pale nightie I wore for Carter whipped around in the cold night breeze, the wind blowing under the translucent fabric to cool my hot body. Even in the dark night, my wide round hips and firm sloshing breasts could be seen. I stood in front of the brass bowl of enchanted oil and looked down.

Shit. All I could see was my deep cleavage.

I took a step back. That was better. Raising my hands over the oil, I focused and whispered a word.

"Brad."

From the center of the bowl a single ripple formed. Where the expanding circle passed, the liquid turned from a dark murky brown to a crystal clear view of a brightly lit scene. My skipped a beat when I saw the familiar Adonis-like figure of Brad. He was standing in his

bedroom, fresh out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist, his youthful sculpted body was a masterpiece of youthful All-American sexiness. His longish blonde hair was wet and hung in matted locks over his chiseled jaw. Under the towel I could see the outline of his penis dangling like a baseball bat, the same baseball bat that smashed cheerleaders' pussies and got all the girls wet. Some lucky girl was lying naked on his bed, no doubt fucked into a blissful coma by his sweet cock, the very organ dangling between his legs right now. He walked in front of a full length mirror and with a quick tug, the towel fell to his feet.

I gasped.

The towel didn't exactly fall to his feet. The white cloth caught on his drooping cock, hanging off it like his cock was a towel rack (it definitely was the right size!). Slowly, treacherously, my eyes drifted to his massive flagpole, dangling like a club between his thighs. Amazingly, the trunk of meat supported the weight of the heavy bath towel such that its corners swayed just above the floor. My eyes widened as Brad grabbed the bulge, grasping the thick cylinder with one hand and started twisting it with slow, long movements. As his hand passed over the toweled shaft as he, the organ engorged itself with more and more blood, until he pumped his juicy baseball bat cock up into its full pussy-destroying size. The towering cock stood proud and erect, the towel draped over it like a champion's cloak. Brad continued stroking it, probably appreciating how his personal "bat" had let him score so many times. But why would a boy like Brad need to jerk himself off? Plenty of girls would be willing to do it... That big, hot piece of meat should be lovingly massaged by busty beauties from all over the world, not his own hand. Not that I wanted to do it or anything! I'm not even imagining myself on my knees in front of him, stroking his hot juicy cock with both hands, its massive girth making my hands look tiny...

Brad picked up his phone from the bed stand. Planting both thick legs wide apart and flexing his athletic physique, he snapped a picture of himself in the mirror. I sighed in envy and wondered which lucky girl was going to get that dreamboat's image, near-nude and dripping wet. Probably just some slut he's going to fuck...

bzzzt

Godammit mom, it's 3am! Knowing her, she just Whatsapped me to ask me if I was sleeping OK. With an annoyed frown, I tapped the power button on the side of my phone. My screen lit up and my heart almost leaped out of my rib cage.

BA DUM. BA DUM. BA DUM.

"WhatsApp: Unknown number sent you an image"

My heart thumped in my chest with the deafening noise of an artillery barrage. Stay calm, Zia. I had a dozen options. I could turn off my phone and go back to sleep. I could block this number and delete his message. I could even toss my phone into the river and get a new one. But I was unable to stop as my trembling fingers slowly scraped across the scratched screen, fumbling the passwords several times, but eventually unlocking it. A shaking fingertip pressed the notification and opened up the chat.

I saw the image, shrieked and hid under the pedestal. It was silly of course - he couldn't see me through the scrying bowl. It was him from a different angle than the one that I'd just been spying on, but it was him alright. The same thick arms, chiseled abs, and thick thighs. Although his phone obscured his face, I could make out the halo wavy blonde locks. But even if it weren't for the pale sculpted bod or the golden hair, his thick foot-long "bat" was unmistakable. From the front it looked even more threatening, draped in a towel like a hidden baseball cannon. Shit. I just gave the image two blue ticks.

"WhatsApp: Unknown is typing..."

Brad: "Sup?"

Brad: "Saw you naked in the locker, thought I'd return the favor 😂"

Me: "Fuck off, pervert. Stop contacting this number."

Brad: "Aw, is that any way to talk to your favorite captain?"

"Favorite? You wish, asshole."

Brad: "Really? Is that why you were schickling yourself to me in the locker?"

"That an accident. I went in by mistake and had to hide in the locker."

Brad: "Lmao"

Brad: "Did you shove your fingers into your pussy by accident too 😂?"

Brad: "Maybe you sprayed yourself by mistake LOL!"

I gripped my phone so tightly the screen started to crack. That fucking asshole! I'll show him! I'll say something witty and tell him off. I'll just say that I... I was...He saw... Fuck!

Brad: "No reply. eh? Thought so."

Brad: "Nah, I'm not here to tease you. Just wanted to say sorry for fucking with your boyfriend."

Brad: "It was a dick move."

Me: "You're lying."

Brad: "I'm serious. He's a good player, he's got talent."

Me: "Then why'd you bully him?"

Brad: "Sometimes I can't control myself, I just get pissed."

Brad: "Tbh I was a bit jealous at how someone like him got such a cute and sexy girlfriend."

My heart skipped a beat when he called me hot. Does he really think I'm sexy and cute?

Me: "You serious?"

Brad: "Yep. I feel like shit for doing it. Won't happen again."

Wow. Maybe I was wrong about him. He seemed like a good guy, even if had some temper issues. Then again, I'm not exactly known for being hard to anger. Now I kind of feel bad I called him an asshole and being so hard on him.

Me: "Why'd you send me a nude at the start?"

Brad: "It's how all my convos with girls start LOL!"

Me: "I'm going to block you."

Brad: "Haha, sorry."

Brad: "It's an apology gift. To show that I'm sorry :)"

Me: "You can't be serious."

Brad: "Hey, I'm the super popular captain of the football team. All the girls love it when I send them nudes."

Brad: "And seeing how you finger fucked yourself silly spying on me naked, I don't think you're going to refuse :P"

Me: "I'm not like those girls."

Brad: "You're right. You're a smart and sophisticated girl, so I put a towel over it."

Me: "Don't lie. You put it there to look sexy."

Brad: "Aw, you think I look sexy? Thanks :)"

Me: "That's not what I meant!"

Me: "Anyway, fine. You've apologized."

Me: "Stop contacting this number, thanks."

Brad: "Hold on, aren't you forgetting something?"

Me: "What?"

Brad: "Apologize to me."

Me: "What for?"

Brad: "For being so sexy and boner inducing that I'm super horny thinking about you all the time."

Me: "You're joking."

Brad: "Nope. My dick is aching right now. I mean, look at how fucking sexy you are."

Brad sent an image. Damn, I looked good. It was a high quality shot of me at cheerleading practice, a tiny skirt perched on my wide hips and a tiny shirt straining to keep my trembling breasts in. A sweaty sheen coated my jiggling smooth brown... goods.

Brad: "I mean, damn. The whole school's busted a their nut to videos of you. You think a red blooded man like me could just see that and do nothing?"

Me: "You're such a pervert."

Brad: "Hey, if I can't relieve myself... Well, I get violent when I'm aroused."

Me: "What are you saying?"

Brad: "I'm the captain of the most violent sport in American history. When I'm horny as fuck, I could just suddenly lash out at someone. Our school is full of cute, vulnerable boys who could get hurt."

Me: "Can't your girlfriend handle it?"

Brad: "Look at my big throbbing dick, Zia. Drew couldn't satisfy me even when she tried."

Me: "What do you want me to do about it?"

Brad: "Nothing much. Just send me a nude, and I'll do the rest."

I gasped. Brad wanted nudes of me? Gods, he just got my number and he's asking for nudes? What a pervert... But still, he could've asked any girl in school and they'd have fingered themselves silly on cam for him. But here he was, asking me for nudes to jerk his fat cock off. My legs unconsciously rubbed themselves together at the thought.

Me: "It's flattering... But I don't send nudes."

Me: "Not even to Carter."

Me: "I'm really uncomfortable with digital images of me naked."

Me: "I'm really worried they'll spread around."

Brad: "C'mon Zia. Just for me."

Brad: "I need your help to get to normal again."

Brad: "I want to blow a thick creamy load to you to relieve myself."

Me: "How do I know you're not lying?"

Brad: "So you want proof?"

Brad sent another image which made my eyes widen to the size of dinner plates. He had pulled off the towel, and underneath was his amazingly fat cock, swollen with an angry red color.

Brad: "Still don't believe me?"

Brad: "Think this giant cock and big fat nuts are lying?"

Brad: "I NEED to cum to you, Zia."

Me: "No... I believe you. But..."

Brad: "I've got a big game next week."

Brad: "Playing Goodwood College."

Brad: "I can't train like this, Zia."

Brad: "Please, help me win the game."

Brad: "And besides, I helped you get off once. You should return the favor."

I bit my lower lip. What he said made so much sense, in a perverted way... Either that or the image of his perfectly sculpted abs was driving me nuts. At any rate, I was not in a position to refuse. Was this what it was like to be a hot guy? Women just do whatever you say? For any other boy, even Carter, I would've said no. But it was him, and in my state, my panties a slip' n slide and with thoughts of him fucking Cheri fresh in my mind, I was weak...Shit.

Me: "Alright."

I tiptoed quietly to the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror. I looked absolutely gorgeous in my pale nightie, which was specially tailored to fit my amazing proportions. It showed off and accentuated but didn't quite reveal my assets.

I trembled nervously as I snapped a picture and sent it to him. Did I do it right? Would he be mad because I did something wrong?

Brad: "Aw fuck, that's amazing. You look sexy as fuck."

I breathed out a sigh of relief.

Brad: "Now spread your legs and show me your pussy."

Me: "But you said you only wanted one."

Brad: "I'm jerking by big ass cock here, just do it."

I blushed and sat down on the toilet, the same toilet I finger banged myself to an amazing orgasm thinking of Brad on. Spreading my legs far apart, my face burned with embarrassment when it was clear that my swollen hump was wet, and my lacy panties

thoroughly soaked. From my crotch and splashing outwards to my thighs there was a film of fluid, as if someone had thrown a water balloon there. I snapped a picture and fired it off to him.

Brad: "Shit, I can't believe you actually did it. You're a pervert."

Brad: "Godamn, you're so fucking wet. You nasty girl. I love it."

I got another image from him. This one was a nipple-hardening shot of his cock head from up close, thick drops of precum secreted from his cock hole.

Brad: "Now pull down your panties and spread your pussy apart."

Me: "What? That's too much, Brad!"

Brad: "They're nudes, you silly girl. Now send them over."

Fingers twitching in excitement, I hooked two fingers into each panty side and slid them down my long, luscious legs. After spreading my long luscious legs, I used two fingers to hold my dripping fat pussy lips apart to reveal the damp pink cavern inside. With the other I took a picture.

Brad: "Fuck, I would love to take my big fucking dick and just shove it inside of you."

Brad: "Here's a reward for being such a good girl."

My heart thrilled as he said it. A video was sent. In it, Brad slowly stroked his rock hard cock, a thin buildup of cock sweat forming on his fingers as his hand slowly pumped on his big pink shaft, even as his cock hole leaked precum.

Brad: "See how much my dick wants to bury itself in you?"

Brad: "Now play with your clit and send me the video."

But I was already doing it, moaning softly as my finger twiddled by turgid clitoris. I didn't stop as I filmed and sent it to him, softly moaning face and all.

Brad: "Fuck yes. That's amazing, I've got to fuck that sweet ass pussy before I die."

I got a video of Brad furiously pumping his throbbing cock in the mirror, as if he was trying to strangle a python.

Brad: "You'd love to suck on my big juicy cock, wouldn't you?"

Me: "What?"

Brad: "This cock is what got you so nice and wet isn't it."

Me: "That's not.."

Brad: "Say it."

Brad: "Say it you nasty girl."

Fuck, this asshole just got my number and now he's asking me to talk dirty and getting me to send him nudes... Didn't his mother ever teach him about wining and dining a girl? Now he's talking like I'm one of his sluts... I love it.

Me: "Your cock got me nice and wet."

Brad: "Fuck, don't fucking stop."

Me: "It's... Big?"

Brad: "Cmon more."

Me: "I'd love to suck on your big juicy cock all day."

Brad: "Yeah, that's it."

Me: "And lick your big fat nuts all night."

Brad: "Fuck I'm getting close, MORE!"

Me: "And wrap my big brown tits around it and keep it warm."

Brad: "More, more!"

Me: "I want to drink your cum like the cock starved pervert I am"

Brad: "FUCK I'm so close."

Me: "Cum for me."

Me: "I want to see your big beautiful cock cum!"

Brad: "FUCK I'M CUMMING!"

The next video was shaky - his whole body was convulsing. His cock thrashed like a untied hose and sprayed the mirror with thick pearly ropes of cum that burst out of his cock hole and splattered onto the mirror, sliding down the surface in thick sheets. In the blurry reflection I could see Brad still pumping more and more cum onto it, slathering its surface in his manly fluids. Mmmm. Damn it was sexy. The cum looked absolutely delicious, as was the man spraying it. The fact that it came for me made it all the more tasty. It was my cum. That rich, thick load was meant for me. Honestly, if I were in that room right now, I'd crawl over to him on my knees and lick that mirror clean. And whatever he did to me from behind while I was licking his cum... I wouldn't resist. With that thought filling my head, a little tweak of my clit sent a load of liquid spraying out of my throbbing pussy. I sighed happily as I splattered my thighs with my own juices.

Brad: "Fuck, that was great."

Brad: "Can't believe you actually did it, you dirty slut."

I shoved two wet, sticky fingers into my mouth and looked into my phone's camera with big, innocent eyes. I snapped a picture and sent it to Brad.

Me: "Still don't believe it?"

Brad: "Goddamn you filthy girl, I bet you'd spread your cheeks and finger your asshole if I told you to!"

My face split into a wicked grin. Damn, Brad was a nasty fuck. I turned a hundred and eighty degrees from the mirror and stood, legs spread far apart, in front of it. I bent all the way down and saw myself upside down, the twin smooth brown bubbles of my ass spread apart. My pussy was dripping upwards as my wrinkly rosebud of an asshole quivered below it. Without hesitation, I shoved my middle finger really deep into my tight asshole and gave it a twist. It hurt, but I didn't mind - I really wanted to do it for Brad. Staring straight into the camera with bright amber eyes, I took a picture.

Brad: "Shit, you did it!"

Me: "Anything for my favorite captain."

Brad: "Fuck, if I were there I'd tear your asshole apart."

Brad: "But I bet you wouldn't lick your pussy and show it to me."

With eager obedience I carried out his new order. I leapt onto the bathroom counter and spread my legs in a split. In front of the counter mirror, I bent down with impossible flexibility and buried my face into my pussy, swollen with arousal and juices. In this position, I inhaled a good lungful of my stinking cunt, reeking with my orgasm and perverted arousal. I blindly took a picture in the mirror and sent it to him.

Brad: "How does it taste?"

Me: "Good."

Me: "But it would be absolutely delicious with a load of cock juice milked on it from a big strong stud of a captain."

Brad: "Godamn, you're amazing."

Me: "But don't show these to anyone, OK?"

Me: "I don't want it to get out."

Me: "I mean, what if my Mom sees it?"

Brad: "Got it, they're just for me :)"

Me: "Haha, you're such a cad."

Brad: "I'm off to bed, thanks for everything."

Brad: "Here's a little parting gift."

I was a little sad that he was leaving, but my eagerly tapped on the video he sent. My jaw dropped when I opened it. It started with him slapping his enormous slab of still erect meat on a table, making a rich satisfying thunk on the oak. Then the camera panned to a close up view of his delicious beast of a cock from the front, the cock hole filling up the screen. Someone else must've been filming it, but I didn't care. Brad was furiously jerking off to my texts on another phone as the eye of his dick stared with deadly intent at the screen. After a minute of this mouth watering display his cock hole started to dilate. My fingers had already flown to my pussy and was digging into it like a mad Texan oilman. Then his balls tightened, and cock hole gaping like a fish, started to vomit and spew out load after load of thick rich cum. It sprayed all over the filming phone, and I even heard the camerawoman gasp as some of it got on her face. It coated the camera with an opaque glob. I moaned, then shut myself up when I remembered Carter was outside. Fuck this was so hot. He was so hot. The texture of the globe changed as another load splattered against the camera, and another, and another, and another. After he exhausted the enormous contents of his balls, his cumshot turned to a trickle. The cum on the camera slid off, leaving only a thin grey film through which I could see his muscular chest heaving from the exertion. I let out another loud moan, not giving a shit if Carter heard. My tongue wagging, I gave my phone screen a long hungry lick, desperately wanting to taste the delicious cream through the screen as I fingered myself deeply and thoroughly. I let out a third, even louder moan as I sprayed myself again. But it wasn't enough.

Phone in hand, I stormed out of the toilet and crawled onto the bed. I gave Carter a powerful slap to wake him, then planted both feet on either side of his head and dropped myself onto his gaping, surprised face. Grabbing a handful of his curly hair, to order him to start getting to work. My cute, wonderful boyfriend got the hint and started eating me out like a puppy. I wasn't gentle with him. I rode his face hard, facefucking his mouth with my fat pussy, spraying his mouth several times as I came over and over again whilst watching Brad cum on my phone. Carter's arms slapped on my luscious brown thighs desperately, but they were too strong to move. It just made he facefuck him harder on the rush of dominating the adorable boy.

Again and again I filled his throat with my cunt piss, not giving much of a shit what he was screaming. Choking him in between my thighs, I rode out orgasm after orgasm, moaning Brad's name and licking my phone as he came over and over onto my screen. After I'd almost drowned Carter with many mouthfuls full of cunt cum, I sat down violently on his pelvis. Stopping only to smother his face in a pillow so he couldn't see what I was doing, I brutally ground into his pelvis, riding his mediocre cock again and again. The brutally pounded cock wasn't much and I had to violently frig my clit, but I just needed something organic in my pussy. I wasn't even sure if he was hard, but I didn't care.

But I didn't stop with just a few pelvis crushing orgasms on his limp cock. After pounding his hips into submission, I abused the poor boy to cum and again, Twisting his hands, grinding on his smooth stomach, and my favorite - his tongue - I fucked Carter harder than I ever had. Unfortunately for him he was already milked dry from before, but I didn't give a shit. Deep

down I had the nasty thought that if Carter didn't want to be raped dry he should grow a bigger pair. Like Brad would never run out of cum with those baseball sized testicles. Again and again I sprayed myself and Carter. With a final brutal facefuck where I grabbed two handfuls of his wet hair and practically asphyxiated him with my crotch. Spraying his pretty face with a cupful of salty pussy piss, I collapsed on the bed.

The whole bed was soaked. Carter was twitching slightly in some kind of half-coma. And my body was suffused with a warm glow. It felt amazing, I'd never been this sexually fulfilled. My heart swelled with gratitude towards Brad. I was incredibly thirsty and my throat sore from moaning and screaming Brad's name, but I was even more tired and I began to fall asleep. Exhausted and deeply satisfied I stared with half lidded eyes at my phone screen. I stared at Brad's profile picture, where the sexy beast was shirtless except for an open varsity jacket that showed off his beautiful chest and abs.

As I drifted off to sleep, I whispered. "Thanks, captain."

Into The Bull's Pen

Chapter Summary

Zia is tricked into a frat house full of young, horny hung men.

THIRD PERSON POV

With a contented smile upon her gorgeous red lips, Zia sauntered down the linoleum hallway. Though she had the physique of one, she wasn't dressed as a supermodel. Her bouncy yet athletic figure was squeezed into a pleated skirt that swished around her sleek toned thighs and did nothing to hide the buxom swell of her firm bubble butt. A tight T-shirt had her jiggling breasts packed into it, and an unzipped olive green jacket which hung wide apart, dangling open thanks to the protruding curve of her chest.

'Joining the cheerleaders club turned out to be such a great idea,' the gorgeous noirette thought as she strutted past the rows of horny teenage boys gawking at her. 'Now Carter stops getting bullied, he's going to get a shot at joining the football team, and I get a delicious supply of mouthwatering pictures of Brad. And Carter is none the wiser!' Despite herself, the brunette got an uncharacteristic thrill from the way the acne riddled, barely post pubescent boys turned around and stared in awe as her voluptuous well-rounded hips strutted indifferently past.

Zia Rashid had been in America for six months now. Once a proud scribe of the First Nome and a devout follower of its ancient traditions, she had migrated to America with her boyfriend after the defeat of Apophis. She had made quite a splash, acing her classes with no apparent effort and defying normal social reactions with her stunning beauty. Anyone else acting this dorky and foreign would be ripped to shreds, but words stuck in bully's throats when they tried to insult her. When they stood in front of the tall, fit girl with the looks of highborn Egyptian royalty, they just gave up and slunk off into her corner. In little more than loose cotton and cheap T-shirts selected with no regard for fashion, she had spread through the phones of the boys like wildfire.

But her honorable spirit and lofty ideals ground against the elitist and unequal society of the American college. At Goode, there were the bullies, a small group of aggressive and privileged - yet highly popular - men who came from wealthy families. They were big, tall boys who had the best of everything in life and excelled at sports. And then there were the rest of the boys. Average sized guys who came from poor or mediocre families. The bullies terrorized the school - groping the nice asses of the girls, beating up their boyfriends and generally doing whoever and whatever they pleased. And because of their success on the field as well as their powerful, rich families, teachers turned a blind eye to their bad behavior. For the rare few teachers who did try to punish them, they always had a way of smooth talking themselves out of it, subtly bending the truth and slandering the victim's character to

make themselves out as innocent. And the bullies themselves knew and exploited this, not only abiding by the system but actively enforcing it. They made a pathetic fool out of anyone else who tried to rebel or defy this order where they ruled, putting him back in his place by doing everything from fucking his girlfriend on tape or stripping him naked in the hallways.

Zia admitted to herself that she found these bullies to be extremely physically attractive. She had seen that they were very genetically blessed in all areas. But while she acknowledged that she had sexual thoughts about them, she was utterly repulsed by their behavior and attitude. And not just them, but the whole system in this town. When she was young, her family reared a herd of cattle. A single bull, who was the biggest, meanest and genetically superior to the rest, got all the cows to himself, as well as lavish, pampered treatment and high quality feed. The rest of the male cattle would never come close to the voraciously sexual and expensively lavish life of the bull. The same system seemed to be in place here. She was quite upset that so many of her fellow girls at school slept with the bullies, even if this was a tad hypocritical.

But she was more upset at what the bullies were doing to the other guys. Her peculiar popularity greatly irked some of the popular girls at school. While she was Teflon, Carter was not. The slightly small, cute boy was a soft target for hard punches. A few words to their strapping, burly boyfriends got Carter sent to the doctor's. But a few days ago, she had secured the promise of the school's most popular guy that he would lay off Carter. Hence her contentedness.

But in the long run, she understood how this would be a self-perpetuating cycle where the elites kept the common people trapped. The bullies would beat up and harass the smaller, weaker kids. Distraught, they wouldn't be able to do well in classes. And constantly picked on, they would have low self esteem, in the future leading them to be meek, unassertive and servile. Meanwhile, the bullies would excel academically - helped by expensive tuition and even a few "donations" to schools. And from years of unchecked bullying they would feel superior to others and become bold, aggressive and dominating. The rest of the kids would end up as slavish employees working for small sums. Meanwhile the bullies would become vastly wealthy CEOs, magnates, real estate developers, Presidents - helped by enormous inheritances - and use their position to keep the meek and servile down. And they would pass down the same traits to their sons. It was appalling to Zia. In due time, she resolved to fix this broken system for the rest of the boys, and not just Carter.

She turned into the hallway with her locker and was suddenly confronted by the sight of Carter, a nasty bruise on his arm. Her eyes quickly roamed up and down her body to check for any other signs of damage. Thankfully, he seemed otherwise unharmed, except for a downcast expression.

"Carter, what happened?" Zia said, her voice distraught and concerned.

"Brad again," Carter said with a pout. "He caught me outside the locker room and gave me a beating."

The people around her suddenly felt the air's temperature suddenly rise by ten degrees. "Come on, let's get you home," she replied, her calm tone hiding most of the righteous anger rising under the surface. But first, she had to care for Carter. With a snap of her fingers, a

sandy vortex blew into life below them and spat them out into their room. Striding past the beautifully crafted Egyptian furniture, she pulled a small jar from a cabinet and returned to Carter. With her fingers, she scooped up of the gel within and smeared it onto Carter's arm.

"Nefertiti's balm," Zia explained. "The same stuff I put on you in the Duat."

"Yeah, I remember. We also did something else there," Carter said with a smile.

Zia laughed. "Yes, I remember that too."

"You know, I think my groin is also injured," Carter said, waggling his eyebrows.

Zia burst out laughing. "Why don't you do that part yourself?"

Zia handed the jar to Carter and stood up. "I'm going to go give Brad a piece of my mind," she said. "If he doesn't agree to stop bullying you, I'm going to the principal."

"You'd... you'd do that for me? Stand up to Brad? The most popular, violent guy in school?" Carter said.

"Absolutely," Zia said, nodding her head. "And I promise that I'll find a way to get him to stop!"

"I don't know how to thank you, Zee," Carter said in grateful awe. "Standing up for me like that... You're too good for me."

Zia leaned down and pecked Carter on the cheek. "I'll be back in an hour or so. And after that, you'll be healed up enough. And I promise I'll do something else too good for you," Zia huskily whispered, playfully grabbing Carter's crotch. He blushed and smiled as he watched the rapidly receding and staggeringly hourglass shaped figure with gratitude.

Zia stepped out of the room and into the spacious hall of Brooklyn House. It was empty at this time, with everybody being at school. Collapsing her firm butt onto the enormous couch, she fished out her cellphone and texted Brad.

Zia: We have to talk.

Brad: Can't right now, at a party at the Alpha Beta Beta house.

Zia: It's important.

Zia: It's about Carter.

Zia: Don't ignore me!

Zia: Hey!

The captivating raven haired girl buried her head in a couch pillow and screamed. 'That absolute asshole! First he says he'll starts bullying Carter again, then he goes on an ignores me!' she thought.

"Gods, why can't he just behave!" Zia moaned into the pillow. In a burst of infuriation, she kicked her legs petulantly into the sofa like a child. 'Fine. If he's going to ignore me, I'm

going to go right over there and tell him off in his face! " The athletic girl somersaulted off the couch, slipped on a pair of sneakers and strode out of the house.

Alpha Beta Beta was a fraternity of, as its name suggested, Alphas. It was made of the same bullies in school. The jocks. The sons of White Anglo-Saxon Protestants, or WASPs. It was in the wealthy uptown area of Brooklyn. This was the home of the WASPs. The privileged. The jocks. The rich kids. It wasn't so much a fraternity as it is a private enclosure for the handsome, big dick, wealthy studs of Goode to meet and fuck all kinds of pussy. Here the sons of rich WASP businessmen and tycoons who voted Republican and thought they could get away with being assholes to girls because they were wealthy and male, which they largely did. Just the idea of it filled Zia's mouth with a bad taste.

It was a few miles away from Brooklyn House, and despite the dozens of people there they didn't have a car. They were less than well off people. But she was more than athletic. Setting off at a brisk pace, Zia started running towards it, her strong legs pneumatically launching her forward as her fabulous jiggling chest sloshed inside her sports bra. Darting past slowly trundling cars and leaping over park fences, she made a beeline for the Alpha Beta Beta house.

After forty minutes, she dug her heels into the pavement, the rubber heels of her sneakers screeching in protest as it ground her expansive wiggling frame to a halt. She's barely broken a sweat, Her sharp chin tilted upwards to behold the Alpha Beta Beta house.

Rumor had it that there wasn't a girl in school who hadn't at some point been at the Alpha Beta Beta, getting her brains fucked out by the biggest dicks Goode college had to offer. Even the ones with boyfriends would, out of curiosity, pay it a visit to see if the rumors about their legendarily big cocks and almost godlike sexual prowess was true.

Her shapely ruby lips dropped into an 'O' as the beautiful amber eyed priestess gasped and blinked at the house. It was more a mansion than a house. It was a beautifully ornate, five story building in classical Colonial style, flanked by two wings and with a garden in French style, complete with a marble fountain topped off by a cherub. She could hear the sounds of splashing from the back - they even had a pool! Out in front, an array of expensive leisure cars were parked, from limousines to Ferraris. The Alpha Beta Beta was so rich and white it was practically voting Republican! The awed girl took a step forward in a trance, but a beautiful, wide-eyed blonde lady dressed in a French maid outfit and holding a pair of shears stopped her.

"No entering dressed like that," the pretty gardener lilted in a peculiar singsong accent.

"You mean I need to be in formal clothes?" Zia said.

The gardener laughed. "No. Women going in need to be either shirtless or pantless. Or both."

Zia's sculpted jaw dropped. "T-that's... That's insane!"

The gardener smiled. "Is it? Any woman going in is ending up naked anyway."

"It's not that kind of visit! Look, I know someone on the inside. He's waiting to meet me. I'm sure you can just let me in," Zia said.

She shook her pretty head, causing her smooth waterfall of golden curls to bounce from side to side. "Sorry, I can't."

"Fine," Zia fumed. She hurriedly slid off her olive green jacket, pulled her shirt over her head, revealing her big brown breasts straining against an enormous pink sports bra, then quickly putting on and zipping up her jacket. As she pulled up her shirt, the tight fabric clung to her expansive bosom and pulled it up as well, causing it to shift upwards until gravity overpowered it and caused them both to snap back onto her chest, shaking like jello in an earthquake. The gardener blatantly eyed the sight.

"Can I go in now?" Zia huffed, stopping only to cram her massive boobs into her jacket and zipping it back up. Tucking her hands protectively over the well stretched fabric of her extra large jacket, the olive green fabric constricting tightly against her chest.

"Of course," the gardener said to her, taking her shirt and folding it neatly.

"Have fun!" the gorgeous gardener said to the receding hourglass figure of the brunette.

"What a stupid rule," Zia muttered, tucking one arm over the conspicuous swell of her breasts under her jacket. "But what else should I expect from the sorority that asshole Brad belongs to?" Taking a deep breath, her huge boobies jostling and jiggling delicately around the hand gripping the tip of one and the arm poorly shielding the tip of the other. Then, exhaling, she stepped went straight round the back, towards the sound of splashing. She tried to prepare herself mentally for the sight she knew she was going to see and failed.

Surrounding a large oval pool were throngs of sorority members. Tall, lean, muscular men, strutting around like they owned the place in wet rubber swimming shorts that clung to the smooth bands of muscle on their thighs. Some were lounging on pool chairs. Others were tossing several cows worth of meat on a massive grill. Despite their glistening, rock-hard bodies and strong, chiseled good looks, it wasn't that which sent Zia's mind reeling. It was enormous bulges in their trunks. The thick, heavy cocks swinging in between their knees, tucked into their swimming trunks like the thickest cuts of salami at an Italian butcher's, blew Zia's mind.

'Those can't possibly be these rich pricks' cocks!' Zia thought. 'They're all as big as Brad!'

Suddenly, the svelte, voluptuous girl felt very vulnerable. She clutched her chest even harder, as if trying to hide her meat from this school of wealthy sharks. Even her skirt started to feel really short. Slowly, they started to notice her. A glance, a leer, a wink. One by one each Alpha eyed up the sweet piece of meat that had just strolled into their fucking grounds. Zia avoided they gazes and hurriedly stepped forward. But as much as she hated to admit it, these men were very attractive. They had the same All-American, hot-boy-next-door type of sexiness that was very appealing to her as a foreigner.

'C'mon... Where is he?' she thought, skirting past a gorgeous man with black hair running down his face in wet locks, and narrowly avoiding a young sandy blonde swimmer trying to

grobe her butt. She spotted him sitting at a corner, relaxing on a chair with a beer in his hand and sunglasses on his face. "Brad!" Zia called out. He peeked over his shades and smiled as he saw the dusky, big breasted figure wobble to a stop in front of him.

"We have to talk," she said hurriedly.

"Nice to see you here," Brad said with a leering grin. "Sure, let's go inside. You look a little under dressed out here!"

Brad led her into a spacious hall with hardwood floors and a wide silvery grey couch cleanly cut into ultramodern rectangles. In front of it was an expensive looking crystal-glass table. He crashed into it, spreading his burly arms wide on the cushions.

"So what can I do for you?" Brad said.

"You picked on Carter again, didn't you?" Zia said sternly.

Brad waved his hand dismissively. "It was just some rough housing. You know, guys fooling around."

"He got a huge bruise on his face," Zia scolded, her radiant amber eyes narrowing into angry silts.

"Your boyfriend's is just really soft and weak," Brad said. "He bruises easily."

"You're not going to smooth talk your way out of this one, you lying asshole," Zia hissed. Brad just shrugged.

"You promised you would stop!" Zia yelled in exasperation. "I-is that all you're going to say?!"

Brad chuckled. "No. What I'm going to say is..."

THREE HOURS LATER IN BROOKLYN HOUSE

'Boy, it's been so long. I wonder where Zia is?' Carter thought as he nursed his bruise on their bedroom's double queen sized covered bed. It was another half hour before the oaken door to their bedroom creaked open. Through it went the familiar sight of Zia's curvaceous body, squeezing the wide swell of her hips through the narrow doorframe, and this cheered Carter up enormously and instantly.

"I'm back, habibti," Zia cooed in her smoky Arabic accent. Carter looked eagerly upon the buxom Copt. "You're back! So how'd it go?" Carter asked anxiously. Zia gently sat her soft rump onto the edge of the bed.

"It went great. I don't think I came to understand them quite well," Zia confidently said. Carter stared, eyes wide in awe, at his girlfriend. He, of course, failed to notice the subtle play of words and thought she said they had come to an understanding. "That's amazing! How did you ever manage to convince that asshole?" Carter said in wonder.

"Oh, I just worked out a deal with him. A little give and take," she innocently replied. Carter laughed and shook his head. "Nah, I bet you're so strong you just beat him up! And now he's totally afraid of you!"

"Hmm, something like that. Now, I'm going to do the second thing I promised you today," Zia whispered, toying with the zipper on her olive jacket. Standing up on the bed, she opened her jacket and threw it back. With the jacket hanging halfway down her back, her buxom brown body spilled out of it, jiggling gloriously in the flickering torchlight. "You're... you're not wearing anything underneath!" Carter squealed in surprise. "Like it?" Zia purred. A slender finger tweaked a delicate dark chocolate tip on her expansive breast. "But that's not all," Zia said, lifting up the edges of her pleated skirt. Underneath was her bare olive pussy, plainly and deeply aroused. The hole was slightly distended open, and Carter could see wetness dripping down the pink folds on the inside.

"You're not wearing anything underneath there either!" Carter squealed. "But you were just at Brad-"

Carter was cut off by Zia pushing his curly haired head into her soft bosom, turning his question into a warm breath into the erogenous coffee skin of her chest. He didn't complain as he was being buried in the fluffy heaven that was Zia's chest, a position most boys at school only dreamed off while masturbating, his question quickly forgotten. And just to make sure Carter didn't think of raising it again, she slipped a hand down his pants and rubbed his crotch, pushing the erect penis into the palm of her hand.

'Boy, if he knew,' Zia thought excitedly. She redirected her boyfriend's curiosity just by using her amazingly voluptuous body. Wedged deep between her breasts was a folded object that would give Carter a heart attack if he saw it. Zia's body thrilled as she pushed Carter's head deeper, as if daring him to find it. It was a a memento of what happened just a few hours ago...

PREVIOUSLY AT THE ALPHA BETA BETA HOUSE

"What I'm going to say is... I need your help!" Brad moaned, his broad, muscular shoulders slumping sadly. "This is bad!"

"Excuse me?" she said, her startling golden eyes blinking on surprise. "Wait, don't change the subj-"

"I said I need your help," Brad moaned. "Or something awful is going to happen!"

"What's going to happen?" Zia asked curiously despite herself.

"This house, the lease is expiring in a month! If we don't get enough cash to extend it, they're going to kick us out!" Brad explained. "We had a plan to sell 3D printed dildos in the shape of our cocks to raise the cash, but the scanner needs an unobstructed view of our cocks hard. But no one out girls were hot enough to get us hard without touching us!"

"You don't have enough money?" Zia asked in surprise, her original goal rapidly fading into the back of her mind as she felt a pang of sympathy for the troubled bully. "But -"

"It's true," deep, rolling voice said from Zia's right. Her gorgeous head snapped around to see a tall, dark haired hunk of a man step in. "None of them were hot enough."

"Except you," Brad eagerly said. "You're the hottest girl in the school! You could do it!"

"Wait-" Zia quickly mumbled, but was cut off.

"Yeah, you could do it! I'm getting hard just looking at your chest!" a third Alpha said as he entered into the room. Zia's pretty eyes flicked to the sound of the voice. More and more Alphas were coming in. 'This is bad,' she thought anxiously. The once confident stance of her hips gave way to a nervous squirming. These WASPs were starting to make her scared. She recognized the dark haired one as the son of a billionaire New York real estate developer. Another was the son of a powerful oil magnate. And as much as she hated to admit it, she found the guys here really hot. They were all tall, very fit and had the same rugged good looks she found many white Americans to have.

She breathed deep, her huge shirtless breasts rising and falling gloriously upon her chest, and her shapely thighs anxiously rubbing against each other. 'These are the sons of billionaires and Senators,' Zia thought anxiously. Refusing them could be bad. Her heart started to thump in her chest. She briefly recalled her foreign status and the tenuous education visa she was on, which had been greatly weakened by the election of a new Republican president.

"I'm sorry, I -" Zia stuttered, her usually confident demeanor evaporating under the steely gazes.

"Please, help me get hard and scan my cock," Brad pleaded, placing his hands together and begging.

Zia's heart thumped at the words. 'A strip tease' she thought, her mind reeling as the implications of the idea flowed through her proud and curvy flesh. She squirmed nervously on the spot, trapped between a cock and a hard place. "I'm really sorry, but I have to go now, I can't do a strip tease for you guys," Zia quickly said, backing away from Brad and hurriedly stepping out of the room.

"Don't worry, you don't have to do it now," Brad said.

Then Brad did something the man on the TV said he did. He grabbed the slender wrist of the rapidly leaving girl and yanked her around to face him. Then he reached out, his thick, strong fingers forming a claw, and he grabbed her by the pussy.

Zia's golden eyes went wide as galaxies, and her full quivering pink lips fell open in a gasp of shock, as his hand slid up between her thighs. Moments later, he stuck his rough filthy finger up in between the sopping lips of her pussy. He toyed back and forth with her outer gates for a few seconds, chuckling. Then he shoved it deep inside and grabbed hold of her genitals in a vice like grip.

"Oh... Egypt!" Zia shrieked, as she got entered. Her whole body quivered. But, still held helplessly in the bully's hands, she could do nothing to resist as her moist pussy parted easily around his thrusting finger, and began swiftly to drool with need. Eyes wide as dinner plates,

she could only gaze in awe at her assaulter's cocky, almost unbelievably audacious face, a smirk upon his lips. But that wasn't all.

In a Casanovan move worthy of making into a movie, Brad yanked the buxom girl squirming in his hands so close her tits squished up against his washboard abs. Then, swooping downwards, his lips morphed from a cocky smirk into a pucker. Zia, despite her defiance, put up surprisingly little resistance as he claimed her lips with a deep, exploitative kiss. Instead, her mighty legs only seemed to open wider, letting Brad take a deeper hold of her quivering genitals.

The stunned and overwhelmed Coptic girl wiggled and whimpered helpless as her pussy got violated. She closed her eyes, lovely face trembling, and tried to think. But a particularly deep and cruelly directed thrust within her snatch whilst Brad's hot, sizzling tongue forced its way through her mouth and down her throat made her head shoot back, and moan loudly with lust.

Brad picked up the squirming, whimpering girl by her helplessly drooling pussy and threw her face down onto the table. Under her skirt his like grip was like iron, and the poor scribe could do nothing but wiggle her luscious bubble-butt in the air for the crowd of Alphas as his stony fingers dug into the delicate pink folds of her vagina. Her voluptuous tits smushed into the table whilst a feeling of loss in her mouth where the phantom sensation of where Brad's hot juicy tongue ravaged her mouth lingered. With the cruel hand crushing her pussy and her mind in an iron grip, the defenceless girl lay moaning on the table and awaited her fate.

"Now do a strip tease," Brad ordered. Zia squirmed on the table, and her delicate lips morphing to spout words of defiance. "If you want me to stop, do a strip tease!" Brad said, twisting his grip on Zia's drooling genitals.

"Eternal Egypt!" Zia gasped softly. Her full red lips quivered in horror. Body squirming desperately her raven-haired head darted swiftly one way and then the other. In every direction she was surrounded by wet leering frat boys in their swimming trunks. Then her head spun back around and saw the blonde man on the TV, talking about throwing out foreigners.

"C'mon, bitch!" Brad said. He reached forward and ran a threatening hand over Zia's helplessly wiggling upper half. She couldn't even moan before he openly squeezed and groped her large, helplessly jiggling teen titties. In her delicate, quivering pussy, Brad's rough fingers dug harder into her sensitive dripping walls. "Don't make me go all out!"

"Okay! Okay...", the buxom noirette moaned softly as she felt her pussy explode with delight from the burrowing digits. She raised her hands up, fingers spread, plaintively. "I... I'll give you a strip tease!"

Brad pulled out his sticky fingers with a grin, a line of fluid trailing between her cunt and his hand. "Looks like we've got a show, boys!" he hollered as he sat back down on the couch. The rest of them cheered as Zia stood up on the table, smooth cheeks red and amber eyes turned away in embarrassment.

With a loud moan, Zia thrust out a chest in a way she would never do in public. Running her hands along the expansive swell of her wide, succulent breasts, she pinched the zipper on her olive jacket and slowly pulled it down. The crowd yelled and cheered as her deep cleavage was revealed, inch by inch. She threw off the jacket and stood there, wearing only underwear and a skirt.

For ten anxious seconds she stood there, looking around uncertainly. "I... I don't know what to do next!" Zia said. "Take off your clothes and play with yourself. Remember that night you texted me?" Brad replied. Her neatly trimmed head of soft black hair swayed as she nodded her head.

She started by rolling her buxom hips back and forth, causing them to grind and dive rhythmically before the leering bullies. At the same time, she swung her shoulders back and forth, making her huge tits bounce and shake in a ponderously pneumatic display of jiggling, jostling bra-straining cleavage for her boyfriend's bullies.

Dancing for their pleasure, she turned her eyes from their leering gazes in shame, unable to look them in the face as she put her body on display for them in only a sports bra, a pleated skirt and sneakers.

"Take it off!" one of them hollered. She slid her fingers up and down her spectacular curves, tracing over her huge breasts and fertile hips, as if showing off every inch of their silky curvy contours for her audience. She hooked two slender fingers into the waistband of the skirt and pulled down. After several embarrassing seconds of wiggling her tight skirt down the huge swell of her bubble butt. Then body trembling, she slid them down the creamy brown flesh of her long, athletic legs until they were a pool at her feet. She stepped out, wearing nothing but a sports bra, panties and a pair of running shoes before her lecherous, patriarchal audience.

"Yeah, that's it!" someone yelled. "Fuck, you're hot!" another yelled. "Come on, show us more!" another hollered.

"Is... Is it working?" Zia asked in embarrassed curiosity. "Yes, definitely. You're doing amazing," Brad said. She raised her gaze and saw that there was a definite engorged look in the men's trunks. Their words and cocks turned her sculpted high cheeks red. Despite herself, it felt good when all these big, handsome if cocky men cheered her on and told her she was turning them on. Usually she regarded men's horniness at her with indifference or disgust, but when it was a crowd of hot college dreamboats, it made her body twitch with excitement.

"What... What should I do next?" Zia uncertainly asked the cheering men. "Talk dirty to us!" one yelled. "Take the rest off!" another cheered.

Zia swung her hips around in a circle, giving the crowd of cheering frat boys a full view of her brown bubble butt covered in a sheer pair of white high-cut panties, dipping and dancing for their pleasure. At the same time, she pressed her left arm against the twin bulges of her chest as hips swayed, and with her right reached behind undid the clasp on her sports bra. The straining elastic snapped forward, and she tossed the loose fabric away into the corner, leaving her pert bare tits hidden behind an arm, or at least as much of the enormous breast meat it could hide.

"Come on, take the hand away!" someone yelled.

"But... But if you want to see what's underneath, you gotta show me something in return," Zia stuttered, jiggling the epic volume of brown titty meat in her arm. "Oh shit!" a sorority brother moaned. "What a filthy girl, I love it!" another said. "What did you have in mind?"

"Your c-c-cocks! I've heard rumors..." Zia said. And at her command, every Alpha instantly yanked down their shorts, and the entire room sprouted an impressive array of fat cocks at half mast. Zia instinctively licked her lips. "Wait... You... You actually showed them to me?" Zia said in embarrassment, not believing so many hot, sexy guys would flash her. Grudgingly holding up her end of the deal, she swung away her arm and letting her giant, fertility goddess-esque breasts come spilling out to wobble for the Alphas to see.

"Oh shit, that's hot!" one of them yelled. Zia ran a slender hand lovingly up the sweep of her firm butt, clad in the soft diaphanous white fabric of her high-cut panties. "This is up next, but I'm going to need something more from you," she said, bringing her hand down hard into a well rounded butt cheek with a loud THWACK.

"Anything, baby!" they yelled as they watch the mesmerizing wobbling of the butt, jiggling on the backside of the gorgeous Copt. "How about you boys use those big strong hands and put those trouser monsters to work?" she suggested. The rowdy Alphas happily complied, Yanking open their pants, they had hauled out their dicks and just started openly jerking it to the sight of the dancing, naked Egyptian. Locking onto their exposed schlongs, Zia's mouth and eyes slowly spread even wider in awe. Clutched in their pumping fists their cocks were well over a eight inches in length and pussy-ruiningly thick. Some bigger than Brad, others smaller, but all massive. Each was big enough, on its own, to make Zia momentarily light headed. Dozens at once caused waver upon her sneakered feet, suddenly feeling dazed just from the sight of them.

"What's wrong, slut?" one asked, leering, as his fist continued eagerly to pump along his twitching member.

"You see somethin' you like?" another asked, sneering, as he did the same.

"It's nothing," Zia denied, unconsciously licking her lips as her ass gyrated wildly before the leering frat boys, bouncing and quivering like a bubble-bunned heart-shaped wonderland before the delightedly throbbing bulges in their pants. She hooked an index finger down one high cut string of her panties and slid it down, peeling the thin white fabric ensconced in her twin bubbles of brown butt flesh from between the deep set ass crack. She yanked it all the way down her muscular thighs and slender shins until it was a crumpled heap on the table and she was standing in the table nude except for sneakers and socks - a gorgeous woman twirling her jiggling bits around for a horny crowd of studs.

'This is amazing,' Zia thought. 'Usually I hate even showing cleavage to boys, but these... Studs! I'm getting so excited! I've never felt so sexy or confident!' And indeed, as Zia jiggled her big soft bits for the crowd, she was filled with a previously unknown self assurance. That these sexy, powerful men were so desiring her body filled her with a bubbly sensation of sexy confidence. 'This must be what popstars feel like on a stage! I feel like... Like I'm going to do sexual things I never thought I would do!' she thought.

Placing a hand on the awesome swell of her hip and cocking it to one side, she spun nimbly on a sneakered foot, facing Brad. He stared in wide eyed wonder, even as her enormous breasts came to a wobbling halt. Brad's cock, slayer of the pussies at Goode and revered in the neighborhood, was long and erect.

"I see I've succeeded," she said with a smile. "Where's the scanner?" Someone handed her a white plastic torus, with a hole loaded with optics on the inside and wide enough to accommodate their girthy cocks. She sauntered over, spread his muscular thighs apart with her soft hands and pushed the scanner all the way to the base of his cock.

"Now don't stop, it needs a minute to scan," Brad said, as he reached out to grope Zia. But she stopped him.

"Now just one rule, no touching. I do have a boyfriend, you know," Zia chided gently as she swung her hips round and ran both hands across the curves of her juicy backside. "For now," Brad said with a nasty grin. Zia didn't deny this as she sunk her slender fingers into the ample soft meat and spread apart her asscheeks with both hands. Brad was treated to a full view of her crinkly asshole and swollen, dripping hump where seconds ago his fingers were buried.

"Like it?" Zia said, wiggling her parted bum to Brad. "I fucking love it. How nasty you are, giving us a strip tease. But I'm surprised you'd do it in front of complete strangers!" Brad said with a grin. "I always had you pegged as a goody two shoes type of girl."

"I'm surprised too," Zia admitted. "But I don't know... When I'm around you delicious, sexy studs, my pussy starts tingling and it seems OK to do these sort of things... If it's for you. Things like this." Zia ran a slender index finger across the sticky valley of her hump and stuck the liquid coated digit in her mouth, swirling it around for good measure.

"Oh fuck, that's nasty," Brad groaned. *beep*. As soon as the scanner indicated it was done, Brad flung off the device and pumped his long, aching shaft needily. "You just sit back and relax, I'll do the rest of the fraternity brothers," Zia said. She picked up the device and sashayed over to the closest Alpha, a broad shouldered man with a Princeton haircut and a sculpted chest.

"Hey there," Zia said, slipping the scanner onto the base of his hard member. "I'll just out this here, and - oooohhhh!"

He reached behind and sank his powerful digits into her jiggling ass meat, causing her to gasp in surprise. He pulled Zia close against him, pinning the helpless goddess to his body as he ground his cheese grater abs into her swollen tits. Stunned, she instinctively grabbed onto his chest, spreading her long fingers onto the hard muscle his sculpted tanned chest. He clung on with steely fingers as she wiggled and writhed her body against his.

"You... You really aren't supposed to do this!" Zia whispered. "Really? Then why aren't you trying to get away?" he whispered nastily. "... Maybe later," Zia sighed happily as she caressed his bulging hard pectorals with soft hands. After a minute or groping and shaking her sumptuous assflesh, the scanner beeped.

The next man was a manly Henry Cavill-esque giant with model perfect hair and a chiseled jaw. He didn't bother much with words. Instead he picked up the relatively tiny Zia by her waist and smothered her with a deep, violating kiss that sent shivers all the way down to her tippy toes. He slipped the scanner onto his cock himself as he claimed her lips and tongue fucked the girl. At first Zia moaned petulantly like a schoolgirl, kicking her airborne feet, but after a few wet sloppy seconds of his deeply penetrative kisses she let out a submissive sigh and returned his passionate kiss. Before she knew what was going on, her mind numb from his expert tongue-play, she was kissing the ravishing man back with more longing ardour than she did with Carter. Her foot popped into the air, and inside the sneaker her slender toes curled.

beep The sound of the scanner finishing didn't stop the two lovebirds from their sloppy makeout session. The giant went to town on her mouth for a full other minute before breaking their kiss with a loud sucking sound, a trail of saliva connecting their lips. The stunned girl's long eyelashes fluttered as she was lowered to the ground by her slim waist, unaware the scanner was even done.

She walked, a tad wobbly, to the next frat bro in line. This one stuck his hand in between her thighs, and teasingly ran a digit inbetween her wet slit. The poor girl moaned in arousal as she tried to put the scanner on. But just before she did, he jabbed his thick finger upwards, sending her squealing and the scanner flatterring to the floor. As she bent over to pick it up, he pushed another cruel finger into her sopping pussy, causing her knees to go weak and struggle to stand back up and hang the scanner on his cock. He had a cruel smirk on his lips as he continued his assault on her painfully swollen pussy as stood there submissively for the whole minute, a trembling look upon her gorgeous face as he toyed with her sensitive olive pussy.

beep The next man didn't wait. As soon as the scanner came off, Zia didn't see him as he grabbed both her perky watermelons from behind. Zia gasped and slapped the scanner against his crotch as he dug his fingers into her soft flesh, little suppressed moans escaping her delicate lips as the man showed such skill in toying with her mammaries that Zia knew he must've done it with a hundred big breasted other women. She never had a chance as his powerful fingers pinched her rock hard, dark chocolate nipples and twisted. All the strength in her body escaped with an aroused scream, and her soft body landed in his arms, letting him grope and pinch her chest with even more ease. She never even got to see his face, as when the scanner beeped, another pair of groping hands yanked her away and aggressively toyed with her body as she scanned their erect, throbbing cocks.

Zia remained utterly submissive to their crass treatment. Lost in her own world of delightfully sexy and pussy-moisteningly dominant men, all she knew was the thrilling muscle her body were rubbing against, the powerful tongues that were kissing her deep, and the groping hands that were insolently and thrillingly exciting her body. They blatantly groped, abused and mistreated her body for their enjoyment, shitting on her own personal beliefs and relationship (with Carter) even as she tried to help them. Much like Carter, the jocks bullied the body of the svelte girl, but this time the moaning wasn't from pain. When they kissed her, she began to kiss back. When they groped her jiggling breasts, she began to obligingly thrust her chest against their hands. When they grabbed pussy, she willingly spread her caramel thighs so they could grip her even harder.

'This is what American bullies do, they take advantage of you,' she moaned internally, as a green-eyed model-esque stranger parted her lips and gave her a deeply violating kiss which she meekly reciprocated. Their hot, sweaty bodies rubbing lovingly against each other, he brought a hand into a sharp slap in the rear of her soft jiggling body. As she moaned deeply into his mouth, she thought, 'They use their institutionalised privileges to control and threaten you... Like how I was scared that as a foreigner they would use their political connections to get me deported, or how they use their money so I can't even touch them legally... Or even how they built up this perception that they're powerful and dominating so I would get so turned on and do this kind of thing...' *beep*. The scanner finished another throbbing member. The starry-eyed Middle Eastern girl was pushed into the waiting arms of another hunky pale stranger, who immediately grabbed both her soft, freshly grown teenage watermelons and twisted their sensitive tips painfully. Her pretty mouth gasped into an 'O' in shock, and the stranger took advantage of this to shove the sizzling hot tongue of institutional racism into her foreign mouth. 'This is wrong,' Zia thought, her once wide amber eyes lazily closing as she secretly enjoyed letting the hunk exploit her hot, wet mouth with his tongue. But as her firm bubbly brown breasts were expertly kneaded into helpless flat pancakes of soft throbbing pleasure, she began to think that living in such an unfair system might not be so bad after all.

A dozen scanned dicks later, her body was sore. Spit of a half dozen men ran down her chin and splashed onto her cleavage, giving the expensive roasted coffee skin an extra sheen. Her swollen boobs were aching and distended from groping. Her nipples rock hard and painfully twisted outwards. Her athletic runner's ass was red with a dozen handprints. Her once taut pussy, usually as wide as the eye of a needle, was stretched open to the girth of a hotdog by the revolving rounds of sausage fingers thrust into it, and the delicate folds deeply abused by hard thrusting and grabbing. But she never once resisted as they roughly manhandled her Junoesque body. She only moaned and sighed as she let her boyfriend's bullies manhandle her, from the distended depths of her pussy rivulets of liquid flowed. They collected into drops on the circumference of her cunt, where they splashed stickily onto the ground with heavy splats.

"I'm done," the dripping wet, naked girl panted, her juicy voluptuous body raw and sore.

"Yep. You've scanned us all. The first dicks are printing as we speak," Brad said. "But you're far from done!"

"W-what?" the gorgeous noirette said, her beautiful amber eyes fluttering in surprise. "But... I gave you what you wanted!"

"And now we want you to dance for us while we jerk off!" a beautiful blue eyed, blonde male model hollered. "Our cocks are hard and swollen and they need a milking!"

"No!" Zia adamantly said. "Look, I have to go. Carter is waiting for me. It's been hours!"

"That whimp?" Brad laughed. "He can't even fight back! He felt really good under our fists!"

"I... I promised him I'd have sex with him after coming here, so I have to go back, he's waiting hornily," Zia stuttered, her luscious body quivering with shock as the words spilled out. She wondered why she was telling them this.

"Nah, faggots like him don't need that," Brad said. "They should only allowed to jerk off to pictures."

"Yeah, it's not like their shrimp dicks can even be used properly!" a frat boy said.

"Just give make him beat himself off," the giant, dark haired man said. "That's my boyfriend! He may not be the biggest, but... But..." Zia pathetically tried to defend Carter. But under the peer pressure from the popular kids, she suddenly failed to come up with anything positive to say about Carter. She just hung her head in a tacit surrender that they were right.

"Come on, aren't you tired of being bossed around by that faggot? Being humped when he wants to, instead of when you want to?" Brad insisted. "Fuck him and dance for us, instead of that shrimp fucked faggot!"

A gasp escaped Zia's delicate lips as Brad's idea wormed it's way into her upright and honorable mind. She would never have thought about it this way before, Carter was nothing but a sweet boy. But now that this handsome stud said it in his smooth rolling baritone, the idea that Carter was a horny little dog began to form. But as she stood there, hands clutching her chest and eyes flickering indecisively, Brad sealed her fate by giving her a deep, penetrating kiss, and sealed the idea of a wimpy Carter into her mind.

Today, for the first time, she was kissed by not one, but two, tall gorgeous hunks. Before today she'd only been kissed by Carter, where she had to bend down slightly to receive one of his clammy smooches. So when they grabbed her by the waist and shoved their thick, hot tongues down her throat, she was utterly unprepared and defenseless. Her heart thumped and her glittering topaz eyes went wide as she felt Brad's tongue slither into her.

At first she resisted, moaning pathetically into his mouth and struggling her well endowed body against his. 'What is it about these American boys... They're so aggressive... And so tantalizing... Gods, they're impossible to resist!' Zia moaned internally, mind bubbling softly and sweetly from the hunk's deep French kissing. Surprisingly, the only response to Brad's skillfully dominating tonguefucking was her mouth opening slightly wider to give him easier access. Zia started to submissively kiss back, her sensitive pink tongue gently caressing his as her whole body relaxed in his arms. Not just letting her harsh lover into her body, she began to reciprocate, grinding her juicy bits against his hard abs as her tongue snaked into his mouth.

A powerful hand reached between her squirming thighs and ran itself between her legs. "You're super horny right now, aren't you? Don't even lie, you're so fucking wet down there," Brad grunted into her mouth. A finger ran through her sopping lips caused a shiver to run through Zia all the way through her busty yet willowy frame. Zia moaned affirmative, nodding her head even as she made out with Brad. "So get on the table and play with yourself, you horny slut!"

Brad broke the kiss and shoved Zia onto the table. Zia's tits practically bounced her off it. She sat, knees splayed, on the glass surface, and ran both hands up her hourglass figure and onto her sumptuously full breasts. Two delicate pairs of thumbs and index fingers gently pinched her coffee-bean nipples. Zia closed her eyes, moaning softly as she tweaked the tips of her

boobs into stiff rods by tweaking the sensitive nipples. The men pumped their cocks in approval.

"By the gods, seeing all you sexy bastards' big fat cocks hasn't gotten my pussy so wet," Zia moaned. A hand slid down her toned belly and onto a crotch where two long fingers spread apart her dark brown folds to reveal the dripping hole. She angled her hips upwards, showing it to the jaw-dropped crowd. "I... I think I'm going to have to masturbate to calm myself down!"

But, rather than immediately opening up she first massaged it a few times. She gasped, despite herself, full red lips quivering with unwanted yet irresistible pleasure, as her fingers rubbed back and forth over her aching outer folds. A fresh surge of moisture welled up out of her pussy, oozing through her slender silken-clad fingers and dripping down her ass onto the glassy surface. "Fuck, you assholes are so hot, with your muscled bodies and big swinging dicks!" Zia said.

Her luscious, opulent upper lips were twisted into a lewd and pleased smile, even as her flatly rubbing fingers made a last few swirling strokes over her dripping lower ones. Then, with a slight shuddering gasp, Zia pulled her fingers up to the top of her pussy, pulled her two smallest fingers back beneath her palm, and then slid only the two longest of her thin, elegant digits down inside her pussy. Her luscious mouth dropped and gasped, her tongue snaking back and forth between her opulent red petals, as she entered herself. Breathing fast, in a way that caused her enormous breasts to jiggle delightfully, she gave herself another few deep, tender strokes with her two self-invading fingers. Then, pulling them back until only the tips remained inside her she once more fixed her leering lovers with an appreciative, almost submissively loving gaze.

"Uunnnhhh..." the frat boys moaned, eyes lighting up, as Zia's delicate and glistening pussy lips spread wide apart, propelled by her own elegant fingers. Her moist pink channel slowly opened up between her digits, quivering and dripping invitingly. Their hands began to pump faster on their delightedly pulsing dicks.

A momentary flash made Zia realize she was about to touch herself in front of her boyfriend's bullies, a group of privileged, arrogant snobs who thought they were God's gift to women just because cultural and biological pressures made girls love them. Gaping down in shock, Zia briefly looked upon her own spread pussy in disbelief. But, licking her luscious quivering lips, she could not help herself. Slowly, her fingers continued to spread wider and wider, pushing her delicate pussy lips farther and farther apart. Sunlight shone through a wide paneled window, and any lucky neighbor with a telescope could have looked straight down the glistening pink depths of Zia's pussy. But still her fingers kept spreading, until, having scissored as far apart as possible, her straining pussy lips were spread as far apart as they would go. Which was still slightly narrower than the tremendous girth of the rich white assholes' delightedly twitching penises.

"More!" one of them cried.

Spread and exposed before her betters, she decided she had no choice but to obey. Reaching down, she slid her free hand down in between her impossibly wide-spread, trembling fingers, and inserted a single long finger up inside herself. "Oh!" she gasped, in shock. At the

slightest touch in the tender depths of her pussy, her head rocked back and her jaw quivered in awe. Her long and mighty legs, spread wide, lifted high in the air and trembled, as a helpless shudder of pleasure radiating out from her pussy to the very tips of her elegant toes.

"Deeper, slut! Go deeper!" Brad called.

Zia moaned, writhing in pleasure and humiliation. But, even without their instructions, she would barely have been able to resist. Her fingers trembling as they held herself almost impossibly wide, Zia's naughty finger slid delicately back and forth inside her slit, caressing one glistening interior surface then the other. Her head rocked backwards, full lips gasping with pleasure. She hesitated, rubbing lightly just beneath it, and then, blushing slightly, slid her fingertip up and brushed it ever so gently around her clitoris. Her buxom hips wiggled and quivered desperately as she played with herself. Slowly, hesitantly, a second finger slid up and joined the first, rubbing and thrusting inside her pussy... then a third. Soon, head thrashing back and forth and gasping with pleasure, the sultry noirette had half her hand pumping in and out of her pussy. Her copious juices soaked her soft hand down to the wrist, and dribbled down her bouncing bubble-shaped butt to roll in shining, trickling streams down the glass. The action between her legs had long since ceased to be about obeying the bullies' directions. Though she would barely admit it even to herself, as Zia writhed and gasped upon the table, she was desperately trying to make herself cum. But, try as she might, the buxom, sweat-dripping bare girl just couldn't quite get herself there.

"Here, let me help," Brad said. One hand on his pumping cock, the other shot out and stabbed two thick fingers into her sore, aching hump. Zia cried out in pleasure as Brad reamed her fat pussy lips in half. Her hands flew to her slender ankles and twisted her shapely legs so far apart it hurt, to expose her sacred pink core to the vile yet amazing groping. Brad jammed a thumb onto the swollen clit, crushing the berry sized organ. Zia let out a scream of pleasure and shook violently on the table.

"Gods Brad, you're amazing," Zia moaned. "Bend over," Brad ordered. Zia eagerly followed his order, getting onto her knees and bending over like a dog to expose her delicious brown bubble butt to him, her ass crack spread far apart by her spread legs. Brad thrust three thick, pumping digits into the eagerly awaiting cunt. Zia moaned in approval as a rough hand slapped a jiggling ass cheek. As his fingers fucked her deep from behind, the horny girl was thrown forward by the powerful hand slapping against her pussy, running her swollen aching tits across the smooth glass.

"Come on you nasty slut, show us something!" a frat boy eagerly grunted at the sight of his boss finger fucking the sexy noirette. Her hand crawled over her arched back, over the swell of her curvaceous ass and located her crinkled asshole, and promptly plunged her middle finger into the taut orifice. Zia gasped happily as she twisted and pumped her finger in her trembling asshole, syncing in time with Brad's hand. She didn't show any hesitation to help Brad fuck her harder.

"Oh gods, my asshole feels so tight and sensitive!" Zia moaned. "I can't believe I'm shoving my finger up my shithole for you guys!"

Suddenly, Brad yanked his hand out of her, putting it onto the tables with three thick fingers jutting up. "Get on, slut," he grunted, jerking his thick cock with the other hand. Zia placed a

trembling bare foot on either side of the hand. Drips of fluid splattered onto the skywards digits from the pussy right above as Zia slowly squatted onto it, sighing softly as her hump was penetrated by his hand.

"Now ride it," Brad said. But he didn't even have to say anything as Zia began to slam her hips up and down. "Oh my gods, it's so long!" she cried as her luscious, rounded hips descended again and again onto the hand. At this angle, his long digits went so deep into Zia it felt like he was rubbing her stomach from the inside. "It's... It's... Fucking me even deeper than Carter's actual dick!" With that lewd, adulterous thought filling her mind, Zia furiously twerked on the hand, sending her ass cheeks clapping together for the audience. Her asshole vanished and appeared inbetween the flying bubbles of Egyptian assmeat, like a mischievous eye winking at them. In this lewd imitation of riding Brad.

"Fuck, you guys are ssooooo hot," Zia moaned needily as he pussy convulsed onto the thick trio of fingers. "By the HEAVENS!" Her head threw backwards and, driven further, her entire buxom body arched upwards off the juice-streaked glass and and shook. "Oh, GODDESSES!" she screamed. Body lifted high and shaking like a live wire, suspended only by the tip of her cute toes, her wide rounded hips became a blur as it slammed up and down Brad's hand.

"OH! OH! OH!" Zia said, her head tilting downwards and her wash of soft, raven hair falling around her royal face, she stared at the massive bouncing breasts. "I'm CUMMMMMINNGGG!"

Her whole arched body lifted high, and shook. A burst of moisture like none before splattered from her quivering pussy. Zia screamed, and screamed, and screamed. Closely followed were a series of loud grunts as the frat boys came. First the blonde model, then the giant, and one by one the horny hunks emptied their pent up loads on couches, tables, chairs and even the floor. Brad was the last to cum, and his massive cock, pointed upwards, sprayed the back of Zia's body up and down like a hose, launching thick globs of searing hot cum into her hair, onto her slender neck and down her arched back.

Then, shuddering, her shiny sweat-slathered voluptuous body collapsed, toppling onto the couch. Her powerful, shapely limbs and classic hourglass-shaped torso slumped flat against every contour of the modern grey sofa, her pussy fucked wide open by the thick fingers. Her gorgeous face gaped at the ceiling, eyes blinking slowly beneath her lovely long lashes yet seeing nothing but tweeting birds, fluffy clouds, and visions of gigantic bully cocks.

"By the Duat... That was amazing," Zia breathily said, her massive chest still heaving from the ordeal. "Same here. Haven't nuttet that hard in awhile," the giant said in a deep baritone. "Here, I thought you might like some refreshments."

With a clink, a champagne glass filled with bubbly golden liquid and large plate piled with cut steaks, cheeses and other assorted was put on the table in front of her. Zia took a sip of the champagne. "Wow, this champagne is really good," she said. "And the steaks are so juicy!" Brad nodded. "Dom Perignon and Wagyu beef. The stuff on your plane costs more than an engagement ring." Zia stopped, a piece of red steak halfway to her mouth. Brad chuckled. "Eat as much as you like. A beautiful babe like you deserves the best. And take it as a little sign of appreciation for what you did for us."

"Oh, it's nothing," Zia said with a slight blush sipping more of the delicious champagne. "Only glad to help some hot guys like you."

"Still, we owe you big time. If you need anything, call us," Brad said. "Consider yourself a special friend of the Alpha Beta Beta fraternity."

"Would have preferred it if you didn't shoot your cum in my hair," Zia said with a laugh, running her hand through her silky black locks where thick globules of Brad's cum had congealed and matted up the strands. "I don't know how I'm going to clean this out."

"Hasn't Carter ever came in your hair before?" Brad said.

"Carter?" Zia said, rolling her eyes. "He doesn't cum. He dribbles. Before today I never knew a guy could cum so much. And I absolutely would not let him cum on my face. That's just gross."

"I agree. You shouldn't let that faggot cum on your face. Or touch him sexually in any way," Brad nastily said.

Zia giggled. "I'll take that into consideration." Zia suddenly paused, titling her gorgeous head to one side and thinking. "You know, I just remembered I came here to stop you from bullying Carter, but you smooth-talking assholes got me stripping and fingering myself for you like a stripper!"

Brad chuckled, reclining lazily into the couch. "Yep. That's us, smooth-talking assholes. And you came all the way here knowing that."

Zia laughed. She leaned into Brad and gave him a coquetteish smile. "So, are you going to stop beating up my boyfriend?"

Brad flexed his arm, bulging bicep muscles rippling across his arm. Zia's wet thighs rubbed together excitedly. "Probably not. Are you going to stop sending me nudes because of it?"

"Probably not," Zia admitted. "Guess my poor boyfriend will have to get used to getting pummeled."

"Boy, you sure got them riled up," familiar lilting voice said. Zia turned around and saw it came from the blonde maid. She let out a theatrical sigh. "This will take awhile. But before that, shall we take a photo?"

"Yeah, sure. Come on the couch, Zia. Oh, don't look like that. My phone is full of pictures of you nude," Brad said. The rest of the fraternity pulled up their trunks and gathered around the cum-stained couch. It didn't do much to hide the enormous schlongs, and some still poked out the bottom, but it was better than Zia who's entire gracefully voluptuous body was sweaty and bare.

"But a photo? What for?" Zia said.

"Oh, it's commemorative. Your first time here," she explained. "When you come back the next few times, you can compare them to see how you've progressed!"

"I hope by then I progressed into her," one of them snickered, eliciting a chortle from the men. Zia blushed and playfully struck his burly arm. "Don't get your hopes up, you assholes. You may have tricked me this time, but I like guys who are respectful and sweet."

"I was like you once. I was from Europe," she said, and to Zia her accent suddenly matched up to a pleasant French lilt, glossed over by many years in America but not completely gone. "I thought these Americans were rich, arrogant, sexist swine. But over time I discovered their, shall we say, their attractively big qualities?"

On the TV, the angry man continued to yell. He could've been one of the frat boy's dads. Now, he seemed quite OK to Zia, and she found that she would obey a lot of what he said. And the rich white members of the Alpha Beta Beta fraternity seemed quite different to her. They were blatantly dominating, sexually aggressive and entitled. Yet, they had impressed very deeply that they had earned the right. If anyone deserved to be womanizing cads who disgustingly fucked so many women (or rather it was disgusting how many women would fuck them, ie most women), it was these sexy, big cocked studs.

'And if anyone deserves to grab me like that, it's one of them,' Zia thought. Her body pneumatically shot off the couch. Twirling her bare, rounded hips to Brad, she bent over slightly, her enormous breasts dripping into firm teardrop shaped globes dangling ponderously off her chest. With her slender index and middle fingers, she hooked the folds of both thick butt cheeks and pulled them apart. She wiggled this little display to Brad.

"Does the captain want to grab me by the pussy for the picture?" Zia teased. Brad smirked. Reaching out with a clawed hand, he mercilessly shoved his sausage like index and middle finger into her sopping wet, delicate pink folds. His thumb bit down on the outside of her pussy, so his hand grabbed the piece of crotch from inside and out. Zia wet herself a little, and Brad felt it.

The rest of the frat boys weren't strangers. One grabbed her breasts. Another pushed a finger up her stink. A third grabbed her throat. The strong hands skillfully groped, pinched and dug into Zia, sending a little involuntary shiver down her jiggling body. Golden eyes rolled into the back of her head and tongue dangling from her pink lips parted into an 'O', she gave the camera a lewd smile.

"Say cheese," the maid said, snapping a picture in an expensive DSLR camera. A printer whirled to life beside the maid, who retrieved it and blew on it.

"Here. You look very nice on them," she said with a wink. Zia looked at the picture and thought that so too. She did look very good surrounded by tall, big cocked studs.

"Won't you get in trouble if you keep bullying Carter?" Zia remarked.

"Nah, the teachers don't dare touch us. We put those who do in their place," he said. He gave her a suggestive smirk. "Are you more concerned about us getting caught then your boyfriend getting beaten up?"

"Hmm, just wondering," Zia said, not denying Brad's statement. I'm surprise the other boys don't rise up to stop you."

"Those faggots can't do anything but whine and moan. And that just makes me want to beat them up more. It's the same with your boyfriend. What could he do if you stopped sleeping with him?" Brad asked.

"Whine and moan," Zia replied thoughtfully. Brad grinned. "Exactly. You can bully him as much as you want."

"Your clothes, miss," the maid said. Like a good servant, she was completely invisible and efficient. In her arms were her neatly folded shirt, skirt and resting on top her damp pale panties and massive specially tailored sports bra.

"You know, when I was young, my family raised a herd of cattle in Egypt," Zia said conversationally in her melodic, heavy Arabic accent. She raised her shirt above her head and slipped it down onto her shoulders, shaking and squirming the tight shirt onto her heavy milkbags and causing them to mesmerizingly bounce up and down. "We had a breeding bull. It was the most genetically superior specimen. It was bigger, meaner, healthier. When we needed more cattle, my dad would unleash him from his stable into the cow pen. He would charge out, penis blown up to two feet in length, and he would mount the cows. It's quite an indescribable sight. He fucked them like... Well, a bull. He was a massive and powerful creature with enormous stamina. There was a lot of baying and loud slapping and everything got fantastically messy," she explained. The shirt snapped around her wasp like waist, just above the swell of her thick hips.

"Now, the rest of the male cattle, the non-bulls, were kept on an adjacent pen. Every time the bull came out to breed, they would peer across the fence, their non-bull penises erect and dripping with envy. I felt so bad for them. All did was get birthed, eat cheap corn feed and get slaughtered. I thought it was so unfair," Zia said. She picked up her skirt and bent over, giving them a delicious view as she wrapped her skirt around her fertile hips. It was of course completely unnecessary. She just wanted to give them a show. "Even the money their flesh was sold for - it was used to buy rich feed for the breeding bull, more cows for it to fuck, and lots of hay and other luxuries. It had the perfect life at the others' expense."

"You know, when I first came here, I didn't know what to make of the people. But now I think I do. I know who are the cows, the cattle.." she hummed in her exotically melodic accent. She ran her bright amber eyes with an undisguised lust towards the big American men in the room and ran her little pink tongue over her lips.

"... And the bulls," she said, tipping Brad a wink. She folded the picture and carefully inserted it inbetween her massive breasts. With that, she twirled around on her foot and sauntered to the door.

"Miss, your underwear," the maid politely reminded Zia.

"Keep it," she said. "Like you said, this won't be the last time I'm here." And Zia left.

BACK AT BROOKLYN HOUSE

Zia's body abruptly detached itself from Carter. The confused boy lay there, dick throbbing needily. "What are you doing?" he whined as Zia rolled over and lay her glorious body beside

Carter's. "Nothing," she replied. Carter took it as a sign that Zia wanted him to fuck her, which was quite erroneous. He found her powerful legs soundly shut.

"Come on, open them," he whined, anxious and horny hand slapping on her toned thighs. Zia placed a finger on her lip and tilted her head to one side thoughtfully. "Hm, no."

"Why not?" Carter complained. Zia gave him a mysterious smile. "Just taking some advice I heard." But Carter wouldn't have any of it. He pushed himself onto her, horny and eager, but Zia was bigger and stronger. She twisted him onto his back and sat on him, her powerful legs trapping both his arms in the crooks of her knees. Carter moaned petulantly and kicked his legs, but Zia ignored her. She lovingly fished the image of her being groped by the Alphas from her deep cleavage - and after looking at it for a longing moment - carefully placed it in her drawer. Then she picked up her phone. She had quite a few messages.

All from the Alphas. Brad had given them their numbers, and one by one they'd contacted her on WhatsApp. Her phone was filled with new messages from a dozen hunks, each profile picture showing off a masterpiece of sculpted superior genetics in such a lewd pose that it would make editor-in-chief of Cosmopolitan wet her panties. She licked her lips as she scrolled through row after row of mouth-watering hunks, each profile picture displaying not only their ripped masculine bodies but the enormous bulges in their underwear. The Cavill-esque giant looked every bit a sophisticated daddy-esque hunk in a flawlessly tailored suit. The blond model who kissed her so well looked like the cover of a raunchy cover of Runway with a flimsy pair of trunks, which he was tantalizingly pulling one side down until the base of his cock could be seen. The lewdest was the dark haired man with his pants down and whose cock was buried so deep in an Asian brunette he throat was bulging. The shape of his cock could be seen in the outline of her distended neck, but no part of his private parts showed. And all of them wanted to talk to her.

"Say Carter, have you ever seen a bull fuck a female?" Zia in a tone as cool as the desert at night as she happily added man after man to her contact list.

"What? No!" Carter moaned.

"Hmmm, you might soon," she said with a mysterious smile on her face.

"Could you please let me go?" Carter whined. "Please, my cock is really hard and I want to cum!"

"That's not particularly important," Zia said. The last man added, she now had a dozen studs on her phone, each so sexually threatening he trigger a wave of envious inferiority in any boyfriend by smiling at his girl. "And I suspect you'll have plenty of things to jerk off to soon..."

Zia never did tell them the rest of the story about the bull. One moonlit night, an eight year old Zia decided to let her favorite male cattle into the female pen. This particular male had been bought along with his partner, a healthy bright-eyed cow with tremendously productive udders. She brought the cow in front of the male cattle, and proceeded to do the usual routine to stimulate the male to breed, which involved a lot of rubbing the male's erogenous zones with various shaped rubber tools. She was surprised when instead of assuming the usual

breeding position a cow takes - turning to expose her vagina to the male and bowing slightly so it can be mounted - it just stood there. In fact, when the male tried to mount her, the cow shook him off and walked away. Out of curiosity, she led the same female to the bull's stall. Immediately, she assumed her breeding position, and the bull put in a spectacular display of fucking it. After a loud and vigorously motive period, resulted in a very messy stall and a very satisfied cow.

She noticed two very curious things afterwards. The first was a splat of cum below where the male cattle's penis was pointing - evidently it had came while watching it's partner being rutted. The second, regardless of how much stimulation it received, the male cattle never got hard again - except for when it was watching the bull breed.

Zia Is Pissed

Chapter Summary

Zia gets annoyed when Carter tries to get between her and Brad.

THIRD PERSON POV

RIIIINNNGGG

It was Enchilada Tuesday. The ear splitting cry of the lunch bell shrilled through the air, signalling the start of this much beloved day of the week. One by one, students streamed from their classrooms and into the hallway, making a beeline for the canteen. Zia's head rose from this sea of teens shoving and jostling to get their tasty fried corn snack before it ran out. They split and streamed around the gracefully pacing girl, rushing past her towards the canteen. An onlooker might notice that other than the regal nobility of her tall and elegant frame, the pushing kids gave a respectful distance to the slowly walking girl, never touching her pristine brown skin even in their hurry. Quite a few students had learned, very painfully, that Zia did not take kindly to people "accidentally" brushing against her body. The only faster way to get your arm broken off was to stick it in a meat grinder.

"I never understood why there's such a rush for them," Zia remarked. "They're a dollar each frozen at the supermarket. They could just bring their own."

"Come on," Carter whined, tugging anxiously at Zia's sleeve. "They're going to run out!"

"Why don't you go on ahead," Zia said with a sigh. "I don't want them that much anyway."

"Meet you at the same table as always!" Carter yelled, leaping into the jostling sea of students. And just like that, Zia was alone in her little pool of space where students avoided. For all of three paces. Almost as soon as Carter was gone, a much taller, hunkier and altogether attractive man sidled up to Zia.

"Sup, Zia," Brad said.

"Hello, Brad," Zia replied with a smile. In fact, the only thing she did when Brad's hand "accidentally" landed itself on her jigging, jeans clad rump was smile. "Had fun with Cheri last night?"

"Yep, she's as tight as ever. It was fucking sweet, little slut is so keen on being popular she let us do all kinds of fucked up shit to her," Brad said happily. "But how the fuck did you know? You spying on us?"

"Didn't have to, Henry sent me the video," Zia said, tapping the rectangular bulge of her phone on her sheer jeans that clung tightly onto her sleek, toned thighs. She gave him a wink. "Cheri wasn't the only girl that had fun from that little fuck sessions. And speak of the devil..." Just as she mentioned her, the giant man walked up to her side. "Hello. Henry."

"Zia, enjoy yourself last night?" he said. Zia laughed. "You know I did! Was hard towards the end to type. My fingers were too slippery!"

"Now that's not fair, I barely got to see you finger that pretty pink pussy of yours," Henry said with a pout on his rugged face. Zia grin and "accidentally" brushed against the huge bulge in his pants. "Maybe I'll make it up to you tonight. Oh, no more dirty talk, I'm eating with Carter," she said anxiously as she stepped into the busy canteen, a tall supermodel flanked by two muscular, bulging hunks. "C'mon, we'll sit at our table," Brad said. "You don't have to sit with those fucking losers anymore." She saw Carter at the end of a massive queue, so long that it doubled and folded on itself like a river.

She gave him a little wave with his hand as she strode over. Carter's face lit up at first, the same as any man who saw Zia smile at him. But his big brown eyes widened in fear and confusion when she saw she was accompanied by Henry and Brad. As they got close, his slender legs involuntarily quivered and his eyes welled up, a response conditioned from countless times the two had slapped, punched, teased and otherwise bullied the small boy.

"Hey Carter, Brad invited us to sit at the popular kids' table, isn't that nice of him?" Zia said sweetly.

"But he's a total jerk, Zia!" Carter whined. "I told you about what he did to me! We can't sit with him!"

"Oh, I'm sure they didn't mean it," Zia said, waving her hand dismissively. Carter balked at the statement - she knew all the embarrassing and naughty things they did to him. How could she just dismiss it as "they didn't mean it". "Once you get to know them, they're actually really great guys. I'll see you there."

"Yeah, gotta know us well. See what's really underneath," Henry said with a grin. He put his hand on Zia's shoulder in a way that made Carter really uncomfortable. "C'mon, I'll get you some enchiladas." As Zia left him stuck in the queue with his two bullies, he could overhear them talking.

"Hmm, I don't like them that much, it's not necessary," Zia said.

"Nah, no trouble at all. If you don't like em, I'll throw them in the trash and get you something else," Henry said. He walked up to the counter and shoved a kid aside. "Enchiladas. Now," he ordered. The lunch lady knew who he was, and didn't even reprimand him as she handed over a plate piled high with them. A groan arose from the queue as half the supply was heaped onto the plate. He didn't even bother to pay as he strode away.

"Aw, that's sweet of you," Zia said, placing her hand on her massive chest in appreciative gratitude. "I'll make it up to you..."

Carter got to the popular kids' table some twenty minutes later, his plate containing only some nasty scraps of mysterious vegetables since the enchiladas had been long gone. But he would have gladly given up all the enchiladas in the school to not see what was at the table. Zia was sitting between Henry and Brad - more accurately she was wedged between the two massive men. The slender, busty girl was pressed up on either side by them, their bare bulging biceps rubbing against her slim arms in a way that made Carter very uncomfortable. And even more disconcerting was how she was giggling at something they said, like they were best friends. When they saw him approach, two other massive kids made a little space across from her, instead of moving to let him sit beside Zia. Carter uncomfortably put his small butt in between the large bullies, much in the same position as his girlfriend.

"Having fun?" Carter awkwardly said to his laughing girlfriend. "Brad was just telling me about the time he made you wear panties!" Zia said, her beautiful face, usually calm and aloof, was split into a maniacal laughing grin. "I can't believe you actually did it!" Carter shifted self-consciously on his chair, burning with embarrassment that after all this time Zia found out. "Well, he threatened to beat me up really bad if I didn't..."

Upon hearing this, Zia collapsed into a fit of laughter. "By the gods, you're such a dick! That's why Carter wouldn't undress in front of me that day!" Carter's eyes widened as he saw the svelte form of his girlfriend, in her uncontrollable laughter, slowly tip over and and fall onto Brad's bulging biceps, her delicate, high cheekbones resting on his muscular, bowling ball like shoulder. Even worse, he noticed the curves of her soft breast fat pushed up against his hard muscle, vibrating softly as she laughed out loud. "Hey, those panties totally suited your boyfriend," Brad said. "Not my fault!" "Yeah, I'd hit that," the huge guy sitting beside Carter said.

Zia burst into a roaring laughter. Carter's soft cheeks burned a ruddy red. And the bullies grinned in the arrogant, smug way that said to Carter - "That's right, we're joking with your girlfriend about beating you up and making you wear panties. And she's laughing with us. What are you going to do about it?" Carter's answer was to hang his head and stare demurely at his lap. "Gods, I haven't laughed that hard in awhile," Zia choked out as her fits slowly subsided. "Aw, look at him... he's so sad! Come on, don't look like that... Here, have this enchilada, Brad doesn't want it."

She picked up a half-eaten enchilada from Brad's plate and threw it on Carter's. The doughy wrap had huge bites taken out of it, and the edges of the tube were ragged from tearing and flecked with spit. Carter stared without much appetite at the half-eaten enchilada. Zia was less than happy about his response.

"Well come on Carter, eat it, don't be rude," Zia said crossly, folding her arms on her soft, dreamlike chest. Carter mumbled an apology and picked up the half-eaten tube of food, gingerly taking a small bite from the saliva. "And what about thanking Brad?" she said.

"Thanks, Brad," Carter mumbled with a mouthful of enchilada, his eyes downcast. "Tsk tsk, you know that's rude of you..." Zia said with a nasty smirk. "Didn't mommy ever teach you that little boys should say thank you?"

The popular kids snickered. Carter was dumbstruck. "Now that I think about it, you never do thank me for sleeping with you," Zia said, shaking her pretty head. "But we sleep together

because we really like each other," Carter stuttered.

Carter gasped, his soft brown eyes flying open, as he felt a hard dull pressure grow on his crotch. Underneath the table, Zia stretched a slender, athletic leg across and pushed the tip of her sneakered foot with unerring accuracy into the small soft bulge in Carter's pants. "And sometimes you just throw yourself onto me, not very polite for a little boy," she said, ignoring Carter's whimpers. "Maybe I should stop sleeping with you until you learn how to behave..."

Unbeknownst to Carter, all the while they had been chatting, the guys on either side had been stroking her soft, toned thighs without her permission. Despite all her lectures about asking and saying thank you, she only smiled as they felt up her body. So as Carter mewled softly in pain, Brad and Henry enjoyed the feeling of her soft, yielding flesh under their fingers. "I'm sorry!" Carter moaned. "Please stop!"

"Now that's better," Zia said, and removed her foot. "Let's go Zia, I'm done," Carter said, his discomfort with the whole situation reaching a breaking point. "We barely got here! Come on, let's hang out with them some more," Zia replied. "We should go," Carter insisted.

"We're not in a rush to go anywhere," Zia said coolly. "Please, I really want to go," Carter whined. He grabbed Zia's hand in his own and tugged on it. She rolled her eyes. "Fine. I was having such a great time here..."

"Sorry boys, gotta go," she said apologetically, pushing her voluptuous body off the bench. "Nah, it's fine, we understand," Brad said.

"Sweet of you to understand, I promise I'll make it up to you guys later," Zia said in apologetic gratitude. "Thanks for the lunch and the company!"

"Hell, anything for you, Zee," Henry said. "By the way, we have a spare plasma TV... We sent it over to your address. No need to thank us."

Zia grinned. "I'll thank you another way. Alright, let's go Carter."

BACK AT BROOKLYN HOUSE IN CARTER'S AND ZIA'S BEDROOM

"They're such fun guys, Carter, why you'd have to leave?" Zia groaned as she collapsed onto the soft down bed. She turned her head to one side and saw the plasma TV already installed. Unsurprisingly they'd gotten in somehow - she expected powerful studs like them to have some way to get in and out of people's houses easily to facilitate their fucking. It was one of those new smart TVs, which other than being able to play videos from her smartphone, came with a tiny but extremely powerful circular camera embedded at the top of its frame.

"They were being such assholes and making fun of me in front of you," Carter said glumly.

"Just a little bit of fun teasing," Zia said. "No need to get upset!"

"Well, a little sex might cheer me up," Carter said with a hopeful grin.

"Hmm, I was serious about what I said. I think we're going to fuck on my terms from now on," Zia said thoughtfully as she sat up on the bed. Carter however ignored her and peeled off

his boy shorts. "I'm still rather annoyed at you for making us leave so early," Zia said.

The cute, pantless, curly haired boy sat beside Zia on the bed. The truth be told, Zia was actually as horny as the pubescent boy sitting eagerly beside her. She'd been rubbing against Brad and Henry all the while during lunch, feeling their thick throbbing muscles against her slender arms as they teased her girly little boyfriend. And being the arrogant, aggressive studs they were, they dared to caress her underneath the table when Carter was inches away. It was an absolutely unacceptable and wrong thing to do - which is why it had turned her on so much. She'd not only been willing, but hoping, their strong, wonderfully skilled hands would slowly creep up her legs and down her jeans, and that they would give her something much more satisfying than enchiladas. But Carter had stopped this by going back home. At first, she was OK with this, thinking she would have a fantastically wet and orgasmic time in the toilet showing her "appreciation" to her favorite captain. But Carter wanted to fuck her. So now, Zia was both horny and annoyed. Very horny and very annoyed.

"Not now, Carter," Zia said sternly, flicking the horny kid on his forehead. She lifted her sleek, athletic body off the bed and walked forwards. She was pissed and wanted to get back at her rude, uncontrollably horny boyfriend. A third of the way to the bathroom, she stopped and unbuttoned her jeans. The front flew open under the stresses of encasing her wide fecund hips, and the jeans sagged down her waist, showing off the tip of her deep like inbetween her juicy ass. She hooked a thumb on either side of the jeans and slowly, teasingly, slid the jeans over the swell of her buttocks and down her long, shapely legs. Carter's boner throbbed as his girlfriend's ass lay so tantalizing close to him, yet so far. The genetically perfect, sculpted bubbles of meat jiggled slightly in a lacy pink thong as she wiggled her jeans free.

"I'm sorry, please, let me fuck you," Carter begged. But all he got was a cold silence.

Zia took a few more paces forward, swinging her hips to taunt Carter. Then she peeled her shirt over her head, letting her soft, melon sized globes spring free, huge and impossibly firm under gravity. From behind, all he could see was the large circumference of the side boob protruding from her flawless hourglass figure, tied up with a matching lacy pink bra.

Zia took a few more steps forward and went into the bathroom. Pausing only to give Carter a cold stare, she closed the door behind her. Carter looked on, equally helpless and horny, as all chances of an amazing orgasm locked itself in the bathroom with a dismissive click. The last thing he saw was the icily beautiful, half turned oval face of Zia staring at him with lofty annoyance.

Zia giggled inside the bathroom. 'That was really mean of me,' she thought guilty. She bit her lip lewdly as she pulled out her smartphone, smuggled inside the bathroom in the deep cleavage of the breasts. 'Although, I'm not going to feel very bad about it,' she thought evilly, the scenes of her approaching orgasmic masturbation session already forming in her mind.

She sat on the toilet and spread her legs wide, running an anticipatory finger across her delicate lace clad hump. The diaphanous fabric was already starting to get damp. And she knew exactly how to get it absolutely soaking wet. Tracing her finger down the shallow valley of fabric between her puffy lips with one hand, she used the other to open her phone's chat. The chat room was one exclusively for her and the Alpha Beta Beta members.

Zia: Hey, sorry about Carter. He was such an asshole. Brad: Fuck that faggot. Someone ought to beat the shit out of him. Zia: Anything I can do to make it up to you guys? Henry: Anything? Zia: Anything.

Zia eagerly stroked her clit through her panties, caressing the swollen bump on the soft fabric with her fingertips as she imagined what horribly arousing things they'd make her do.

Jack: Suck on your own tits, slut.

Zia dutifully obliged. She lifted on enormous, teardrop shaped breast and pulled the tip to her mouth, where she ran her hot tongue over sensitive dark brown nipple with her mouth and sucked hard. She sent them a picture of it.

Jack: Haha, fucking sweet. It's like a free cam girl show. Brad: I got an even better idea, but you won't do it. Zia: What is it? Brad: Nah, it's too fucked up. Zia: Please captain, I really want to make it up to you guys! Henry: I believe her. What she did to her bf, totally cold, leaving him on the bed like that. Zia: Wait, how did you guys know about that? Brad: You know that TV we gave you? There's a camera in it that streams right to the frat house.

Zia gasped in shock. They've been watching her the whole time? Not just that, but now they could watch her in perfect, HD surveillance whatever she did. As she takes off her clothes, as she plays with herself on the bed, as she made love to Carter, even as she sleeps... She shuddered excitedly at the thought, and her fingers eagerly played with her dripping wet pussy.

Zia: You audacious boys... That's so wrong! Brad: Is it? Henry: We can do whatever we like, slut. Jack: Not wrong enough for you to stop doing what we say, isn't that right? Spank yourself.

Zia slowly rose from the toilet and stood, backside facing the mirror. In it her toned thighs curved upwards into the awesome swell of her perfectly round and full buttocks, which perched on an hourglass figure that elegantly swooped upwards to a long graceful neck, and her head was turned sideways so her classically beautiful face could be seen in a half profile. She ran her hand up the side of her hips, raised it and slammed down with all her might. The flat of her hand struck the smooth caramel globe of her left cheek, causing the flesh to ripple seductively and her mouth to morph into small 'O'. At that exact moment she snapped a picture, and sent it to the group chat.

Brad: Nice. Jack: Knew it. Henry: Good girl.

Zia: So what's this thing you guys want me to do? Brad: Just give Carter what he deserves. Fuck that little faggot over. Zia: What do you mean? Brad: Dominate his sweet little ass as you play with yourself. Zia: But I don't know how. Brad: Don't worry, we'll guide you. Inside the bathroom drawer on the left, there's an earpiece. Put it on.

Zia obeyed. Inside the drawer, there was a flesh colored earpiece, designed to covertly hide in someone's ear. Looks like they did a lot more than install a TV when they were here. She put it on, and Brad's deep, commanding voice rang crystal clear into it.

"The TV has a microphone, so just speak aloud and we'll hear," he said.

"Carter won't be hurt too bad, will he?" Zia said anxiously. "Shut up and get your fat ass out," Brad said. Zia's nipples hardened as she obeyed. As much as the otherwise headstrong and proud girl hated it, she loved being bossed around by a sexy, dominant male, and her body responded to Brad's orders before her mind could disagree.

She left the locked bathroom like he said. When he saw his hot girlfriend coming out, Carter looked up hopefully at her. Zia felt a sense of smirking nastiness that he was going to be in for a world of hurt. Her body thrilled with the naughty concept. When Brad demeaned, tricked and dominated her for his amusement, she let him because he was an alpha male and it was so hot. Now, she was going to let him do it to her boyfriend. Her own depravity excited her.

"First, why not snap a pic of that faggot's tiny dick and spread it around?" Brad suggested. Zia nodded evilly. Carter's eyes briefly lit up with hope as she saw his girlfriend smirk, but it quickly turned into wide eyed confusion as she pushed him onto the bed, spread his pantless legs and snapped a picture of his thin penis and smooth, hairless, almost prepubescent testicles.

"Did you know that your dick is way below average?" Zia casually remarked as she sent the image to LÍadan and Annabeth. "Just telling a few of my female friends how small it is."

In her earpiece, she heard Brad chuckle even as Carter's face turned red. "Sorry," Carter apologetically blurted out, hoping not to anger her. But this was a very big mistake, because showing weakness to the horny and angry girl just pissed her off more.

"Now step on his tiny dick and him exactly what you think of it," Brad said. Zia dutifully complied.

Carter yelped as Zia's foot jabbed sharply onto his soft genitals. "Sorry doesn't make up for having a French fry dick. You know, it doesn't feel like much under my foot. Rather like a tiny, squirming bug. Maybe I should crush it as such," Zia said nastily. Even as she did, the rush of dominating the cute, sniveling body causes her pussy to burn and moisten like mad.

Carter, seeing the tall, statuesque and perfectly flawless form of his girlfriend stepping on him, cowered and merely mumbled apologies. "Don't you have something to say?" Zia demanded.

"I'm sorry!" Carter moaned.

"For?" Zia yelled.

"For having a small dick!" Carter moaned.

"And?" Zia yelled.

"Stopping you when you wanted to hang out with Brad!" Carter moaned. Zia felt a rush of power as she flawlessly dominated her boyfriend.

"Now why don't you spank him for interrupting us in the canteen?" Brad said.

"Now bend over in front of the TV," Zia said. Carter felt the pressure on his crotch disappear and wanted to leave, but he saw the furious look in Zia's blazing amber eyes and submissively bent his boyish butt facing the TV.

Zia squatted down next to him and lifted her hand. "I said I'm sorry!" Carter moaned. "Not enough. You have to pay for today!" Zia barked. She smashed her palm against his soft, defenceless butt.

Carter moaned, not out of pain but embarrassment. She smashed her hand into his tiny butt again and again, causing the boy's eyes to well with tears. When she was done, his butt was stinging, with red palm prints when she struck him. And his spirit was thoroughly broken and submissive.

"Don't do it again," Zia warned. Carter nodded apologetically. "You can hang out with Brad as much as you want... I won't stop you or say anything."

Brad roared with laughter in Zia's earpiece, and Zia giggled along. "Now for the fun part. Your phone is synced to the TV. I want you to make that sissy eat you out as you watch videos of us fucking chicks."

Zia's heart pounced. "Oh, fuck yes." "Huh?" Carter asked, puzzled. Zia slapped him and barked. "Shut up and eat me out."

She lay on the bed, back propped up by pillows and spread her long luscious caramel thighs. Carter, still bent over, crawled over and obediently lapped at Zia's puffy pussy. It was already incredibly wet, but he was too scared to say anything. As his tiny tongue buried itself into the overflowing well that was Zia's pink pussy, she flicked on one of her favorite videos of some hussy sucking Brad's massive cock.

Thick, slurping sounds echoed so loudly in the room that Carter was deafened. But Zia didn't care and asked him to continue. Her own fingers started massaging her aching breasts, fantasizing about Brad's massive cock right in front of her boyfriend. She thought how about delicious and suckable it looked, so juicy and thick and full of cum. She licked her lips as the video zoomed in on his big, pulsing nuts, which from experience she knew contained a whole beer mug full of cum. When he climaxed, so did she, and as the poor girl (or lucky) had a litre of cum poured all over her face, so did Carter drown in a wet, screaming orgasm from his girlfriend.

But that wasn't enough. Without saying anything, Zia crawled in front of the TV and bent over, raising her big ass up high for the TV. She threw her boyfriend under her svelte body, his face under her pendulously swaying tits, and he dutifully started sucking. The HD camera streamed a perfect crystal clear view to the Alpha Beta Beta house of Zia. She warmed herself up with a few spanks with sent her ass fat jiggling like custard cream - and it was just as sweet. Then, stopping only to lube up her hands in the copious and sticky honey well of her perfectly tight pussy, she thrust the middle and index fingers of both hands in her both holes.

She moaned in pleasure, absolutely turned on by what she was doing. It hurt a little, but just thinking of how she was debasing herself to pleasure the Alphas made her sleek, busty form

shiver with delight and pleasure. She slammed her long slender fingers in and out of her holes, turning her brain into hot mush as they dug deeply and powerfully into her soft flesh. She still remembered and fantasized about Brad's thick, stony fingers gripping her weeping cunt. Under the liquid hot pleasure she felt, her muscles slackened and she fell face first into the bed.

Just inches away, Carter moaned as he saw his girlfriend's face split into a lewd, moaning, tongue lolling mess. He didn't know what was going on, but was painfully aroused. Loud, wet sounds emanated from the TV and combined with his voluptuous girlfriend's moans to assault his ears. The pillowly, massive expanse of Zia's chest was buried in his face. And down on his cock, the fluids overflowing from Zia's holes dripped onto his tiny erect cock like molten magna, drenching it in an unbearably hot and arousing bath of fluids contributed by his own copious precum leaking from his cock.

In just minutes, Zia's back arched and she came in her own hands. After a moment's rest, she spread herself on the bed again and thrust Carter's face back in between her legs. The next video came on, the first one he sent her of him jerking off. She moaned Brad's name deeply. It was possible over the loud squelching of Brad's pumping fist that Carter didn't hear, but she didn't care. She viciously gripped and twisted her breasts with deep and lewd passion, knowing every second was being watched by her favorite captain.

But her pathetic boyfriend wasn't enough. She knocked him to one side and stuffed three fingers down on tight pussy, playing with her clit as she did. Carter, standing awestruck to one side at the frenzy Zia was in, began jerking off, powerless to do anything but touch himself as Zia pleased herself to another man's cock.

"He's jerking off - stop him," Brad said into the earpiece. His voice was the only thing that could stop her frenzy. She obeyed instantly, barking at the poor boy and warning him not to touch his dick again without her permission.

She turned and saw Carter twitching nervously. Zia looked at the camera and gestured towards his tiny dick.

"Tie his hands up so he can touch it," Brad chuckled. She grabbed some twine and pushed him onto the bed. Sitting on his back, she twisted the boys skinny arms behind his back and bound his wrists swiftly together with twine.

Then she went back to fingering herself on the bed. The helpless boy stood there, his small cock throbbing and rock hard, as his girlfriend descended into a screaming orgasm in front of him.

"Fuck, that's so hot," Zia moaned, her hands pneumatically pumping into her pussy as she gazed at the screen. The video changed. Now it was Brad, with three women, one Chinese, one French and one Mexican, bent over doggy style on a bed in front of him. Their firm, supple butts were of different shades but all equally juicy and succulent. Then Brad quickly destroyed all three international pussies with his American cock, sending the foreign girls into ecstasy. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the screen and realized the deep, guttural grunts sounded very familiar to him.

"Brad?" Carter cried out. "That's Brad you're masturbating to?"

"Yes," Zia nonchalantly replied, gazing lustfully at the porn graphic display showing Brad destroy three women at once.

"But... But... He's he's my bully! It's like you're cheating on me! This is wrong!" Carter cried.

"Sheesh," Zia said, rolling her eyes. "It's just masturbating. Is it cheating when you jerk off to porn?"

Carter meekly kept quiet as continued, his cock throbbing to every squelching thrust of her long fingers into her wet innards. "Haha, you sure shut him up," Brad chuckled into her ear. "But enough foreplay. Let's get to the main event. We prepared something special, but it's going to cost you."

Zia licked her lips. "Anything."

"There's a box under your bed. It has one of our first printed dildos, shaped like my cock. It opens when a credit card is read. It automatically deducts half a grand," Brad said smugly. "Still want to pay it?"

"It never crossed my mind not to," Zia replied, reaching under the bed and pulling out the sealed metal box with a card reader on top, incidentally giving Carter a great view of her spread apart ass.

"Ah, but here's the catch. We may have took your card while we were in your house," Brad said, and Zia could imagine the evil smile on his rugged face. "But how am I supposed to open it?" Zia asked, puzzled.

"We left Carter's in the room," Brad said. Zia gasped, her body shivering in arousal. 'Oh, he's bad', Zia thought. 'Not hoot at me across the street bad, but makes me make my boyfriend pay him 500 dollars so he can film me fucking myself on a dildo shaped like his cock bad.'

"So, you want to make him give us half a grand so you can cum?" Brad teased. Zia thought for a second.

"Carter, your credit card," Zia ordered happily. Carter gestured to a drawer, which Zia swiftly withdrew the plastic rectangle from.

Zia ran the card down the reader and picked the gift out of the box. "It's beautiful," she gasped, her amber eyes wide in appreciation. It was a perfect silicone replica of her favorite cock in the world, nine inches thick, fatter than an Italian sausage and ribbed with thick veins.

"What's that?" Carter asked curiously. Zia's voice suddenly turned sweet. "Oh, it's just a little gift all the cheerleaders get," she lied. "Come open here and open your mouth, would you?"

Carter crawled on his knees over onto the bed and parted the pink lips on his small mouth. Zia hooked an index finger onto his jaw, prying it open. Then she shoved the dildo in.

"MMMPPPPFFFFHHHHH!" Carter screamed as the thick cylindrical object vanished down his slender throat. He choked, thrashed and coughed, but Zia grabbed a handful of his curly hair and held him there.

"There there," she said soothingly as she stroked his head. Tears welled in his eyes, but at his girlfriend's apparent soothing Carter suppressed his gag reflex and slowly calmed down, his throat shuddering slightly around the foreign object.

"It's what all cheerleaders get," she said. "A replica of the football captain's dick!"

Carter's eyes flew open wide as it dawned on him it was his hated bully Brad's cock in his mouth. He thrashed with his hands bound behind him, but Zia smirked and held it fast, the superior body of Zia easily overpowering Carter. Brad laughed in Zia's ear as he watched, the poor boy helpless to do anything but drool over the thick dildo shoved into his mouth.

"Come on, let that faggot breathe," Brad finally ordered after a minute. Zia let go and Carter puked the dildo out, his throat sore and a tear running down his smooth, cherubic cheek. But Zia was too busy appreciating dildo to care.

"Thanks for the lube," she said coolly. Then she spread her legs, and did what she had fantasied for endless nights about. She pushed Brad's cock into her.

"Fuuuccckkkkk," Zia moaned loudly, unable to control herself. The thick pink head wedged itself into her tight pussy lips, the cock so girthy her almost virginal pussy couldn't take it. She wiggled and moaned, grinding the cock in circle motions against her pussy lips and clit as she tried to take in more and more of it. But even just the head felt incredible.

"It's... It's so big," the cute boy said on his knees, eyes gazing in envy and wonder at the immense bitch breaker. From the level of detail on it, and the numerous unfortunate crotch shovings Brad gave him, he knew it was authentic. He looked down at the slightly curved, French fry like dick in his crotch and felt a surge of embarrassment.

"Shit, shit, this is fucking amazing!" Zia cried as she pushed it a fraction deeper and felt her body explore with pleasure. Her once tight pussy lips were not spread to accommodate the plum sized head, stretching the sensitive ring of muscle and causing the girl's long chocolate legs to slide and slither on the bed.

Carter knelt there, burning with embarrassment and thoroughly emasculated that a plastic replica of another man's dick was more satisfying than his own flesh and blood one. He'd never seen Zia make faces like that with him!

"Fuck!" Zia cried out in pleasure again. "Now I know why Cheri was making all those faces!"

But her well trained body was proving a challenge. Her vaginal muscles, tight and strong, resisted her hand trying to push it in. Zia sat up and pressed the massive dildo onto the headboard, where it was suckered there by suction cups at its base. Then bending over in front of it like a priest offering up her twin bubbles of juicy, succulent ass meat to an erect god.

She slid her shins into slits in the headboard and hooked her feet in then. Slowly wiggling backwards, she pressed against the tip of the bulbous dildo. Then, she slammed her hips backwards.

Her massive, powerful thighs contracting like pistons, she pushed her butt onto the dildo, pressing the tight ring of her pussy against the erect piece of silicone. She cried out in ecstasy as the hard cock head ground her clit and pussy lips flat, pressing against her with a force of an anvil. Immovable object met unstoppable force as her spectacularly small and narrow vaginal muscles stretched and strained under the force of her athletic, muscular thighs, concentrated to the tip of the cock's fluted head. Thick sniews of muscle in her thighs squeezed and contracted mightily and the headboard creaked as millimeter by millimeter, the bronzed cheerleader eagerly pushed the massive object deeper into her. Finally, with a last squeeze, the head cleared her impossibly tight entrance and flew inside the relatively spacious but still tight tubing of her vagina.

"FUCK!" Zia moaned as suddenly she felt her hot, wet insides fill with ten inch of stud shaped cock. As the tip struck her cervix, she screamed and orgasmed, staining her pillows and causing her legs to go limp. But she was fit and she quickly recovered, and her mighty legs pumped like hydraulic pistons to slap her thick voluptus body onto the dildo attached to the wall.

Carter watched in awe as his jiggling, busty girlfriend pushed herself onto the dildo with ten times the passion she did when with him. His cock ached more than ever, but his hands were securely bound. By accident, a finger accidentally brushed against his tight sphincter, and it felt really good. With no option to relieve himself but this, Carter began pushing on his asshole like a button.

Zia didn't notice, her eyes half lidded and fixed on the bed as she slammed her butt over and over onto the headboard. Ass cheeks clapping on the massive fat replica cock, she felt her whole universe explode every time she buried the lengthy object up her sweaty, jiggling body. Her finger gripped the sheets and she cried out over and over, pussy dripping all over the sheets and she fucked herself silly in front of her boyfriend on a replica of his bully's cock.

Slowly, inexorably, the immense strength from her hips slamming send spiderweb cracks on the board, which in her lust fueled cock riding Zia didn't notice. At the apex of a final, body shakingly orgasmic thrust, she buried the entire massive voluminous girth of the cock into her wide hips and the headboard exploded into a million pieces.

Zia collapsed back onto the bed, her enormously jiggling chest heaving, exhausted and satisfied.

"Is.. Is there anything else I should do?" Carter meekly said. One of Zia's eyes flicked open. "Clean my body up."

"But.. My hands are tied," Carter said. Zia shot him an icy look. "Use your tongue."

Carter's eyes widened in surprise. He obeyed, cleaning his girlfriend's limber, athletic body with his tiny pink tongue. Starting from her feet, he licked them clean, and slowly worked his

way up, licking the sticky crevasses and sweaty skin clean. In his aroused fear he didn't miss a spot - not the slightly finger-gaped asshole deep in her ass crack or her perspiring armpits. Zia slowly dozed off to sleep, enjoying the smooth feeling of Carter's tongue worshipfully cleaning up her body. She quite liked this position. As an after thought, she spread her legs wide for the camera, so that even sleeping the Alphas could enjoy her body.

She hoped they had as much fun as she had.

Locker Room Gangbang

Chapter Summary

Brad wins a game, Zia and Drew help him celebrate.

ZIA'S POV

THE ground spun wildly above my head, a shifting, infinitely stretching horizon of green. The dizzying spin went faster, and faster, and faster. Then my feet caught in the outstretched palms of the cheerleaders below me, and the crowd burst into a cheer. I stood triumphantly atop the human pyramid which I had just somersaulted onto, a huge grin on my face, as ten thousand spectators riotously applauded. Even the acrobats of the Cirque Du Soleil couldn't pull off what I had just done with my enormously heavy breasts and full, round buttocks. But then again, they didn't have my sleek, powerful thighs.

It was a final championship game of the Goode Bulls versus the Robinson Rabbits. The spectators were very riled up. The cheerleaders before me did a good job with the cheer, but everyone knew that the stands' occupancy rate was proportional to the hotness of the cheerleaders. And tonight, it was overflowing so much that people sat on the grass around it. My jiggling, sloshing tits and wide, firm bubble butt attracted every red blooded male in a ten kilometer radius. But I also had to give some credit to Drew. As much as I hated the brat, the voluptuous, stunning Asian was quite a sight to behold, stuffed into a skimpy cheerleader's outfit and pirouetting around. Together we had drawn the largest crowd in the school's history. The two goddesses of the cheerleading club.

Our relationship had changed quite drastically. It may have something to do with Brad. As we put together tonight's performance, we put aside our differences and our rocky start to form a working relationship. We went over the dance routines, critically analyzing each part to see how it could be swifter, more graceful and more exciting. We meticulously pored over every detail of our outfits, seeing how we could make them sexier and skimpier without being arrested. We practiced every step of our dance until we could do them blindfolded. Out of nowhere, a peculiar understanding had formed.

One night, Drew was each giving us a body inspection (I half expected the demanding captain to do this from the start). Each of us stood stark naked in a row, arranged from shortest to tallest. She started at Cheri, the shortest, and worked her way up, inspecting the naked bodies of every girl. She would twirl them around, noting imperfections and telling them how to rectify it. For example, she would tell a girl to do more heavy squats to get a fuller, rounder ass. She would tell another to diet and do crunches to improve her abs. As she picked out the flaws in each one of the already pretty and sexy cheerleaders, she herself stood nude in front of them with only a clipboard and a pen, a statuesque alabaster goddess with big watermelon sized breasts and smooth perfectly shaped butt cheeks. This flawlessly beautiful captain walked down the line, prodding and poking the cheerleaders' body as she critiqued them, until she came to the final and tallest girl - me. She looked at me over, made a note on a clipboard and had nothing to say.

Briefly, she looked me evenly in the eye - one of the few girls tall enough to do that. It was an open secret that the cheerleading squad was a dedicated harem for the football team. Maybe she had heard of what I did, or maybe she just understood any girl who got within ten feet of Brad was going to get fucked. But she knew that I had done - and would do - a lot to satisfy the football team, and so would she. We both realized we had fallen for the handsome rugged faces and big swinging genitals of the alphas in this town and were dedicated to pleasing them however we could. And the first way we did that was by becoming the fittest, swiftest and most skilled cheerleaders in the state. After all, what's hotter than a cheerleader? The best cheerleaders.

Both of us drove each other hard in practice and in the gym, sculpting our already genetically flawless bodies into curvaceous perfection. We quite literally pushed each other - it was very physical. In tight yoga pants and skin baring tank tops - we ran, squatted, danced and even wrestled our equally voluptuous bodies together. As the hot sweat dripped off from our toned, perspiring bodies and splashed onto the smooth young skin of the other, a certain affection had formed between us.

The mid game performance ended and I slid off the pyramid, making my way to the section of the bleachers where cheerleaders rested. Drew gave me a curt nod as I collapsed my exhausted body on a bench beside her. She handed me a bottle of ice cold mineral water. A good third of it I dumped onto my chest, moaning softly as it ran down my massive steaming tits and using my fingers to rub the cold liquid into the hot crevasse. The rest I greedily gulped down.

"Got anymore?" I asked, my body still dying for water.

"Nope," she said.

"Fuck," I replied.

"Your back flip there perfectly gave the crowd a glimpse of your tight panties," Drew said in a matter-of-fact voice. "It looked really good."

"You chose the panties," I replied with a smirk. It was a sheer, red-and-white striped pair that perfectly matched our uniforms.

"And the way you did a split and your ass poked out from beneath your short skirt," I said. "That'll be the highlight of the game on the boys' phone."

"I suspect it'll be when your very unscripted and very unnecessary forward roll that had you bending in front of everyone," Drew said. "With how deep you bent over, I could see the outline of your pussy lips."

I chuckled. "Did you see how wet they were?"

Drew chuckled back. "Yes. It looked like you pissed yourself."

"I know," I said with a sigh. "It's just that watching them out there, all sweaty and muscular, beating the fuck out of the other... Gets me so turned on!"

"I know," Drew said. She gave me a wink and parted her legs slightly, revealing a pair of damp panties between her legs exactly like the one between mine. "So do I."

We laughed, chuckling throatily at what alpha cock addicted sluts we were. "So how is our favorite team of hung studs doing?"

"They're absolutely destroying the other team. It's going to be a one sided victory," she replied. I looked at the field and saw it was true. Our guys were bigger, faster and more aggressive. They were running a train over the other team.

"Go Bulls," I said with a smile, raising my bottle in a mock toast.

"You sure you want to cheer this?" Drew said, an eyebrow raised. "You know what happens to the cheerleaders when they win."

"We throw a party?" I suggested.

"Something like that. But in the locker room," Drew cautiously said.

"Let me guess, we congratulate them on their victory?" I said. Drew tapped her nose.

"The cheerleaders do their best to make our winning team feel appreciated. In every way," Drew said.

"By thanking their big, strapping bodies with some service?" I said with a grin. "As a cheerleader I'll do my best to fulfill all my duties."

"You seem close to your boyfriend," Drew said.

"Well, he got me to sign up for this club in the first place," I said with a shrug. "Some irony there."

A loud whistle shrieked across the field. The spectators stood up collectively in a roaring wave. The Goode Bulls won.

"You can sit this one out if you want," Drew said, standing up and heading for the football team's locker room amid the uproarious cheers from the crowd and the triumphant grunts of the Goode bulls. "They get really riled up after they win. A dozen big, alpha males with testosterone rushing through their veins from a huge victory, even more arrogant, aggressive and horny than usual... It's... Quite a sight."

My heart skipped a beat. "Now why would I sit this one out?" I said, pushing my sweaty, svelte frame off the bench. Stopping only to motion my boyfriend in the stands to tell him I was staying back for some "team building activity" and telling him to jerk himself off, I followed Drew into the football team's locker room.

THE locker room was crowded with the cheerleaders in their skimpy red-and-white uniforms. All of them were fresh from the showers, their hair matted with moisture and smelling sweetly of soap. I found it oddly dedicated that they were wearing a fresh set of uniforms - it meant they brought along two pairs, just so they could entertain the winners in fresh clothes. And I found it rather arousing that they used the guys' shower.

Around the lockeroom, make shift tables had set up. It was stocked high with beers cooling in ice buckets, large fried sausages, pipes of bacon and bowls of fries. All guy food. Combined with the array of young, attractive and eager cheerleaders lounging around, it was clear this place was set up to make some boys very happy. I desperately wanted a beer to quench my thirst, but I didn't dare touch the football team's stuff.

"Boy, we stink," Drew said, stretching her arms over my head. "Come on let's shower."

I shifted uncomfortably. "I'll go to our lockers to shower and come back."

"What? They'll be back here any second," Drew complained. "Just do it here."

"But -" I was cut off by the loud sounds of cheers and exhortations drifting into the room. True to her prediction, it was the football team. The huge, powerfully built players jostled into the locker room in their dirty football gear with their helmets tucked under an arm. At the head of this crowd was Brad, grasping a large, double handled golden Championship cup in his hand. The room was immediately saturated with their thick musk - a heavy, manly scent of sweat and testosterone that filled the cheerleaders' delicate nostrils. Some shared female sense told me that every girl just collectively rubbed their thighs in anticipation.

"This is the guy's locker room," Brad said. I never got tired of looking at his face with its handsome, all American looks. It was no wonder he was so popular with the girls. The blonde captain set the cup on a table and cracked open a cold beer. The sight of it made my mouth water. That is, both the beer and Brad. "What are you girls doing here?"

"We just wanted to show our appreciation at you big, strong boys for winning this championship for our school," Drew crooned, walking up to her boyfriend and staring at him with big, innocent almond shaped brown eyes. Her hand seductively rubbed the bulge in his crotch. "It was quite the show, the way you just absolutely destroyed them and sent their cheerleaders crying..."

"Not the only thing we're going to destroy tonight," Brad said with a grin. Drew nodded happily.

"But first, let me and Zia shower," Drew said.

Her words made my brain numb. Shower? In front of everyone? I was barely wanting to do it in front of Brad, and he's the kind who always get what he wants... But in front of the other cheerleaders?

"I rather not," I quickly said.

"I rather you do," Brad said with a grin. "And I'm the captain."

"The football captain has absolute authority in afraid," Drew said. "Looks like we have to!"

She dragged me, protesting, to the communal showers adjacent. It had no stalls, just a row of shower heads and a small depression to keep the water from overflowing. I protectively hugged my chest.

"This can't be legal," I protested. "I think I'll just sit on one side and hand you the foo mmppppffhh?"

I gasped as Drew shoved me against a wall and violently planted her soft lips into mine. What... What the fuck? Oh damn, she's a good kisser. Wait, I'm kissing a girl!? Wow, she really knows her way around a girl's mouth. Not as good as Henry, but still... I wouldn't mind making out with her sometime... I guess it's not surprising that she's really experienced...

She took advantage of the flurry of thoughts in my mind to reach behind and unzip my uniform. Before I knew it, my shirt was gone and my skirt was in a thin, crumpled heap at my feet. She triumphantly detached herself from my face, leaving me wide eyed in shock and standing there in colorful, diaphanous red-and-white underwear.

With a smug grin, my captain slid out of her own uniform into a matching set of underwear as the football team hooted approval. I found myself admiring her startlingly voluptuous body, every bit as perfect and buxom as mine. The only difference was her softer Asian features and her pale skin that contrasted sharply with my coppery olive complexion.

"Isn't she amazing?" Drew crooned, running a hand over my abdominals. "She's practically a desert goddess! Egyptian boys must be sorely missing her."

I blushed and huddled my shoulders. I wasn't used to this kind of attention. Drew laughed. "Lighten up. We're the two hottest women in school and in the cheerleading club. Goddesses among nymphs. Enjoy the perks!"

She snapped her fingers. "Attend to your goddesses, girls."

Obidiently, a set of attractive girls detached themselves from the crowd stepped into the showering area, two for each of us. First, they removed Drew's underwear, unhooking her bra and sliding her panties down her thick milky thighs. Drew stood under the shower, humming contently, and let her attendants turn it on. As the hot water slid down her stunning curves, her attendants rubbed the it over her sweaty body, ignoring their own dampening clothes. Once nice and wet, they turned the shower off, and rubbed expensive lotions into her flawless marble skin.

I stood uncomfortably to one side, refusing to let my teammates touch me like that. Drew noticed. "Ah, I see the newcomer is a little shy. Let me handle this one."

She gently guided me underneath the shower and turned it on. The hot water was quite pleasant actually. But as I was enjoying it, she suddenly grabbed me from behind.

"Hey!" I cried out in surprise as I felt her fluffy mass of her chest press against my muscular back. I could feel her two nipples in my shoulder blades - they were really hard. Her hands shot forward and enveloped my massive breasts, forcing me to moan as she grabbed handfuls of caramel breast meat between her slender fingers and pumped them hard. I had to admit, the combination of her soft flesh, hot water and generous touch felt really good, and as her open digits sunk itself into the nerve filled globes on my chest, my nipples swelled and poked out from between her fingers.

"Aw fuck that's nice," Henry cried as he watched Drew skilfully clean my body. I was quite helpless as she ran her hands deep into my cleavage and down to my hips. But that wasn't as bad as when she bent me over in front of the crowd, lotion up her fingers and eased a long, slimey index finger into my steaming, sweaty pussy.

"Hey!" I moaned weakly, a little bit of strength disappearing from me as she dug around in my extremely sensitive canal. I gasped a little as she slid her middle finger in as well. She dug really deep, pushing it several inches in and thoroughly smearing the walls with soap. Then she pulled out and used her hands to heap water into it, washing out the suds and making my pink cave clean.

At least that was over. Wait, where is her finger going? What the fu-

I shrieked as I suddenly felt a soapy finger shoot up my asshole. My bright amber eyes went wide as Drew fingered my anus with a smile on her face. And I mean really fingered. She dug deep inside there, pumping in and out of my tight, crinkled ring of muscle as the boys cheered. I was so stunned I didn't react as my once mortal enemy poked around in my backside.

She withdrew her finger after a tortuous, knee banging minute. "I'll leave the suds in. You know, as lube in case one of them decides to put it there," she said calmly. She gave my bottom a light spank. "Let's get this orgy started!" she cried.

There was sound like a thousand curtains being opened as the football team all dropped their pants at once. A way of stunned and awed mutters at the size of their penises swept through the girls, with some comparing them to their unfortunate boyfriends. I was one of those. The men rested comfortably on their chairs, lazily chatting and sipping beers, expecting the girls to do all the work.

Drew turned to address the cheerleaders and clapped her hands. "I'm glad all of you could make it! This is what all our months of practice has been leading up to! We're going to thank these wonderful bulls for dominating and destroying the other team and winning the championship! To thank their hard, powerful bodies for the victory, we're going to give their victorious cocks a treat! The winning men deserve nothing but the best service, so pour all your heart and soul into making them happy!"

An eager cheer rose from the crowd. The cheerleaders slid onto their knees in front of the big, triumphant penises, each of them as large and aggressive as the man it was attached too. With well practiced moves, they kissed the fat tips, muttered a word of thanks and engulfed the girthy cocks into the warm, wet and welcoming embrace of their delicate mouths.

"It's a beautiful sight, isn't it?" Drew said to me, gesturing at the neat row of athletic, pretty cheerleaders on their knees, worshipfully bobbing their heads up and down on the sweaty football team. "All the months of training, just for this. But now, let's attend to the captain."

The two naked, tall goddesses strode up to the young, sexy captain. He gave me a heart skipping smile as he saw me looking at his the juicy cock drooping between his legs. My parched throat gulped eagerly.

"Drew, Zia. My favorite sluts in the school."

Us two girls blushed at the compliment. "And you're our favorite stud," Drew replied with a sultry smirk. "The captain gets the best of everything. The cheerleading captain as his personal fuckslut, and first go at all the new cheerleader's bodies. You aren't a cheerleader until his cum has splashed down your throat."

"Normally I wouldn't do this," I said with a grin, getting over my initial apprehension quickly once I feasted my eyes on his magnificently thick, juicy member. "But my boyfriend really wants me to be a cheerleader!"

With that, I dove onto his wet cock. Brad let out a pleasantly surprised moan as the eager cheerleader engulfed his massive, pythonic cock that was so big he could blungeon a pig to death with it. The Coptic girl showed no sign of hesitation or difficulty with the nine inch bitch breaker that had choked several inferior women into unconsciousness.

"Jesus fuck, you're amazing at this!" Brad exclaimed breathily.

I withdrew my mouth with a thick sucking noise for a second to speak. "I've been practicing for weeks in the toilet on with dildo."

Drew grinned as she gently stroked Brad's large, plum sized nuts. "Practice makes perfect, eh? Just like cheerleading."

Brad chuckled and leaned back, savoring the stunning girl's amazing blowjob as he nursed a beer. I was stunned as minute after minute passed, and Brad didn't cum. His stamina was incredible. I was deep down really happy - I loved sucking on his beautiful, musky cock. Even his precum seemed to run down my dry throat, wetting it and quenching a small part of my thirst. I briefly was briefly awed by the fact that if he pissed down my throat right now, I would probably drink it all up.

Nuzzling the head, licking under the glans, gently caressing the shaft. Off to my side on the rightmost player, I heard a grunt and a thick slimey splashing sound. My eyes darted to the side. I saw Cheri on her knees, eyes wide in shock as a player grabbed her small head with his large hands and shoved his cock all the way down her petite body and held her there. The poor girl's cheeks ballooned, and she moaned pathetically as ribbons of cum spurted from the edges of her mouth.

A few seconds later, another cheerleader had a big, cumming cock buried in her throat. Then another had a thick cum pipe choking her. Then another. One by one, the football team hilted their big pink dicks into the struggling, slender throats of the worshipful cheerleaders and pissed their fat loads into their flat, toned bellies.

Fear tingled through my body as I saw the other girls getting painfully deepthroated. I knew I was next in line and this was going to hurt. But for Brad and I didn't stop. I blew him even harder, pushing my head down and choking myself so far on his fantastically big dick that my lips kissed his crotch.

I felt his thick fingers grab the back of my skull and ram it all the way down. Tears welled up in my eyes, but I preserved. On my tongue, I felt his fat salty penis start to throb and suddenly GLCH. A thick wad of cum burst out and slid down my throat. GLCH. GLCH. GLCH. It kept coming, big fat lumps of cum shooting out like it was endless. I eagerly gulped down the creamy man batter and filled my stomach to the brim. From his fat, fertile balls spewed a seemingly infinite supply of liquid. So much that it easily quenched my thirst.

My pussy had a mini-orgasm and squirted on the white linoleum floor as I thought about how the captain's bodily fluids were inside of me. It was so lewd to think I knew what his testicles' insides tasted like and a part of him was inside of me.

I drew in a huge breath after he pulled me off. "Good work," he said with a smile, patting my head. My face broke into a girlish smile and my hips wiggled happily like a dog. I couldn't help it.

"And what else do I get for winning?" Brad said. Drew planted an unexpected kiss on me, and this time I reciporated, pushing my tongue back in a sloppy lesbian makeout which sent the football team hooting. She pushed me to the bench and hooked my foot up, causing me to fall onto the bench. She followed, squashing her juicy body against mine in a delicious, meaty girl sandwich on the bench. Both our legs spread apart to welcome Brad, our perfect pink pussies rubbing against each other between our luscious thighs.

Brad rolled on an extra large condom and slipped his fat sausage in between us. The tip of his cock reached all the way to our belly buttons, and I wondered in awe how a single drop of his potent seed inside of me would swell my belly with his child in months. Already his DNA was sloshing on my stomach!

Drew suddenly let out a gasp, her hot breathe blowing across my cheek. I could feel Brad thrust into her, pushing her body over mine as his powerful hips thrust. The bulge in her slim belly was so large I could feel his cock inside of her as the bump ran up and down my

stomach. His fat balls slapped tantalizing against my cunt, teasing it further as I watched Drew get fucked into oblivion. Her face dissolved into a wide eyed, glazed over ecstasy as Brad hilted deep inside of her.

I shivered in disbelief, that just by putting it in Brad could give a woman so much pleasure. And I was next! I watched in wide eyed curiosity and awe as Drew's small, delicate mouth slowly loosened into an 'O', her tongue lolling out as she was fucked from behind by her boyfriend. The massive, sexy stud grabbed both her slender ankles for purchased and hammered away inside her. Her hands instinctively grabbed mine, intertwining out fingers as she tried to hold onto something as she was brutally fucked. Even the tall, athletic girl was helpless as he clapped her ass cheeks on his dick.

All around the room, the same thing was happening. Girls of all shapes and sized were being impaled on thick cocks. Some in missionary, some against the wall, some on the floors in doggy position. I was in my first orgy, and the thought hit me with full force as the sounds of moaning and sex echoed in the increasingly steamy room. As I watched Drew's eyes roll into the back of her head, I realized they must do this all the time. Every second me and Carter were watching movies or saving the world, they were fucking and getting better at it.

"FUCK YES!" Drew moaned into my ear. Pressed against mine, I could feel her body shiver from head to toe. The entire length of her svelte, athletic frame that I'd come to admire over our many training sessions stiffened as she came on Brad's cock. Her hands gripped mine tightly, and it conveyed to me the deep and complete pleasure she was experiencing. He was merciless, not even slowing down as Drew squirted plaintively on his cock. The hot fluid dripped down onto my own ball slapped pussy.

With one final deep burying thrust that sent Drew's universe exploding, Brad came. I could feel the bugle on her stomach go really far up and hold there, the cock pulsing as load after load of spunk drained away into the condom. Drew moaned deeply, grabbing my hands in a death grip as she orgasmed at the same time. She looked amazingly sexy with her eyes rolled back into her head and her back arched. Even sweaty, moaning fucked delirious, she still looked incredible. After a dozen awe inducing seconds, the Asian girl's body softened and slackened against mine.

Brad pulled out and quickly put on a fresh condom. He pushed his still hard cock in between us again.

"It shouldn't be genetically possible for you to still be hard!" I sharply exclaimed.

"Would you like your son to have this ability?" he said, waggling his eyebrows suggestively. I giggled but didn't refuse. He ground the thick girth of his cock against my swollen pussy lips, sawing my eagerly dripping cunt apart with smooth motions of his hips. I bit my lip. Gods, it was so hot when he could control himself. His cock was between two stunning, well endowed women begging for his dick, yet he took his time to tease them. Someone like Carter would've blown his load just at the sight. I knew he could fuck us for as long as we wanted. Or more accurately as he wanted.

"Ready?" Brad said. What a gentleman, asking me before he ruined me for everyone else. I turned my head to one side on the bench. I saw the rest of the cheerleading team in my 90 degrees rotated vision, pretty athletic girls giving the boys a fucking no other girls could. One was doing a split as she rode a cock. Another was fucked standing, her flexible leg pushed all the way up until it was pointing at the ceiling. A third had her slender legs wrapped around the hips of a muscular, dark haired player. All these sexy cheerleaders were getting fucked, and I was about to become one of them.

I looked at Brad with big, eager eyes and nodded.

"Hnnngg," I moaned, as I felt his fat tip grind against my pussy lips. Brad was not gentle - he shoved his pythonic cock right up my practically virgin, if eager, pussy. The bugle on my toned stomach tunneled its way up as his thick cock burrowed deep inside of me, far deeper than Carter or my fingers ever went and making me feel things I'd never felt before. My body wiggled in pleasure as I felt it go all the way in, filling up my entire pussy and stretching it upwards. I gasped as he struck my cervix.

"Nice and tight," he grunted.

Just having it inside of me felt amazing. It was infinitely better than the dildo, which itself was more amazing than anything I'd ever fucked. It was every big as thick and long, but my delicate walls could feel its throbbing, the hot blood of a powerful man running through the organ. Just having that organic, alive sausage inside of me made me squirt a little. And all the more because it was connected to a handsome, beautiful man. Looking at his strong, rugged face made my brain all the more eager to fuck him.

He fucked me in fast, long strokes, bottoming out inside of me and pulling out again. I cried as my ass cheeks clapped, buffeted by the force of his hips slamming into my brown butt. I wrapped my long legs lovingly around his Adonis belt, pulling him in deeper and harder into me.

"Ooohhh Brad, this feels incredible," I moaned. Drew lay on top of me, the half conscious girl's voluptuous body weighing down on me.

"And fuck, you're even tighter than I thought," he said, struggling to push it in and out.

"I've been fantasizing of this since I first saw you," I moaned. "Your big, strong body thrusting your beautiful fat cock into me relentlessly until I squirted... You sure do know how to make a girl's dream come true!"

Brad stopped to push Drew off me. "I'll make more than that come true!"

"To be fucked by a popular, handsome, charming big cocked stud... What more could a girl want?" I teased.

He picked me up onto him and gave me a deep, violating kiss. I was just under six feet tall and very well endowed, but he did it as easily as if I were a child. His powerful hands dug into my firm bubble butt and he raised me up until our noses were touching. I wrapped my arms around him, gripping into his muscular back and unabashedly grinding my fat tits into his rock hard pectorals.

I moaned petulantly like a school girl into his mouth. I didn't resist as he violently tongue fucked my throat. It felt as amazing as ever, his hot tongue sliding in and out of mine and tasting his hot spit with my own. I didn't know which was better fucked - my mouth or my pussy. But as I tasted the inside of his throat and his cock, I didn't even think about it. When he broke the kiss, our beautiful faces separating and a line of spit connected our lips.

"Fuck, fuck, fuuuucckk," I moaned as he slammed into me from below. My legs gripped his waist tightly as I came. I buried my head into his neck as I squirted on his cock, not able to

control wetting myself as the sheer raw sexual pleasure overwhelmed me. It was almost embarrassing how quickly I came.

Brad seemed to read my thoughts. "Its fine. Most women cum really fast when I fuck them," he said, reassuringly patting bum. I bit my lip and nodded.

He put me down onto the bench and smashed his hand against my wobbling brown ass. I gasped a little as an involuntary squirt flew out of my now gaping pussy. It hurt, yet it felt really good to be hurt by him. I got the message and crawled onto my knees in doggy style, presenting my bare, unshielded genitals to him. I invitingly wiggled my butt for him.

He planted a foot onto the bench and stuffed his cock where it belonged - inside of me.

"Shit," I cried out as nine inches of cock filled me up again. "I love this!" Brad pushed himself insistently in and out of my dripping wet, soft pink hole, crushing whatever illusions I had about big dicks not feeling ten times better.

"You've been eyeing my fat, fuckable ass since I came here, haven't you?" I panted with a smirk as he fucked me from behind. "How does it feel to finally be buried to your thick hilt inside of me?"

"Every bit as great as I imagined," Brad said, pumping in and out of me. "I've been dreaming of your fucking sexy body bent over in front of me, begging to get fucked for months!"

"And I've been dreaming of getting my tight Egyptian pussy gripping your fat American cock as it pumped in and out of me!" I cried. I orgasmed again as he thrust into me and struck my innermost depths, causing my universe to explode into a big, wet, body shaking cum quake.

"What if I told you I planned all of this?" he said with a smirk. "Huh?" I replied in my cock drunk delirium.

"Maybe I got Cheri to give you the undersized uniform so I could see you bouncing around, your tits about to fly out," he teased, his hips pumping into me powerfully from behind. "You fingering yourself in this room, that was a fun surprise."

I gasped. "That... That was you?!"

"And maybe I waited a few days because I knew you would be horny as fuck, then I sent you a dick pic and starter sexting you," he bragged, slapping one of my globular ass cheeks and sending the flesh rippling like jello.

My eyes went wide as dinner plates as I came again. "Hnnng... That was intentional?"

"And maybe I beat up your boyfriend so much you had to intervene. Then I made you come to my frat house. Full of hot, hung guys, I knew you wouldn't be able to resist," Brad teased, giving me a sharp thrust that penetrated my core to its depths.

"That was planned? You manipulative asshole!" I gasped, half in shocked anger and half because of my well fucked body.

"Best part is, it's sort of your fault. We only picked on him because he had such a hot girlfriend we wanted to bang," Brad chuckled, giving my ass another lazy slap that sent sparks shooting through my body.

"You fuckers... It's not my fault, it's what you would do to get what you want!" I gasped in realization, horrified that it had worked and I was bent over, getting fucked doggy style by my boyfriend's bully.

Brad chuckled. "You're right. But because we can do whatever the fuck we want, we get whatever the fuck we want."

"You asshole," I moaned pathetically, my well fucked brain unable to resist.

"And it really is your fault, you slut. You let us do whatever the fuck we want to you," he teased. Suddenly, I felt my spinchter stretch as Brad jabbed a finger in and tickled the insides

of my anus. I shuddered, my brain exploding with sensual pleasure at the deep burrowing digit wiggling inside of me.

"See? You could've said no at any time in our relationship, but you never did," Brad taunted. "Because deep down, you crave me. Oh, you'll say you like nice guys who bring you flowers, and that money and dick size doesn't matter. But you'll only cum to a rich, arrogant prick like me fucking your brains out with a fat cock worth more than your house!"

I screamed as I involuntarily orgasmed, his deep, ass clapping strokes ravaging my hot sweaty body as he fucked me like a cheap toy with his privileged cock. I moaned in embarrassment as face down, I squirted yet again on Brad, proving him right.

"And you'll let me do anything I want. Isn't... That... Right... Slut?" he teased, punctuating each pause with a deep, hard stroke that buried itself into my soft flesh. "You'll do anything I say, because deep down what you princesses want is a man to control everything you do and please him."

Suddenly, he yanked himself out. My body, once jiggling under the force of his thrusts, felt utterly empty without his cock. The cold air blew breezingly into my enormously gaping pussy. I turned around and saw Brad sitting on a bench, a cocky smirk on my face.

"And now that you know all this, what are you going to do when I order you to crawl over here, hop onto my cock and ride me until I cum?" he asked, a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes and an arrogant smirk on his lips that tugged at me.

I looked at the door. There was no one stopping me. I could leave and never come back. I would be leaving with a lot of things. My dignity, for one. The ability to enjoy cocks under nine inches for another. Then I looked back at the mouth watering, dominating captain and his pussy tingling cock.

I crawled on my knees before him and worshipfully planted a kiss on his plum sized cock head. I worked my way up, kissing his rock hard abs, then his chest, then his neck, then a final, loving one on his rugged jaw.

"I'd... I'd do it," I breathily admitted. I gently tiptoed both feet on either side of him on the bench, my gaping, dripping pussy above his fat glans and gently lowered myself onto it again.

He laid back and smiled as I did all the work. It blew my mind that my headstrong personality meant I would never take orders from Carter, but I took his so easily. Now I submissively slapped my hips up and down his, my eyes glazed over and a bit of my pink tongue hung out as I cored myself over and over on him. I came five more times on his amazing dick, and even my muscular legs started to burn from the exertion of pumping up and down, but I continued. After all, this is what I trained for.

Finally, I felt the first twitch of his cock. Then another. His smooth, handsome face was happily relaxed as suddenly a litre of his cum surged into me. I cried out, my legs collapsing and my body dropping itself onto his upright fuckstick. As I slid onto his cock, my torso fell forward and he grabbed me. I fell into his arms, my raven hair splaying over his face and bathing him in the scent of lemon shampoo. As my voluptuous body was pressed against his, my universe was rocked again and again by every thick cumblast. I could feel the condom expanding in me to the size of a light bulb, and shuddered to think what would happen if even a drop got out.

It felt like an infinity of sexual heaven before the godlike fuck stud finished orgasming. My body rested peacefully against his, my breathing shallow, completely fucked out and exhausted. My pussy spasmed on his fat cock, which lay gently lodged inside of me like a baseball bat rammed up my asshole.

Still, it was quite pleasant. I lay there for quite sometime, just enjoying being in his arms as the vibrations of his penis tickled my insides.

"I... I think I'm in love with you and your cock!" I said.

Cold water splashed onto me. I fuzzily lifted my head from Brad's chest and saw Drew holding a cup. She had a peculiar half smile on her face as she saw me, sweaty and fucked stupid, in Brad's arms. Was that... Pride on her face?

"Come on, you lightweight pansy. The night ain't over. Form up!" Drew ordered. The cheerleading squad did as they had a hundred times in practice, they lined up in ascending

order in front of the lockers. But this time, Drew stood in line beside me.

"Bend over!" she barked. The row of beautiful cheerleaders turned and placed their hands on the cold red metal, their torsos at a 90 degree angle to their legs as they presented themselves to the football team. A row of asses ranging from small and cute to shapely and well rounded formed.

I turned and smiled to Drew as she put her hands on the locker, and she smiled back. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the hung football players line up behind the girls, slapping their asses and picking their favorite.

"Hey, Zia," a familiar deep voice rumbled behind me.

"Henry," I said with a grin.

"Nice of you to come," he said. "I've been waiting to fuck your pretty brown body since I laid eyes on you!"

He grabbed my hips and positioned his cock behind me. The rest of the football players did the same, prepping themselves behind an eager girl. And at a single word from Brad, the football team slammed themselves into the cheerleaders.

It was an almost indescribable feeling, to be part of a row of women being fucked by the Goode Bulls like we were cattle. We all screamed and moaned as the thick cocks slid in and out our bodies, the athletic football players fucking us with more gusto and power than our average boyfriends ever could. The first girl succumbed to the big cock in a minute, moaning her lover's name as she squirted herself. The football players cheered and high fived. Fucking us was nothing more than a game to see who could make us cum faster, but we loved every second of it.

Perhaps there was some correlation between our bodies sizes and how fast we came, but their huge cocks got squirted on by the smaller girls first. Her slim, petite body fucked so hard it was shivering and her adorable ass red with slaps from men's hips, Cheri moaned as she came, her small body shooting out a surprising amount of limit. Than the girl to her right

came, fucked silly by a modelesque dark haired man. Then the next, and the next, until only Drew and I were left.

Both our hourglass bodies were bent forwards, our massive jugs swaying back and forth as our respective lovers slammed into us from behind, the stiff tips of our breasts trailing in a semicircle in the air.

THWACK

Henry smashed the palm of his enormous hand into the clapping flesh of my ass, causing me to moan.

"Ooohhhh fuck, I'm going to cum soon," I hissed, my fingers running down the cold red metal.

"Yeah, go ahead," Drew taunted. "Everyone knows you can't hold out long enough to please one of these studs!"

My bright amber eyes narrowed into slits. "Is that a challenge?"

"No, a challenge is when you have a fighting chance," she teased.

"Come on Henry, give it all to me," I hissed. Henry complied, unleashing a powerful series of pumping strokes that slammed the walls of my pussy so hard my gullet felt it. I screamed and almost came.

But Drew was having as amazing a fuck as me. Her lover sped up as he felt the amazing clutch of the famous cheerleading captain's pussy, and the bulge in her stomach moved back and forth faster and faster.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," we both moaned in unison, the distended bulges in our stomachs growing bigger and bigger as our slim bellies tried to accommodate their gigantic penises.

"OH shit... I'm... I'm..." I moaned as he struck me deep with his rock hard cock head.

"CUMMING!" we both screamed as our fuck studs hitled inside of us and blew their thick loads. Our legs gave out under the intensity of our orgasms, which felt like a firework had went off in our pussies. So they grabbed our wide, fertile hips and buried themselves deep, holding us as our hands slid down the lockers and the rest of our bodies drooped to the floor. With a few final pumps, they emptied themselves inside and let us fall to the floor.

We collapsed to on our bubble butts, backs against the lockers and legs spread wide to show the football team our stretched out, gaping and thoroughly satisfied pussies. We groggily lifted our heads as they ripped off their condoms and jerked off their thick cocks, splattering a few remaining strands of cum onto our elegant, noble features. A strand of it fell across my amber eye, gluing it shut. Another splattered across my sculpted nose. Drew's cute, smooth cheek as splattered with criss crossing lines of lumpy semen, and her pretty, lipsticked lips had a trail of cum running across it.

"Say, where's that boyfriend of yours?" Henry asked innocently.

I grinned. "At home, jerking off to porn on my orders. Someone may have reprogrammed the routers to only allow cuckold porn into Brooklyn House."

"Boy, he's sure missing out on all the fun we're having with his girlfriend. But don't worry, I'll take good care of you while he's away," he said, patting my head as I smiled at his huge, curved cock.

Brad put the large championship cup on a bench between two lockers. The men surrounded the cup and pointed their cocks towards the hole.

Could they really be doing what I think they were?

Drew crawled in front of the men and started to jerk them off. I followed. Each of us took a fat, sticky penis in each of other slender hands, each of which was thicker than our wrists. But the men were far too horny and aggressive to just be content to wait. In a group they knew they could easily overpower any of us and do what they wanted.

I shrieked as my large coppery tits were suddenly grabbed and a long dick thrust in between my cleavage. With my hands patiently stroking two other guys, I could do nothing but moan as this horny boy grabbed and twisted my teats while he wrapped his cock in my soft breast-pussy.

Drew was faring none the better. An impatient boy had shoved his thick cock into her stunned face and was proceeding to calmly destroy her throat. His powerful hips thrust into her skull with no apparent effort, but to her it was a jackhammer pounding away at her soft larynx. She moaned and coughed, but a pair of strong hands held her pretty Oriental face in place.

The cocks in our care began the tell tale signs of cumming. At the last second, they pulled out and pointed their deadly pipes into the cup. Furiously pumping their shafts, they splurged out their enormous loads of slimey man goo into the golden cup. It was a quarter full.

The next set of guys stepped in. I wasn't given a choice as I was bent over and fat cock slammed rudely into me. As if his big cock wasn't arousing enough, his assertive dominance sent tingles throughout my body. He didn't ask, he made me fuck him. I yielded and spread my legs to give him deeper entry into my happily spasming pussy as he pounded away.

Another football player came up and shoved his cock into my mouth. I screamed as the juicy slab of meat plunged into my tender throat, my body orgasmically shuddering as it was fucked by not one, but two nine inch cocks thrusting in and out of both ends. I fully submitted into the role of letting my juicy, soft body please their hard throbbing cocks as I worshipfully slid my tongue on the man meat pushing in and out of my throat.

Then they came, pulling out and dumping their thick, fat loads into the cup. Just a handful of men had already filled up a quarter of the enormous vessel with their cum, which some deep seated female instinct told me was extremely healthy and absolutely concentrated with potent sperm.

The final set of men stepped in. All of them were flawless physical specimens of men and had huge cocks, but there was something extra about the beautiful, pink cock of Brad. Our bodies instinctively realized he was an alpha male, and as I gazed at it I felt an enormous thirst to put it inside of me. Drew felt the same way.

We both leapt at it, attacking it like a school of hungry fish. We took turns pushing it down our delicate throats, moaning delightfully as it bruised our larynx. The rest of the players immediately grabbed our bodies and played with them, shoving their cocks wherever they pleased. Drew and I didn't stop sucking on his delicious, salty sausage, lapping up the precum and vaginal juices squirted by some lucky members of the cheerleading team. Finally, we felt the telltale twitching of his cock. But before he did, he blurted out an order.

"Kiss."

We gave each other a deep, tongue filled kiss, so thorough and sloppy it made the kisses I gave Carter look like handshakes in comparison. Our beautiful, exotic faces were catatonic and blissful, our pussies and legs fucked open wide and dripping with gratitude. We leaned our tired jigglingly voluptuous bodies against each other, both our genetically flawless, well trained physiques completely spent on pleasing the football team.

I gave Drew a deep, tongue-filled kiss, and then turned my head upward to Brad's thick bitch-breaker, opening my mouth and sticking out my tongue, welcoming his nut like a hungry baby bird. Drew did the same, her tongue touching alongside mine.

"Holy shit," Brad grunted, beating his dick angrily. "That looks so fucking hot! FUCK!"

Brad came, but as if to demonstrate his virility he first showered the two girls with several thick ropes of cum that splashed across their faces and tongues, filling both of their mouths and then some. A good amount of it soaked into our raven hair, but we didn't mind, since we had cum over every inch of our bodies by now.

Then he and the rest of the pumping jocks aimed into the cup and pissed out their creamy man juices, sending the steaming hot, burbling surface rising until it filled the cup to the brim. A little trickle of pearly white cum overflowed and trickled down the cold, golden side. A slender redhead ran a finger up the trickle and pushed the dollop into her mouth.

"Drink up," Brad said with a grin. I licked my lips in anticipation, thinking about how delicious the milky mix of all the big, dominating football players must be. But unfortunately I had to wait as Drew picked up the cup and greedily took big gulps of it. I felt like angrily rebuking her for drinking so much cum and keeping it all to herself, but the super virile men had more than enough juxies for thirsty sluts like us.

With an "aaahhh", her lips left the cup. I greedily took it and tipped it down my throat. It was amazing, as delicious and creamy as Ben and Jerry's most expensive ice cream. There was something so wrong about it that made my body crave the fluid. It desperately wanted this organic, sticky mixture, heated by the internal body heat of the chiseled muscular alphas, inside of it. Perhaps it instinctively understood this contained pure alpha DNA, and wanted the DNA rich fluid inside of it.

I must've gulped down a third of it. Even when my belly felt like bursting, I kept on drinking the addictive substance. I drank and drank and drank until I physically could not - my throat bulged with it and it overflowed from my open mouth, dripping over the edge and down my sculpted cheekbones.

Some other greedy girl took the cup away, and I collapsed onto my knees, feeling like throwing up yet so satisfied and determined to keep it inside of me. I didn't want to disrespect them by spilling a single drop of their cum from my beautiful body. I wanted to show these incredible guys how much I loved them.

Brad beamed like a sun-god as he kneeled down and fed Drew his cock, and she sucked it clean while I ran my own tongue over her face, scooping up the puddles of cum that covered her. Brad then pulled his dick out and lifted it up, so I could lick and suck the bottom of his balls, and so Drew could get a turn sucking on the bulbous head.

In his enormous hand, Brad held a phone. He handed it to me.

"Call your boyfriend and tell him you won't be home tonight," he said. I detached myself from his nuts and dialed Carter.

"Hey sweetie? Yeah I won't be home tonight. Just jerk yourself off to sleep. Love you too," I said sweetly. Then I tossed my phone aside.

Brad laid back on a chair and spread his legs, his indefatigable cock already hard, piercing skywards like a harpoon ready to impale some lucky, big titted girl. I ran my hands over his rock hard abs as I squatted down onto it, and I rode him until the sun came up.

Biology Lesson 1

Chapter Summary

Brad teaches Zia about human biology.

Mrs de Armas here is based on Ana de Armas, the very cute Cuban actress from Blade Runner. If you guys haven't figured it out, I have a thing for brown skinned girls.

THIRD PERSON POV

"Alright, settle down!" Mrs De Armas ordered the class as they shuffled into their seats. The youthful Cuban biology teacher stood in front the 20 college students in a sleek black pantsuit, the buttons of her suit jacket straining to keep her huge breasts from exploding outwards. Needless to say, the boys really enjoyed her classes. On her finger a bright engagement ring glittered. "Now get your presentations ready. You've had two weeks to do your project on animal mating behaviors, so don't give me any crap on not having enough time. Brad's group will go first."

She sat her plump bottom down onto her teacher's chair. Brad, Henry and two other frat boys, who were sitting at the front, remained in their chairs.

"Brad, where's your presentation?" Mrs De Armas said.

"Um, didn't do it," Brad said, stretching his arms casually and leaning back into his chair.

"You WHAT?" Mrs De Armas barked. "Why the fuck not?"

Brad shrugged. "Didn't feel like it."

"Brad, you lazy piece of -" Mrs De Armas barked, her face burning with Latin anger. But she took a deep breath and calmed down. "Get up here and present something. I still have to grade you. Even if it's an F."

Brad, Henry and two other frat boys shuffled to the front. Instantly, the girls perked up. Brad was as dumb as a rock, but he was hot, sociable and always good for a laugh. This would be good, they thought.

"OK, yeah, animal mating," Brad said, scratching his head with one massive hand.

"I know that monkeys fuck a lot," Henry offered.

"Yeah, totally, all the time dude," one frat boy agreed.

"Horses have huge donges," Brad said brightly. He grabbed the eye watering bulge in his crotch in a way that made all the women smile and shift around in their chairs. Even Mrs De Armas sneaked a glance. "Almost as big as ours!"

The class laughed - boys out of fear, girls because they were quite interested in Brad. Mrs De Armas sighed and slapped her hand against her forehead.

"F for Brad's whole group, and you get detention. Although I know you'll somehow get the dean to change your grades again, at least I can punish you for your blatant laziness," she said resentfully. "Alright, up next is Annabeth's group."

Mrs De Armas let herself have a small smile. Annabeth was her favorite student. Absolutely brilliant and always going beyond what was taught. She suspected Annabeth knew more about biology than her.

Annabeth, her boyfriend Percy, Zia and her boyfriend Carter shuffled to the front of the room.

Annabeth, the tall, leggy blonde had her mane of golden curls tied into a long ponytail. She wore a fuzzy orange sweater that swelled at the front by two phenomenally big breasts that were almost perfect hemispheres. She wore a pair of plain brown corduroys like a university lecturer, except hers tightly hugged her wide round hips. Where the corduroys tapered to an end on her slim ankles, she wore a pair of white sneakers. A pair of large, squarish glasses was set upon her devastatingly beautiful and pretty face. Combined with her immense intelligence, she looked like a sexy cross between a university professor and a librarian. She was basically every nerd, geek and dweeb's wet dream.

Zia was wearing a short pleated skirt, so short that the bottom curves of her perfectly round ass could be seen. On top she wore a red-and-white cheerleader's jacket - about two sizes too small and hugging her young, firm breasts like cling wrap. Annabeth was beginning to worry about Zia. She was hanging out with the jocks a lot lately, and the longer she hung out with them the shorter her skirts got. Annabeth wasn't even sure if she was wearing anything underneath her jacket. Outwardly, Zia seemed a lot more confident, outgoing... Maybe even provocative? The change unsettled Annabeth, who resolved to have a talk with her soon.

Their boyfriends stood in between their girlfriends - boyish, short guys with big eyes and slightly meek and awkward attitudes. The girls in the audience could see they were almost a head shorter than their Junoesque partners. And from the massive sets of boobs perched on each girl's chest against the almost invisible bulges in their pants, the girls could see height wasn't the only thing they were lacking. Not like those frat boy studs!

A picture of a herd of bovines flashed on the projector screen. The blonde, silvery eyed girl spoke.

"Good morning. Today, I'll be teaching you about the mating habits of bovines in the wild. You may know one of their subspecies, cattle, which each of us eats on average eight kilograms of a year. Now bovines have a large range of possible herd sizes. There are frequently male-female mating pairs, all the way to superherds that can have hundreds of bovines," Annabeth said in a clear, erudite speech.

"Are their dicks big?" Brad yelled, much to the amusement of the class.

"Brad, shut up," Mrs De Armas sighed. "Please continue, Annabeth."

"Thank you, Mrs De Armas. Regardless of the size, each herd of bovines has a strict male dominance hierarchy. A single or a few alpha male bovines establish dominance through their physical size - they will bellow at smaller males who will shirk away as a sign of submission. If this is not enough, they will challenge each other for dominance. Inevitably, the bigger, stronger and more testosterone filled bovines win, and they secure a whole host of benefits including grazing rights, territory and most of all, breeding rights with females," Annabeth continued.

"So the big guy gets to fuck all the females?" Brad interrupted.

"Yes, Brad, he does," Annabeth said.

"And the females just let them?" Brad continued.

"Yes, they do," Annabeth confirmed.

"But what, if like, the chick already has a guy?" Brad said, scratching his head.

"Interesting that you bring that up. A nine month study of bovine behavior in the Serengeti show that even in firmly mated male - female pairs, 91% of the females accept breeding by a new male once he has established dominance over her current mate," Annabeth explained.

"Nice," Brad said with a grin.

"Scientists believe this behavior is coded into the genes of the females. Unlike insects or most fish, bovine like most mammals raise their children. Raising children is an energy intensive process - so the female has an enormous incentive in making sure that her investment of time and energy is spent on the best offspring. So they will willingly breed - and submit - to the most ostensibly strong, aggressive and dominant male. When that male is threatened, they will even aggressively protect him," Annabeth continued. Annabeth continued to talk in her university like lecture, while Zia hung in the back, chuckling at Brad's jokes and eyeing his bulge. Then her phone buzzed.

She immediately slipped it out of her jacket, even though Mrs De Armas was right beside her. She had configured her phone to buzz for only one person - Brad. Even her mom and Carter were on silent. But Brad's number, message or call, would light up her phone like a klaxon.

Brad: Sup. Send your whole group to detention, aight? Especially Annabeth.

Zia quietly slipped the phone back into her jacket. She thought about his request. To send her whole group to detention? To fail the important biology project? To mark their otherwise perfect records? To hurt not just her, but her close friends, no doubt for some selfish perverted reason? She never even thought of refusing it. Faster than anyone could see, she pulled out her wand, tapped Annabeth's laptop with it, and slipped it back in. A subtle crackle

of red energy flashed from the tip and was absorbed into the circuitry of the computer. She slipped both hands back into her jackets, leaned against the wall and winked at Brad.

"Now I'll be handing it over to Percy," Annabeth said.

"Hi," Percy said, fumbling with the remote and clicking it to the next slide. "I'll be talking about bovine behavior when raising ch -"

"What the HELL!?"

Mrs De Armas shot up from her seat, her beautiful Latin face contorted into outrage and fury. The class gasped. Annabeth, Percy and Carter turned around to look at the screen and their jaws just dropped in shock. Zia just leaned against the wall, smirking.

On the slide were cocks. Big, pink, thick, fat, throbbing cocks. Pictures of cocks from the top and from the bottom. Up close and from far. Pictures of them at every angle. And that wasn't all. Most of the cocks were inside a woman. They were inside a woman in such a violently deep and penetrating speed that it seemed to desecrate the very idea of womanhood.

All the girls got wet. They knew whose cocks they were. Most of them had been slapped in the face by it personally, the rest had seen pictures shared by their friends. It was undeniably Brad's and his frat boys. And despite their sudden feel of inadequacy, the boys in the class got hard at seeing some of the hottest girls in the school get fucked hard. Even in front of their girlfriends', little bubbles grew in Percy's and Carter's pants.

Zia had just uploaded her "private" folder of the football team from her phone to the slides, replacing their meticulously researched content with many gigabytes of hardcore college pornography.

"Mister Jackson, what is the meaning of this?" Mrs De Armas roared.

"I-I don't know!" Percy sputtered. "I've never seen this in my life!"

"Hmm, is this why you were staying up so late adding videos to Google Slides?" Zia innocently asked.

"No!" he pleaded weakly. Annabeth stood there and watched the screen, carefully analyzing the situation with a frown. She tentatively pressed a key on her laptop to go to the next slide. Even more big cock porn.

"I don't know what kind of sick joke this is, Annabeth, but your whole group just failed," she said sternly. "I expected this from Brad, but not from you."

The group, dejected, shuffled back into their seats. The rest of the class went on. Percy tried desperately to convince Annabeth it wasn't him. Annabeth nodded and continuously analyzed the situation in her mind, listening and questioning the other groups' project just taking up a fraction of her vast intellect. It was the last class of the day, so when the bell rang, they just sat glumly in their seats as their classmates shuffled out. All but Annabeth, who was going

over possibilities in her mind and trying to figure out what was going on and Zia, who was completely loyal and trusting of Brad's orders.

"I'll be back," Mrs De Armas said as she left the classroom. "Stay here and keep quiet."

As soon as she shut the door, Brad spoke. "Big cocks, eh? You some kinna faggot?"

"That wasn't me," Percy snapped back.

"Sure it wasn't," Brad said, rolling his eyes.

"I don't like that kind of thing!" Percy vehemently denied.

"Maybe it was your girlfriend," Brad said, grabbing the thick bugle in his flimsy shorts. "You like big cocks, babe?"

Annabeth looked curiously at Brad, and opened her mouth to speak. Percy, stunned, caught himself and shot up.

"That's it, shut up now!" he yelled at Brad.

"Or what, you're going to look at more pictures of big cocks? Because Zia has quite a few of mine," Brad laughed. The rest of the frat boys joined in.

Attacking Zia, one of his close friends, was the last straw. Percy charged at Brad, almost tipping the larger man's chair over. But Brad stood up, picked up the smaller boy by his thin throat and slammed him on the table.

"Knock it off," Annabeth said, standing up and pinching Brad by the wrist. The blonde girl was surprisingly effective, using her knowledge of anatomy, levers and an unusual strength to twist Brad off Percy. She pulled her busied boyfriend off the table and gently rubbed his sore throat.

"By boyfriend is not only not a faggot, he's a much better man than you. He's saved my life many times," Annabeth said, staring coolly at Brad.

"Ya know, you're fucking hot for a nerd," Brad said. "Wanna bring your sweet ass back to my enormous house?"

"Percy is my boyfriend, Brad," Annabeth said coldly.

"So?" Brad said arrogantly, pulling her close and slapping his hand down onto her spongy buttocks with an audible THWACK. "I've fucked plenty of girlfriends!"

Annabeth's cloudy grey eyes flew open, stunned by the audacious move. "Get the fuck off her!" Percy yelled, tackling Brad. The football captain stumbled and then caught himself.

"Jesus Christ!" Mrs De Arms cried as she stepped in the room and saw the boys fighting each other. "What the hell is going on?"

"Percy started attacking Brad, Mrs De Armas," Henry said. She looked at him, about as trusting as a monkey was towards a crocodile asking him to climb down his tree.

"Its true, Mrs De Armas," Zia quietly added. She looked at Zia. Zia had been a completely honest and well behaved girl. Mrs De Armas had no reason to distrust her.

"Percy, go to room 2B," Mrs De Armas ordered.

"And also Carter was egging Percy on," Zia lied. Carter opened his mouth to say something, but Mrs De Armas spoke first.

"You too, Carter," she said with a sigh. "I've got a very long meeting with some parents, so just sit here and try not to cause any trouble, OK?"

Mrs De Armas left the room, followed by Percy and Carter. Zia smirked, got out of her seat and locked the door. Now it was just two voluptuous, well endowed women trapped with four hung men with nothing to do.

Zia broke the silence. "So, your boyfriend likes dicks huh?"

"That would seem to be the logical conclusion," Annabeth admitted. "I find it strange it got onto the slides. And he's never mentioned it before."

"Well, not surprising. I mean, what guy wants his girlfriend to know big dicks turn him on?" Zia said, casually rocking her chair on its back legs.

Annabeth raised an eyebrow. "I see. You know, you've changed, Zia. You talk different, you're dressing more scantily and there's something... Close between you and Brad."

"Well, I just found myself very charmed by Brad," Zia said with a smile.

"Yeah, you should give me a chance," Brad said, standing up and placing a hand on her shoulder. Annabeth looked up into his eyes. "Sorry, I don't particularly like your type."

"My type?" Brad asked.

"Boorish meatheads whose prime occupation in life is having sex," she replied.

"Oh, a smarty pants huh? I find nerdy girls like me a lot too. They always need to blow off steam, especially after hanging around a bunch of limp dick, scrawny geeks," Brad said with a suggestive low growl. He grabbed his bulge and vulgarly thrust it onto Annabeth's table. "And I'm the best at helping girls blow off steam!"

Annabeth looked up at him. "I don't care for such an arrangement, Brad. I have an IQ of a 178. Physical endowments don't interest me. That's why I'm with Percy - he's smart, brave, intelligent and everything I want."

"How about a little experiment? You see my cock, and see if you start takin' a likin' to me," Brad said.

"You're free to try whatever you want," Annabeth said with a shrug. "I can't stop you."

"Zia?" Brad said. She came over and spun around, causing her skirt to fly up and reveal a deep set thong ensconced in two perfect bubbles of caramel flesh. Brad pushed his bulge into her soft behind, grinding against her backside with long, seductive strokes of his hips.

"How does this make you feel, Anna?" Zia teased as she ground her backside in slow, hypnotic strokes against Percy.

"It is somewhat intriguing," she admitted. "Even though your actions are completely unintellectual I'm drawn to watching it."

Brad bent Zia over the table and hitched her skirt up. She simply giggled as Brad bit the edge of her deep set thong with his teeth and slowly dragged it down her long caramel legs, even as he caressed them with his hands.

"Oh, my heart rate is increasing quite rapidly. I can't believe you let him do that, Zia," Annabeth said, fluttering her eyelids. "I.. I find myself hoping you'll take your shirt off."

Indeed, the bespectacled girl's heart palpated as the two physically flawless specimens danced against each other. Her eyes were wide and her pupils dilated as Zia spun around to face Brad, her eyes brimming with lewd intent as she pinched the bottom of his shirt. Slowly, she pulled it up his torso, running her slim fingers across his Adonis belt and perfectly chiseled abdominals as she removed the thin shirt from his strappingly ripped physique.

"Your body is very aesthetic," Annabeth noted, her eyes wide. "The V shape of your torso, the shape, size and hardness of your muscles... It is very pleasing."

Zia's eyes trailed downwards (and so did Annabeth's) as Zia rubbed the growing bulge in Brad's flimsy pants. Annabeth licked her lips. "Oh yes," she whispered, eagerly waiting for the big reveal. "Please, take it out..."

"How about," Brad with a smile. "You take off your shirt first and show me those big rockin' tits."

"That is quite inappropriate... but I really want to see your cock," Annabeth said. She rolled up the thick fabric of her orange sweater and yanked it over head without hesitation, springing her enormous D cup breasts free. Each massive boob was held back in a heavy duty grey bra.

Brad grinned as he pulled his pants down an inch, revealing to Annabeth an inch of his monster cock.

"Hmmm, yes," Annabeth said eagerly, leaning forward to get a closer look. Zia spun around to face Brad, her eyes brimming with unbridled lust and longing. She squatted deep, gyrating her hips all the way down until her pantyless ass was brushing against the cool floor. Then she trailed her hands down his thick thighs and dragged the hem of his pants all the way to his knees and lo, his cock flopped out.

"Approximately seven inches long and five inches in circumference, and it's soft," Annabeth said, impressed. "You have, pardon my language, one big fucking cock."

Annabeth said this in a matter of fact way, not complimenting the genetically gifted boy but admitting it as she would a skilled enemy.

"You like it, huh?" Brad said.

"I'm having an unexpectedly strong biological response," Annabeth admitted. "My heart rate is elevated, my breathing has sped up, my mind is losing concentration on more intellectual tasks and..." Annabeth touched two fingers against the tips of her teardrop shaped breasts. "My nipples are erect."

"What a coincidence," Zia said with a smirk. She unzipped her cheerleader's jacket and pulled it apart just far enough to expose her stiff dark chocolate nipples. "So are mine."

Brad strode confidently over to Annabeth, swinging his cock casually around in one hand. He stood right in front of Annabeth, and seated her face was just inches from his crotch.

"Mind if I jerk off?" Brad said, grabbing his thick sausage in one massive hand.

"It's your cock," Annabeth said, staring up at Brad.

"Your face really is beautiful," Brad continued. He began to jerk his massive cock, one hand sliding across the slimy shaft and a thumb running over the big hole on his glans which happened to be pointing right at Annabeth's face.

Annabeth's stormy grey eyes drifted down his sexy, manly body, a line of hair running down his chest to his pubes, onto his rapidly jerking cock, pointed at her like a loaded cannon. Beneath it, two testicles as big as oranges hung, as healthy as a bull's.

"You're jerking off to the sight of my face. How perverted," Annabeth remarked.

"I wonder who's enjoying it more - you, or me?" Brad bragged. His hand moved faster, making slick little wet noises. Schlick, schlick, schlick.

"With those large testicles, your ejaculation must be amazingly large," Annabeth observed, staring at the swinging nutsack below his cock. "This is utterly inappropriate, but I find myself unable to move away."

"I'm going to drop a big, nasty stupid load onto your perfect little nerd face. Make you look like a college gangbang slut. A little present, courtesy of the boorish meatheads from the football team," Brad grunted.

"Well, I haven't got all day," she said, crossing her arms defiantly. She shifted her chair closer and inhaled a big gulp of his cock stench, quite enjoying the smell.

Brad just smirked and jerked faster and faster, his hands a blur on his oversized prick. He started making exaggerated moans, bucking his hips forward and shoving his cock closer and closer to Annabeth to mock her. But she just moved an inch closer.

"Come on then, shoot your enormous load," she said, adjusting her crooked spectacles. "No doubt you are getting off to the idea of orgasming into the face of a random taken girl who barely knows you. Someone who has a GPA thrice yours."

"You nerdy girls all talk big, but ya'll look the same covered in my spunk," Brad said with a grin. "Here it comes, science girl."

"About time," Annabeth said, leaning forward as she opened her mouth wide.

Brad's cock twitched and sperm erupted from the hole like pent up volcano. Thick ropes of cum splattered itself over her forehead, onto her spectacles, across her sculpted cheekbones, across her parted pretty pink lips and onto her open, awaiting mouth.

Grinning widely, Brad painted the super intelligent girl's face with his ball-chowder, emptying his fat balls all over welcoming face. Despite herself, Annabeth let out a small, guttural moan. Zia chuckled as she noted Annabeth's wide hanging jaw. Annabeth maintained an indifferent demanour throughout, even as the hot cream burned her face.

As a coup de grace, Brad moved in close, the crown of his cock brushing against Annabeth's lips as he jerked the last few drops directly into her mouth.

Annabeth closed her mouth and removed her cum splattered spectacles, leaving two pale squares of untainted skin around her eyes on her otherwise cum smeared face. She began to chew Brad's load thoughtfully, thoroughly analyzing the taste, texture and consistency like the way her dad taught her for wine. Then she swallowed it, pushing the fat wad of cum into her stomach.

"Extraordinary," she said, impressed. She brushed a bit of cum off her face with her finger and held the drop of greyish slime into the light. "Your genetic material. All the speed, strength and testosterone induced ferocity you display on the field. Not to mention your incredible attractiveness and reproductive ability."

"Like my cum, eh?" Brad said with a grin as he wiped the cum off his cock tip on her collarbone. "All you nerds do."

"From the consistency, your sperm count must be extraordinarily high. Several times the average, at least," Annabeth explained, looking at the drop of cum through the light as if she could see the billions of sperm swimming through it. "And the volume, you must've came more than Percy's annual semen output. I know, I counted."

Annabeth looked with interest into Brad's hard blue eyes. "You are an extraordinarily potent man."

"I'm also extraordinarily horny," Brad said, grabbing his cock again. He started to jerk furiously, his one eyed snake rising against despite the waterfall of cum it just shot out. "I'm thinking your torso this time. You should take your bra off, else it's gonna get dirty."

"A cheap attempt to get me to show you my breasts. You could've just asked," Annabeth said with a smirk, reaching behind to unhook her bra.

"Nah, keep it. I've got a better idea," Brad said with a grin. He lunged forward and grabbed Annabeth's head under an armpit. Annabeth yelped, surprised and too weak to resist as Brad thrust his unbelievable cock down her cleavage.

"Fucking some big ole nerd titties, gotta love college," Brad grunted, his hips slapping against her chest as he pistoned his girthy cock into the tight breast pussy made from her big fat tits smushed up by her grey bra.

Annabeth let out a small moan as the hot stick buried itself in the valley of her chest, pushing her swollen breasts outwards with the volume it occupied. "This is very unexpected of you," Annabeth said. "You didn't even ask for my permission."

"You gonna make me stop?" Brad grunted.

"No," Annabeth admitted as the fat cock head penetrated her soft, tight breast pussy and poked out her underboob. "My breasts are extremely large, yet your cock goes all the way through," she observed.

Brad buried his cock all the way in and came, the tip of his cock exploding with a spray of cum that painted her flat belly pearly grey and pumped thick semen onto her the crotch of corduroys. "See? Didn't get any on your bra," he said with a cheeky smile, gesturing to her ruined pants.

Annabeth collapsed back in the chair, her chest heaving and sitting in a pool of cum. She ran a finger up her belly, picking up a trail of cum from the slimey torso. "Amazing. You suffer no reduction in ejaculate volume despite having just came."

"How do you like me now, nerd?" Brad said with a confident smile.

"I will admit I find myself liking you a lot, despite knowing you're a lazy bully who spends most of his time trying to get into girls' pants," Annabeth said.

"Bullshit. I don't spend most of my time trying, I spend most of my time inside of them," Brad said.

"And despite your academic stupidity, you have a certain sexual intelligence with the opposite sex... Now I how you managed to fuck most of the girls in the school," Annabeth said. "You know how to turn girls on, how to push their buttons. I don't think there's any girl who could say no to you."

"Nah," Brad said dismissively. "I don't believe it."

Annabeth stood up, pulled down her corduroy pants and spread apart her soft round ass cheeks. She presented her sopping perfect pink pussy to Brad, a line of sticky fluid hanging to her clitoris dangling in the air.

"It's true. I am extremely aroused right now. And I would bet so is Zia," Annabeth said in a matter of fact way. "Once, I thought me and my friends were the only girls able to say not to

you, but I see I'm wrong. When aroused, the frontal lobes of women shut down. It's the part that controls higher reasoning, risk aversion and resistance to social pressure and commands."

"So?" Brad asked.

"So," Annabeth said slowly in the tones of trying to explain to someone else who was less than bright. "I'm unable to accurately gauge the consequences of my actions, hence I'm controlled by my baser instincts. And I become extremely susceptible to the suggestions of other people."

Brad's face contorted with the effort of understanding all those big words. Annabeth sighed and rolled her eyes. She grabbed her friend's hand and hopped both of them onto the edge of a pair of tables. Annabeth and Zia placed their hands on their silky smooth thighs and spread their long luscious legs far apart, revealing both their profusely leaking pretty pink pussies.

"It means," Annabeth explained, whipping off her spectacles and shaking her hair loose from its band. Her mane of hair cascaded in a golden waterfall onto her shoulders. "You can fuck us, dummy."

"You sure you want to do this? It'll ruin you for your lil boyfriend forever. You still sound like you're smart enough to leave," Brad warned.

"Well, if so many girls couldn't say no to you, what hope do I have?" Annabeth said with a sultry smirk, beckoning the frat boys over. They grinned, the bulges in their pants growing to colossal sizes as they beheld the two buxom beauties on the desks, one bronzed desert Copt and one pale busty nerd.

"Alright then," Brad said with a shrug. At the same time, he and Henry pulled Annabeth and Zia in for a deep, sloppy kiss. The girls moaned petulantly, their toes curling in their sneakers as they felt the delicious hot tongues of the tasty boys rummage down their throats. What little clothes they had were ripped off, along with whatever pretense of not being big cock sluts.

They spread their legs wide, eyes wide with lust and anticipation as they stared at the fat long cocks resting on their bellies. Their lovers rolled an extra large condom onto each of their cocks, grabbed the slender ankles of the pair of girls, twisted their legs open wide and slammed home.

"Hnnmm fuck," Annabeth and Zia moaned in chorus. Henry and Brad, horny as fuck just looking at the two ridiculously beautiful, voluptuous and headstrong girls spreading their legs for them, fucked them with animalistic passion. Their steel buns sent their powerful hips rutting speedily into their tight, pink pussies of their classmates, devastating their insides and their minds.

The football players leaned down, staring into the faces of their squirming classmates. They fucked them so hard their eyes rolled into the back of their head, little moans of praise and pleasure escaping their pretty lips as their bodies were fucked into ruthless submission by the two beautifully arrogant boys.

"Got any big words not, nerd?" Brad teased, slapping his hips against hers. "F-fuck me! Keep fucking me! Fuck me and never stop!" Annabeth moaned in response, her whole body shaking as the incredibly stiff member stamped its shape into her fertile hips.

"God damn it, I love your cock," Zia moaned to Henry, eyes rolling back into her head. "Flunking the project was totally worth it!"

"Flunking? Wait, that was you?" Annabeth exclaimed to the girl being fucked beside her, her head turning to one side and looking at Zia in surprise.

"Yeah, sorry, couldn't resist," Zia moaned, her soft brown body shaking in pleasure as Henry fucked her missionary style. She turned to look into Annabeth's stormy grey eyes. "Feels too good to submit!"

"Shit, I want to feel angry, but I just feel thankful that it led to me getting fucked by Brad!" Annabeth admitted. The table creaked as Brad and Henry slammed their massive bodies onto the defenseless giggling girls from above, drilling insistently into their wet pussies as their heavy nutsacks slapped against the desk. "Fuck, it's just been minutes... But I think..."

"I'm gonna..." Zia moaned.

"Cum!" they both exclaimed. They grabbed each other's hands as their legs wrapped lovingly around their studs' waists and they squirted themselves on their cocks. Their eyes went as wide as galaxies, staring tenderly into the eyes of their seducers as they orgasmed their brains out. On their ribcages, their heavy, large breasts jiggled like Jello in a mind shaking cum quake that made their backs arch and their pussies squeeze.

"Hmmmmmm, feels as good as the first time it happened," Zia moaned as she rode out the last few seconds of her orgasm.

"Jesus, that was amazing," Annabeth half moaned, half admitted as her shaking body slowly slid to a stop. "Is this what an orgasm feels like?"

Just then, the door made a sound. The handle jiggled for awhile as someone tried to turn the locked knob, then stopped. There was a knock. Percy's voice floated through the classroom. "Classroom 2B has a tutorial, we have to come back in here."

Percy and Carter peered through the large square glass window on tiptoes. There was no one in there. They frowned and thought that maybe they had the wrong classroom when suddenly their girlfriend's faces poked out from. They had a funny smiling look on their face and seemed to be bobbing up and down.

"Sup," Zia slurred with a half lidded smile.

"Let us back in, the other class is full. Why is the door locked?" Carter said, jiggling the handle.

"Mrs De Armas hasn't given permission for you to come back in," Annabeth said in a funny out of breath voice that almost seemed like moaning to Percy. Her glasses were crooked and

fogged.

"Come on, she doesn't care as long as we serve detention! Let us in," Percy pleaded.

"No can do, fuck boy," Zia said with a nasty smile, her neat, raven black bobcut bouncing up and down.

"What should we do then?" Carrer complained.

"Just wait outside until we're done - I mean Mrs De Armas comes back," Annabeth said breathily, her mane of blonde hair shaking up and down slightly.

"Come on, just let us in! And why are you shaking like that?" Percy said.

"See you around, faggot," Zia said. A poster was slammed onto the glass, blocking the boys view.

"You did very well," Henry congratulated as he and Brad drilled into the girls from beside the door. Both girls smiled deliriously, moaned as they squirted again, and kept on getting fucked.

"Fuck, it's so nasty, fucking a girl in front of her boyfriend when he doesn't even know," Brad grunted.

"I swear chicks pussies get tighter when you rape their fucking cunts in front of their shrimp dick boyfriends," Henry said.

"Fuck I'm gonna nut," Brad said.

When Carter and Percy had peered through the window, Brad and Henry had brought the girls to both sides. Lifting one sneakered foot onto a shoulder and keeping the other on the ground, they had fucked the girls from the side as they did a standing split, bottoming out their thick throbbing cocks into their cheating pussies. As Zia and Annabeth looked down into the cute adorable eyes of their boyfriends, just an inch away from shattering their relationships, they'd thoroughly enjoyed getting their pussies stretched out and ploughed by their bullies.

But horny and hungry for big cock, their teenage brain had zero risk aversion. They didn't care that they might lose their relationship of many years, they just care about pleasing their new masters with their tight fertile pussies. Now, cumming as their big cocked lovers slammed their crotches into their wide fertile hips and emptied their seed in their warm depths, their eyes rolled back into their heads and they completely forgot about their boyfriends once they were out of sight. The only thing they felt was the swell of hot seed in the condoms deep inside their hammered bellies.

Both girls reached out and their fingers intertwined, using each other for support as their bodies spasmed and arched in mind shattering orgasm. As they cummed, they moaned their lovers' names, proving their proving by wetting their crotches with their pussy juices.

Their sleek, buxom bodies went slack after they rode out their orgasms. Both girls had the cocks pulled out of them with thick shlicking sounds. They stood legs shaking on the linoleum floor. Each tall, well endowed and curvaceous female was completely naked except for a pair of sneakers and socks.

"Fuck, you sluts are nasty," Henry said with a grin. "You even feel bad?"

"Right now, I'm only feeling how deeply your cock stretched out my vagina," Annabeth admitted, her long limbs trembling from the brutal dicking. "By the gods, that was the single most amazing thing I have ever experienced."

PLOP

Both women's legs gave out at the same time. They collapsed onto the floor, legs splayed, and their tight round butts bounced on the floor.

"It's magnificent. A little dick like Carter's can't even compete," Zia panted.

"Now, aren't you girls gonna say thank you?" Brad said, walking forward with his fat cock swinging like a pendulum between his legs.

Zia let out a girlish laughed and smiled. "Thanks, captain," Zia sultrily whispered, puckering her full pink lips and leaning forward to plant a deep French kiss into his fat, flared cock head.

Zia looked expectantly at Annabeth whose raincloud grey eyes were wide with surprise. She blinked then scooted over on her butt beside Zia, leaving a trail of pussy fluid on the floor.

"It seems like a ridiculous proposition, but I'll go along with the sexual play," she said. She pressed her ruby red lips together, leaned forward and gave Brad's cock a deep, sensual kiss. "Thanks, captain."

Brad grinned. "Good girls," he purred, patting the heads of the blonde and brunette like children.

Their boyfriends would've expected their tall, headstrong and prideful girlfriends to snap back at being treated like a child. They'd be surprised to see them nuzzling his palm with their heads.

"That felt... Unexpectedly good," Annabeth remarked. "Better than kissing Percy."

"It ain't over yet," Brad said, pulling both girls to their feet. Pushing together several tables, Brad and Henry laid back side by side, their fat, stiff cocks jutting upwards. The girls didn't need to be told what to do. Both of them climbed onto the table, straddling each boy in nothing but their socks and sneakers. Slowly, they lowered their plump asses down.

Annabeth and Zia gasped as they felt the fat flared heads prod their pussies. Pushing on downwards, they knelt on top of their man, dropping their bodies and impaling themselves on their thick dicks. Their hands spread themselves onto their lover's rock hard chest for stability.

"Hmmm, fuck," Zia moaned, biting her lip.

"Such depth of penetration... And I love how it throbs inside of me," Annabeth said with a sigh.

They viciously rode their beloved studs, slapping their hips up and down as they slid themselves up and down the girthy, pussy destroying shafts of the men. From behind, their fat, firm butts clapped against each other as they bucked their hips on the bulls. They were so engrossed in pleasing their lovers that they didn't hear the jingle of keys, or the sound of the lock coming free, or the door opening and closing.

Five minutes passed. Then ten. Then thirty Each minute felt like a heavenly hour to the girls, every deep cock slamming slide of their hips making them feel so hot and slutty they wanted to cry out with joy. Mrs De Armas observed the girls from behind her desk, her students' deliciously jiggling asses clapping together in unison. At the apex of every thrust, their sumptuous ass flesh would fly apart to reveal their puckered assholes and close again, like a single brown eye winking mischievously at her.

"Er hem," she said, clearing her throat. Annabeth and Zia froze. Annabeth - her mane of golden curls in a sweat matted mess that people called "sex hair" and her face dropping with perspiration, turned her head first. Zia's messy hair and wet face followed. The trio of busty women stared at each other briefly.

"There's a class coming in ten minutes. You'll need to move soon. Put on your clothes and I'll open up one of the classrooms. Or you can leave detention early and fuck at home," the olive skinned biology teacher said.

For a moment, the old Annabeth kicked in. "Mrs De Armas! This isn't what it looks like! I'm so sorry, I'll -"

She raised a hand and silenced the bespectacled girl. "You're not the first good, honest, innocent looking girl I've seen Brad fuck into a nasty cum smeared whore."

"But -" Annabeth said. Mrs De Armas stood up and unbuttoned her jacket, causing her shapely, waterlemon sized breasts to spring out. Annabeth and Zia watched wide eyed in wonder as she strode over to the two other frat boys, who'd been stroking their fat cocks as they watched Brad and Henry fuck Annabeth and Zia.

"The first girl I saw them fuck into submission was me," Mrs De Armas admitted, squatting down and helping the two frat boys jerk off.

Annabeth's and Zia's jaw dropped. They turned to look at their lovers with even more awe. Not only were they fucking the college girls, but the teachers! "But you're engaged," Zia croaked.

"Oh, that never stops them," she said with a knowing smile. "As you should have realized by now, Ms Rashid, in this neighborhood there exists a set of alpha males who rule over women. They're hung, handsome men from rich families who can mosey down into any lower class neighborhood and fuck whoever's wife, daughter or mother they like."

"Now, don't let me stop you," she said. "I'll handle these to boys over here."

Annabeth and Zia wanted a better explanation, but the cocks throbbing still in their pussies was giving them an itch like no other. They put their hands back onto their lovers' chests and slammed their hips down onto their crotches, sliding their warm wet pussies up and down their long shafts. Every time they pulled out, the girth of the cock pulled a little tight pink sleeve out, a visual testament to how tightly their cunts were gripping onto their cocks.

The classroom door was quite thick, so when their girlfriends had another loud sticky orgasm, moaning the names of their deliciously ripped and sexy paramours, Carter and Percy were none the wiser as they sat outside, wondering why their girlfriends were mad at them.

"Shit that's amazing," Annabeth and Zia moaned in unison as their bodies were swept through another shaking orgasm on the brutish cocks of their lovers.

"The football team is dumb as fuck, but they are amazing at fucking," Mrs De Armas remarked as the huge cocks in her own hands exploded.

"I do know one thing," Brad said as he laid back with his hands crossed behind his head, enjoying the view of the curvaceous hourglass figure of the brown girl jiggling into orgasm on his cock.

"And what is that, mister Bull?" Mrs De Armas asked.

"That ya'll are sluts for my big cock," he said. None of the women refuted this.

"Fuck, that was fun. Thanks for bringing you guys to detention," Brad bragged as he and Henry pushed off their well fucked girls off them like disposing of used condoms. They dopamine high girls barely registered as their bodies crashed to the floor, although their big jiggly parts cushioned the fall. They carelessly pinched their own condoms off and tossed them on the floor. Mrs De Armas took out a white handkerchief and cleaned her slimey hands. Then she strode over to Zia, squatted down and with a motherly care wiped her face clean. She did the same for Annabeth, cleaning her face and wiping her spectacles before adjusting them neatly onto her face.

"Don't worry about your grade. You'll have a chance to fix it tomorrow," Mrs De Armas said with a knowing smile. "Do what you're expected to and you'll get an A."

"But... There's no biology tomorrow," Annabeth slurred, her eyes slowly focusing onto her teacher's face.

"Special class tomorrow. All the girls are coming. Them and Brad. It'll be a practical lesson," she said. "You wouldn't want to miss it."

"We'll come," Zia acknowledged, groggily getting up from the floor.

"Oh, you will. We all will," Mrs De Armas said with a grin. "Especially me. Because Brad is going to inseminate me tomorrow."

Annabeth and Zia choked. "What?" they cried out in unison.

"Don't act so surprised - I know you've thought about it," she replied.

"I mean, I've been fucking him on the side, but that's just some naughty fun I keep from Carter," Zia admitted. "But a baby? Does your husband know?"

"Oh yes. I've been training him as a demure little cuck for years. He'll raise the child and provide all the support," she said. She reached out and caressed both their cheeks in a gentle, motherly fashion. "And I'm going to teach you how."

"I've been doing a bit of that, making Carter jerk off to my body and cuckold porn," Zia offered.

Mrs De Armas smiled. "A good start. But tomorrow, we'll really do a number on them. It's going to be so nasty, so fucked up and above all - feel so good."

Annabeth and Zia looked up at their biology teacher with newfound awe.

"Hey, Goode is one of the best colleges in the country. I'm your biology teacher, and I'll be teaching you how to apply it in real life. It's up to you whether you want Brad's child," she said casually, standing up and dusting herself off. "Now I expect both of you to bring your A game."

"Yes, Mrs De Armas," they chorusrd.

Mrs De Armas gave them a broad smile. "Good. And don't forget to bring your boyfriends. After all, we wouldn't want them to miss out on the fun!"

Biology Lesson Part 2

Chapter Summary

Part 2 of the lesson.

The setting sun cast a reddish light on the neat tidy rows of houses, the very model of urban Americana slowly winding down the day as adults drove into the borough in their American cars and parked them in their garages. Many would be greeting their kids and wives, but for a few families that would have to wait, because 20 daughters, 3 sons and 1 well endowed Cuban wife were in a class on Goode college. The college itself was situated between the upper and lower class areas of the borough, a large central campus where those coming from vast opulent mansions learned alongside those from humble mortgaged neighborhood houses. But despite the appearance of inclusion, the situation in the college was less than fair. There was a huge divide between a small upper crust of elite boys whose families practically ran the school, and the rest of the students from poor backgrounds who had to live with it for a chance at getting educated. But those who went there learnt more than just mathematics and science. They learned exactly how much these elites would rule their lives, as would the students in this particular extracurricular night class.

In a spacious biology lab lit by powerful fluorescent lights and filled with rows of two-person lab tables, a stunning olive skinned Cuban woman stood in front of her class. A delicate curl of brown hair rested on her high cheekbones while the rest were tied up in a tight professional bun with two long silvery needles holding them in place. She was wearing an eye poppingly tight dark blue pantsuit which was about two sizes too small for her. Her expensive sapphire colored suit jacket was tailored with an extra space at the front, but even that was not enough as two enormous melons thrust from her chest that split apart her expensive silk shirt. From this split fabric her deep cleavage showed, glowing under the fluorescent light like a milky chocolate display.

"Good morning, class," Mrs De Armas said in an authoritative, formal tone to the 18 girls seated in front of her. "As you know, today is the Special Biology Lesson - a highly graded lesson our wealthy donors instituted. It is compulsory for all girls who come to Goode attend." A Chinese girl raised her hand. "What will this class be about?"

"As you may know, the pillars of this community who built this very school are a number of wealthy white Anglo-Saxon protestant men, the WASPs who founded our country," Mrs De Armas explained. "They generously contribute to this community."

"Well they're definitely not contributing money, because the infrastructure is shit and they're a bunch of tax dodging one percenters," Hazel snorted. "I think I pay more taxes than them!" Mrs De Armas smiled. "Now, you should have learned in economics class how taxing the rich is bad for the economy. Giving these big businesses the subsidies and tax breaks they need to create jobs is what this country's great economic prosperity is built on."

"But our great white leaders do not only contribute the wonderful economy," Mrs De Armas continued. "As you know, this neighborhood has an incredibly high percentage of foreigners, as well as a certain number of lower class families. To help better integrate these people into American society, our WASP leaders contribute their genetic material in vast amounts."

"What, like their hair and skin? They can keep it," Hazel said, screwing up her face. Hazel was the daughter of a poor Roma French gypsy fortune teller with African, Native American, Mediterranean and Indian ancestry.

"Not that," Mrs De Armas said. "They contribute their semen."

"... What?" Hazel replied in shock.

"Our white community leaders provide free insemination at their fertility clinics, or even a personal insemination. Completely discreet of course, should you not wish to get into trouble with your spouse," Mrs De Armas explained.

"What. The. Fuck? Who would even want a bunch of rich white assholes' kids?" Hazel replied in disgust.

"Oh, I was once like you, children," Mrs De Armas confided with a smile. "But over time, you'll come to see the many of their excellent qualities, and the benefits of bearing their offspring. In fact, that is what today's class will be. We'll be observing the differences between one of our white leaders and two other less impressive boys."

Mrs De Armas' heels clicked as she walked over to the door. "Now to help us in this demonstration as a guest teacher," she said with a flourish like a saleswoman as she opened the door. "Please welcome your fellow classmate, Mister Brad Bull."

Brad strode into the room wearing a rich and very expensive suit. From his perfectly tailored jacket to his sleek black pants hugging his legs so tight his enormous cock bulged through the tight black silk, every inch of him radiated wealth and authority. He looked every bit the handsome, privileged, rugged white guy in movies. He smiled and every girl in class was instantly smitten. "Hello, girls, I'll be putting on a little experiment' for ya'll today," Brad said in a smooth, deep voice like rich molten chocolate. Even Hazel, who hated him, his family and how privileged they were, found him really hot .

"Next, we have our baseline subjects, typical example of males not from the white community. They had to be compelled here on account of their grades in yesterday's project," Mrs De Armas said. Percy and Carter walked into the class wearing billowing hospital gowns, looking sheepish and embarrassed as the class giggled at their appearance. "Now their beautiful girlfriends are also here, assisting in our demonstration. As an incentive, I've decided to replace the grade of their failed project with today's Special Biology Lesson's," Mrs De Armas said. "So their performance here is doubly important."

"First is Zia Rashid. This six foot girl hails from Egypt. On Instagram rankings, she is by far the most popular girl in this school, and videos of her in her cheerleading outfits have been watched millions of times on the Internet. Interestingly, despite her young age she was in the military for several years where she gained extensive experience in military medicine. So today, this young and extremely fertile girl will be assisting me as a nurse," Mrs De Armas

said with a flourish of a hand. The classroom door cracked open and a single long bronzed leg stepped in, its heel cracking the floor.

Slowly, a tall, exotic and breathtakingly voluptuous woman stepped in. Her curvaceous brown body was squeezed into a figure hugging white nurse uniform made out of sheer latex - a tight sterile rubber frock which clung to every curve and surface and left nothing to the imagination. At the front the uniform was double breasted with the right side buttoned over the left - but Zia's jiggling sloshing breasts were so large the latex strained to contain the massive amount of flesh spilling outwards and her cleavage bubbled out the deep neckline. The uniform was so tight her nipples could be seen like two M&Ms were under her shirt. The hem was cut high, just below her perfectly round bubble butt and high enough that the gap between her voluptuous thighs could be seen. Her hair was as neat as ever trimmed perfectly at the jaw with just a strand curling down her sculpted nose. It framed her regally beautiful features and bright amber eyes.

Zia stood on Mrs De Armas side and adjusted her white nurse's cap. Out of one of her uniform's pockets a set of latex gloves were neatly hanging out. "Hello. Me and Carter will be part of today's little experiment. I'll be attending to our male subjects over here - it's my job to ensure the health and safety of everyone involved," she said with a smile.

"My second assistant is Annabeth Chase. The five foot ten girl is the daughter of an architect, our top student with a perfect GPA and is taking university modules from the third year on the side. She's quite the scientist - so she'll be helping me out as a lab assistant," Mrs De Armas explained. With another flourish of her hand, Annabeth stepped in.

The bespectacled girl burst into the class, clicking her black heels on the linoleum floor with proud, headstrong steps, dismissively ignoring the class and standing beside Mrs De Armas opposite Zia. Underneath she was wearing a long-sleeved white Oxford shirt and fitting formal black silk pants. The first few buttons of her shirt were unbuttoned, letting her enormous pale cleavage spill forth from the fabric. A glimpse of her grey bra could be seen, which itself was very low cut and just above her pink nipples. Over this she wore a tight lab coat which hugged her perfect hourglass form, accentuating the vast spill of her cleavage and curves of her wide round hips. Her usual large, square black spectacles were neatly pressed into her striking, angular face. Her usual waterfall of wild golden hair had been tied into a neat ponytail.

"I'll be ensuring the scientific validity of this experiment and aiding in some of the technical parts," Annabeth remarked coldly, not even bothering to look up from a clipboard to look at the class.

"Now that everyone's here, let me explain how we'll all be graded. It's quite simple, really. You'll be graded on your ability to make scientifically valid, biological assessments on our male subjects over here," Mrs De Armas explained. "I'm a big believer in hands on learning, so we'll all be very involved in today's lesson. You will all receive an A if you come to the right conclusion AND demonstrate that you believe in it."

"But for our boys over here, they'll be graded on, shall we say, their biology?" Mrs De Armas said with a knowing smirk. "I think you girls know what I'm talking about... These boys will

be receiving a grade on how genetically gifted they are to us. After all, this is a biology class!"

"Today's Special Biology Lesson shall now commence!" Mrs De Armas announced, clapping her hands together. She strode up the the chalkboard and scribbled three big letters. She smiled, turned to her students, spread her arms wide and announced "The theme of the Special Biology Lesson is S-E-X! Now I'll be passing it onto our handsome white man over here to take charge - like they always do!"

"First thing - let's take a look under the hood," Brad said, gesturing at the two boys. Zia nodded and clacked her heels over there.

Both boys have been raised by very strict, very powerful and very confident women. It's what had attracted them to their tall, headstrong girlfriends in the first place. Deep in their minds, they'd been trained since birth to listen to an authoritative women and do what she said. So when Zia stood in between them, placed a firm hand on their shoulders and led them before their huge and very suggestively grinning bully, they did so. The three of them stood facing each other in a semicircle with their crotches visible to the crowd.

"Well, looks like we got a Mexican showdown over here. I hope you boys are up to scratch, because if not, your grades are gonna get fucked," Brad said with a vulgar thrust of his hefty crotch. "Now take'em out boys."

Years of bullying by the football captain made them shiver as they stood in front of him. They meekly nodded and obeyed. They pinched each of their gowns at the front and shyly lifted it to show the class their small, limp cocks. A suppressed giggle rippled through the class. Averting each other's gazes, Carter and Percy's cheeks turned a bright red but they obeyed Zia's order and stood still, feeling very vulnerable and exposed as a breeze blew on their embarrassingly small and soft dicks.

ZIP

With a swift stroke, Brad unzipped his pants and whipped out his girthy nine inch monster. The class oooh'd as Brad's drooping one eyed monster, the gaping pink eye staring menacingly down at the other two minuscule members like a big pink fire hose pointed at two clammy shrimp. But more humiliating was how Brad stood over them, perfectly and sharply dressed with his mighty cock pointing out of a hole in his expensively tailored pants, while Carter and Percy held up their gowns like kids having their crotches inspected.

"Now I know why your girlfriends buys dildos from me," Brad said with a suggestive wink, rudely grabbing his cock and waving it in a mocking comparison to theirs. Laughter broke out in the class - even Mrs De Armas - despite being the consummate professional and staunchly against bullying - let out a small giggle.

"Now let's get some data," Mrs De Armas said, trying to hide her laughing.

"Data on what?" Percy said with a frown.

"Of your genitals, of course," she purred, holding up a tape measures and passing it to the two deeply uncomfortable boys. Both of them hesitated.

"Come on, do you want to fail?" Mrs De Armas said sternly.

"There's no need to be embarrassed. The whole class has already seen the size of your penises," Annabeth said, peering over her glasses at a clipboard. "Length and circumference of the penis and circumference of the testicles, please."

Both of them blushed. Percy went first, holding up his gown and showing his prick to everyone as Carter bent over and held up the tape measure, first running it along its length, then wrapping around its circumference, and finally wrapping it around his smooth, hairless testicles. "Three inches long, two inches circumference and four inches circumference," Carter mumbled. "Louder, please. For everyone to hear," Annabeth said as she scribbled it down. Carter repeated himself louder, telling the whole class precisely how small Percy's dick was. Percy heard them snigger, but it wasn't as hurtful as the slight shaking of Annabeth's head, causing her blonde ponytail to sway, that turned his face a bright red. "Now do Carter's," Annabeth ordered without looking up. Carter held up his gown and Percy did the same, announcing the same miniscule measurements to the whole class and causing them to giggle.

"Now, both of you measure Brad," Annabeth ordered.

"What!" Carter yelled. "No!" Percy followed. But the three tall, dominating women shot them an angry look. Zia in particular hooked both their necks in her powerful arms and squeezed. "Now be a good boy and do as we ladies say, alright?" she said as the two boys gasped and choked for air. With red faces and wide, panicking eyes, they choked out a yes.

"Get measuring," she snapped. Carter and Percy sniffed and nodded. Since he was much taller Carter and Percy were humiliatingly forced to kneel at his feet. The class oooo'd as Brad dropped his pants, and all the girls tantalizingly licked their lips imagining what the boys were seeing up close. Practically godhood, they thought. Someone whose manhood so far exceeded theirs they could never hope to compete. Carter and Percy gasped a little. It was absolutely massive up close, even longer than their faces. Carter embarrassingly had to touch the warm solid shaft and hold it steady as Percy ran the tape along its enormous length then they wrapped it around its thick girth to get the circumference. And finally, Carter had to hold up Brad's fat hairy nuts in his tiny hands as Percy rolled the tape around the warm orbs. Humiliatingly they were forced to handle their bully's genitals like prized objects at his feet.

The class eagerly awaited their report. "Nine inches long, seven inches thick and his testicles are 8 inches in round," Percy announced, acutely aware of his much bigger Brad was. Ripples of excitement spread through the class.

"He could bludgeon a crocodile with that massive tool..."

"I wish he would bludgeon me with that thing..."

"It's almost thrice my boyfriend's size!"

"Christ, that's so hot..."

Many of the girls had already been ruthlessly fucked and dominated by Brad, but it was a huge turn on to have a scientific number of his superiority contrasted to Brad's lesser's. It just

made them want to fuck Brad more. Carter and Percy left the towel, unaware they'd just help Brad seduce and arouse a half dozen girls.

"Oh my, I see we have a clear winner here," Mrs De Armas said with a smile. "Nine inches? Definitely an A for this segment. But just three is a failing grade, tsk tsk, " she said with a disapproving look.

"Next, we'll have the semen test," Mrs De Armas said. She passed Zia two small, shot glass sized beakers.

"Is there... Like... Another room we can -" Carter said.

"No. You have to do it in front of the class," Annabeth said indifferently. "Science should be observed by everyone. I understand it might be humiliating, but that's a price I'm willing to pay."

Both boys turned a deep red as they didn't want the class to see how hard they were, but they obeyed. They held up their gown by the elbow and pinched their tiny pricks in their fingers. The class laughed when they saw how hard it was after measuring Brad's dick. It wasn't that they were gay, but the raw sexual power of it had got them rock hard. Thinking about how that dick had been buried in all the hottest girls in the school and the powerful manly musk it gave off made them feel lightheaded and aroused. And they couldn't quite put their finger on it, but somehow it even smelled like their girlfriend's pussies. Zia pulled on her sterile rubber gloves with an amused smirk on her lips.

"Now I'm not like those two little boys, I'm going to need some real action to get me off," Brad said.

"What do you need, Mr Bull?" Annabeth answered.

"You stroking my big dick, Mrs De Armas with her tits hanging out making out with me, and someone from the audience also jerkin by big fat cock off," Mr Bull. He pointed to a pale, oval faced Chinese girl in the audience. "You, get down here." The Chinese girl's eyes went wide. She meekly nodded and scurried to Brad's feet.

"Annabeth, you can't jerk him off!" Percy cried. "Relax, dweeb. It's for science," Annabeth scolded.

Mrs De Armas gestured at Carter and Percy, who were staring at her chest. "Do you mind? I have a husband," she said to Annabeth. The blonde nodded and cracked her heels in between Brad and the two kneeling boys, giving them a look of disdain before obscuring their view with the firm swell of her wide, fertile hips.

Mrs De Armas strode in front of Brad and seductively popped open her suit one button at a time, spilling more and more cleavage out until her clothes burst apart and her youthful, coppery teardrop shaped tits burst out. Brad picked her up by her thin, wasp like waist and smashed his lips into hers. Brad's tongue snaked down into her mouth, who like every girl before her, opened happily to let the hot, slimey invader down her throat. Moaning happily into Brad's mouth as he tongue fucked her pretty little Cuban brains out, a heeled foot popped into the air in joy as her tits ground into the black silk of his suit. On the material that cost more than her annual salary, her pink nipples stiffened.

In his other hand, he drew Annabeth close by her waist, grinding her fabulously jiggling breasts into his suit. One of her hands snaked down and gripped his rock hard shaft, sliding on its slimy surface as she moaned. Below, the Chinese classmates hands got to work on the biggest and most magnificent white cock she'd ever seen.

Carter and Percy stared in awe and envy at Brad. That was how he came, making out with a beautiful woman as another was rubbing against him and a third at his feet. "On your knees, boys," she ordered. Both of them knelt in front of the class with their gowns raised. Zia placed their beakers between their legs.

Both boys gasped as Zia gripped their cocks in her slender, gloved fingers with a sadistic grin. Far from the energetic, worshipful caress of Brad's girls, Zia viciously twisted her fist and smashed her fist up and down their crotches, pounding the poor boys' dicks to mush as they moaned and squirmed in her iron grip. The beautiful, voluptuous nurse wasn't so much jerking them off as hand-squeezing the cum out of them in fingers like iron cables. It hurt, but the boys also gasped in pleasure from as the sexy nurse strangled their little genitals. She stood up with a distasteful grimace as she wiped the residue on her white rubber dress.

With a moan, they almost came immediately with images of Brad's thick meat and Zia's deep cleavage swirling in their mind in a confusing yet arousing series of flashes. From Zia's enclosed fist dripped a few drops of transparent, watery cum into the beaker as if she had just crushed a few limes in them. Gripping tightly, she gave one final twist and wrung them dry. But Brad, unlike the boys 5 second performance, was still hard and passionately making out with their biology teacher as two beautiful women jerked him off. The class has gone completely silent save for the slurping sounds of Brad in Mrs De Armas' mouth, staring enraptured at the man getting three stunning girls to jerk him off. Brad's hand slid down Annabeth's back far further than Percy was comfortable with and squeezed a handful of her ass meat. Annabeth moaned softly and buried her head in Brad's massive chest, nuzzling the expensive fabric.

There was a slight rustling of clothes as long probing fingers were pushed down pants and past panties, a slight screeching from chairs shifting to better expose pussies to thrusting fingers, and light moans as those fingers dug deep into tight, pink teenage pussies. On their knees, Carter and Percy gasped in shock as they saw even Hazel with her legs spread wide and a hand down her pants. Throughout the class, over a dozen girls expectantly fingered themselves.

It was a surprise when it happened. Brad simply took his hand off Annabeth, grabbed the back of the Chinese girl's head and shoved his cock nine inches of mouth destroying cock into her throat. He didn't even stop kissing Mrs De Armas as his cock slipped inside her mouth, spreading her pretty pink lips so thin on its shaft they almost vanished. Her slender neck bulged, but her expression was worshipful and attentive, looking intently at Brad with bright, wide eyes as he skull fucked her. With a guttural grunt, he came.

Carter and Percy didn't see exactly what happened, but from around crotch height there was an explosion of cum. Ribbons flew out everywhere. The Chinese girl staggered out, cheeks bulging, and regurgitated Brad's oral load into two whole beakers. On the floor where she knelt was a patch of liquid radiating outwards like a flower where her pussy had burst from feeling Brad's potent cum surge into her mouth.

"Now let's see... Percy and Carter each came 7 millimeters, which is about two teaspoons," she said, holding up the beakers. "Meanwhile Brad as an incredible 500 millimeters, the volume of two whole cups!"

She slipped the samples under a microscope. "And while the two boys sperm count is a painfully average 15 million per milliliter, Brad has an astounding 1 billion sperm per milliliter!" she exclaimed. "Not only does Mr Bull cum much more, his sperm is also far more potent!" Mrs De Armas announced. "To sum up, not only does the white Mr Bull have a bigger dick and fatter balls, his cumshots are far bigger and more potent than the other two boys." The class gapsed and broke into a sort of wondrous applause.

"Now let's go through a bit of the theory behind it to see what would happens to a woman who gets fucked by Mr Bull," Mrs De Armas said, stretching out a collapsible pointer. The lights dimmed and the projector whirled into life and projected her PowerPoint presentation onto the screen. It had the usual "Goode College Biology 102" stamp at the bottom, but the content was far from what was usually there.

The first displayed a labeled cross section of a voluptuous woman's genitals. "Girls, this is your pussy. The vagina is five inches deep and past the cervix the womb is another two. Unstretched, it is just three inches in circumference," she said. The pointer snapped towards the boys' genitals, pointing downwards insultingly at their tiny members. "Now imagine if you were to have sex with these two. At three inches, it would go just three-fifths into your vagina. And imagine if you have -"

The collapsible pointer smacked against Zia's big, well-exercised ass. "A nice plump rear like Zia, which many of you do. It wouldn't even reach three inches deep! And the girth? Your pussy would be slightly stretched, like a quarter inflated balloon," Mrs De Armas lectured. Here, even the delinquents found themselves interested in the topic.

"Now this is a huge problem, because your pussy bits don't just need to be touched to feel good, to feel really amazing they need to be stretched and smashed and crushed," Mrs De Armas expounded knowingly. "And worse of all, all the best parts are located deep inside. The anterior fornix, a spongy, sensitive wall, is located four inches deep while the posterior fornix, which feels even better, is located all the way at the cervix. But the most amazingly sensitive part is your G-spot, which is located deep in your womb."

"Now to really destroy these parts and cum your brains out, you need a really big, fat cock," she said. She tapped on her computer and it showed the next slide. It showed a cross section of the same woman, but with a shockingly big penis stuck up inside her pussy. "A nine inch cock will not only just obliterate everyone of these spots that feel amazingly good, stretch out your pussy to several times it's sized, stimulating your entire pussy just by being inside."

She tapped her computer again. This time it showed two animations. On the left, a small dark three inch prick like Carter's was entering in and out of a cross-section of a coppery woman's pussy. True to her prediction, it did not enter even three fifths of the vagina and went nowhere near the womb. The folded walls of her pink pussy also barely budged, expanding slightly each time he entered.

But on the right was a whole other story. A massive, throbbing white cock was repeatedly burrowing into the dusky depths of the woman. There was audio, and screams could be heard as the ridiculous plum sized head buried its way not just through the vagina but smashed through the cervix to slam against the womb then thrust another two inches. The massive white cock pushed another two inches up her gut dragging her ovaries, literally rearranging her organs as it dragged punished her pussy.

When it withdrew, the canal shrunk to a thin tube, until the fat thing rammed back in and stretched it many times larger again and again. To the viewer, her screams were well justified as her entire pussy was stretched sideways and upwards, tearing it apart even as dragged it inches into her stomach.

Everyone, including Carter and Percy, were so transfixed by the scene they didn't notice Annabeth and Zia biting their lower lips.

"Mmmm, so that's what's going on inside," Zia whispered to Annabeth. "You can feel it happening, but it's really hot to see it."

"Of course, our white leaders' massive cocks are just the tip of the iceberg," Mrs De Armas said with a smile. "Humans are a visual species. And because of decades of exposure to white media, our standard of male attractiveness is them. Is his face not perfectly symmetrical and devastatingly rugged and handsome to us?"

"It is," Zia agreed, along with the rest of the class.

"Is his frame not tall and as beautifully proportioned as a statue of a Greek God?" Mrs De Armas said.

"It is," Annabeth agreed, along with the rest of the class.

"And is he not a mouth wateringly hot, sexy stud who you are sexually attracted to?"

"He is!" everybody agreed.

"Anyone who is more attracted to Mr Bull over the other two, please raise your hands," Mrs De Armas said.

"But what about if we were dating one of the other subjects?" Zia asked.

"Well Ms Rashid, it doesn't mean you can't be sexually attracted to Mr Bull," Mrs De Armas said. "I myself have a husband, yet deep down I would love for Mr Bull to pin me down under his ripped, fabulous body and just fuck me until I faint. If you do to, raise your hand!"

Annabeth and Zia raised theirs. So did the rest of the girls. The last one was Hazel, who mouthed "I'm sorry" to Carter and Percy before raising her hand in embarrassed admission. "And it's not just the physical attraction. Research has shown women love a wealthy, powerful men. It's practically impossible for a white millionaire to not make a woman cum!" she said. "Imagine Carter fucking you on a worn out couch in your one room rented apart. It smells like old Chinese food and socks..." Mrs De Armas said with a grimace. But then she continued, excitement and energy flowing into her voice.

"Now imagine Brad, whose billionaire dad is the CEO of a multinational oil firm and whose brother is the town's Senator. You're tied to the the steering wheel of one of his family's super yachts in the Mediterranean. Brad is relentlessly fucking you from behind with nine inches of rock hard cock that has already lasted an hour. Your belly is not just full of big white cock but expensive wines and cheeses he just fed you. He's sipping a glass of champagne as he casually spins the wheel, your toes curl in ecstasy on the rich Persian rug beneath your feet as he casually hilts his big white cock into your tight teenage pussy . He tosses the champagne away and grabs your wide peasant hips in both hands. Your eyes go wide as galaxies and you stare cross-eyed into the sun setting on the Mediterranean sea - he buries his cock deep into your womb, your legs give out and he cums into your pussy, his creamy cum flowing into you as luxuriantly and freely as the champagne did into your tight little body just an hour ago..."

All the girls let out a little sigh, their teenage pussies squeezing out a dollop of horny fluid as their teacher serenaded them with songs of rough sex and big yachts.

"Now raise your hands if you would love to do that," Mrs De Armas said. All the girls' hands shot up. Even Carter and Percy's hand twitched upwards before realizing the deal probably wasn't offered to them. They didn't have to look to know that their girlfriend's hands were sky high.

Mrs De Armas clapped her hands together. "Wonderful. You've successfully chosen the right answer of who the superior man is. All you girls get A on the theory part! And for the boys... Mr Bull. Well endowed, tall, beautiful, rich and powerful, A plus plus " She uncapped a red marker and just above Brad's crotch, drew an "A++" with a smiley face.

Then she strode over to Percy and Carter. "You two. Small dick, rather short, cute but far from hot, poor little boys... F." She ripped off their gowns and drew a large F in a red circle with an arrow pointing to their crotches.

"Now the second part of our training is both the practical and the practical. You see, many of you will be caught between one of our delicious white leaders and your current partner. Well, there's no need to, because today you'll be learning," Mrs De Armas said, walking over to the board and scrawling in big letters, "How To Train A Cuckold!"

"You see, this way, you can both bear a beautiful baby with one of our white bulls, enjoy endless nights of sexual satisfaction, stay with your partner and not worry about the economic burden, because your cuckold will take care of it. And we'll be starting with these two," Mrs De Armas said.

Their eyes flew open. "What?!"

Annabeth and Zia frowned. "Hmm. I'm not sure if I want to go down that path," Zia said hesitantly. "I do rather like Carter."

"Me too. It would be... Unusual and difficult," Annabeth said.

"Oh, trust me dears, it's amazing, 'Mrs De Armas gushed, grabbing the girls' hands earnestly. "I turned my husband into one. Cuckolds are sweet, obedient doormats. They're attentive, desperate to please, will do anything you say and won't leave you no matter what you do. Kick their nuts, sit on them, slap them, they'll just get hard. They'll do anything you say to please you. Make you delicious meals, get all your favorite movies, massage you, and eat you

out no matter who or what's been in your pussy!"

"Hmm, that does sound tempting," Zia admitted to Carter's infinite horror.

"Plus, they're sexually self servicing. Tired of trying to entertain your shrimp dicked boyfriend? Turn him into a cuck! Hell, he's practically forbidden to touch you! He'll take care of himself as you get fucked, or licking the cum off your body or never even cumming at all. The only female contact they get is pussy eating," Mrs De Armas exhorted.

"That does sound intriguing..." Annabeth conceded to Percy's utter dismay.

"Of course, I'll leave you to decide if you really want to turn them into full fledged cucks in the future, but shall we get started now, into the first stage?" Mrs De Armas offered. "As a demonstration."

"Hmmm, sure," both girls said in unison.

Mrs De Armas drew them into the hug. Even the girls stared in lust at the way the three proud women's jiggling breasts smushed together through their clothes.

"Wonderful. Here at Goode, we have perfected the science of making cucks. We can subconsciously layer the suggestion into them while never actually revealing it with this," she said. She pulled both pins from her hair and shook her chestnut brown hair loose into a waterfall of curls on her shoulder.

"Timoxin penthanol. Wipes away their memories clean when they go to sleep but leaves the subconscious effects. I developed it," she proudly said. "You can do whatever you want with your lover, even in front of them, and they'll be none the wiser... Well, not until it's too late." She jabbed both needles into the boys' soft necks.

"What subconscious effects?" Percy asked in a trembling, horrified whisper, rubbing the tiny hole in his neck.

Mrs De Armas grinned. "Nothing less than intense sexual pleasure when you see your wife with an alpha male, and a deep rooted obedience to both."

Carter and Percy went weak in the knees as she continued. "It'll build up session after session, until you can't even cum unless it's vicariously through your wife and you'll both do whatever they say, even raising their children."

Carter and Percy panicked. Pure, unfiltered fear flowed into their minds. They didn't know what to do, but they had to do something. They yelled and tried to charge at Brad to get his hands off their girlfriends.

Annabeth and Zia flanking Brad on either side like two tall, voluptuous guardians in their pristine uniforms stopped them easily.

Together they swung their long, powerful legs in two closing arcs.

The tip of their heels connected with their respective boyfriends' temples, snapping their heads against each other and knocking them to the floor.

They stood protectively in front of Brad.

"Trying to hurt Mr Bull?" Annabeth said disapprovingly, staring derisively down at a groaning Percy.

"You should know we won't let that happen. Try again and we'll be really pissed," Zia said angrily, eyes shooting daggers into Carter as he rubbed his head. Mrs De Armas grinned. They were already acting like his bodyguards. They were naturals.

"Good girls," Brad crooned, petting both girls' heads. "The thing is losers, it's not really up to you whether you want to be cuckolds or not. It's up to me. And I say you're going to be jerking off slack jawed as I plow your girlfriend, if you're good."

"Oh relax, we're just doing this as an experiment," Annabeth said, rolling her stormy grey eyes at Percy. "We're just simulating how it would happen."

"It's not as if we're going to start fucking Percy and bear his kids," Zia said, rolling her bright amber eyes at Carter. "We're just, you know, role-playing. Pretending."

"And besides, Mr Bull is a teacher now. I'm sure he won't do anything inappropriate. You two be obedient and do what the teachers and we say, OK?" Annabeth and Zia said. This seemed to placate Carter and Percy. They were still trembling in fear and uncertainty, but they reluctantly accepted they couldn't do anything and clung onto their girlfriends' promises.

"Firsties, you gotta sort of show that you're attracted to someone else into front of your boyfriend because you don't give a shit about what he thinks," Brad said. "Let's start with these two smokin' hot pieces of ass..."

"Well, it doesn't matter, because Zia is too good to fall for your bullshit," Carter said. "She'll break your arm off if you tried!"

"Yeah, and Annabeth is really smart and doesn't like idiots like you!" Percy said.

"Oh really?" Brad mockingly asked as his hands came down in an arc onto their girlfriends' butts. The audible THWACK echoed in the room as Brad grinned nastily at them. He placed a hand on both big jiggling rumps, stopping the kinetic energy he imparted into the perfect bubbles of flesh from tossing it up and down. Instead of getting furious, both girls smiled. They didn't resist as Brad hitched up their clothes to reveal Annabeth's smooth pale globes and Zia's large, perfectly toned ass. He sank his strong fingers into both, the luscious bubble-butt squishing silkily within the gaps in his fingers.

"Hey bros, thanks for lending your girlfriends for this experiment, I really appreciate it," he bragged, jiggling their ass flesh up and down in his hands.

Zia laughed and playfully swatted at his arm. "Oh, you handsome devil."

"Zia, what are you doing!" Carter moaned.

"What? I'm just letting him feel me up a little. I really like how he teases you and beats you up. It's soooooo funny," Zia laughed, rubbing her jiggling round buttcheeks into Brad's

hand. "We're just pretending, remember?"

"And we're doing this for education," Annabeth uncharacteristically giggled as Brad caressed her big bubble butt.

"Yeah, your boyfriends are going to learn how their girlfriends' faces look sexually satisfied," Brad said. Both girls laughed loudly as Carter and Percy fumed, but naked and with a giant F on their crotch, it just made them look insecure and somewhat pathetic.

"Oh come on now, don't be like that just because you have such a tiny wee wee," Zia teased, ruffling Carter's curly hair playfully as she would a child. "I mean, I'm still your girlfriend even though there's so much more manly and bigger guys are around."

"True. You should be really thankful we haven't left you for one of these ultra-rich hunks," Annabeth purred, running a loving finger on the rich soft black silk cladding Brad's chiseled rock hard chest.

"What should we do next, Mr Bull?" Zia asked sweetly.

"Me," Brad growled as he grabbed both women by their sumptuous, round butts and shoved his tongue down their throats. Both high heel wearing girls had to angle their pretty, bright-eyed faces upwards as the massive man passionately gave them a deep kiss in a sloppy three-way makeout session.

"Muuuuuaahh," Annabeth and Zia moaned sluttily into his mouth, their delicate pink tongues intertwining with Brad's.

"Z-Zia, stop that!" Carter moaned. Zia's bright yellow eyes darted to Carter, but she stared at him as she continued French kissing Brad with unbridled lust and passion.

"Annabeth!" Percy moaned plaintively. Annabeth's storm-grey eyes darted to Percy, but she stared at him as she wiggled her fat tushy into Brad's roughly kneading hand.

Brad broke his kiss with the two sexy bombshells. They whined softly at the absence of his tongue then delicately and lovingly started to kiss his neck. "OK losers, I got a deal for you." "What deal?" Carter said.

"You don't want me to go all the way with your girlfriends, and I want you to stop bitching and trying to interrupt me," Brad said. "So I promise I won't go past 2nd base, if you agree to be tied and gagged to a chair."

"T-tied and gagged?" Carter stuttered uncertainly.

"Carter, if you don't say yes, I'm going to tie and gag you to a chair myself," Zia replied indifferently without even looking at Carter as she nuzzled Brad's neck.

"I'm going to tie and gag you to a chair and stick you with a needle full of tranquilizer if you don't take this deal," Annabeth replied matter-of-factly as she planted a loving kiss on Brad's jaw.

Carter and Percy sheepishly nodded. Brad snapped his fingers and his long-legged guardians stepped smartly over to their boyfriends. They shoved them into a chair and bound their hands very tightly behind with a length of twine. There was a wicked grin on Annabeth and

Zia's faces as they leaned down so close to their boyfriends' faces their delicate noses touched.

"Now there's a good boy," Zia purred.

"Such obedience and naivete... I think you are really cut out for this cuckold role," Annabeth said with a grin.

"N-naivete?" Percy stuttered.

"Ssshh," Zia hushed. Both girls ripped off the shreds of gowns covering their boyfriends' and turned around. Waving their big, tasty rumps teasingly on front of them, they watched with delight as their tied up boyfriends' pricks stiffened. They slowly ran their hands over their smooth bottoms as they bent over together, swaying their perfect bubble butts so close to their boyfriends' faces they could smell the sweat and musk from their slits. Caressing their asses curves and grabbing handfuls of the jiggling flesh to show its soft sumptuousness, they slowly exposed their heart shaped rumps.

Annabeth tossed away her doctor's coat and unbuttoned her long formal pants, hooking a finger over each end and slowly sliding it down her long, slender legs inch by inch. Zia pushed up her nurse's dress, rolling it up her toned belly. Their boyfriends stared, rock hard and drooling yet unable to fuck their girlfriends as they showed off their mouth watering assets to them. Deeply set in both their backsides was a stringy thong, so thin it disappeared into their butt cracks and served more to hug the edges of their butts rather than to cover it. They slid the tightly stretched pieces of string down their delicious legs and wadded them up as their boyfriends' jaws dropped. Their boyfriends didn't resist as their thick girlfriends shoved the balls of damp fabric into their slack jawed mouths.

Both girls were now half naked in heels and only in shirts which dangled over half of the awesome swell of their butts. Annabeth's pristine Oxford shirt hugged her huge breasts and waist tightly, ending halfway down the enormous roundness of her posterior. Zia's nurse's uniform was rolled up all the way to her hips and the hem sat, tightly stretched, across the upper curve of her toned athlete's ass. They both catwalked elegantly, perched precariously on their high heels, back to Brad's side. Immediately they pressed their juicy, half nude bodies into the sharply dressed hunk.

Both boyfriends gawked at their girlfriends, moaning in arousal and jealousy into their stinking panties, utterly hard and dying to watch more. And watch they did as Brad pushed both against the teacher's table and gently ran his hands downwards, first groping their fat tits, then delicately caressing their smooth bellies, then in between their legs, teasing their pretty little slits with the tips of his fingers. Planting his lips onto Zia's, he shoved his tongue into her mouth as he pumped a digit into the nurse's soft pink insides. Zia moaned happily, welcoming the familiar wet, hot muscle of Brad's tongue into her mouth. Brad broke the kiss and smashed his face into Annabeth, darting into her welcoming mouth as his index finger jabbed deep into the scientist's tight little pussy.

Both girls legs automatically spread to welcome their white invader, their sleek thighs parting without a fight to give him access. They were far too horny to care that their friends and classmates were watching them reveal their fat dripping humps squeezing themselves dry

around both of Brad's hot pumping digits. Rivulets of their pussy slime ran down the front of Mrs De Armas table.

"Hnnnnnggg," Zia moaned as Brad shoved his tongue deep into her exquisite mouth. Deep down in her twitching pussy, Brad buried two fingers deep, his thumb flicking her bean as inside his fingers stroked the depths of her pussy walls and twisted. Brad was rewarded with a wet spurt on his forearms, her thighs squeezing him as she came.

"Mppppffff," Annabeth moaned as Brad buried his tongue into her slender throat and two thick fingers plunged violently into her depths. Her best friend just came and now it was her turn. His thumb crushing her clit and his fingertips stroking her insides with flawless technique, she surrendered with a shiver of her body and a spray of her cunt.

Both girls lay on the table panting heavily, staring in dazed awe with half lidded eyes at the rich frat hunk. "Let's play a little game, sluts. You both want to get fucked by me," Brad said loudly. "Of course," they panted happily in unison, glad what their bodies were craving for all this while was finally getting - his cock.

"If you can make your cute little boyfriend cum while you play with my cock - you get fucked," he announced to everyone. Both girls slid off the table and clicked their heels onto the floor. With big smiles and outstretched arms, they sashayed their wide hips over to their bound and erect boyfriends. Both boys, choking and coughing in shock, spat out their panty gags.

"Y-you said you wouldn't go past 2nd base!" Carter screamed in panic, struggling pathetically against the binds Zia had expertly tied. Brad shrugged. "I lied. Sorry! But hey, I tell you what - I'm going to stop lying now. If your lil dick cums, mine's gonna destroy Zia's cute lil pussy."

"Zia please, don't do this!" Carter begged, his voice wobbling. "Aw, I'm not going to do this Carter," Zia said sweetly. She leaned down beside his ear, giving him full view of her familiar cleavage as she whispered in husky tones. "You are. When you cum. It's going to be your fault if Brad fucks me."

"Relax. This is just a simulation. A test, for educational purposes," Annabeth said in soothing, orderly tones befitting her dress and demeanor. But half naked with pussy cum leaking down the insides of her thighs, it was a little hard to believe. "Simply don't orgasm, and we won't have intercourse with our teacher."

"Yes, just don't get hard and cum," Zia added soothingly as she took Annabeth's graceful hand in her own and drew her close. "Easy for you guys, I'm sure. And don't worry - we don't do anything that'd arouse you."

Then Zia wrapped her arms around Annabeth's tiny waist and drew her into a kiss. I mean, technically it was a kiss, but to the jawdropped class it looked more like Zia was trying to suck out Annabeth's lunch. Zia lovingly pushed her parted lips into the stunned blonde's mouth. She was caught completely off guard as her best friend's long, pink tongue slithered into her mouth and delicately tasted the back of her throat.

"You taste really amazing," Zia softly moaned as she broke the kiss for a second, a line of spit trailing between their lips, before diving back into the brainy girl's lips. As their lips slid

across each other, Zia's hands slowly sashayed down to Annabeth's perky jiggling butt, grabbing large handfuls in her svelte fingers and shaking each jellylike cheek with delight.

"You know, I've fantasized about groping your ass the first day we met," Zia admitted softly as she broke the kiss again. Annabeth smirked as Zia's eyes flew open - Annabeth's hands suddenly clapped onto Zia's bare, juicy bottom and pulled them apart before letting both thick cheeks smack together. "What a coincidence. So did I."

Their boyfriends watched - eyes wide as dinner plates as their unbelievably buxom and half-naked girlfriends made out with each other. Privately they'd always fantasized about a threesome with the other's girlfriend, except they were inching closer to watching the threesome of their fantasies with the bully from their nightmares. Nonetheless, their tiny teenage minds were blown with lust and arousal, every inch of their body aching for sexual contact as the two busty supermodels made out in front of them.

Annabeth gently parted her mouth from Zia and whispered, "frankly, I'd like to take this so far that we'd be practicing gynecology on each other, but shall we adjourn take care of our boyfriends?"

"Boy, I love it when you talk nerd," Zia said with a cutesy grin. "Let's blow their minds."

The girls stepped behind the chair and gave their boyfriend a soft, breast filled hug. They shuddered a little as they felt their girlfriends' enormous jugs squish silkily against the back of their head. "You know, you can't last forever," Zia whispered into Carter's ear.

"Statistically, there's a ninety seven percent chance this will be over in under thirty seconds," Annabeth whispered into Percy's ear.

"Such cute little boys," they crooned as she gently caressed Carter's smooth bare belly under her soft fingertips. "You're going to be such great pets."

They slipped their hands into a pair of latex gloves. Then they grabbed their tiny penises with one hand. Their boyfriends squeaked as their fingers sank into the soft, hairless genitals. At the same time, Brad stood calmly in front of them, the gigantic man in his bespoke suit staring down intimidatingly at them. His massive schlong dangled like a weapon from the flyer in his huge, silk clad thighs.

"Noooooooo," Carter and Percy moaned softly as their girlfriends hands went to work. Pinching their tiny yet sensitive penises, they stroked the already rock hard cocks furiously as their bully's one eyed snake stared at them.

"Please, don't do this," Carter whined, thrashing in his chair as Zia skillfully played with his glans and sent shivers through his tiny body. Zia just smiled and kissed his ear as she jerked his dick off.

"S-stop," Percy moaned, trying not to cum as Annabeth targeted all his sensitive spots, pressing and rubbing them with expert precision. Annabeth didn't reply, focused intently on her job.

"Seems they're putting up a bit more resistance than we thought," Zia remarked.

"Should we do it?" Annabeth asked.

"Of course. I want to see the look on their cute little faces when they can't take it anymore and cum their little brains out," Zia crooned.

"Do what?" they asked fearfully. They got their answer when they felt a finger prod their tight, boyish assholes.

"W-what! No!" Carter moaned, his hands straining against the bonds. "S-stop, that feels really weird!"

"Your anuses are extremely sensitive," Annabeth said. "Especially the prostate. It will feel unusual, but will force you to cum."

Both boys moaned plaintively as their girlfriends slowly, tantalizing wiggled their middle fingers against their taut assholes. They clenched it shut, but like an expert lockpicker their girlfriends slowly teased and prodded deeper, every slight twist or skillful pressure causing the sphincter to spasm and loosen for a second, which they would take to bury in slightly deeper.

"It's adorable how they're trying not to cum, but they clearly feel really good," Zia said with a sadistic grin. "It is," Annabeth agreed. "Let's stop playing around."

Both girls rammed their middle fingers deep, causing the boys to scream as their tight virgin assholes were violated by the long, slender digits. The tips of their cocks began to leak precum furiously.

"Aw, is someone about to burst?" Zia whispered. "Don't worry, we'll make you feel really good, even if you don't want to."

With quick darts of their hands, they slammed their middle fingers in and out of the spasming anus, invading their cute little butts in a quick, jerking deep fingering. Both boys shuddered and screamed, begging for their girlfriends to stop as every burrowing finger forced them close to the edge. When they brushed against their prostate was the worst - it felt like a little warm ball of pleasure blossom deep within their crotches.

"You want us to stop?" Zia teased. "Then say it."

"S-s-say what-t," both boys moaned.

"Tell all your friends and classmates how you feel," Annabeth said.

"N-no!" they yelled. Zia and Annabeth buried their finger deep inside and gave it a hard twist. Both boys screamed and surrendered.

"I-it feels good," they moaned to the class in shame, their whole bodies jerking erratically as they were jerked off and fingered at the same time.

"What feels good?" their girlfriends demanded with a harsh stab into the walls of their rectum.

"Your fingers! Your fingers feel good inside of our butts!" they screamed, the tips of their cocks spurting precum as they told the class they loved what was happening to them. "Admit to the class that you're sissies who love getting fucked in the asshole," their girlfriends nastily ordered with a flick of their prostate.

"We're sissies who love getting fucked in the asshole!" they screamed. "We love getting finger fucked! Please, stop!" "Such good boys, we'll stop," Zia said sweetly with a wink to Annabeth. Both slowed down their jerking and slowly pulled out the fingers from the panting, shaking boys.

"That is, after you cum!" Annabeth roared. In tandem, they shoved two fingers deep, deep into their warm, quivering assholes. Carter and Percy let out a high pitched scream, their backs arching as their assholes were stretched to twice the width to accommodate the new, deep probing finger.

"N-no!" they begged tearfully, their tiny penises about to burst as their innards were violated by the harsh, merciless fingers of their beloved girlfriends, prodding them to orgasm one jab at a time.

"We... We're cumming!" both boyfriends moaned in surrender. "We're b-being forced to cum from our a-assholes!"

With a deep, twisting jab into their soft prostate, squishing them like a fat grape as they furiously jerked their boyfriends off, their small bodies arched and their tiny dicks exploded with an uncharacteristic amount of cum. It was their biggest orgasm yet, their bodies violently shaking as they splattered the gloves with wads of pearly cum in a liquid display of submission.

Their eyes lolled back into their head as their bodies went slack. In front of them, Brad's dick had grown into an angry, throbbing monster, turned on by watching the tall, sexy girlfriends utterly humiliate and dominate the boys for his pleasure. He intended to reward them well.

His cock was twitching eagerly, like a volcano ready to blow. Watching their girlfriends finger fuck their boyfriends into an orgasm for his cock was a nice appetizer before he took them for real.

Both girls peeled off their gloves and dumped them in a heap beside their boyfriends beakers of semen. They went back to Brad's side. "Good girls," Brad praised, petting the tall, voluptuous girls on heads. They giggled and nuzzled his chest, rubbing their cheeks on his suit with a contented smile on their face.

Mrs De Armas marched in front of the two dazed and seated boys, the leggy woman standing with her high heels apart. With a flick of her wrist, she ripped off her silk pants and exposed her long, bronzed legs to the class like Annabeth and Zia. She was so tall that her crotch, only covered by a thin thong, was at their eye level. She placed her hands on her bare naked hips and smirked.

"You two have been such genetic disappointments. You fail utterly. I guess you'll be staying back during the summer to retake the classes while your girlfriends enjoy the beach at Mr Bulls vacation home," she said with a sigh. She turned to the class.

"Now, let's see Mr Bull in action," she said with a purr. Brad went over to a lab table at the front which was used by Hazel and the pale Chinese girl. Both stared with wide eyes as with a mighty sweep of his arms, he threw the lab equipment to the floor with a loud crashing of metal and shattering glass. He ripped off his pants, rolled on a condom and picked up Zia by the waist and slammed her juicy body onto the table. He placed one leg onto the table, pointing his cock into Zia's ass as he prepared to fuck her. The class bit their lips as they saw Brad's toned, muscular butt.

"Hey Carter, look at this!" he teased, spreading apart Zia's long, curvaceous legs and exposing her vulnerable pink pussy for everyone to see. "See this? I'm going to wreck it for you."

Zia laughed. "Oh, don't look so sad Carter. It's just, like, a simulation for educational purposes. As in, he's simulating what it would be like if I were fucked by a superior white bull!"

Carter, along with the whole class, stared transfixed as Brad inserted his massive penis into Zia's exquisitely delicate little pussy. With a deep squishing sound, he slammed his hips deep into her quivering wet hole.

"Now Ms Rashid, don't forget to describe to the class how it feels," Mrs De Armas purred.

"Aaahhh, fuck! It's amazing!" Zia moaned. "It's not like Carter's at all... It goes so deep, hitting all the sensitive spots insides. It also feels so amazingly thick inside me, it's unbelievable," Zia cried as Brad slammed his hips downwards into her.

The massive man took the raven haired beauty with an unforgiving pace, rending her pussy apart with his massive bitch breaker in powerful, deep strokes that utterly crushed Zia's mind. The proud, headstrong girl screamed and moaned, clawing the table as Brad easily destroyed her delicate pink insides and left her craving his brutal cock deeper and harder inside of her body. The class watched, their pussies leaking furiously with envy, as Zia moaned Brad's name.

"F-fuck me, you hot stud!" she moaned, her eyes rolling back into her head. As Brad fucked her deep, he grabbed a handful of her hair and twisted her head back, planting a deep, sloppy kiss on Zia which sent her pussy spurting like a broken fire hose. The beauty's back arched as she had a glorious orgasm, her pussy spasming as it was impaled by Brad's cock.

Annabeth yelped as she was suddenly pulled into a kiss. Pumping into Zia casually with his hips yet driving the girl mad, he grabbed Annabeth's mane of wild blonde hair and gave her a deep, passionate French kiss which she passionately reciprocated. Fucking one beautiful girl and making out with another, he thrust into Zia as he came, giving a low grunt as his fat nuts emptied itself into the condom.

Feeling his cock twitch and the condom balloon in her womb as Brad kissed her best friend sent Zia into a wide eyed frenzy. She moaned deeply, her mind going blank as her pussy folds wrapped itself lovingly around its invader to milk his cock dry. Squirting uncontrollably, her whole body arched in front of her fellow classmate as she has a big fat orgasm. For ten whole seconds her feet and hands scraped on the wooden table and she moaned Brad's name, her body twisting around his big white cock.

Brad callously pushed Zia off the table and slammed Annabeth into her place. Zia's

voluptuous body bounced off the floor and rolled to Carter's feet, where it juggled to a halt with her blissed out face planted into the floor and her fat brown ass sticking up into the air. The thoroughly fucked girl let out a small groan, her limbs twitching as her well fucked pussy spurted fluid into the air like a broken fountain. Carter stared in horror and arousal as his girlfriend's once delicate little pink pussy, now an angry red and gaping so wide it looked like a salivating big-mouthed bass on land.

Percy stared, hopelessly aroused, as the same fate befell his girlfriend.

Annabeth bright pink pussy as stretched beyond repair in an instant as Brad sent his massive cunt-destroyer deep inside, striking her posterior fornix in a single swoop and fucking a pleased moan from the bespectacled girl. He mercilessly pumped into her, her IQ dropping a point with every thrust until she was nothing but a cock hungry slut who burred intelligently for more. Brad never cared for what girls said, so he didn't mind as Annabeth devolved into a primal fuck hole who could not perceive men by their intelligence or kindness but judged them by the size of their cocks.

"Fuck me, you big cocked beast!" Annabeth moaned as Brad flipped her over and fucked her like a dog. A hard spank came down on her pale left butt cheek and she yelped, her pussy squeezing Brad's cock in delight. His big fat nuts slapped and stimulated her bean, deep down what remained of her intellect assessed from their size and mass that an enormous amount of semen was inside.

Her theory was confirmed as Brad grabbed her wide soft hips and slammed home, emptying ten times the cum Percy shot out throughout his whole life in a single massive cumshot. He hadn't even bothered to change the condom and it ballooned to twice the size inside of Annabeth, who moaned as she felt the rubber bubble inflate inside of her.

Brad tossed her aside like a used toy, the same with Zia. The buxom girl rolled into a heap on her best friend, her alabaster bubble butt practically pissing itself as rivulets of pussy cum drained out her spasming destroyed orifice. The two girls moaned and caressed each other's soft figures, tenderly soothing their twitching, shaking bodies as their butts continued to leak pussy fluid.

Brad wasn't done yet. He snapped towards Hazel and the Chinese girl. Both of their eyes widened in fear. He grabbed the Chinese girl and pushed her onto the table. Guilty, Hazel felt a spark of disappointment which was quickly assuaged when Brad gave her a brutal tongue fucking as he buried his cock into the yelping foreigner.

"Laowai i-is so big!" the pale girl moaned, her firm, perky breasts shaking under the onslaught. Her delicate oriental pussy, built for much smaller penises, was utterly destroyed as Percy's Caucasian member split it apart. Her oval face contorted into shock then ecstasy as deep inside of her, the rock hard, throbbing member not just touched but annihilated parts in her depths that never before had been touched.

She moaned as a warm, wet heat blossomed inside of her. "X-xinai de Laowai!" she cried as she orgasmed on his big white cock, her tiny Asian body shuddering underneath Brad. He didn't notice because he was too busy tasting Hazel's throat. The shocked girl, although repulsed by Brad, couldn't deny her sexual attraction to him as she moaned and tentatively caressed his hot slimy tongue with her own. With a deep thrust, he nudded in the screaming

Chinese girl and threw her body into the heap. She rolled, dazed, beside Annabeth and Zia, well fucked and in awe that she not only let someone who didn't even know her name fuck her, but that he had fucked her so hard she'd never be satisfied by a Chinese guy again. By now the condom's tip was the size of a mango and couldn't be practically used. Brad ripped it off and put it in Hazel's hand before pushing her back into her seat. The dazed girl stared at the warm bubble of precious genetically superior cum in her hands.

Mrs De Armas grinned at the sight of four of her precious students fucked into submission. "Good work, Mr Bull. I daresay you taught these girls a lot today," she said. Slowly, the heap of women groggily got onto their feet.

"Now we're reading the end of today's special biology lesson. If you recall, at the start I mentioned the fertility clinics full of white AngloSaxon sperm from the men who run this town," Mrs De Armas said. She picked up a piece of paper from a stack on her table. "Many years ago, those same white man drafted a little law to help us girls. It states that if we sign this form, when get caught cheating on our spouses with a white Anglo-Saxon man or if we bear one of their children through insemination artificial or natural, it is not grounds for divorce from your non Anglo-Saxon spouse."

"But.." Annabeth said unsteadily as she grabbed onto the teacher's table for support as she got up. "That would mean cheating with these big cocked white men would have zero legal repercussions."

"Annabeth is right, as usual. This means that your future husband would not be able to divorce you, or in any way stop you from cuckolding him, short of a direct divorce and paying through the nose in alimony," Mrs De Armas said with a smile. "That means you don't have to work ever again. And the best part is, he has to pay even if the child isn't his!"

A mutter broke out in the girls. "But there is one condition. This clause stipulates you must always work towards the good of the Anglo-Saxon race in this town, and must sexually satisfy an Anglo-Saxon at least once a month. You also cannot abort of any AngloSaxon babies, or refuse one of their sexual advances."

The Chinese girl raised their hand. "So... We become their fuck toys?"

"Highly paid fuck toys," Mrs De Armas said. "You're practically guaranteed a lucrative career at any of the white multinationals here if you sign."

"Sex and money? I'm in," Zia said happily.

"A useful deal. The advantages outweigh the disadvantages," Annabeth said. Both of them strode over to the teacher's table and took a copy of the form.

"Don't worry Carter, you won't even remember I'm doing this," Zia said with a wink as she signed on the dotted line.

"Not until it's too late," Annabeth corrected with a glance at Percy as she signed on the same dotted line.

"Wonderful. I'm so proud you chose this," Mrs De Armas gushed, hugging Annabeth and Zia excitedly. "The rest of you can come up hear and sign. Meanwhile, I've got a final surprise that'll help you make your decision."

"I've been planning to be doing this for awhile. Mr Brad really caught my eye. He's strong, fast, smart, handsome... A perfect specimen," Mrs De Armas explained as she slid her panties down her long, smooth, copper colored legs. "He's going to donate his sperm to me right now!"

Everyone's eyes widened. Even Annabeth raised an eyebrow. "I'm well covered by the form, and my husband is a trained cuckold, so everything is perfectly arranged," she said. She gave Annabeth and Zia a kiss on the lips. "Would my two favorite students join me by my side as I'm impregnated?"

"Of course," they gushed. Annabeth unbuttoned her Oxford shirt and tossed her heavy bra away to one side, while Zia unbuttoned her nurse's uniform and peeled her enormous bra off. Mrs De Armas took off the rest of the suit. The three bare naked ladies in nothing but heels strode up to the chair bound boys.

Resting their weight on one foot and placing a hand on an angled hip, the stunningly beautiful and voluptuous looked with amusement down at the pathetic boyfriends.

"You two will be jerking off as I'm impregnated," Mrs De Armas ordered.

"W-what?! Why!" they moaned.

"Part of your training. A proper cuckold gets himself off, after all. I know you're thinking of stubbornly refusing, but you see that?" she said, pointing at the heaping beakers of Brad's cum. "If you don't, Brad's going to dip his hands into those as he's finger fucking your girlfriends. Then I'm going to get one of your classmates to finger fuck you into cumming. So you jerk yourself off, and Brad doesn't smear his cum onto Annabeth's and Zia's pussy walls. Deal? "

They hung their heads and nodded. "Good boys," Mrs De Armas purred, stroking their little heads as Annabeth and Zia u did their bonds. She grabbed her students hands, leading them to the back of the teacher's table facing the class. Carter and Percy followed their respective girlfriends.

"Now come up here and sign the forms," Mrs De Armas announced.

The trio of busty, naked women bent over to expose their juicy bubble butts and placed their hands in the table. Zia was on Mrs De Armas' left and Annabeth on the right, with the boys beside their respective girlfriends.

Brad whistled from across the table as he beheld their three pairs of beautifully full breasts, drooping in fat teardrops and swaying pendulously as their female bodies twitched in excitement. He went behind all of them, grinning as he beheld their beautiful, slender legs, spread apart and completely naked except for a pair of elegant heels. He gave each of the big heart-shaped rumps a hard slap, sending their smooth flesh wobbling, whether it was Annabeth's flawless alabaster skin or Zia's exotic dusky tone. The row of three pussies was

dripping in excitement, a long sticky line of fluid dripping from their clit and hanging in midair like a tail.

"God, impregnating my hot Cuban biology teacher? I love America," he said with a grin as he nudged his fat tip against her eagerly throbbing hump. The girls giggled as he teased their tight little slits, delicately pushing each fold open.

In full view of the class, Brad slammed his cock in and his fingers deep. The three women cried out as they were thrown forward, their thighs slapping onto the edge of the table. Without being told, Carter and Percy started jerking off. The first girl came up hesitatingly to sign. Her pen trembled on the dotted line until she saw the faces of pure ecstasy etched into the beautiful contours of the trio of girls. The pen scribbled her signature.

"Ingrid, glad to see you sign," Mrs De Armas congratulated in a pant. Even as her belly bulged with white cock, she kept up her teacherly manner.

"R-right now Mr Bull's c-cock is pounding easily away at my cervix, his girth stretching my pussy to 2.7 inches in diameter and his hard cock head destroying my posterior fornix 7 inches deep," Mrs De Armas half-moaned, half-lectured as Brad drilled into her from behind. Another pale redhead with freckles and green eyes stepped up and shyly signed the form.

"Líadan, glad you made the right choice," Mrs De Armas panted. There was a soft pop, then a gasp. "M-Mr Bull has just penetrated my cervix and i-is currently pounding away at my womb."

One by one, the rest of the class came up and signed the form. Some eagerly, some hesitatingly. But under the deep, penetrating gaze of Brad as he ruthlessly dominated the three powerful, stoic women beneath him and turned them into moaning dripping sluts, the girls broke and signed the forms in the knowledge that one day that would be them. The sight of Carter and Percy jerking off pathetically beside their girlfriends helped them make the choice as well. By the end of it, there was a stack of 19 signed forms. Just one left.

The very last girl was the most hesitant one. She'd been shyly hanging around the end of the queue.

"H... Hazel," Mrs De Armas moaned deeply, her voluminous brown breasts sloshing in the air as Brad's powerful hips slapped insistently into her fat rear. "I expected you'd be coming!"

"Do it, Hazel," Zia said with a smile as spasms wracked her deeply finger fucked pussy. "It's fucking amazing."

"And of course, genetically much more reassuring," Annabeth grunted, struggling to keep her concentration as Brad's thick fingers pumped in and out of her drooling pink hole.

Hazel picked up the pen slowly, she started to put it back down. "I saw you flicking your bean just now," Zia said with a smirk. "Don't deny you don't love it."

"Perhaps this will help you decide," Mrs De Armas said. "It's how I get fucked every night!"

In an stunning display of flexibility, Mrs De Armas revolved her whole body around Brad's shaft and hopped onto him, her legs locking behind his waist as she perched on the edge of the table. She gave Brad a deep loving kiss.

"Oh My God, it's so big and hard ! You love defiling me with your fat white dick and claiming this Caribbean cunt as your own, don't you?" Mrs De Armas moaned softly, staring lovingly at Brad with big brown doe-eyes.

"Fuck, you Latinas are so fucking nasty," Brad said with a grin as he hilted himself deep inside her. "Tight pussies, hot bodies and can't resist a white man!"

"What can I say? You're so big and powerful and rich . When I see one I just want to spread my little brown pussy wide apart and beg you to go balls deep in my Cuban cunt," Mrs De Armas admitted, lovingly stroking a suit jacket which cost more than she made in a year. Her hands gripped the lapels. "Nnnnggg, you're hitting all the right spots! I'm... I'm cumming!"

Mrs De Armas groaned, her body gripping Brad's close as her her bare pussy squirted itself on the raw, throbbing cock buried balls deep inside her. "Fuck, I want your hot, potent seed in me now!"

"One impregnated Cuban cunt, cumming right up," Brad grunted, speedily rutting into Mrs De Armas, a testament to his enormous strength given how wide his cock was and how tight her pussy was.

"Christ, that's so hot," Annabeth moaned as her knees buckled under his pumping digits.

"I wish it were me there!" Zia groaned, her pussy walls convulsing around Brad's gripping fingers like the first time she went to his frat house.

"F-fuck! S-so deep!" she cried. "I-I want all my students to experience this joy! Conquer my eggs! Fuck, yes! Give it to me! Fuck, fuck, FUCK ME!"

Zia, Annabeth and Mrs De Armas screamed as she was impregnated. Brad buried himself to the base of his cock, gluing their groins together and stretching the length of her pussy deep into her belly as he planted a deep, sloppy kiss in her mouth. She felt a warm, slimy heat explode deep inside her womb and spread to every corner of it. As a biology teacher and a female, she knew she was impregnated. Some deep seated instinct told her the concentrated potent seed flowing into her ovaries had conquered her eggs. Her whole body wrapped itself lovingly around Brad, pulling him in deeper. From the tight seal around the base of his cock, ribbons of his thick cum squirted out under the enormous pressure. Just the mental image of their hot biology teacher, a hunky stud buried head, shaft and balls in her cheating pussy and sowing his genes deep into hers, pushed Annabeth and Zia into their own screaming, leg shaking orgasm.

And seeing the rapturous, blissed out expressions on both their faces made Hazel squirt a little. She signed the form, her pussy dripping and twitching excitedly as she imagined this would happen to it soon. Signing away her future with her nipples rock hard, Hazel rubbed her legs together, spreading the juices onto her thighs.

And off to the side, Carter and Percy came, slacked jawed, as their bully impregnated their big titted biology teacher. They felt a jolt of pleasure as they watched the massive men pleasure three women they knew. Ruthlessly humiliated and failing the class, they squirted pathetically into their own hands, spilling their weak seed onto the floor to the sight of Brad's potent semen sown deep into the belly of a tall, confident, intelligent woman.

Brad put the catatonic, blissful biology teacher face down on her own table. Laid flat, her perfectly round, copper toned butt cheeks were pushed thickly together, displaying the jiggling mountains of flesh to the whole class. Brad pushed apart her thighs and angled the her crotch to the class. They gasped at their teacher's stretched out pussy, a massive torn pink hole with a line of cum running down the base and dripping from her clit onto the table.

"Come on, show em what's inside," Brad said with smirk. He gave both cheeks a powerful double handed slap. Her legs twitched and a sudden deluge of cum flowed onto the table. He pushed his cock against her ruby red lips, smearing the perfectly applied lipstick as he rammed his girthy member down her slender throat. She let out a deep moan, caressing the bulge in her throat as Brad slowly, lazily slid his cock in and out of her gut. As he throat fucked their teacher, he made hard eye contact with the class, almost daring any of them to challenge him and say he shouldn't be fucking her like this. The girls quailed and obediently watched, dripping wet as they watched Brad stretch out Mrs De Armas elegant neck. With a slow final thrust, he stabbed his fat pink cock in and poured a few pinks of thick cumchowder into her belly.

Mrs De Armas groaned as the dick was dislodged, her womb and belly bulging with Brad's unbelievably potent seed. She groggily got up, wiped a drop of cum from her lips and smiled. "All of you did amazingly. I'm so proud. All of you gets A's. I'm sure all of you will turn your partners into incredible cuckolds. But before we go, one final thing," she said. She pointed at the beakers of Carter's and Percy's semen, as well as their little cum puddle on the floor. "The most dangerous thing about a cuck is that they always try to sneak their pathetic sperm into you. Always make sure their genetic material is utterly destroyed, to ensure it doesn't spread."

"You may incinerate it or kill it with a sterilizing agent, but the simplest and most convenient way is this," she said, spreading apart her pussy lips to reveal her urethra. "The uric acid does the job neatly. Don't feel bad about this - their sperm is worthless."

She picked up the beakers and poured in on the floors in on the puddle of cum they made on the floor. Spreading apart her labia, she let out a hot stream of piss onto their genetic material. "Zia, Annabeth, you try," she grunted.

"Sorry, Carter," Zia said with a very unapologetic grin as she stepped over in her glorious nakedness in front of him. Staring her boyfriend straight in his big, tearful eyes, she spread apart her pussy and unleashed a steaming hot line of piss onto his pathetic cum puddle.

"Oooh, that feels good! Been holding that in for awhile."

"As the teacher says, I should destroy your worthless genetic material," Annabeth said coldly. She stepped in front of Percy, her voluptuous body perched on her high heels. Staring straight into his sad, sea green eyes, a quick burst of the boiling hot urine shot downwards.

The three streams sprayed onto the little volume of semen. Their sperm died quickly by the millions in the heat and acid of their girlfriend's piss, while millions more swam away

panicking from the genetic Armageddon. But the girls drew a line around the puddle, cornering the sperm and slowly spraying edge to edge until every inch was sterilized and it was nothing more than biological waste.

"Now, one final act to pass the class," Mrs De Armas announced as she squeezed her urethra close. "To prove your devotion to the superior male, simply lovingly the big white cock and damage the other two."

"D-damage?" the boys stuttered.

"Physical trauma reduces your genitals' fertility, a very desirable outcome," she purred.

"While tender simulation strengthens a big cock. And who better to do this than your girlfriends?"

Zia and Annabeth giggled and sank their lanky bodies to their knees, crawling over to Brad who sat down on a chair with Mrs De Armas stroking his upright, still hard white cock. They stared at him with bright loving eyes, kissing both sides of his cock head deeply. It twitched happily under their soft touch. Then they snapped upwards and turned to their boyfriends. Seeing their tall, naked and smirking girlfriends clicking slowly over, Carter and Percy's eyes went wild. They both turned towards the door to make a run for it. But Annabeth and Zia were faster - they grabbed them and gave them a deep, wet smooch. Smearing Brad's cock juice all over their boyfriends' lips, they brutally tongue fucked the shorter, weaker boy into submission. They stroked their curly hair reassuringly at the same time. The boys bodies stiffened in panic against their soft juicy bodies, but slowly as their girlfriends' passionately soft French kiss and gentle petting, they relaxed and moaned softly.

They didn't even notice their girlfriends gently spreading their legs open.

CRUNCH

CRUNCH

Their innocent eyes flew open in excruciating pain as Zia's and Annabeth's kneecaps rammed into their soft, jerked out genitals. They moaned into their girlfriends' mouths, too weak to escape their hold as their girlfriends used their lips to kiss their lips and used their knees to kiss their balls.

They pushed their boyfriends to the ground. They clutched on their balls, rolling around in agony. Annabeth and Zia barked at them to stop struggling, easily wrestling the smaller boys into a spread eagleposition, trapping their skinny upper arms under their heels and spreading their thick powerful thighs apart. The last thing their boyfriends' saw was their enormous soft buns blocking out the florescent classroom lights as it descended onto their faces.

Twisting their asses firmly onto their boyfriends' faces, they signaled their classmates to begin. The Chinese girl went first, bowing to kiss Brad's cock then going over. Annabeth and Zia pried open their boyfriends legs happily and she gave each pathetic cuck's dick a swift kick. Carter and Percy screamed into their girlfriends' cavernously stretched pussies, their tiny hands slapping ineffectually at their sexy girlfriends' heavy, rock hard butts. But the hefty bottoms didn't budge. Ironically, what they'd lusted over and loved in their girlfriends - their big fat bubble butts - was now their undoing.

Another classmate walked up, kissing Brad's cock and giving both boys a swift dick kick. They screamed again. Brad chuckled as he watched with Mrs De Armas lovingly stroking his cock as the boys were subjected to the torture. Their own girlfriends were pinning them down as girl after girl delivered a hard, powerful kick into their defenseless nuts. They screamed 20 times, each louder than the last, as their fellow classmates decimated their tiny nuts. Mrs De Armas, the mother of Brad's child, chuckled softly as she stroked his massive hard cock that just impregnated her. 20 times, each girl tremblingly came up before him and knelt to place her soft, sensitive lips on his cock's crown. Eyes wide with both awe and apprehension that the rugged, frat boy stud could very well one day be the father of her child, they each submitted to him body and soul.

Hazel was the last. She mouthed a small apology half heartedly, then swiftly destroyed the two poor boys' balls, popping them under the tips of her sneakers. Then she kissed Brad's cock lovingly. When it was over, Zia and Annabeth could've let Carter and Percy drift off to sleep and forget everything gently. But instead, they wrapped a leg around their necks in a painful lock, choking them with their noses buried in their stinking, well fucked pussies until they passed out inhaling the stench of Brad's cock and the sounds of their girlfriends laughing.

"Wonderful," Mrs De Armas gushed, kissing both girls on their cheeks. "Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to get back."

Mrs De Armas slipped on her clothes and left the room with Brad in tow. Zia and Annabeth gathered up their lewd clothes and fit them onto their sticky bodies as best as they could. They each picked up their naked boyfriend and carried them all the way to the main entrance of the school, where a chauffeur drove them back to Brooklyn House. They woke up with sore groins, no memories of what happened and their girlfriends making breakfast for them with big smiles.

Party At Brad's House

Chapter Summary

Against her uncle's wishes Zia goes to Brad's party.

"I can't believe you go us invites to an Alpha Beta Beta party!" Cleo squealed happily as she tackled Zia into a hug, her cute face landing squarely in Zia's big squishy tits. The large breasted Amazonian girl barely budged physically, but emotionally she felt a little embarrassed at Cleo's outbursts and her cheeks turned a red. "You're like the best big sis ever, Zia!"

"Um, you're welcome, but I'm not your big sister," Zia said a tad awkwardly, patting the 18 year old on her shoulder.

"You're so cool! Great food, amazing place and the hottest guys in school - I can't wait! I want to be just like you when I grow older! But are you sure we have permission to go?" Cleo said, worried. She looked at Carter.

"..." Carter said, his mouth hanging open hesitantly. Zia turned to stare at him with cold amber eyes, daring him to say no. "We agreed they can go to, right?" A shiver ran down Carter's spine. His soft legs quivered a little and he found it impossible to say no to Zia. "Yeah, we can," he said weakly.

Amos walked out of his room on the second floor and saw the group of 6 Brooklyn House scribes and their two guests dressed rather scantily. Zia, Carter, Sadie, Walt, Julian and Cleo were there, alongside Annabeth and Percy. A variety of umbrellas, sunglasses, alcoholic drinks and the fact that glimpses of skimpy two piece bikinis were visible under the girls' clothing suggested they weren't going to do something entirely wholesome and family-friendly.

"Zia? Where are you guys going?" Amos asked in a tone that already hinted they couldn't go. He asked Zia because while Sadie and Carter were royalty and technically in charge, Zia had unconsciously floated being the de facto in charge of Brooklyn House by virtue of her age and knowledge. Also, no one could quote say no to her. They found the words sticking in their throat when they were stared down by her yellow eyes.

"A party at a fraternity in our school," Zia replied.

"What? You never asked me about this," Amos said with a frown. "Which fraternity?"

"Alpha Beta Beta," Zia replied, knowing what Amos' answer will be.

Amos' nostrils flared. "Alpha Beta Beta? Those white assholes? They're brutes who screw any girl they can sweet talk to dropping her pants and then they post the video online!" Zia rolled her eyes. "Those are just rumors."

"Whatever. I forbid you from going," Amos said with a scowl.

"Could I talk to you in private, please?" Zia said, her juicy buns jiggling in her jeans as she walked up the stairs. She and Amos stepped into a room and she locked the door behind them.

"Look, Carter and Sadie's dad left me in charge of you guys. And I know teenagers love running wild - I know I did - but you've got to see that they're bad people. I know even someone as wise and experienced as you can see what I what the - " Amos said as he turned around.

woooOOOOMMM

The last thing he saw was a massive fireball speeding towards him. He barely had time to raise a magical shield before it struck. But even then it was too weak. The fireball blew it apart and flung him five feet back. He struck the wall unceremoniously and slid down unconscious. Zia blew the fireball out of her hand. "Oh, I know exactly how bad those people are," she said with a small grin. "What's why I'm going." She stepped out and announced from the second floor, "Alright, I talked to Amos - we can all go!"

611x5

The gang piled out of the van and gasped. Even the guys who hated the Alphas were struck with awe. It was a mansion that made Brooklyn House look like a derelict warehouse, it all shining marble and colonial pillars and elaborate French gardens. The whole thing was massive - in a dense urban area with ridiculous land prices, the ground it stood on alone must've been worth millions. The sports cars and luxury vehicles piled outside added to the impression. Zia led the group to the massive double wrought iron gates through which a gravel road led through and up into the Alpha Beta Beta house.

"Why are we even going to these jerks' party," Carter whined quietly to Zia.

"Don't be such a wet blanket Carter, it'll be fun," Zia said without looking at him. "Their parties are legendary. Everyone wants to be invited."

"Come on, let's go in already!" Cleo squealed excitedly. "I can't wait!" "But.. They're real assholes..." Carter whined.

"Yeah, bad in a good way," Zia said with a grin, pressing the buzzer on the gate. Carter stood there unhappily but he knew better than to disagree with Zia. He just stood there helplessly as all the people he cared about walked into the lion's den. The iron gates swung inwards and the group went up to the mansion with Zia leading the way. Brad and Henry stepped out the front wearing nothing but shorts. Zia bit her lips as she saw the two sexy men. The duo had been swimming - their rich, thick hair was wet swept back while the muscular, perfectly sculpted bodies she loved so much were dripping moisture onto the floor. She started dripping moisture onto the floor.

"Zia!" Brad said, flashing a million watt grin at the wide-hipped, sashaying body of the hour-glassed Egyptian woman. He spread his thickly muscled arms wide. "Brad," Zia said happily as she rushed into his embrace. Biceps the size of cantaloupes wrapped around Zia's shoulders. "Hey Brad," Carter said quietly, looking resentfully as his girlfriends jiggling breasts squished silkily against Brad's rockhard pectorals. Zia, much to the protest of Carter, was wearing nothing but a skimpy bikini bra and a high cut thong that was pulled deep into butt crack, went out at the tailbone and high up onto the awesome swell of her round hips. She had caved in a little to his demands and wore her cheerleader's jacket over her torso, leaving her big pantless ass hanging out. But it did little to hide the shape of her awesomely round mammaries.

"Fuck, you look sexy," Brad said with a grin, holding Zia's shoulders and admiring her regally beautiful face. Zia laughed and said, "So do you!"

"Annabeth, fuck you're as hot as ever," Henry said from beside him with a grin. Uncharacteristically Annabeth giggled at the compliment as she walked up to Henry, her big bottom jiggling in a pair of tight denim jeans with her thong pulled so hard up her ass crack it showed above her jeans.

"Aren't we going to get a hello kiss?" Henry said with a handsome grin. Annabeth and Zia giggled and they stepped forward into their arms. Carter's and Percy's jaw dropped as Brad and Henry pulled their girl in with their long arms and gave them a deep, long French kiss.

Mppppppffffhhhh

Both girls moaned as their kissers' hot wet tongue slid into their mouths and wiggled down their throats. They made no attempt to fight back. In fact, they hooked their arms behind the Alphas heads and kissed back like it was the most normal thing, their soft pink tongues entwining with their kissers' and savoring their thick, slimy saliva as it dripped into their mouths.

The whole group stared in surprise as both tall, beautiful girls pushed their soft lips onto the rugged faces of Brad and Henry. Slowly, the mens' hand slid down the girls' smooth backs and past their wasplike waists onto the big warm buns perched on their hips. They playfully juggled the soft flesh in between their thick fingers. Annabeth and Zia giggled in their throats and continued to powerfully kiss the handsome faces their lips were glued to. The group stared for quite some time because all the parties involved seemed to be enjoying themselves very much and showed no intention of stopping. Their boyfriends stood there, shocked and outraged, yet too scared of the big hulking men to stop them. After what seemed like an infinity of soft moans and sexy bodies rubbing, the pairs broke their kissed with a line of saliva dangling between their lips.

"Zia!" Carter moaned. "Annabeth!" Percy moaned.

Their girlfriends giggled as the men smirked at them, playfully running their fingers down the mens' chests. They didn't even turn to look at their boyfriends. "Oh, don't mind them," Annabeth said. "They're just playing about."

"They're just trying to piss you off," Zia said.

Their boyfriends quickly pulled them away with some difficulty. "Alright guys, this is Brad and Henry, the leaders of this sorority," Zia introduced in a loud clear voice. But they needed no introduction. Sadie and Cleo were already staring in wide eyed wonder at the famous jocks.

"Gosh, you're beautiful," Henry said with exaggerated awe. Cleo and Sadie giggled happily. "Beautiful women are always welcome here," Brad added to their delight. "And come on, let's get those clothes off!"

"C-clothes off?" Julian stuttered.

"Yes," a smooth voice with musical French twang said from behind.

Brad. From his broad, muscular back a girl in a black-and-white French maid outfit stepped out. "All girls entering must either be pantless or shirtless. Your choice."

"What!" Carter yelled. "This is unacceptable!" Julian yelled. "Come on, let's go," Percy said.

"Sure!" Cleo and Sadie chirped.

Annabeth's jeans were already around her ankles, baring her twin explosions of pale ass flesh with a deep shadowy crack. Enconded inside the wiggling firm ass was a deeply buried pink thong. Zia's bubbly butt was already hanging out in expectation of the rule.

Julian and Walt stood shocked as their girlfriends wiggled out of their pants. They were wearing slightly less revealing panties made of a little more fabric, but their firm round asses were still mostly bared. Their butts weren't as big and round as Annabeth's and Zia's, but they still held a respectable amount of soft flesh.

"Very nice. And for the boys, you'll need these," the French maid said with a nasty grin, holding up 3 pin badges with "Beta" written on them. "Non-member males have to denote themselves as beta at all times and can't go into many rooms and facilities."

"What! We're not putting those on!" the Brooklyn boys yelled, but their girlfriends hurried stabbed the pins carelessly into their shirts, nicking their flesh and making them wince. Brad and Henry opened the double wide doors of the mansion, opening a gateway into the lively, alcoholic atmosphere of the party which also carried an undeniable hint of sex and fucking. It radiated an energetic, thumping music that seeped straight into their bones and made them feel like throwing everything off and dancing. "Come on, let's go. I can't wait to party with these hot guys!" Sadie said happily, dragging Walt into the mansion. The rest of the girls followed suit, wearing only their shirts, asses bare except for skimpy panties.

611x5

"My gods, it's beautiful," Sadie said breathily as she stepped in. As she walked past, her fingers trailed on an richly upholstered leather couch, one of many that dotted the enormous hall. Silver platters of Waygu steaks and Russet potato fries and German sausages and pork chops lined the tables beside expensive liqueurs and soft drinks a massive chandelier lined with crystals hung on top. In the center surrounded by rows of modern black couches that could seat dozens was a long glass table, enough for a many females to get on top. At its head, a big plasma TV was blaring out Fox News. The rest of the group likewise gawked at the opulence displayed before them.

But much more interesting to the girls' eyes were the rows of hunks draped over the furniture. They wore tight pants pulled dangerously low below their Adonis belt, baring their deliciously chiseled alabaster torsos and arms to the horny teenage girls. They licked their lips and blushed as the handsome men turned to look their way. And perhaps even more attractive was the enormous bulges in their tight trunks, suggesting organs far bigger than their boyfriends'.

"So, you do foreigners eat like, normal food, or do you want us to order hummus and shit?" Brad said.

"We're not aliens," Walt said with a scowl. "Your stereotypes aside, we do eat American food as well."

"Uhuh. So do you want anything, or are you like, allergic to normal food?" Henry said, scratching his head.

"We'll eat what you have here," Julian said in a huff.

"But Zia doesn't drink alcohol," Carter interjected. "Or eat pork. It's religious thing where she comes from."

"Huh, I see. Let's head to the pool, most of the guys are there," Brad said. They stepped out onto the yard, where an enormous pool was surrounded by deck chairs and more food and drink. Out of nowhere, Brad picked up Sadie by her waist and threw her into the water.

SPLASH

"Hey!" Walt cried out. Sadie flailed in the pool, yelling as her arms beat the water. He rushed over to help save her, but then she saw she was only laughing.

"Gods, did you gave to do that?" Sadie laughed, standing chest deep in the pool. "Now my shirt's all wet!"

Brad slipped into the pool and grabbed Sadie's waist from behind. "Sorry about that. Here, let me help you get it off..." He pulled the wet shirt over Sadie's head, letting her C-cup breasts flop free in their bra. She raised her hands and let him with a smile on her face. Then Brad threw the wet shirt at Walt, and it landed squarely on his shocked face. Sadie giggled as the sexy man put his muscular arms around her waist, leaning back onto his ripped torso and discreetly rubbing her tight bum against his crotch. She couldn't help it, the blonde jock with his chiseled face and rippling muscles made her feel all hot and mushy on the inside.

After watching what had happened to their friend wide eyes and bitten lower lips, the rest of the girls quickly jumped into the pool. The Alphas followed suit, leaping in to help strip the unfortunate girls of their wet shirts and tossing them onto their stunned boyfriends' faces. The girls gratefully expressed their thanks by rubbing their juicy scantily clad bodies against against the hard and equally scantily clad bodies of the Alphas.

"Hey, do you have any swimming trunks we could use? We didn't bring any and we want to get into the pool," Carter asked as he uncomfortably watched Zia wrapped very tightly and

happily in the arms of a male model with sandy blonde hair.

"Nah, fuck off," he said.

"B-But you're all wearing trunks, you must have some spares," he stuttered.

"He said to fuck off, Carter," Zia purred, gently stroking her new friend's abs with a long finger.

Carter wanted to do something. To stand up for himself, to demonstrate his manliness in front of his girlfriend and assert his dominance. But when he saw his girlfriend with the Alpha, he just clutched his crotch and whimpered, deep neural pathways in his brain meticulously conditioned by Zia to just stand there passively and watch the hot guy take his girlfriend with an erection. Seeing their de facto leader do nothing, the rest of the boys followed suit. Additionally they were all piss scared of Zia, who seemed to be enjoying herself immensely, and didn't want to make her angry by interrupting. They stood at the edge of the pool, clustered together and watching miserably as their bullies played with their girlfriends.

Brad chuckled as he saw Carter rooted to the spot. Knowing Zia had done her job and their cucked boyfriends would do nothing, he grew bolder. He gave a quick signal to the rest of the guys, then while bugging Sadie from behind, reached to the knot on her bra and yanked it loose.

Aaaahhhh!

Sadie's eyes flew open as Brad stole her bra away. She shrieked as her young, firm breasts were freed into the pool. She quickly pressed her arms onto it, squishing the two perfect spheres into soft pancakes as Brad dangled the bra above her head. Sadie giggled and jumped to grab it, but Brad was much taller than the brunette and it just made her tits jiggle in her arm.

Eeeeehhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Aaaahhh!

A chorus of shrieks erupted from the pool as the rest of the girls bras were stolen by the guys. They all laughed and leapt, shaking their tight round tits for them as they tried and failed pathetically to get it back.

"Come on, give it back to us!" Cleo said in a playful whine.

"Yeah, you jerks, our boyfriends are just standing there!" Annabeth giggled, her enormous jiggling snowy globes only fractionally hidden under her forearm.

"Not before you give us something first," Henry teased, dangling Cleo's bra above her head. The bookish, slender librarian had her breath so taken away by the Henry Cavill-esque man that she only giggled as he took her clothes away.

"What do you want?" she asked, her big brown eyes staring at his rugged jaw. She'd never seen one of them up close before, and her heart jumped as he gazed into her eyes with a

confident smirk on his lips

"Hmmm, how about a kiss?" Henry suggested.

Cleo gasped. Her heart palpated at the idea, thumping so hard against her ribcage she could hear it. "B-But we have boyfriends, Henry."

"Oh, never mind that," Henry said reassuringly in a deep baritone. "It's just a little kiss between friends. No harm done."

Cleo nodded dreamily, her mind floating in on cloud nine. Only in her wildest dreams could she imagine a dashing popular jock from her school would be half naked in front of her, water dripping down his perfect body and suggesting they make out in the pool. So far in her life, this sort of thing only happened to voluptuous living goddesses like Zia and Annabeth. Henry plucked her by her tiny waist, her feet leaving the pool's tiled floor as Henry brought her up for a kiss. His strong lips smothered hers, and for a second his hot breath blew into her wet mouth before it was replaced by his thick thrusting tongue. Her toes dangling in the pool slowly curled as Henry sloppily made out with her, not so much kissing as skillfully imparting immense pleasure to her mouth with his hot pumping tongue.

One by one, the rest of the girls were picked up and a muscular, often-used tongue shoved into their mouths with practiced technique. Brad pushed his mouth into Sadie as Zia's sandy blonde friend rammed his tongue down her throat. And beside Zia, a tanned dark haired man grabbed the back of Annabeth's head and pushed their lips together. As the four girls swapped everything but phone numbers with their pool partners, roaming hands found their way down their bodies and onto their plump asses. The girls, moaning softly as they floated on clouds of deep, wet kisses from dreamy boys, didn't resist as large hands slapped themselves underwater onto their firm behinds. Their bodies grew hotter and hotter under the Alphas firm, assertive touch, until their skin was as hot as a frying pan despite being underwater. Some of the guys even pushed their fingers into the deep cracks of the girls' bubble butts - their stringy thongs doing nothing to protect them as they were flicked aside and their two holes gently prodded by the curious fingertips.

Four girls scattered in the pool, moaning and thrashing in the arms of their friend, shocked and embarrassed their boyfriends. Their girlfriends were so passionately into making out with the Alphas their hands roaming down the Alphas backs, their eyes half lidded and their legs kicking gently in the water as they made out in a sloppy, warm, wet kiss with their alluringly masculine partners.

The girls were so lost floating on cloud nine in the powerful arms (and lips) of their new friends that they barely shuddered gently as what little virtue they had protecting their private holes was pushed aside. Their wet orifices were supposed to be only for their boyfriends, but in the presence of the strapping hunks their boyfriends seemed as weak and inconsequential as the thin strings pulled over their holes. Slowly but surely in the men's warm wet embrace, all the girls' foos popped, rising upwards underwater with their toes curled in ecstasy.

Mmmwwuuuuaacckkk

One by one, the boys broke their kisses, leaving the girls slightly disoriented and with a lingering taste of their saliva in their mouths. Half lidded and their bodies glowing with

warmth they drifted limply away, but not too far from the Alphas.

"Your bra," Brad said with a grin, his lips wet with Sadie's spit.

"Oh? Yes, my bra..." she said in a daze as she tied it around her back. The rest of the girls followed suit, although in the case of Annabeth's triple D knockers her friend had to help her.
611x4

The girls slowly turned around to the noise and their eyes widened as they saw Zia and her sandy blonde friend going at it like rabbits in heat. Zia was still making out with her Alpha, her long slender fingers playing happily over his muscular back as she gently rubbed his tongue inside of her mouth. Her other hand was underwater, eagerly squeezing her friend's tight buns in his trunks. He had one hand on her head, grabbing a handful of her soft black hair. The other was down below her waist, doing something Carter and the girls couldn't see but Zia seemed to approve of.

"Er hem," Annabeth coughed. Zia's amber eyes flicked open. She slowly broke off the kiss, both their mouths hanging open and their tongues lolling out. A thick line of saliva trailed between both pink tips.

"Your bra, girl," he said, tossing her the enormously strong pink bra required to hold her breasts together. Zia smirked and turned her back to the group of boys on land.

"You know what? Keep it," she said with a contented smile, spreading her arms luxuriantly on the edge of the pool and sticking out her fat chest. "I feel like my big tits could use the sun..."

The girls gasped once as their eyes were hit with the full force of Zia's breasts. They were by far the largest in Brooklyn House and the school, huge caramel J cups that were perfectly formed into spheres, with their tips pointing slightly upwards and two pert dark brown nipples sticking out. They went quite a bit down her torso, almost halfway, but they didn't sag. The gravity defying mammaries were perfectly firm and their enormous heft simply grew downwards. The girls legs trembled as everyone of them felt the powerful urge to crawl onto their knees and worshipfully suck on her dark brown teats.

The girls gasped a second time as they felt their Alphas' massive lengths on their bums grow, hardening and uncoiling like an awakening one eyed snake at Zia's wet shining breasts. The boys on the land turned eagerly to try and see, but Zia quickly turned away, denying them the sight and leaving their erections hard but drooping in disappointment.

Zia chuckled nastily. Letting these alpha studs and my girls enjoy my beautiful tits while denying my boyfriend and those losers is so fun, she thought. Her bare nipples hardened at the nasty thought.

The girls gasped slightly as they saw her teats stiffened. It was so around that theirs did too, forming stiff peaks on their bras. Brad chuckled and slid up beside Zia.

"You know, if you're going to go topless, I think I should take something off too," Brad said, and he held up his wet trunks in his hands.

Zia's face broke into awed shock at Brad's boldness. She playfully punched his shoulder. "You dare take your pants off in front of my charges and my boyfriend? You bold man!" "Why, is there something offensive about it?" Brad teased, pressing the tip against Zia's leg underwater.

"Yes, it's enormously offensive," Zia replied. "To put your big white cock out when you know our little Egyptian ones are so much smaller. Gosh, our boys must be so humiliated right about now!"

"Alright then, I'll let you cover it up," Brad said in a purr, nimbly pushing himself out of the water and sitting on the edge of the pool with his feet dangling in the water. All the girls stared in wide eyed wonder at the soft thick pink member that curved in an arc from his crotch and the tip swishing on the pool surface.

Zia smirked. "Thank you," she said as she grabbed the cock with both hands. The gang from Brooklyn House gasped.

"Zia, what t-the hell!" Carter sputtered.

"I'm sorry, Carter, but I can't let my female charges be exposed to such massively indecent objects," Zia purred. "It's so big my fingers can barely wrap around it! Such a potent organ would no doubt inspire depravity and lewdness in their hearts."

"My cock's still showing," Brad pointed out. Indeed, the plum sized cock head poked out of Zia's hands. Zia's hands could only cover the long slimy shaft.

"Yes, unfortunately your cock is so big that I can't cover it up even with both hands," Zia said with a theatrical sigh. "And that's to say nothing of your big fat balls. I can feel the hot surface of your shaft, it's veins throbbing under my smooth skin. I don't believe it, but it's getting even bigger!"

Zia gasped in mock shock. "You lewd pervert, you're getting turned on by this!"

"Not my fault. Just looking at your beautiful perfect titties is giving me a boner," Brad argued.

"Why yes, and unfortunately I've got too much in my hands to cover up my lewd bits," Zia said with a sigh. But then her former make-out partner stepped in.

"Here, lemme help cover 'em up," he said, slipping both hands under her armpits and grabbing her pair of naked, wobbling breasts. Zia giggled as she felt his big, warm hands caress her wet boobs in a firm grip, his rough fingers scraping against her stiff sensitive nipples. He experimentally jiggled them up and down. "Christ, one of these must be five kilos!"

"Alright, that's it, everyone get out," Carter said in a huffed, stepping forward. His voice and his legs shook as he tried to defy Brad. But no one moved. Zia just stood waist deep in water, giggling as she grabbed onto Brad's cock and her make out partner jiggled her J cup boobs in a makeshift hand bra.

"Let's get up, we can play some games inside," Brad suggested. Everyone immediately crawled out of the pool. Zia flopped her breasts onto the pool's edge then hooked one long slender leg onto it, pneumatically pushing her whole voluptuously jiggling body out of the water in a spray of shaking flesh and flying water. She somewhat hesitantly put her big bra back on.

"Oh no," the pretty sandy blonde boy said. "This is a problem," Annabeth's dark haired partner added.

"Hmm? What is?" Zia said, turning to face them. Then she gasped.

Inside all of their wet swimming trunks, their cocks had expanded to enormous proportions. The engorged trunks were uncomfortably bound in their swimming trunks. Some were sticking out a leg hole. Others were poking out of the waistband. They had all blew up into huge, cylindrical bulges under the tightly clinging wet fabric.

"That is a problem," Zia acknowledged. "I can't let you all be walking naked around my girls, but I can't stand to see you in such discomfort either with your dicks poking out... I guess I'll have to compromise..."

She bent over to the sandy blonde's trunks and ripped a hole in front which she carefully pulled the fat half-erect dick through. Then she walked over to Henry. She didn't need to bend over to rip a hole in the giant's pants and pull his equally gigantic dick through. She did the same for the dark haired man. Finally she picked up Brad's trunks. She ripped a hole in it and gave it back.

Brad smirked as he slowly, mockingly pulled the trunks up his massive legs and shoved the dick through. It left the four huge men in trunks with their even bigger dicks out. It was somehow even lewder than if they were naked. It was as if the ripped open trunks emphasized their sexual dominance, how they could not be contained by such flimsy shorts. They walked back into the house, their cocks literally swinging between their knees as the girls eagerly followed. The Brooklyn Boys were last to go in, thoroughly embarrassed and their dicks drooling enviously as they watched their sexy girlfriends practically skipping behind the hot studs.

"What should we do now?" Annabeth asked, making no effort to hide the fact that she was staring at her dark haired friend's naked dick with a half lidded, half smiling appreciation. "Let's play Truth or Dare," Brad said.

"Sure!" the girls eagerly chirped. Brad picked up a bottle of beer and placed it on the ground. The group sat in a circle on the floor - the bikini clad girls in one section, the dick swinging Alphas in another, and the Egyptian boys in the last.

"OK, the game is Truth or Dare. And as the people who own the house, we naturally can choose a group of people to ask or dare if the bottle lands on us," Brad said. "Hey, that isn't fair," Carter whined.

"Don't like it? Leave then," Henry said with a smirk. "We'll entertain your girlfriends..."

"Just let it happen, Carter," Zia said. Zia smirked. The game would be much more fun if the Alphas could order the girls or boys to answer or do something. "I mean, that's what an Alpha does, doesn't he? He gets answers and orders betas around."

"I'm not a beta," Carter whined.

"Your badge says different," Zia said with a nasty smile which shut Carter up.

"I see your sexy as hell girlfriend gets it. OK, let's start," Brad said. He spun the bottle of beer on the ground and it stopped on Cleo. She giggled and pointed at Henry, who was sitting cross legged beside Brad with his mammoth member resting on the floor like a wrist-thick roll of playdoh.

"Truth or dare?" Cleo chirped.

"Truth," Henry replied confidently.

"Have you ever fooled around with any of the girls sitting here?" she said with a mischievous giggle.

"Oh, definitely yes," Henry said with a grin. The Egyptian boys each assumed it wasn't their girlfriend, thinking they were too good for their girlfriends to mess around. "And I could definitely fool around with one more," Henry said with a suggestive wink at Cleo which turned her into a blushing giggling mess.

Brad spun the bottle again. It landed on Annabeth.

"Truth or dare?" the silvery eyed blonde said, pointing at her dark haired friend from the pool.

"Truth," he said.

"Out of all the women you slept with, how many of them have you made orgasm?" she asked with a sly smile on her pretty pink lips.

"Every single one," he replied with a grin. The girls ooooo'd at the statement.

Annabeth laughed. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, absolutely. If you don't believe I could make you cum, I could arrange a demonstration," he said, waggling his eyebrows.

Annabeth giggled. "I'll keep in mind."

Percy's cheeks turned red with indignation as his girlfriend and the Alpha eyefucked each other from across the room. The Alpha made no attempt to hide how he was licking his lips at the massive pale globes sloshing around in Annabeth's bra and Annabeth made no attempt to hide how she was drooling slightly at his fat drooping cock.

Brad spun the bottle again. This time it landed on Henry. A wolfish grin spread across his face.

"Truth or dare?" the massive, chiseled man asked all the girls. The girls licked their lips. They had no doubt he would do something very fun with them. They thought about which would be more exciting to pick.

"Dare," Zia said. The rest of the girls looked to their leader and nodded. A chorus of dare's followed.

"I dare all of the girls to sit on our laps," he said. The girls gasped.

"Ooo, you audacious men," Sadie purred. "Our boyfriends are right there," Cleo said.

"Don't worry. We don't do anything too naughty with them sitting right across us," Brad crooned. The girls accepted this.

Blushing and eager, the girls scooted their plump bums across to the Alphas and gently placed it on their laps. They wrapped their muscular arms around the girl's narrow, wasps like waists, hugging them close as they giggled shyly in their powerful embrace. The Alphas smirked as they stared right into the corresponding boyfriend's eyes, stroking their girlfriend's toned bellies with their hand.

"That's right, your girlfriends are sitting on our laps with our dicks out. What are you going to do about it?" their looks said silently to the cowering boys.

"You evil man, you're going to cause so much trouble for my charges' relationships..." Zia said with a sigh.

"Don't worry, they know we're just having fun," Brad said soothingly into Zia's ear. The leggy Egyptian brunette giggled and wiggled her bubble butt on his crotch.

"Hmm, it's so awkward with your cock pressing against our back. Here, let me tuck it in between my butt," Zia said, reaching behind and pushing the thick length of meat in between her soft brown buns. "Come on girls, follow me."

The rest of the girls followed their leader, tucking the Alphas' dicks into their butt crack. "They might keep growing bigger, so if you just twerk your butts up and down, it'll grow nicely into its full length and you can wedge it in," Zia said, demonstrating by jerking her bum up and down Brad's cock. The rest of the girls followed suit. The room was quickly filled with the sound of the Egyptian girls' butts sliding up and down the long thick shafts of the Alphas. "A sausage between a pair of buns... It's what you Americans love so much, right?"

"Not as much as we love hot caramel women from the desert," Brad teased, kissing Zia's slender neck and eliciting a laugh from her as she withdrew her slender legs and hugged them on his lap.

"Hey, stop spouting stereotypes about Egyptians. They aren't from the desert," Carter said in a huff, crossing his arms angrily. "That's racist!"

"Mmmmm, if he wants girls from the desert, then I'm from the desert," Zia purred softly, stroking Brad's veiny cantaloupe sized bicep with her fingers.

"But he's racist!" Carter whined.

"Is he?" Zia said with a contented smile as she laid back into torso and pulled his pythonic arms in tight around her waist. She nuzzled her head under his chin and leaned it to one side. "You know, I'm surprisingly fine with that."

"Racist? I'm not a racist," Brad rebutted. "I would absolutely love to fuck a foreigner like Zia." Zia let out a coquetteish little laugh.

"But you're still perpetuating negative stereotypes about Egyptians," Carter said. "Especially about the guys," he added quietly.

"Stereotypes that give white men an advantage and marginalize the rest of us!"

"What, like stereotypes like white guys have huge dicks?" Zia asked innocently.

"Yeah," Carter said eagerly hoping Zia was agreeing with him. "That's just a stereotype!"

"Well, stereotypes are based on facts," she quipped with a sly smile. "I've got 12 inches of proof warming in between my desert buns right now. Want to see?"

All the Alphas burst out laughing, their deep voices booming through the room. The girls joined in, snickering at Carter's humiliation by his girlfriend.

"Oooohh, that's sooo nasty Zia," Cleo cried, falling back into the sandy blonde Alpha as her body shook with laughter. "I should stop laughing but I can't..."

"Come on, the dare is over, you girls can get off now," Percy said weakly.

"Hmmm," Zia said, tilting her head to one side. "Do our white hosts want us to move?" she said, looking up at Brad's face with big, innocent eyes.

"Nope," he replied firmly.

"Then we're quite comfortable here," Zia said with a smirk as she wiggled her butt around Brad's hot erect shaft. Chuckling softly, Zia extended one long, svelte caramel leg to flick the bottle's tip. It spun and settled onto the empty spot where Annabeth used to sit.

"Truth or dare, Alphas?" she said, turning her head to either side on Henry's chest. The boys wanted to protest that she couldn't do that, but they were too afraid to say anything.

"Dare," they replied.

"OK, I dare you to... Grab ours tits in front of our boyfriends!" Annabeth said with a mischievous laugh.

"Oh no, we would never insult your boyfriends like that," Henry said.

"Why, it would totally humiliate them," Brad said with a laugh.

All four Alphas hands shot upwards and slammed down on the tits of the girls sitting on their laps. The girls giggled happily, too drunk on the handsome charisma of the popular kids to realize what they were doing. Four pairs of hands grabbed the Egyptian breasts, feeling up the smooth, firm flesh and caressing the sun-kissed skin bursting with young hormones. The

Alphas nastily eyeballed the Egyptian boys, too passive and well trained by Zia to do anything as the Alphas slowly sunk their fingers into the deep pillowy tissue of their girlfriends chests.

"Hmm, you're really enjoying this," the dark haired Alpha in a voice as smooth and rich as dark chocolate. His skilled, strong fingers slipped under her bra and gently teased both bright pink nipples with his finger tips. "I think someone's having a little more fun with this dare than she should. Your nipples are stiff," he said beside her ear.

"Oh, he's just joking Walt," she said with a grin. But Walt could see the stiff tents under her thin bra.

"My slut's nipples are stiff too," Henry said, fingering the stiff rods on the peak of Annabeth's awesome snowy mounds.

"Perfectly natural female reaction around top male specimens," she purred in an cultured New York accent. "Indicates we are ready for breeding..."

Zia flicked the bottle once more with her foot. It spun around and landed on Brad and Zia again.

"Truth or dare, girls?" Brad said in his assertive, energetic voice.

"Hmmm, how about truth this time?" Zia said, giggling slightly as Brad kneaded the melons on her chest. To Carter's dismay, the Alphas weren't stopping.

"OK," he said. Zia turned upwards, saw the evil glint in his eyes and shuddered happily.

"Which race of guys you want to sleep with with the most?"

The girls gasped happily, licking their lips as the thought. "Here, you can write it down on these cards," he said, holding up a stack of stiff paper cards and pens which he passed around. The women giggled girlishly as they scrawled the answers on the cards. Their boyfriends couldn't see the answers but the Alphas hugging them from behind could. They looked up dreamily into the eyes of the massive white men hugging their slender Egyptian bodies. They showed them the card and asked them what they thought of their answer. The Alphas grinned and nodded in approval. The girls glowed warm with the praise and smiled happily.

"OK, girls.. Show your cards in 3... 2... 1... Ta-Da!" Zia said brightly. The four girls flipped their cards over for the boys to see. Their jaws dropped.

"Whites."

Every single one of them had written "Whites". 2 of them had put little hearts over the i. Others had drawn little emoticons with heart shaped eyes and mouth open in awe. One had drawn an immensely large and fat penis hanging off the s.

Zia looked at the girls' cards and smiled proudly. "Good answers."

"But.. But..." Carter stuttered in confusion. "Why?"

"They're just the most attractive race of guys. How can I describe it to you?" Zia purred gently caressing Brad's rippling muscles as he smirked at Carter. "They're so powerful and

confident and perfect... Like ivory kings living in their marble palaces..."

"Hmmm, that they are," Sadie hummed as she bent down and gently kissed her dark haired friend's veiny, throbbing bicep. "They own and control everything..."

"Yeah, they're our football captains, our leaders, our businessmen, our generals, our CEOs... It really turns a girl on," Cleo moaned softly as she guided her partner's hands to grab her aching tits.

"But they exploit everyone they own and make us work like dogs for scraps!" Julian moaned.

"Mmmm, it's so hot isn't it?" Zia moaned softly, running her hand down Brad's rippling muscular back as she gently kissed his neck. "As they should... Such beautiful, amazing men shouldn't have to work... They should lead and rule, while their loving subjects worship and love them..."

"And they continually pass laws to benefit themselves while the rest of us are punished for trying to resist them and change the status quo," Carter added.

"Ooohhh, will they be doing the punishing?" Annabeth cooed, rubbing her triple DDD breasts onto Henry's chest and tickling them with her rock hard nipples. "I would love to take a little punishment from them."

"Annabeth!" Percy moaned plaintively. Annabeth giggled and waved at him dismissively.

"And you hear they're strong, assertive, dominant lovers in bed,"

Sadie said with a grin. "You hear stories all the time in Brooklyn House about how they'll use their big white cock to enchant you into submission then make you squirt your brains out."

"Stories? From who?" Carter asked, puzzled. The girls' eyes flicked for a second towards Zia.

"No idea," Zia said with an unabashed grin. "But they are yummy aren't they?"

"Hmmm, especially their bodies..." Annabeth giggled softly, reaching down to stroke one of Henry's taut steel buns.

"Yeah, thank God you're here, else I'd be eating cake off their bodies," Zia joked. The girls laughed at the randy joke their leader just made. She looked lustily into Brad's eyes and stuck a long finger out her juicy hump. She withdrew the shining finger, holding it up into the light to let everyone see the shining drop of pussy mucus. "I'd eat anything that comes out of the holes of their bodies, really..."

"Oh boy, all this laughing is making me stiff," Annabeth said as the laughter subsided. She stretched her arms over her head. "Boy, I could use a massage right now!"

"Get on the tables, we could give you one," Henry said.

"You guys are masseurs?" Percy asked, puzzled.

"Not professionally, but we do know everything about the female body since we played with hundreds of them each," the dark haired Alpha replied.

Annabeth giggled. "And I suppose you'll be playing with one more," she replied coquettishly.

"Wait, you're actually saying yes?" Percy asked in disbelief.

"Come on girls, let's thank these guys for agreeing to kindly give us a massage," Zia purred.

"Thank you," the four Egyptian girls chirped as they planted a soft kiss on the lips of the Alphas. The Alphas got up, powerful legs easily uncoiling and propelling them and their girls up. They slung the captive, giggling girls over their shoulder and in their other picked up an assortment of body length tables. They brought both to the glass table in front of the plasma TV and placed the assortment of tables in a radiating semicircle around the TV. The soft, curvaceous women laid down on their stomachs and with their heads pointing towards the TV while their feet were pointing at the couches that surrounded them.

THWACK

The Alphas gave the four pairs of ass cheeks a slap making them jiggle as their boyfriends enviously watched from the couches. "Alright, you girls just relax and let us make you feel good," Brad purred.

"We're going to start from the top," Brad said in a low, calming voice. The girls nodded as the Alphas pressed their fingertips into their backs, stimulating the tissue of their back muscles gently but firmly in slow circular motions.

"Mmmm, that feels good," Sadie moaned softly. The other girls also agreed. The slow back strokes continued for a minute before they moved downwards onto their lower backs. Here, they spread their fingertips and gently rubbed them into the narrow, tight waists of the women.

"You guys have any oil? I would love for some oil," Zia added softly.

"Unfortunately we don't," Brad said, massaging her kidneys.

"Could you get some? We'd really love it," Zia moaned.

"I have another idea," Brad said. The four of them crawled into the table and went into a pushup position above the girls. They gasped and giggled as they felt the familiar thick, throbbing cocks slide into their bikini clad buns. The boys watched, confused and aroused, as the taut butts of the Alphas descended onto their girlfriends' soft butts and slid their rapidly hardening cocks in and out. A steady stream slimy precum start dripping from their cock heads, perfect little beads of sticky cock sweat that the Alphas spread into the backs of the appreciative girls.

"Fuck, your cock is so hot," Annabeth moaned as Henry stroked his gigantic throbbing erection sandwiched between her alabaster bubble butt as Percy watched, his tiny dick drooling enviously.

"Change of plan, now I want a deep tissue rub in my butt crack," Zia half giggled, half moaned. "And I need your big hard stick to do it."

"Yeah, me too," Sadie moaned as her dark haired friend slid his cock over her panties against her twitching holes.

Brad chuckled. He snapped his fingers. "Hey, you losers. Come and hold your girlfriends legs open."

"Do it," Zia ordered. The boys, pouting, obeyed. They grabbed their girlfriends ankles in their tiny hands and spread them apart, their cute eyes staring in wide eyed awe at their girlfriends' bikini clad pussies that was revealed to them as thick thighs parted.

"Thanks, betas," Brad grunted. The Alphas used their open legs to push their shafts deeper in, eliciting a moan from the girls as they felt the hard cock heads jab into the sensitive parts between their fat pussy and their asshole. It then slid upwards, nudging the crinkly mound of their anus and stabbing through into the sunlight at the top of the deep valley of their bubble butts.

"Gods, how are you studs so thick?" Cleo groaned as the sandy blonde model's girth spread apart her bronzed ass cheeks. The girls, smiling dreamily, turned on their cheeks to look at each other, licking their lips as the sight of their sisters-in-arms with a hung, sexy, massive man in a push-up position above each of them, sliding their thick drool worthy cocks between their scantily clad butts.

The TV blared in front of them. On it, a Fox News anchor was in a suit was giving an angry rant about foreigners and the importance of invading another Middle Eastern country. "Finally going into Ahmadinejadistan or whatever it's called," Brad grunted.

"Another unilateral invasion of a country for oil," Carter muttered.

"What was that, loser?" Brad said, raising his voice.

"N-nothing," Carter stuttered.

Henry chuckled. "That's right. Shut up and take it up the ass, like you Middle Easterners always do. Tell me, how times have you lost to us again?"

Carter burned with embarrassment as Zia giggled. "Yeah, you boys need America to come in and spank you every now and then. As a matter of fact..." Brad said with a menacing grin to Carter. He flinched as Brad walked over him, his dick swinging between his legs like a pendulum.

"You need to be punished for breaking our rules," Brad said sternly.

"W-what rules! I did everything you said and even let you do anything to Zia!" Carter moaned.

"You're a massive faggot, that's why," Brad said nastily and sat on the edge of the TV's table with Carter laid over his knees. In full view of all the girls from Brooklyn House he began

spanking him.

THWACK THWACK THWACK

Carter moaned on Brad's lap, tears welling in his big brown eyes as Brad's powerful hand came down on his ass again and again.

"Oh fuck that's so hot," Zia moaned softly, licking her lips as she watched Brad humiliate her boyfriend with his fat dick hanging out. Brad ripped off Carter's trousers and spanked him again.

THWACK THWACK THWACK

All the girls gasped, their legs writhing as their fat throbbing pussies started to leak. The Alphas chuckled as they saw their reaction and jammed their fingers in. It was easy, since their boyfriends were holding their legs open. All except for Zia, who needily stabbed her hump with her own digits.

"You little bitch," Brad teased as he raised his hand again. Carter whined and begged him to stop. "Please, I'll do anything, just stop!"

"Really? Anything? How about licking my precum off your girlfriend's back?" Brad said.

"That's disgusting!" Carter cried in defiance, but he whimpered when Brad raised his hand again. "O-OK!"

With his legs around his ankles, Carter waddled over to Zia. He stuck out his little pink tongue and started lapping at Zia's wet, mucus coated back. His little dick stiffened as he saw Zia moaning and fingering herself.

Brad chuckled and strode over. He laid his dick on Zia's upper back, it's fat hole leaking a constant stream of precum that flowed between her smooth, curving back muscles right into a little pool at the base of her spin where Carter lapped like a dog. To add insult to injury, he grabbed Zia's pussy and scraped against its twitching folds with his fingertips.

"Fuck that's so hot," Zia moaned, her nipples stiff with arousal. "Lick that up, you little beta!" Zia's body twisted and writhed, Brad's thick digits pumping in and out of her tight wet hole as Carter cleaned her back. She giggled when she saw Carter's tiny, drooling penis. Her hand came up to slap her own ass, causing the ass cheek to reverberate.

Suddenly, she twisted around. Her leg hooked Carter's neck and swung it to her pussy in a single, smooth move. The well trained boy knew what to do as she flipped onto her back and her legs constricted around his neck, tying him to her drooling pussy in a lock. She hung her head upside down off the edge of the table and beckoned to Brad with an open, lolling mouth "Oh my god..." Sadie gasped. "She can't be..." Cleo breathily said.

Zia did nothing but watch Brad swagger over and ram his big fat American warship down her Suez canal. The hot, throbbing meat slithered down her soft, wet throat, and like a true pro Zia didn't even gag as his cock head was pushed into her tight air pipe so far that her slender

throat visibly bulged with cock meat. Carter was none the wiser, buried in thick thigh meat and busy lapping at her

suddenly flooded pussy, but everyone else watched in awe and arousal as Zia deep throated Brad.

"Damn girl, you're good at this," Brad moaned as he slid his cock in and out of Zia's throat pussy. Her eyes smiled, she couldn't see anything but Brad's big fat balls slapping against her forehead but she knew everyone was watching. Her hands snaked up and grabbed her full, trembling bosom, sinking her fingers into the soft brown titty meat. Out of the corner of her eye she could see all her charges, who she was supposed to protect, moaning as the Alphas finger fucked them. All as planned.

She felt the telltale tightening of Brad's balls and was prepared for it. With a grunt and a deep thrust, he slammed home and his cock burst into her stomach. At the same time, deep in her belly a steam explosion of heat and liquid flowed out and bathed her boyfriend's worshipful head. As Brad poured cum into her she sprayed onto Carter, as if she was a pipe passing Brad's fluids onto Carter.

"Aw fuck." "Fuck fuck fuck.." "Tooo hot... I'm cumming!"

The rest of the girls screamed as their own pussies convulsed on the Alphas deep pumping digits. Their fat pussies shot up a spray of sticky fluid, which landed on the throbbing erections of the boyfriends holding their legs open. Their boyfriends all moaned too. This was the first time their dick had touched their girlfriends' orgasmic juices. It was like a warm aphrodisiac, making them so horny they felt like they'd even suck the Alphas' big swinging cocks for relief.

Brad snapped his fingers as his Zia happily gargled his cock. The maid appeared behind him. "Take the boys and send them to room 4," he said, withdrawing his thick cock from Zia's worshipful sucking. "One each." Brad turned to face the boys. "We've got some sluts coming over to fuck and you guys aren't invited. But we've got a room ya'll can chill in while we do." Zia got up and signaled to do as he says, a drop of cum on the edge of her mouth. Carter was released and followed the maid to room 4.

It was a dimly lit but opulent circular room with a massive bed in the center easily enough for a dozen people. Six closets were put at regular intervals around their circumference, big enough for a man and with little silts in them. They were instructed to go into the closets and they did.

"Alright, playtime is over," Brad grunted the four Alphas lifted their blissed out girls to room 4 and dumped them on the beds. Their boyfriends could dimly see the figures of the Alphas and some girls, which they assumed was the sluts Brad mentioned they were fucking. The closet doors were thick and they couldn't hear what was outside. Giggling and in a post orgasmic bliss, the girls didn't resist as they were lined up and bent over on the bed. Actually, they simply wanted this. They knew exactly what was happening was - their pussies were twitching excitedly as the Alphas rolled on extra large condoms and ripped off their stringy panties.

"Ooohh, how quick of you," Sadie purred to her dark haired friend. "Aren't you to going to take me out to dinner first? Walt had to bring me to 5 before I kissed him."

"You can have my cock in my mouth after," he said, and all four Alphas slammed home. The girls screamed, their bare slender legs stretching out into the air conditioned air as four thick 11 inch cocks plunged deep into their tight little slits. Their minds went blank, as did the hundreds of women before them. They couldn't think of anything but the hot throbbing dicks of these almost godlike men. The Alphas swiftly got to work annihilating their pussies and their minds by brutally fucking them hard with their massive bitch breakers.

Inside, the boys were discovering the closet wasn't empty. It was full of dirty men's clothes. Shorts, underwear, jockstraps. The thick and unmistakable smell of cock musk filled the air. They realized this was where the clothes the Alphas discarded as they took lucky women to bed. Sitting in the darkness, they suddenly heard the girls scream. They peered curiously through the slits and saw the unmistakable broad shoulders and huge cocks of the Alphas, but in the shadowy room they couldn't identify the women. But they were undeniably voluptuous and eager. Their little dicks, drooling since their girlfriends had their bras stolen and ready to burst when their crotches were coated in sticky girlcum, forced them to their knees. With a moan of defeat, they stripped their pants down to their little ankles and jerked off, their eyes glued to the dim sight of the Alphas fucking unidentified women.

The girls screamed. Women near each other synchronize periods, and here they developed a sort of sexual hivemind. Fucked by this group of sexy, charismatic white men, the Egyptian women all surrendered at the same time, their tight little pussies convulsing as they begged their big dickd lovers to fuck them harder.

"Yes! YES! I've been fantasizing about this since I came to Goode!" Sadie cried to her dark haired friend, reverently planting kisses on his chest as his powerful hips effortlessly pistoned in and out of her needy clinging pussy.

"That's it, you white studs, fuck us! That's what I led them here for!" Zia cried as Brad slammed his massive cock in and out of her brown pussy. "Fuck!"

"I'm... CUMMING!"

As one, the girls screamed, their legs wrapping tightly around the Alphas hips. Their backs arched on the bed as they all had powerful, multiple orgasm, cumming their brains out so long as their white lovers erections lasted, which was potentially hours. But their boyfriends couldn't say the same. They were so weak that jerking off they came before the Alphas buried in their girlfriends pussies, moaning softly in humiliation and ecstasy as little droplets of cum dripped onto the floor of the closet with the cum stained boxers of their bully draped across their faces.

Orgasm after orgasm wracked the women, until finally the Alphas came. They slammed home, burying every last inch of their famously big cocks so deep into the girls quivering bodies they felt it in their stomachs. With a powerful kiss to the women trapped under them, they shot huge loads of their perfect genes into the condom.

The girls gasped, collapsing onto the bed, their split open pussies squirting fountains into the air. The Alphas chuckled and pointed to the closets. Above them, a TV showed the inside of the closet as captured by a secret night vision camera. Grainy, greenish video of their

boyfriends could be seen, in far from HD quality but clearly they had cum and were still jerking off. The Alphas whispered a nasty suggestion to the girls, and they giggled and agreed.

Each of them crawled in front of their boyfriend's closet and knelt with their backs to the closet. The Alphas stood directly in front. The boyfriends held their breath, afraid that the Alphas would realize they insides and jerking off. Instead, their girlfriends gave their still hard dicks a soft, worshipful boobjob. Zia's tits were the biggest and gave the greatest, most sensual and awesome feeling as they trapped Brad's tits in an infinite expanse of titty brown meat. Annabeth's was a close second, but Cleo and Sadie's firm C cups did an amazing job, caressing half the dicks they sled up and down off. And those girls made up for the lack of titty meat with their hands, furiously stroking the cock to milk it off their cum to fulfill their insidious plan.

"Oh shit, your breasts feel so warm and soft!" Henry yelled with a nasty grin. Annabeth likewise had an evil grin on her face. Percy's jaw dropped, moaning quietly to himself as he jerked off faster after he heard Henry's lewd description through the thick doors. Annabeth wasn't facing him but her tits were so big they bulged out her back and he could see whoever the woman was she was monstrously well endowed.

"Fuck, this is amazing," the dark haired Alpha cried. Sadie giggled as she gave him a dual hand job and boobjob at the same time. Walt started jerking with furious intent as he heard the speech through the thick doors, his eyes fixed to the slender, familiar figure on her knees in front of the hulking figure.

"Christ, the way you suck on my cock head as your young firm breasts caress my huge throbbing erection is amazing," the sandy blonde model yelled. Julian, slacked jawed, jerked faster and faster, mimicking his girlfriend Cleo on her knees as she sucked and stroked the Alpha's big fat cock.

"This is the best, your titties are so big and fat they're just enveloping my big white cock in their meat," Brad bragged loudly to Carter. Zia smirked nastily, her pussy dripping with excitement at thinking how Carter was just behind her as she pushed her infamously large tits together and worshipfully used this soft breast-pussy to pleasure Brad. Like Annabeth, her enormous tits curved out of her slender back and Carter could see the enormous tits jiggling up and down as the lucky girl stroked Brad with her deep cleavage.

"Fuck, I love desert girls," Brad yelled with a smirk. Momentary recognition hit Carter. Desert girl... Could it be? He thought. He just moaned and sank to his knees in defeat. The image that it was his beautiful brown babe brutally fucked then giving his sexy bully the titjob of his life just made his cock want to explode. He cried in surrender and jerked off with all his little strength.

Then he came and so did the other boys. The Alphas had timed it just right. As they came, they whipped open the closet doors. The girls ducked to one side, pointed the cocks at their boyfriends and furiously jerked them off. Their boyfriends, eyes rolled back and mouth hanging open in pleasure, was shot full of thick bully cum. They coughed and sputtered as their mouth was filled with great sticky ropes of stinking man chowder from their bully's testicles, but their little dicks uncontrollably writhed and squirted at the same time, more like

clits the penises. They sank to their knees, mouth hanging open and filling with sticky dick yogurt in surrender as they squeezed the last of their cum from their shrimp dicks.

The Alphas roared with laughter and girlfriends giggled as they saw their utterly humiliated and defeated boyfriends slathered with the Alphas' cum. On the closets, they looked like cute little moaning statutes of betas, doused in cum from the head to their neck.

Zia and Annabeth - ever the good students - remembered what Mrs De Armas taught them. They motioned for Cleo and Sadie to follow. They gave their boyfriends dicks a brutal kick, causing them to scream and pitch to the floor in agony. Then they widened their legs, spread open their pussy lips with their fingers and let out a steaming stream of piss. They quickly and professionally encircled their little cum puddles and finished the job with a hot wet spray, killing off their boyfriends' genes on the floor.

Sadie and Cleo were a little inexperienced and they missed a few spots. Zia, ever their good and caring leader, had reserved some urine in her bladder for this occasion. She strode over and with accurate bursts from her spread open pussy quickly doused their cum in sterilizing hot urine. Then she gave the boys a powerful kick, her infinitely more powerful legs practically ending the boys ability to reproduce right there.

"Fuck, you guys are so hot, I should be guilty I cheated but I'm just more horny," Sadie whispered to her dark haired fuck buddy, who slapped her ass encouragingly. Looking about at all her sexy, giggling female charters standing beside the naked hunks and the whole situation hitting every one of her nasty kink buttons, Zia had a really wrong idea.

She went over to Carter who was rolling on the floor, spread apart her sleek legs and sat on the back of his head. Then she beckoned Brad over and French kissed his cock before swallowing it whole with one skillful gulp. As Carter's nose and mouth were mushed into the putrid mixture of Brad's and his cum (mostly Brad's) and her piss, she worshipfully sucked the bully's cock of. The rest of the girls jaws dropped. Then they giggled and followed suit, sitting on their prostate boyfriends and sucking off the bullies.

The maid, who had been watching quietly on the side with her fingers in her panties, decided she just had to get his incredible moment on picture. She whipped out her camera and took a perfect shot of Zia. It instantly told the whole story - Brad, potent and dominant, getting a blowjob as Carter moaned in a cum puddle at his feet. Zia, beautiful and elegant, possessing a sort of regal dignity even as she lovingly worshipped with half lidded eyes Brad's cock with her warm wet mouth while her boyfriend squirmed pathetically under her massive, powerful butt.

CLICK

Sadie was next. The girl was of average height and smaller than Walt, but some lustful perverted strength possessed her and she easily held the larger boy into the nasty puddle. She was doing it so forcefully Walt was practically drinking it. Her caramel hair flew wildly around her face as she mouth fucked the dark haired model's dick furiously. It was the biggest, fattest cock she had ever seen and apparently she has fallen utterly in love with it.

CLICK

Cleo was the last, but not at less lewd. The maid recognized her type. Bookish, neat, not very outgoing. But she was gulping down the cock like a pro, burying her nose in the blonde crotch hair of her Alpha. It was amazing, she looked like she didn't even need air the way she crammed the 11 inches of girthy cock meat down her throat. The sandy blonde Alpha was moaning loudly and had grabbed Cleo by her hair, but it was superfluous as Cleo was dick sucking so fast his hand couldn't keep up. The maid grinned. It looked like the quiet little girl had a perverted side. Julian was under her legs writhing pathetically and occasionally having a drop of saliva/precum that dripped from his girlfriend's chin splashed onto his head and trickle into his groaning mouth.

CLICK

She moved on to the next girl. She had taken a lot of nasty pictures for this sorority, but this time she was delighted by the filth of it.

Annabeth was on top of Percy, her powerful thighs snaking his arms into a lock. Her massive chest had Henry's ginormous cock wedged so deep in she couldn't see where it started. Her mouth was kissing the cock with soft kisses as she slid her breasts up and down. Unlike Zia, Annabeth had gone the extra step of using her hands to smother the slimy mixture of bodily fluids into Percy's face. The poor boy had no idea what was happening except that he was painfully aroused.

CLICK

She smiled at the whole scene. A few seconds after she took the last picture, she heard the familiar sound of litres of semen being poured down a girl's throat. This time, the Alphas weren't content to just cum down their throats. After filling up their slut's stomach, they yanked out their dicks and finished off right in their faces, costing them with pearly translucent seed. The girls accepted their gift with open mouths, eagerly gulping down what heavy ropes of cum fell onto their delicate pink tongues until the Alphas finished.

The girls smiled happily, faces absolutely drenched in cum. "Put the boys to sleep," Brad said nonchalantly. Zia demonstrated how, threading a foot under Carter's neck and squeezing until he stopped struggling. The rest of the girls followed with an eagerness to please the Alphas, indifferent to the pain of their sweeties as they mercilessly choked them unconscious. "Here you lucky girls go," the maid said, handing them neatly printed images of themselves in the scene. The photo was still warm from the printer. The girls didn't see a printing machine anywhere, but the maid had her ways. Each of them lovingly and gently tucked it in between their breasts.

"One together?" the maid offered, holding up the camera.

"Sure! Come on girls, all together now. That's it. Come on captain, grab my pussy like it's yours! And guys, don't be afraid to grab anything you like..." Zia said. The girls gathered in a neat row in front of the taller guys, but the order quickly disappeared. Sadie was picked up by Henry, giggling, and she hung into her shoulders like a child with her head turned to the camera. Henry pried open her firm round butt to show the camera her fucked open pussy, gaping like a fish on land.

The dark haired man reached from behind Annabeth and pinched both her nipples. Annabeth smirked as her massive smooth marble globes were pulled far apart in opposite directions, yanked so hard by her nips were deformed into eggs that stretched past her elbows.

Cleo voluntarily suck to her knees, giggling as she pressed the sandy blonde's sticky, saliva slick cock against her cheek, nuzzling it fondly as her hands caressed his muscular thighs. He placed a hand on her head in a gentle yet dominating way.

Zia smirked as she felt her little pink pussy get grabbed by Brad's thick fingers from the back while another sank it's fingers greedily into her enormously round, caramel colored breast. She leaned back into his shoulders and nuzzled her raven haired head into his neck.

"Say fuck me!" the maid said.

"Fuck me!" the girls choruses with their pale, cum costed face with huge grins on their face.

CLICK

And so the party ended. Their unconscious boyfriends were piled into the van and driven back to Brooklyn House. Amos had woken up just in time to see the girls coming back. If it wasn't for the messed up sex hair or the missing panties (which they had left with the Alphas) or the sheen of sweat or even their semen facial on each of their contented faces, then surely each of their bare, gaping pussies would've given away the fact that they were just brutally fucked by hung white men.

But as he stared slack jawed at them, Zia simply strode over and knocked him out clean. The rest of the girls kicked his head for good measure as they walked past. They cleaned themselves up, dressed conservatively for their boyfriends and lovingly and carefully framed and hid the picture from the party. Then they dragged their boyfriends to the hall, where Zia told them in a very convincing way a story about how they had all cummed their little dicks out upon seeing all the breasts at once from a dare, adding in painful detail how the Alphas and their big dicks suffered no such quick shooting. It was corroborated by the girls and the painful throbbing emptiness of their abused crotches. And no one dared contradict the scary amber-eyed girl.

The boys vaguely remembered the dim, dark room and silhouettes of [font="Liberation"]girls, but trauma and embarrassment buried it deep in their memories, where it would only be brought out again for a guilty maturation session and in their wet dreams.[/font]

Finale

Chapter Summary

Annabeth, Drew and Zia host Brad's birthday party and give him a present worthy of a king.

Zia's face, half buried in a pillow, was lit up by a sheaf of sunshine shine through a crack in the curtains. Drew smiled as she gazed at her friend's warm, golden brown skin glow under the sunlight. Zia's long eye lashes slowly fluttered open, her eyes half lidded as her body stirred on the bed.

Even Drew, an exceptionally attractive supermodel-like Asian, was stunned by Zia's beauty. She had an incredibly curvaceous physique, flawless dusky skin, a perfectly symmetrical face with high

cheekbones and jaw dropping amber eyes. The last was exceptionally rare she knew, they were found not in Europe, America, India or anywhere on Earth, save for a few individuals in a few rare groups in the Middle East. Probably less than 0.0001% of the world had them.

Zia brushed a few strands of hair off her face and looked at Drew. She was propped up on her elbow, looking at Zia.

"Good morning," Drew said.

"How long have you been watching me sleep?"

"Long enough, princess beauty."

Zia laughed. Both of them were lying on the bed in their underwear. It was a beautiful, fleshy, panty straining sight. The police officer yesterday hadn't been a problem. One word that they were Brad's and he'd personally driven them back to the Alpha Alpha Beta house. There, while Carter waited in the car, Zia and Drew got their brains fucked out by Brad and his gang.

Afterwards, they were personally driven back to Brooklyn House. There, Zia as the woman in charge, let Drew stay for the night. They locked themselves in the penthouse suite and stripped down to a thin white T-shirt and no pants. There, in between smacking each other's with pillows they slid pairs of panties up and down their smooth, bare legs, checking each other's ass out and judging which went best with each of their skin colors.

Zia was now wearing a pure white lacy piece with intricate patterns that flattered her coppery skin, Drew was wearing one made of black silk that looked phenomenal on the wide swell of her pale bubble butt.

"Today's the big day," Drew reminded Zia. "Brad's birthday."

"How could I forget?" Zia said. She whispered, "Are we really going to give that to him?"

"What else could we give him? He has money, fame, power," Drew said, gently running her hand over a bare bit of Zia's perfectly sculpted stomach exposed from her uplifted shirt. "It's the greatest thing a woman has, we should give it to him."

Zia bit her lip and nodded. Both of them rolled out of bed. Drew slapped Zia's ass so hard the massive cheeks rippled. "Come on you slut, we've got work to do. We've got to make sure we look absolutely perfect for Brad's party."

Zia and Drew took off their shirts. They slid tiny yoga pants up and long, thick legs, stretching them paper thin over the curves of their hard trained bodies. They did likewise for tiny sports bras that they yanked down their massive knockers, which were so tight it hugged the enormous swell and tight tuck of their underboob and perfectly displayed their amazingly perky slightly parted teardrop shapes while leaving their arms and bellies exposed.

They put on their running shoes and because they were going to do some serious lifting, they slid on their fingerless gloves. "Let's do this," Zia said, fist bumping Drew as they stepped out the door.

Carter was waiting outside the door anxiously for his girlfriend all night. He had another reason which was that he was still waiting to have sex with Zia since yesterday. His was fingering the packet of condoms in his pocket when Zia and Drew burst out the door. He struggled to keep up with the long limbed ladies as they walked towards the gym.

They smirked as the teenage residents of Brooklyn House turned to blush and stare, even the girls. Like the promiscuous show-offs they were they had pulled their high cut thongs above the waist of their yoga pants, so their underwear could be seen.

The gym was a large, two storey room lit by fluorescent lights. Squat racks, leg press machines, dumbbells, rowing machines, yoga mats on the floor, punching bags and a large table were all there in this well equipped gym. Zia barked a word and the few early morning gym goers fled the room. She locked the double wide wooden doors there behind her. Making her body perfect was too important to let other people interfere.

They wasted no time. First they started with some warm ups on the mats. Zia spread her legs wide into a split and Drew sat behind her, pressing her breasts into her back until Zia's torso was pressed entirely into the ground. Then they turned around and did the same, Zia helping Drew stretch by pushing her forward.

Carter was absolutely dumbstruck by how unbelievably lucky he was. He was about to watch the captains of the cheer leading club workout. It was the fantasy of every guy in school.

They both sprang to their feet and headed over to the dumbbells. Picking up some weights that were too heavy for most guys, they did a rigorous full body workout that took over an hour and pushed their bodies to new heights. They curled the dumbbells to tone their arms, thrust them overhead to shape their shoulders, bent over and did rows to mold their backs,

laid down and did flies to make their chest even perkier and did weighted crunches to sculpt their perfect, thin waists.

With every little grunt of exertion they worked up a little bit more sweat until they were dripping wet. Little beads of sweat rolled down their perfectly symmetrical faces and dripped off their sculpted chins.

"One last rep, come on," Drew barked at Zia, who was lying on a bench, her face contorted as she slowly squeezed her chest together to bring her outstretched arms together. When the two dumbbells clinked, she let them fall to her side with a gasp.

Carter's dick stiffened. These women were insanely strong. There was something incredibly arousing about seeing these women workout their perfect bodies, squeezing their immaculately sculpted muscles to throw these weights around. It was like watching an Amazonian in real life, a Renaissance ideal of a perfect woman, of superior strength and grace to ordinary mortals. His eyes followed the big sculpted butts that beautifully filled out their tight yoga pants as they sashayed their way to the squat rack.

"The most important exercise," Drew said, half turning her face to speak to Carter. "It's how we get these." Zia and Drew pulled apart their ass cheeks and clapped them together.

Carter drooled as the clap echoed throughout the gym. He stood there, cock visibly erect through his pants, as Zia and Drew put on 3 plates on either side of the bar.

Drew confidently went underneath, unracked it and flawlessly executed 5 sets of 5 reps each. Then, panting and with her hair in sweaty matted locks, she let Zia do the same. She got under the bar and deliciously and sexily squatted out her sets.

Carter almost came at the beautiful way they squatted. They would first stand up right with the heavy bar on their shoulders. As they descended, their tight waists would harden and every shapely muscle on their body would bugle. But most amazingly their already huge asses would swell as they squeezed their glutes, making their yoga pants bulge so much it looked like they were about to exploit. At the deepest part of the squat, just when their yoga pants were about to tear and their thong strings about to snap from trying to contain the jutting, growing bubble butts.

Zia put the barbell on the rack and gasped, "Put on half a plate more. I'm going to do two more." Drew smirked and slapped her ass. "That's my girl! I'll spot you."

She slid on an extra smaller plate on each side and stood right behind Zia, gently grasping her wet waist with her hands. Her fingers dug into the sleek, slippery flesh.

"OK, let's do this for Brad!" she whispered into his ear. Zia lifted the barbell and slowly descended.

"Uunngggh," she grunted as her sore muscles vibrated under the strain. Drew pressed her juicy body against Zia, tightening her hands around her just a fraction. She followed her friend, descending with her and spreading her thighs on either side of Zia's. Zia's huge thighs

hovered parallel to the ground for a second, her butt trembling in the air, and she lifted the weight up with a gasp.

"You look so hot right now, just one more," Drew urged her on and stood right up against her.

By now both voluptuous women were perspiring all over, their juicy bodies leaking warm, sticky sweat from every pore of their flawless bodies. For the last rep their hot, sticky bodies were pressed up right against each other, bouncy bits mushing together so Drew could catch Zia if she failed.

"Unnghhh," Zia moaned, wet locks of hair dangling in front of her piercing amber eyes as she squatted. The barbell felt like a truck on her shoulders. Her burning thighs screamed as her huge ass swelled to enormous proportions. Lower and lower it went.

"Unnnghh," Zia moaned, going down a fraction.

"Come on, you're doing great," Drew gasped into her ear. "Unnnghhh!" she moaned as she slowly, painfully, her enormous butt descended to the bottom. And at the bottom, the ass swelled like never before.

Her butt hovered in the air as her muscle fibers tore under the massive weight. Her legs trembling, it looked as if she was going to drop. But then in her hazy, sweaty mind, she saw the football captain, looking ridiculously hot wearing nothing but his varsity jacket. Brad was smirking at her expectantly, the huge cock dangling in between his legs. Then suddenly...

"UUNNGGGH!" Zia grunted as she her glutes squeezed harder than she ever did in her life, powering the mammoth weights on her shoulders up, lifting over a hundred kilograms into the air and squeezing her bubble butt so hard her it blew up then...

SNAP

RIIIP

As she stood straight up her thong broke and the seams of her yoga pants tore, opening a little hole in her pants. She immediately racked the weights and slumped back into the arms of her sweaty friend.

"Amazing," Drew gushed as she held Zia. Both of them shakily waddled over to the table, where they sat down on the edge and leaned on their arms, their pretty mouths panting and their huge legs spread wide. Their moist flesh gleaming like they were flawlessly sculpted busty statutes of fertility goddesses.

Gazing at them, Carter saw the impossible. Their bodies, steaming in the air conditioner air, really were sleeker, perkier and even sexier than before. Their hard exercise had made their already incredible bodies even more shapely and curvaceous than before!

"Thank you for that," Zia panted. Drew laid down on the table.

"Anything for you."

Zia's eyes roamed up and down her best friend's body. She bit her lip. Drew really was just ridiculously, deliriously sexy. She was a pale, Oriental version of her, all tits and ass. She laid down beside her. "Drew, if I were a dude at Goode, it would totally jack off to you." Drew laughed. They swung their legs up and got off the table.

Carter, who had been painfully hard the whole time, couldn't help himself when he saw the backs of the two girls, he ran over to the table. There, pressed into the wood, was the sweaty ass prints of both girls, much larger than his outstretched palm. He shoved his face in and ran his tongue across the table.

He moaned. The rest of the table was cold, but their fat butts had made it moist and warm!

Drew cleared his throat behind him and he squeaked. He backed away from the table as they strode towards it. He blushed in embarrassment, but they didn't seem particularly upset. They hopped onto the table where they sat, wiggling their asses into the dark damp prints they made.

"Oh my, your boyfriend is so misbehaved," Drew drawled. "Rather like his girlfriend." Zia giggled. Drew leaned into her ear and whispered something that made her go wide eyed. Zia giggled. "But he just fucked us last night and we haven't washed yet..."

"Let me guess sweetie, Zia hasn't been spending much time with you because she's always hanging out with Brad?" she cooed. Carter dumbly nodded. She winked. "You want some of this?" she said, running her hand over her sleek, curvy body. Carter nodded furiously.

"Your girlfriend has been sooo busy with the football team. You know, the people who keep humiliating you. So I thought her and I would make it up to you," she said. Both of them brought their legs, pressed against each other, and folded them onto the table. Their big beautiful butts were squeezed together jutted just over the table.

Swelling out from between their sweeping thighs like a hill between two mountains was their puffy pussies.

Together they slid their panties down to their knees. Carter came right there, a tiny little splurting sound coming from his pants as he saw both their puffy teenage pussies, bisected by the string of a thong. The thong didn't even cover it up, it curved around their fat clit and was stretched over a slight gape in their vaginas. Coincidentally, both their pussies were gaping slightly.

"Boy are we dirty," Drew said. Zia's delicate nose wrinkled as she sniffed. "And boy do we stink. But I think Carter isn't going to say no."

Zia held up one finger and beckoned him over with a confident smirk. Carter lunged forward and shoved his whole face, nose and all, into his girlfriend's beautiful brown butt. Their thighs and crotch were indeed hot and sweaty, but his tongue still ran over the warm hump and pressed his sensitive taste buds against the unwashed crotch.

"Do you know where that vagina's been?" Drew teased. Zia laughed nastily. "I think he knows."

Carter knew. Brad's cock had been in there. And the whole football team's. He knew because he'd seen Zia's pussy before and it never gaped like this... Not unless their huge cocks had fucked it up. And the smell. There was an unmistakable salty musk Carter shamefully remembered the dozen or so times Brad shoved his crotch in Carter's face. Now he was inhaling huge lungfuls of it.

My girlfriend had been split open by ten huge, throbbing cocks, Carter thought as he slowly reached into his pants. Why... Why is it so hot?

"Aw, little Carter is stroking himself," Zia teased as Carter's tongue lapped at her and made her tingle. "You wanna fuck me? Because Brad sure did last night. Ooohh, did you just get more excited?" Carter groaned. There was probably Brad's cock juices in his mouth right now, but he was too horny to care.

Zia rudely kicked Carter away. "Look at him, I feel so bad for him," Drew said. "Tell you what, just to make it up to you, you can fuck the both of us this one time."

Carter's jaw dropped. "Really?" Drew nodded. "Come on, put on a condom and have at it," she said, running a finger through her pussy. Carter fumbled with a packet, tearing it to shreds and jamming it over his cock. He didn't even care whose pussy was it. He just clambered onto the table and slammed in.

"Hnnnnnggg, fuck this is good," Carter moaned as he submerged his cock into the warm cavern of Drew's pussy.

"It's not as bad as you said," Drew shrugged. "Average."

"Yes, but after having that for two years and seeing what that I missed out on hung studs like Brad, I was a little salty," Zia admitted. Drew nodded. Carter's hips slapped lightly against Drew's huge ass, bouncing off it like a fly bouncing off a tank. If Drew weren't in this folded, knees together position, Carter's dick would probably barely touch her pussy through all that ass meat.

With a moan, Carter came. The girls didn't say anything, expecting Carter to be a quick shot. The sex crazed boy quickly tore off his condom and put on a fresh one. He quickly crawled over to Zia.

"Holy shit," he groaned, the mental image of fucking a hottie right after orgasming in another too much for his mind.

Drew and Zia lay on the table, their hands resting on one hand, ostensibly bored. Even Carter's energetic pounding was too weak to make Zia's tall frame budge even a little. Slowly, Zia's eyes ran down her best friend's body. She licked her lips. It was like looking in a pale mirror of herself. Zia in particular gazed longingly at the perfect, thick thigh dripping with sweat. Beads of shimmering perspiration trickled down the flawless pale skin.

I can't do it, she thought. But she licked her lips. It was looking too juicy to refuse. She's my best friend!

But Carter's cock, not great but alright, was making her a little horny.

Fuck! she thought, and her head lunged forward to press her soft lips against the delicious smooth thigh. "Oooh Zia," Drew said with a grin as Zia's sizzling hot tongue ran across her bare thigh. "Hmm?" Zia said, raising her head back up to look Drew mischievously straight in the eye. Drew immediately leapt at Zia, running her tongue up her elegant neck sweaty and planting kisses along her throat. Zia gasped, her hand sliding up Drew's well muscled, shining back. Drew crawled onto Zia and both their legs spread open. Carter's view was suddenly filled with the view of Drew's enormous ass, stacked on top of Zia's as he fucked the lower's. Without thinking, he slammed his face forward and sucked on Drew's beautiful, crinkly little asshole.

He almost fainted. He was in heaven. His cock surrounded by warm juicy pussy meat, his cheeks clapped by two flawless sculpted bubbles of sweaty juggling assflesh. His tongue buried deep in her sweaty asshole. And not just any pussy and ass. The pussy and ass of the two hottest girls in school. The fact that Brad had laid his thick throbbing pipe in these two girls before, and the whole of the football team didn't bother him, in fact it turned him on. Carter groaned. He couldn't get the image out of his mind. Their big, veiny cocks, with testicles like tennis balls, which all the girls whispered in hushed tones to each other about, pumping in and out of these women... His huge muscles easily folded these sluts in half and pounded their pretty brains to mush, while his fat wrinkly nutsack slapped on their pristine assholes. No doubt Zia, his beautiful, smart and fierce girlfriend had been fucked silly by that big dumb brute and screamed his name as her nails scratched his back...

Carter moaned into Drew's deep ass cheeks. Neither of the girls heard or cared that he came again, but he was so hard he just kept fucking them.

Drew was gazing lustily into Zia's eyes. Then by some unspoken word they closed and lunged at each other into a deep kiss, wrapping their hands around each other's heads to pull close. Tongues as slimy and dexterous as an octopus' tentacles slid out of their mouths and coiled together, rubbing their delicate pink buds against each other and liking what they tasted. Their hands ran through the soft raven hair before sliding down their necks and onto the bodies, where they played with delight in the meaty, bumpy playground of each other's bodies.

Carter was also in meaty heaven, his face and cock buried inside the two goddesses at once. But they didn't even notice him as they slowly got more and more aroused, pinching and teasing each other playfully. Zia would squeeze Drew's fat breast and Drew would flick Zia's clit in revenge. They slowly pushed each other more and more, until their fingers were completely buried in inappropriate places, roaming around to find which make their partner feel the most pleasure. Their beautiful, dreamlike bodies, hot and heavy, were sliding over. Sweaty abs and tits rubbing against each other, fat clits mushing like two fat peas, they could barely feel Carter fucking them. Drew's hand crawled down Zia's perfectly tight waist and slid down her tailbone to play with her asshole. Drew grinned as she felt Zia's shy, damp little buttohole spasm under her fingers and a little gasp come from Zia's throat. But it was short lived as Zia pinched Drew's nipples and evilly pull her huge tits as far as they would go, making her scream as her tits were spread wide apart from her body. Zia chuckled as she felt Drew's pink nipples harden and expand in her tight pinch.

Carter moaned one last time as he came, slamming his hips deep into his girlfriend and shooting his load into the condom. He staggered back, his face grinning and wet with ass sweat. The girls didn't stop, grinding and probing each other's bodies with their fingers, going deeper and deeper until a gurgled moan came from their throats. Still making out their backs arched together, pressing their toned tummies against each other as they came. Drew's squirted dripped down, hot and fresh, onto Zia's pussy, and together they ran down the valley of Zia's butt, over her asshole and onto the table, where the warm slurry dripped onto the ground.

Drew collapsed in Zia's arms, both girls massive chests heaving even as they were squished together. Drew rolled over to one side and both of them sat up. "My, Carter sure had a lot of fun," Drew said, looking at the discarded condoms on the floor.

"That... Was amazing!" he exclaimed. Zia grinned. "But you just fucked the two hottest girls in school. Aren't you going to say thank you?"

"Thank you!" Zia shook her head. "Why don't you show us you mean it? We're so dirty and need cleaning up."

With evil grins on their faces, Zia and Drew lifted their arms and rubbed their armpits together. The perfectly smooth dimples, dotted occasionally with pores, was shimmering wet. Carter gulped as he saw the two beautiful girls sweat mix together and run down their ribcages. He slowly approached and then buried his face in their wet pits, lapping up the salty warm fluids leaking from the busty girls. Both of them laughed. To Carter's surprise, he started to get hard again.

"I just realized, he fucked Brad's girlfriend," Zia said as Carter lapped at her armpit. Drew nodded. "He won't like that..."

"I think we ought to punish him a little," Zia said. Drew grinned. "Oh Carter, hornier your girlfriend gets, the meaner she becomes."

Drew pushed the licking boy away. "Wanna see how Brad fucked your girlfriend?"

Carter's jaw dropped. Zia giggled as the both of them slid off the table. "Brad's got a big fucking cock, like this huge," Drew said, stroking an imaginary cylinder in the air in front of her crotch. "So he takes out his cock and swagger over to your girlfriend."

Drew walked in an exaggerated strut towards Zia, her hand mimicking holding onto a huge swinging cock. "Sup, slut?" she grunts in a deep imitation of Brad's voice.

Zia covers her mouth coquetteishly and giggles. "Nothing much, Brad, just sitting around in my panties."

"Why don't you come over and show me how they look like?"

"Oh Brad, I have a boyfriend!"

"Like I give a shit," Drew grunts. She jerks the imaginary cock in front of Zia and Zia's mouth turns to an 'O'. "Bet it's bigger than your boyfriend's. Why don't you play with your tight brown cunt?"

Zia bit her lip and nodded. She spread her pussy lips apart and slipped a finger into it. Carter's hand slowly reached down to his penis and started jerking it.

"Yeah, that's right, keep fingering yourself to my fat cock. Your boyfriend will never be this big," Drew gloats. Zia nods in agreement and both her and Carter masturbate more furiously.

"Oh Brad, if only I had a big, strong man like yourself to make me feel safe and secure," Zia trilled in a high pitched imitation of her normal voice. "And feel some other things too!"

"That can be arranged," Drew grunted. "How about I make you feel like a girl for once?"

Zia eagerly nodded and spread her legs. Drew slapped her imaginary dick onto her pussy and pressed their crotches together. "Brad!" Zia moaned, her eyes rolling into the back of her head and her mouth hanging open. "You're going to make faces you never did with your boyfriend." Drew pushed Zia forward onto the table and "fucked" Zia's brains out.

What she really did was twerk her big Asian ass on top of Zia, the cheeks flying up and down intermittently. Giggling, both of them pulled each other into a kiss. Their hot, sweaty bodies rubbing against each other, they quickly forgot about Carter again. He was quite happy there, moaning as he came yet again.

They groped each other until they came, then went to shower and dress up for their big show.

A few Lamborghinis pulled up in front of Brooklyn House. Amos had mysteriously vanished recently, so Carter and Zia had become the de facto adults in Brooklyn House, running everything and giving everyone their orders. Carter was busy teaching a few teenagers in the main hall when the front door burst open. He turned around.

"Shit! Brad, what the fuck are you doing here! And how did you get the keys!" Carter yelled.

Brad jingled a keychain. "Zia gave em to me."

Carter hurriedly shooed the curious teenagers to their rooms. "Get the fuck out!" he yelled as Brad and a half dozen of the football team wandered into the house, touching things and settling onto couches.

"How about no, dumbass," Brad said, playfully slinging an arm as thick as a python around Carter's neck. Carter flinched. Many times before Brad had suddenly punched him in the gut in this position. But then he remembered that this tall, blonde man with bulging muscles has fucked his girlfriend senseless countless times. He couldn't help it as his eyes drifted downwards to the bulge in Brad's pants. He gulped.

"Brad! You're here!" Zia's lovely voiced echoed from behind. "It's alright Carter, I invited them here for his birthday party."

"His birthday?!" Carter exclaimed in disbelief.

"Yes," she said in a way that made it clear he wasn't in a position to say no. "Show them to the dining room, would you? I'll be there in a second."

Carter grumbled as he led them to the dining room. He really didn't like it, because the dining room was where he had all his birthdays when his parents were still alive. Especially the dinner table. It was like a childhood memento. Having his bullies in here felt really wrong, he hoped they wouldn't be using the table.

The room was huge. On one end facing the city it was a wall of sliding glass doors with a beautiful view. On the other was a mezzanine overlooking the dining room from the floor above it, it was a hallway connected to their rooms. The teens of Brooklyn House occasionally walked past it everyday on their way to classes and could peer over the bannister to see what was going on in there.

A very recent addition was four massive high definition plasma TVs installed by Zia. She wouldn't tell him what they were for, in fact, no one could use them...

And in the center was a massive oak dining table with a dozen chairs around it. It was a sturdy, long piece of furniture, a half dozen people could fit onto the table. He and Sadie had their birthdays here, and Zia would bake him a cake sometimes and they would eat it here.

He was really miffed when Brad sat at the head of the table like he owned the place. "Nice place you got here," he remarked. The rest of the jocks sat around the table.

"Carter, come and get their refreshments," Zia ordered from the kitchen. Carter sulked as he went and grabbed a tray stacked with ice cold beers and home made burgers and brought it to the jocks, who ravenously ate it. It was bad enough that he was made to serve them, but it was even worse when Zia and Drew stepped into the dining room.

Carter's eyes widened. Drew and Zia had tall white chef hats perched on their beautiful raven haired heads. Makeup was subtly applied because the naturally gorgeous women didn't need it, but a hint of lipstick and eyeliner could be seen. But what shocked him was that a chef's hat was about all they wore. Their sleek, jiggling bodies, famous in their school for having the biggest breasts and tightest bubble butts, were completely bare except for skimpy white underwear stretched painfully thin over them.

Their bras were huge cups of pure silky white and barely covered the lower half of their enormous heaving boobs. Just a hint of their large beautifully large areola could be seen peeking over the bra, making Carter rock hard instantly.

Their panties were high cut thongs, a little thin strip of snow white fabric that was sunk into their thick ass cracks and stretched all the way to their narrow hips, accentuating the already prominent V shape of their crotches. Their perfectly sculpted bubble butts, young and bursting with hormones, looked even bigger and perkier than usual.

The two women were absolutely glowing. Drew, glamorous and pale with an angelic Asian face and thing ringlets of black hair. Zia, exotic and dusky, with fierce amber eyes and short hair like black silk. Carter groaned in humiliation. The two women, the most beautiful in the country they came from, had traveled halfway across the world to serve Brad almost nude.

They were also wearing a chef's apron that hung off several inches from their toned flat bellies because they dangled from the enormous swell of their bosom. And they were wearing oversized thick woolen socks.

Drew was carrying a large, ovoid trophy while Zia was carrying a huge, wobbling cake.

"Congratulations on winning the championship, captain," Drew purred, pushing the trophy up between her cleavage and giving the tip a suggestive lick. "Nobody has a bigger and thicker trophy than you."

"Yes, you absolutely dominated the other team," Zia said, bending over unnecessarily deep to shake her big brown ass in Brad's face as she put the cake on the table. "And I know first hand that you're an expert at dominating," Zia said huskily.

"Thank you, girls," Brad grinned, as they stroked his ego. They knew he liked having his ego stroked. And other things stroked as well.

"Zia, there are other teenagers here!" Carter hissed, staring at their skimpy clothes. Zia flipped him off.

"They can watch in gratitude as we out on a show for our captain's birthday," Drew said. She handed him two pastry bags filled with whipped. The little chrome tips gleamed in the light. "But how about the captain dirty us a little first so we can clean ourselves with nothing but each other's tongues?"

The bulges in every single man instantly exploded. Drew and Zia thrilled as they saw the huge cocks hardening for them. They stepped on the table and took off each other's aprons and underwear, ignoring Carter's whining about kids. Standing proud and erect with their hips cocked to either sides, both smirked as they yanked on the knot on each other's curved backs. Their aprons fluttered to the table. Each of them unclapsed their own bras and let their breasts spring out. Thrusting out their chests, they spun around on a socked foot for all the jocks to judge approvingly. Centrifugal force distended their massive mammaries into huge eggs with two stiff points. When they ground their feet to a halt, their tits kept swinging back and forth like pendulums on their chests. Drew turned her back to Zia, who squatted down. Pausing only to shove her delicate button nose into Drew's perfectly spherical bubble butt for a deep audible sniff and to motorboat it, she slowly slid it down her long legs. Then she turned around and let Drew do the same, her mouth going into a little 'O' as she felt Drew bury her face into that ass and sniff it. She let out a sigh as she felt the wind on her pussy, which quickly turned to a feeling of heat under the gazes of the jocks.

Ignoring Carter's protests that there were kids here or some shit, they kneeled in front of Brad at the head of the table and spread their legs. The captain smirked as he held up the pastry bags. He rammed the cold tips into their aerola and squeezed, dumping a thick helping of whipped cream onto their breasts.

"You sluts are so nasty, stripping when there are kids around," Brad said. Zia and Drew apologized and begged for punishment, much to Carter's shock. "I'll be covering both of you nasty sluts up."

Brad then trailed the pastry bags down to their sculpted abs where he squeezed a line of cream down the center. Then he pried open their mouths and squeezed a dollop in there.

"Hold on butts open," he ordered and they did. He shoved the bags up their pussies and squeezed a fat load of cream up it. Then he pushed the cold metal tips into their puckered assholes, grinning as he saw their pretty eyes widen. He squashed the bag and sent thick ropes of whipped cream into their bowels. Then he yanked it out.

He slapped both their asses audibly. "Get to work," he said. A few teen girls were drawn by the commotion and peeked over the bannister but Carter shooed them away.

Zia turned to the jocks and winked. "Just because there are kids here, don't be afraid to take out the big cocks you have and stroke." A half dozen fat cocks were flopped out of their pants and huge hands ran up and down the shafts excitedly. Zia turned to Carter and smiled. "Of course that means you can't."

"That asshole," Zia muttered happily to Drew as they drew each other closed. They looked deep into each other's eyes for a second, then tilted their heads and kissed. It was a deep, nasty kiss, the whooping spectators could hear the the cream being sucked out of each other's mouths. Even more, deliberately let their mouths inch apart to they could see their tongues sliding over each other.

They broke the kiss, a line of saliva connecting the tips of their tongues. Then they craned their neck down and licked the other's breast on each's left side. They licked it clean, running their tongues happily over their areola and playfully pushing the stiff nipples with their tongues. Then they moved to the other breast, sucking deeply and pushing the rods into the fat expanse of titty meat they came from with their tongues and letting them spring back out.

Then they went to work on their abs, licking the cream and sweat off each other by running their long pink tongues over each other's flesh. Carter groaned as his boner strained against his underwear but he obeyed Zia's implicit command.

The last one was more difficult. Both of them laid on their sides in a 69 position, each's gorgeous head so close to the others crotch she could smell the strong feminine scent wafting from it. They bent their legs at a 90 degree angle so each body was an L slotted against each other like two curvy, perfectly fitting tetris pieces. Their bodies were pressed absolutely tight against each other, Zia's boobs were cradled in Drew's abs and vice versa. They could even feel each other's excited heartbeats.

Gently grabbing the other's ankle, they lifted the upper leg and rested their heads on the soft lower thigh just an inch away from the other's pussy. They folded the upper leg sideways towards the others head and tucked them under their armpit. This made both their upper thighs rest on the other's ribcage, pressed tightly against each other.

Zia and Drew both thought how wonderful it felt. Their bodies were absolutely tender and warm, the voluptuous curves pressed perfectly against each others soft skin. It was like caressing the world's softest bolster.

"We should do this more," Drew whispered into Zia's butt.

"Totally," Zia whispered back. "We should sleep like this!"

Then, running their hands over the other's soft spongy backside and squeezing it encouragingly, they dived into each other's swollen pussies like ravenous tigeresses ate the shit out of the other.

As Carter watched the treasured childhood table where he had his birthday cake have two busty sluts 69 themselves on top, he splattered his underwear without even touching his penis.

Brad whistled as the girl's practically tongue raped the other. They shoved their heads all the way in, squishing their delicate noses in the soft little gap between the asshole and pussy, and shoved their tongues in. Bits of saliva and cream flew out as the bucking heads and whipping tongues cleaned each other out. They were like ant eaters, lashing their tongues deep into the other's core.

Moaning softly and feeling how eager the other was made her more eager. They are each other out with more and more intensity, using their tongues like pensies to thrust and fuck the other's brains out. They eagerly gulped down the mushy fluid flowing out from their pussies, not caring what it was. Slender throats bulged as they fed each other. It was like a circulating pool, Drew would slurp the juices from Zia's pussy and get so turned on as the hot stuff splashed into her stomach that she would leak even more. Zia would lap that up, and get so horny her pussy leaked even more. It went faster and faster until with a deep moan they came right in each other's pretty faces.

They lay on each other's thighs like they were pillows, panting and drooling. Brad slapped their thighs. "You're not done yet."

Drew and Zia crawled to each others assholes and tongue fucked the puckered little brown rosebuds, not caring what came out as long as it was what Brad wanted. They literally fucked the shit out of each other, using their long tongues like tentacles to scoop out the contents of each other's steamy bowels until it was a spotless pink bag. They could literally taste what each other had for lunch and they knew what it was; thick white cum.

When they finally pulled each other's tongues with a plop from their tight assholes they were in a daze, not believing they actually just did that. They wiped each other off with fluffy white towels they had prepared and stood up again. They were delighted to see Brad absolutely rock hard and grinning at them.

Annabeth burst into the room, waving a package excitedly. She was wearing a professional pantsuit with the cleavage cut way too low, her heaving pale globes could be seen by all. "I got it, Zia! You wouldn't believe how many doctors I had to flash at the hospital to get this. Oh, you guys have already started already."

"Annabeth, you brainy little slut, you've come to birthday party too," Brad said with a grin.

"Oh, in going to come alright," she grinned, ripping apart her suit jacket and letting her tits burst out. Buttons skittered across the floor. The rest of her clothes were quickly torn to shreds by her eager hands.

"Have you told them your birthday present yet?" Annabeth said. Brad

shook his head. Zia smirked and handed him a beautifully wrapped box. "It's this. You'll fuck us with this."

He opened the box. It was empty. A smile spread across his face as he realized what it meant.

"That's right. Some loser pindick boyfriend/husband isn't going to be the first person to creampie us," Zia said with a grin.

"We're all going to give you our first creampie. We want it to be you who cums inside us. In fact, for the rest of today, you can do absolutely anything you want to us. Make us eat each other out, ride you unprotected, stomp on our boyfriends dicks, film it, put it online, anything," Zia said with a grin.

Brad stroked his chin. "That would ruin your lives. Imagine if your parents saw you in a porno. Or you get pregnant."

"When women are aroused, the part of our brain that analyzes risk shuts down and we make very bad decisions," she purred. She ran a hand over Brad's chest. "And this bad boy will be right there to take advantage of it."

"Basically, we don't care what happens as long as we get your cum," Drew explained. "Until midnight, just think of us as your Cinderella cumsluts. Pretty, beautiful, and totally willing to do anything."

Brad gestured to Carter. "Zia, your boyfriend?"

Zia grinned. "What about him?" Brad chuckled.

"Alright girls, get into position," Drew ordered. The girls took off everything but their socks. Then they laid in the table in the order of Zia, Drew and Annabeth.

In an eye boggling display of flexibility, they full nelson'd themselves, bending their legs behind their heads and pushing their swollen, wet pussies out into the open facing the ceiling. Then they craned their heads forward until their mouths were just above their pussies. One by one, a long pink tongue lolled out onto their vaginas. The delicate pink tip pushed the thick pussy lips open and gave their own pussy a long, self-masturbatory lick.

"Wow," Brad said in amazement as the girls twisted themselves into human pretzels and gave themselves oral.

"We've been practicing for weeks," Zia said proudly. "This way, you can fuck any of us and after you cum, we'll suck it out. You can creampie us as many times as you want and we'll clean up, giving you an unlimited international buffet of fresh, prime pussy."

"Beautiful," Brad grunted, surveying the row of lovely pussies before him. Annabeth's was a healthy peachy color and had thin, neat lips. Drew was a pale pink with fat swollen lips. Zia's fat lips were a warm chocolate brown, slightly parted to reveal the bright pink inside. All of

them were throbbing excitedly and crying fat sticky tears that trickled down onto their assholes as they waited for Brad for them to fuck them raw with his massive cock.

Above each pussy a gorgeous supermodel face of the same shade hovered. Three bright pairs of lusty eyes stared at Brad, hitting him full on with "fuck me" eyes.

"What's going on?!" Walt cried as he stepped into the dining room. Sadie followed him with a surprised look on her face. "Jesus Zia, what the absolute fuck!"

Zia turned to him from her convoluted position. "Walt, don't fucking interrupt."

"Zia there are other teens here!" he yelled. Zia's eyes narrowed. She untwisted herself and hopped off the table. Walt didn't have time to react before Zia rammed a powerful knee into his dick. She smirked when she felt that it was actually erect. "You say you want it to stop, but you're hard as a rock. Now don't you dare interrupt again, or I'm going to do to you what I did to Amos."

Walt cried out and bent over double. Zia snapped her fingers. Two of the jocks grabbed Walt by either arm. Zia gestured to the balcony. They nodded and manhandled Walt to balcony and threw him into the river. Sadie didn't try to stop them.

She looked at the rows of thick, flopping cocks and her pupils widened. "I think I'll just watch from the corner, Zia."

"Oh, I almost forgot," Zia said, picking up the packages Annabeth brought.

"What are those?" Brad asked as she handed them to the girls. They were flat panels the size of an iPad with a strap.

"Womb scanners," Annabeth said. "They cost a million dollars each."

"You've destroyed dozens of poor women's pussies, so I thought you'd like to how it looks like inside when you absolutely wreck a girl," Zia said. She tiptoed and whispered into Brad's ear, "And we'll be saving the video for later. Who knows? This could be when our first child is conceived."

"You girls are beautiful," Brad purred as Zia sat on the table, rolled onto her back and nimbly tucked her feet back behind her head. The three of them strapped the womb scanners onto the bellies and turned them on. On the panels, as well as the HD TV screens on the walls, the three wombs showed with a name tag on the top left informing whose it was.

On a dark background, the cross section of their hips appeared. The enormous swell of their flesh was colored a dark translucent red. Black represented the empty space. The tight channel of their vaginas led deep into a slightly larger triangular space of their womb which split into two thin threads of darkness that lead to two pulsing ovaries. Their ovaries were very big and fertile, especially Zia's.

The detail was extraordinary. Every fold and curl of their vagina could be seen, even the way it throbbed in anticipation. The thick, spongy walls of the womb where a fertilized egg would

attach itself to was also visible.

The girls shuddered. It was like even being more naked than just wearing no clothes. It was so hot. Brad slid his cock over Drew's pussy and she smiled. "Girlfriend gets my cum first," he grunted. The other two girls nodded and waited patiently in their position.

About now a small crowd of teen girls and a few boys had gathered on the mezzanine, looking down from the bannister with shock at their leader naked and twisting herself into that position for Brad.

He pressed his fat cock head into her pussy lips and took his time watching his penis sink into her on the screen. Zia and Annabeth but their lips as they watched on the wall. The dark, thin vaginal channel was slowly widened until an obscenely thick, throbbing bright pink cock pushed itself through it. They collectively moaned in arousal as they saw what they had always felt - the enormous thing pushing up all against the wall of their womb. They shuddered as they saw it was so big it pushed the womb further into Drew and was actually dragging her ovaries behind it. It was literally rearranging her organs.

"Oh captain," Drew moaned as Brad lifted his hips out and thrust back down into her.

"Fuck, this is amazing," he grunted as he felt the warm, rubbery folds of her pussy envelop even inch of his raw cock. He could feel her vagina pulsing needily, even feel the spongy wall of her womb on the tip of his cock. He pulled out and started to really fuck her with quick, deep thrusts of his cock.

"Damn, look at him go. He's giving to her good," Zia moaned needily. She couldn't help but shove her tongue back into her pussy and slurp on her throbbing pussy as her eyes looked upwards at the huge thrusting penis absolutely stretching the fuck out of Drew's tight pussy.

"That eleven inches of cock is just annihilating that tiny womb," Annabeth moaned in agreement as her own tongue lolled out and pushed itself into her pussy. Eyes cast upwards, both women tongue fucked their own pussies as they watched their friend get blasted open by Brad, knowing it was their turn soon. They knew it was absolutely nasty to lick their own pussies, something they usually only reserved for their boyfriends to do, but it turned Brad on so they were only happy to do it.

The teenagers watched in morbid fascination. From her position, Drew could see Brad's abs squeezing as he thrust, a first class view of her impending creampie. She could even feel the tip of his cock making her slim stomach bulge under her chin. Even sensitive, swollen part of her pussy was being stretched and hammered into a boiling pool of mind numbing pleasure.

Annabeth and Zia couldn't help it. Moaning softly in arousal, they untwisted themselves and crawled over to Drew. Each grabbed a fat breast and latched onto it, pulling her massive sloshing breasts apart even as Brad rutted into her from below. Drew's eyes crossed in an overload of pleasure as Annabeth and Zia flicked her stiff nipples with their tongues.

"Oh fuck," Drew moaned as she felt the fat cock swell. Zia and Annabeth saw it too. The thick cock, fatter in the middle, buried itself all the way in.

Zia let go of her friend's breast and gave her a thick, sloppy kiss.

The thick dark space running through it expanded as a torrent of whitish fluid surged through in pulses. Drew's womb, already stretched from a tiny curved in triangle to fit the shape of Brad's enormous cock head, was instantly filled with cum. It shot through the thin lines to her ovaries and when the two fertile orbs were absolutely drowning in cum. It made the womb swell twice in size, stretching the thick walls thin. Soon the pressure was so great little slivers of cum started to slide out her long vaginal channel and spurt out in streamers onto the table.

Drew's legs trembled as she orgasmed, her eyes going wide as galaxies.. Her moan echoed through Zia's throat as Zia made sloppy love to her mouth. She couldn't see it on the screen because her eyes were rolled back into her head but she could feel his burning hot spunk fill every nook and cranny in her reproductive organs.

Zia could feel her friend tremble as she was creampie'd. A deep, feminine instinct, conveyed through their tongue play, gave an inkling of the sheer orgasmic female joy at being creampie'd by a genetic alpha like Brad, fulfilling some deep dark desire even they didn't know they had.

Brad continued pumping as he came, stirring up all her orgasmic fluids and his cum into a slurry that spurted from her stretched out pussy. When he was stuffing her full of cum, he pulled out. A thick glooping geyser of semen burst out, before receding into a thin curved line that continuously shot into the air and splashed onto the dining table. A pool formed between her legs. Zia kept kissing her until the creampie was over.

The image of Drew's womb was now absolutely jam packed with cum. An indicator read: 98cc. Zia sighed when she saw the screen. It was beautiful, the way her insides were absolutely filled with Brad's cum. She eagerly twisted herself back into position on Drew's left.

"And of course, Zia next," Brad purred. Zia's pussy gaped like a fish in anticipation. He slapped his cock down onto the pussy, the heavy smach alone making Zia shudder.

"But it looks like we have some spectators," he said, looking up at the bannister and waving at the small crowd of young, lush girls. All of them blushed.

"Do you have a mic to the speaker system in this place? And a remote connection to the TV?" Brad said, waving his phone. Zia gave him the password for Brooklyn House's loudspeaker/TV system. He spoke into his phone and his voice echoed through every hall and room of Brooklyn House.

"Hello, ya'll can hear me? This is Brad, captain of the football team.

Just here to tell you I'm taking over Brooklyn House. Starting now, I'm in charge of Brooklyn House. Isn't that right, Zia?"

"That is correct," Zia said in a clear authoritative voice which echoed through Brooklyn House. Zia stared at him curiously, wondering what he was up to.

"For the boys, I got some bad news for you. You see this?" he switched the view on the TV screens to his phone, which showed Zia and her amazing tits, twisted up and waving at the camera. "This is Zia, your girl in charge. She's my cumslut. I made her my cumslut. So now I'm in charge. You all know her, because you've all jerked off to her a hundred times. I know I have."

"But difference is, I'm going to fuck her raw. And I'm going to creampie her. Why? Look in your pants, then look at this," he said, angling the camera down and slapping his baseball bat of a cock on Zia's fat pussy. "You could hang a towel on my cock. You probably get all girly and squeal when you see mine. You wish your dick looks like this. I've fucked more girls last week than you have in your whole life. I'm the biggest, hottest hung stud so I get to fuck the hottest, bustiest girls. Three of them in fact," he said, angling the camera so all three girls were in the shot. They all waved.

"Good news is, you're going to be able to see them naked. Because I, in my grand generosity, am going to live stream me taking their creampie virginity. And everyone single one of you inferior is going to sit your ass down and jerk off as I do. None of you are going to interfere. My boys will be wandering around checking up on you small dicked losers. Anyone caught not obediently jerking off will get the shit beaten out of him."

"As for the girls, it's your lucky day. I know all of you tell your limp dicked boyfriends how you hate us assholes and totally aren't attracted to our huge cocks and fabulous wealth. And sure, you totally don't shlick to fantasies of us fucking your little teen brains out."

"But today, you can live out your fantasy. I'm declaring that whatever happens today here, stays here. So when one of my boys walks past, just flash your panties and he'll make all your kinky little dreams come true."

"But I'm sure some of you totally hate us. Hell, Zia did too. Isn't that right Zia?" Brad said, turning the camera to Zia's face.

She nodded. "Oh yes. A few months ago, I hated every one of you and thought you were racist, privileged, cocky assholes."

"Then what happened?"

"I realized I didn't really care you were racist, privileged, cocky assholes. I hated that I found you guys fucking hot and hated that you weren't fucking me with that big privileged cock. So I just cucked Carter and bent over and spread my holes and let you stuff every sensitive hole I have with your big white cock."

"Of course this is Zia we're talking about. Smart, sexy, headstrong. If she couldn't resist, what chance do you have? So just roll down your panties and enjoy the ride. Brad, out."

"Come on, captain," Zia purred, pulling her pussy apart with her fingers and showing the dark pink depths to Brad. It was overflowing like a bubbling cauldron, hot sticky fluids running out of her pussy as it throbbed in anticipation. "I've been fantasizing about this the moment we met. Give me that thick white cum!"

Zia gasped as the flared head parted her thick pussy lips, squishing itself into the overflowing hole. Brad moaned as inch by inch he sank itself into the exotic beauty's exquisite pussy.

"Godamn, it's like fucking a vacuum cleaner made of greased silk!" he groaned. Zia's gaping pussy was clutching so tight onto his cock. It was drawing him in with rhythmic contractions along its shaft.

"Shit you horny slut, you cunt is gobbling up my fat cock like it can't get enough of it!" Brad grunted.

"Now you know how badly I want you!" Zia moaned back. She could see on the screen and feel inside of her how her pussy was just ridiculously needy for Brad's raw, thick cum. It was like it was a thrashing, living orgasmism of its own, spasming along its length as it pulled in Brad's Pringle can cock. Despite its girth her pussy was insatiable, as if trying to tear itself apart on his cock. It was a sight that turned her on so much, seeing and feeling getting wrecked by Brad.

With a heavy grunt Brad managed to pull back out. It was lucky he was so strong otherwise he might not have been able to move it. Zia's pussy latched on like a leech, coiling around his cock in an unbelievably tight bind and squeezing down on it. He pulled a little pink sleeve out of her pussy as it refused to let go; it didn't even let go of his cock head so when Brad tried to pull it out he dragged her vagina out with it, making it bulge.

Zia moaned Brad's name. It felt so fucking weird but also amazing. And she saw that Brad's cock wasn't making just her moan. She turned to her side and smirked when she saw Carter furiously jerking off, slacked jawed and wide eyed.

It was absolutely disgusting to Carter, watching Brad pump that ridiculous volume of cum into Drew then having it splatter all over the table where he ate his birthday cake. Then watching him penetrate his beautiful sweet girlfriend with that thick veiny monster and making her moan like a little girl. He could see it on the screen, the way Brad forced her tight pretty pussy to bend and spread like a TSA agent doing a body cavity search. Just so his plum sized cock head could shove itself into her womb and form a thick, uninterrupted pipe from his fat reservoirs of potent testicle chowder to the delicate, unprotected fertile crescent of her body.

Even more graphic was the way that her pussy clung onto Brad. Carter jerked himself furiously when he saw that Zia's body was clearly in desperate, needy love with Brad's cock.

With a deep, primal lust Brad pounded the living daylight out of Zia. He made the whole table shake just by pumping into her. If every thrust of his cock was like laying another thick hose inside of Zia, he must've laid a hundred meters of pipe in her in the first minute. On the screens all over Brooklyn House it showed Zia's poor, defensely womb getting hit over and over with a battering ram of a cock, her tiny channel slowly being fucked wide open in an ever expanding dark tube. As they jerked and shlicked themselves off, they wondered if Zia would ever feel anything from an average sized cock again.

And also on the screens it showed Brad's live stream of her. Her big beautiful brown tits were sliding up and down her torso, the fat aerola with pointed nipples shaking wildly. Her face,

with its royal high born countenance, was fucked into a cross eyed, mouth breathing mess as it hung over her pounded pussy. Her pretty amber eyes would cast downwards and watch as Brad slowly built up to her eventual sloppy creampie.

It wasn't just how she looked. Her full lips and lovely mouth were spewing the nastiest, dirtiest things they'd ever heard in their teenage lives.

"Oh my ~ your big throbbing cock is just insatiable, isn't it? You cannot even bother with the pretense of foreplay, or some shit about how pretty I am or how you love me before invading my sun-kissed womb and blowing the biggest, fattest load I've ever seen in my life! Don't you have any decency? There are teens watching! You're even making my best friend Drew slurp your cum out of her own pussy to make it nice and fresh for you to fuck again!" Zia purred.

The camera swiveled over to Drew. In her full nelson position, her chin resting on her crotch, she was using her tongue like a scoop, digging into her own sore, stretched out pussy and licking out thick wads of Brad's cum. Her pussy, fucked ridiculously sensitive, would occasionally orgasm as she gave herself oral, and she would moan with delight at her self-incestuous masturbation, her mouth hanging open as she orgasmically pissed into it, too fucked dazed to care as her lower jaw filled up with a salty mix of cum and pussy fluid. Then she dove down and latched onto her swollen lips like a hungry leech, kissing her lower mouth with her upper mouth as she greedily vacuumed her pussy clean.

Throughout Brooklyn House, the girls cried in horrified arousal.

Because they had been self inserting as the girls on the table, the sight of Drew's nasty self-oral filled their pliable teenage minds with the mental image of them doing the same thing. All of them squirted a little.

"Fuck, you're a god," Zia moaned as Brad pounded her brains out in a steady, rhythmic fashion that was slowly destroying all of her sensibility. "A hung, sexy, ridiculously good looking god! You just completely turned me from a headstrong, fierce woman to your cumslut! Fuck, I'd let you do me in front of my parents if you wanted to!"

"I like a smart girl who knows what she is," Brad grunted. The last bit really got him riled up. "I think one day, you're going to introduce me to your mother."

Zia smirked. "She never liked Carter much, but I think she's going to loooooove you."

Carter groaned as he suddenly realized that while he was busy jerking off all the jocks had disappeared. There were about 20 girls and 20 boys in Brooklyn House. Now the most hung, attractive and sexually dominating guys from school were roaming around the halls... He was supposed to protect them. He thought about whether he should go. Then he saw the incredibly hot sight of Brad's unprotected cock plunging into his girlfriend's naked pussy.

He sat down on an empty chair and kept stroking.

In the main hall adjacent to the dining room, a stunned girl watched as Henry approached like a rabbit frozen as a lion stalked right up to it.

"Hello there, cutie, what's your name?" Henry purred in a reassuring, deep chocolate voice that sent the pleasure nerves in her ears sparking. It was so deep and reassuring it felt completely natural. It felt completely natural as he slid his hand down her back and lifted up her skirt.

"Alyssa," she sighed deep into the eyes of the most attractive man she'd ever laid her eyes on as he grabbed her ass. Her panties were slid, unresisting, down her legs.

"Hey there Alyssa, I'm Henry," Henry said as he dropped his pants. Alyssa bit her lip as her hands were gently guided to grasp the biggest cock she'd ever seen. It was so big her fingers couldn't touch. "I'm going to be shoving my cock up your cunt and cumming deep inside, is that OK?"

"Yeah, totally," she said breathily as Henry lifted her up by her ass and she wrapped his legs around his V-shaped torso.

"Who's the nerd masturbating on the couch?" Henry said as he pushed his fat tip against her pussy.

"That's my boyfriend, Julian," she said, gasping a little as the hot glans touched her aching pussy.

"I see," he said, rubbing his cock against her pussy and smirking as he felt hot droplets leak from it and slide down his shaft. He snapped his fingers and another dazed girl walked up to him. "Hello, sweetie. Just kneel behind my ass and rim my asshole alright?"

The girl nodded. She got onto her knees behind him and shoved her face into his beautifully tight, muscular ass.

"Fantastic. Now I want you to kiss my asshole with more love than you do your mother, father and boyfriend together," Henry said in his deep, rich and completely calming voice. Their boyfriends watched in shock and arousal as the girls obeyed naturally as if Henry was asking them to get him a stapler.

"Good girl. Now Alyssa, just relax and have fun as I cum inside of you," he said. Alyssa screamed as she was dropped onto ten inches of Coke can thick cock. It stretched her open like a cheap condom, and her eyes went wide as she realized she was never going to be satisfied with her boyfriend's cock again.

Zia's eyes widened as she looked at the bannister. The teen girls were oblivious as a group of jocks sneaked up on them. She opened her mouth to warn them, then closed it in a smirk.

A half dozen waists were suddenly grabbed by strong fingers. The girls snapped around angrily, but their fierce expressions melted away when they saw the handsome, cock faces behind them. They gasped softly as panties were slid down their legs.

They leaned over the bannister and following Zia's example, spread their legs for the jocks.

One by one with a little soft squish the jocks took the girls. An array of fat, long dicks was pumped straight into their tight teen pussies. Their eyes went wide and their mouths when slack as with increasing intensity their hung new lovers took their prizes.

Zia bit her lip. "Fuck, I think every girl's going to be pregnant by midnight."

"You first," Brad grunted as he hilted all the way into Zia. Her eyes went wide as galaxies as Brad struck deep, stretching out every bit of Zia's vagina. Carter groaned as he watched the screen. Brad's cock swelled, blowing up inside of her pussy and squeezing out an enormous cumshot.

Brad's dick made the both of them cum at the same time. Zia screamed as she felt the first drops of hot cum splash against her womb. Carter moaned pathetically as Brad filled out his girlfriend, watching in sheer arousal as he made Zia's toes curl while packing her womb edge to edge with nasty potent semen. With a grunt, he kept pumping. Zia's pussy was like a vacuum, grasping on and milking his cock for every last drop with rhythmic squeezes.

Zia watched the screen cross eyed, seeing and feeling the torrent of Brad's seed flowing into her fertile womb. It filled the tiny stretched out space and pushed into her ovaries, where the fat little spheres of eggs were quickly stuffed full of cum. A sick grin spread on her delirious face as she realized everyone else in Brooklyn House was seeing it too, and probably cumming to the sight. With a few quick jabs, he finished off inside of her.

Brad swiftly pulled out and grabbed Zia's head. Her face was just above her pussy, with a quick flex of his crotch he angled his cock right at the blissed out girl's face and face fucked her skull so hard it made her teeth rattle. He pounded away at her throat, making her gurgle and moan with arousal, each deep burrowing slam of his cock down her esophagus making her pussy squirt cum in delight. He fucked her until her eyes rolled into the back of her head then whipped out his clean, saliva coated cock.

On the screens all over Brooklyn House, it showed their leader Zia with her womb completely full of cum. An indicator read: 117cc.

Annabeth licked her lips as Brad swaggered over to her and slapped his cock down on her puffy pussy. She'd been waiting patiently like a panting dog as Brad pumped his cum into her friend. Now it was her turn.

"Sup, brainiac," Brad said, teasing her by rubbing his thick shaft between her lips. "How's it feel to be lying here like this?"

Annabeth moaned in arousal. "I may have a 168 IQ, but that didn't save me from turning into another one of your oversexed cum receptacles. Now I'm lying down with my legs behind my head right beside your dumb as rocks girlfriend!"

"That's right, slut," Brad gloated as he pushed his cock in. "Can't deny biology. Your body craves a big fat cock."

Annabeth groaned in agreement as Brad slid it in. On the screens around Brooklyn House, Annabeth was split open like all the other girls.

Brad turned to Carter. "You know, must be tough for you, finding out your girlfriend has got the hots for your bully. I'll tell you what, since I'm in a good mood, I'm going to let you have my sloppy seconds."

Carter was surprised and extremely horny. He quickly went over to Zia, who was about to suck the cum out of her own pussy when she saw Carter walk over. She waved a finger.

"Condom," she said. Carter found one and put it on. Then she smirked as she spread open her pussy lips. Her vagina was gaping like a fish, fucked red and bulging in and out. It was absolutely filled with thick cum, stretched from a hole a needle could barely fit into to a thumb sized hole. Zia had strained her hips to point her pussy vertically upright so not a single drop had been spilled over the sides. A hundred cc's of grade A semen was gently swishing about in the hole in her crotch.

She watched, amused, as Carter pushed his much smaller penis in.

It managed to barely touched the sides. Carter groaned in pleasure. He mostly felt Brad's hot, thick spunk. It was like fucking treacle. It covered and soaked his condom covered cock, a million swimming sperm. As he fucked Zia he was looking at the hottest woman at school but all he could think about was Brad's enormous cock and how much bigger his load was.

"You're thinking about Brad, aren't you?" Zia purred nastily. "About his big beautiful, superior cock. Making yours look like a joke. Look at how huge his load is. Every drop containing his perfect, superior DNA. It tastes better, looks better, is thicker and a hundred times more potent that you'll ever be. Why not just give up and cum right now?"

Carter, forehead dripping with sweat, went into overdrive as Zia demeaned him. And at her order he came, spurting a little load into the condom then collapsing back. Zia smirked. All his spunk was inside the condom.

"Good. All your watery cum stayed in the condom. So I can enjoy slurping up pure, 100% grade A white American cum," she said, and she dived into her own pussy and ate it like it was a buffet.

All over the screens, her little tongue poked out and scooped load after load into her mouth. Hers was just hide Drew, and both their scanners showed them eating out their own gaping pussies. Drew and Zia were bent over in the full nelson, studiously cleaning out their own pussies with their tongues and occasionally gasping in mini orgasm as their rough tongues scraped their delicate, fucked sensitive vaginal walls. And when they did they would piss into their own open, gaping mouths, and they would swallow their own jucies in embarrassment.

They ate and ate and ate, there was no end to how much and how deep Brad had planted his seed into their fertile, voluptuous bodies.

A scream from the side told them Brad had just penetrate Annabeth. They moaned like the little trio of cumsluts they were, their lips dripping with sperm. It was an all out assault on their consciousness by Brad and his cock. They could smell the hot spunk as it's aroma wafted into their delicate noses. They could hear the screams and wet squelching sounds coming from Annabeth. They could taste his cock and his seed in their pussies, where he had

left them a feast to enjoy. They could see how deeply he planted his cum on the screens, or watch as he fucked their smart friend dumb, or see the devastation he had on their sensitive tight pussies. And they could feel his sperm wriggling around in their wombs.

All five senses were absolutely saturated with Brad's sex. And they knew all throughout Brooklyn House, a one sided sexual battle was being waged by the jocks.

Something splashed into Carter's head and he looked up. Another thick drop splashed into his open mouth. Rivulets of fluids were dripping down from the mezzanine into the dining room. To his utter humiliation he saw why. A half dozen teen girls, their legs spread open as a horny jock fucked their tight pussies wide, were leaking endless flowing pillars of cum that spread into pools between their feet and dripped down below.

As one, the jocks had all blown their loads inside of the girls. The unbelievable amount of cum six guys were making was flowing from their fat, genetically improbable testicles was splashing onto Carter's head.

He groaned in defeat. He couldn't even imagine the amount of cum that was flowing into his precious female students. He has failed to protect them.

"Fuck fuck FUCK FUCK!" the usually eloquent Annabeth screamed as Brad nudded inside of her. Her feet, tucked behind her head, curled in ecstasy as she got thick fresh cum delivered straight into her womb. She completely forget she had a boyfriend as Brad pumped more and more cum into her, her tight pussy grabbing into his fat cock for dear life as it blasted a torrent of cum into her.

On the screen, his cock swelled and blew her womb up full of cum. An indicator read: 97cc. The thick cock slowly withdrew. With a satisfied moan, Annabeth leaned forward.

All three girls, pulling their legs up by their knees and their ankles crossed behind their heads, craned their necks forward and nursed the semen spilling from their swollen thick pussy lips. Their tongues lapped at the deep wells of testicle chowder Brad had drilled into their once pristine voluptuous bodies.

Tongues used to gourmet food and ambrosia were now euphorically lapping up Brad's male yogurt as if it was the greatest thing they'd ever tasted.

On the bannister, there was a series of thuds as girls were dropped from their impaled positions, their pussies ruined and leaking cum. A fresh set of girls, trembling at the side, were gently pulled into positions their friends once held. Quickly the jocks had their way with them too, splitting them apart with their cocks and making them scream. In the dining hall, Henry had blown his first load inside Alyssa. He dropped then girl to his knees and made her service him orally, one huge hand on her head as she worshipfully cleaned the cock that just creampie'd her.

"I'm surprised you didn't try to fuck my girl, Carter," Brad casually mentioned. Carter gulped. Zia looked up and smirked. "But he did."

Brad raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Yes, totally did. Didn't feel much though," Drew said.

"You dirty little shit," Brad said shaking his head. "Trying to fuck my sluts without my permission."

"Zia's my girlfriend and you keep fucking her," Carter complained.

"Nah, she's your girlfriend but she's my cumslut first," he said. "Isn't that right, Zia?" Zia nodded.

"Normally I would just beat the shit out of you, but I think today I'll let the girls decide how to punish you," Brad said. He snapped his fingers and the three girls sprung onto their feet.

Carter quailed as the three girls bounced on the balls of their feet, smirks on their faces. Every single one of them had absolutely ridiculous, huge, perfectly shaped breasts in every shade from warm chocolate to pale milk, and the three pairs bounced in unison as they walked in step towards him.

Zia leaned and whispered something to the other two girls. They grinned and all three of them kneeled in front of Brad. He groaned in approval as their three beautiful pairs of boobs were pressed against each other with his cock at the center.

"Fuck, this is amazing," he groaned as they sank their hands on the sides of their boobs and pushed their tits together to form a tight seal.

"You like that, big boy?" Zia purred as her nipples rubbed against her two friends', together the three of them slid their breasts up and

down Brad's long shaft.

"Your cock is so big you have to use the fat bouncing tits of other guys' girls just to get it off," Annabeth crooned as stroked. Zia leaned in to plant a soft kiss on Brad's leaking cock head.

"Three girls have to travel from all across the world just to kneel at their feet and jerk you off," Drew whispered sexily.

Brad looked down. His own cock, throbbing and erect as it stabbed through the ocean of titty meat. It was a beautiful sight. Several cubic meters of warm titty flesh was pressed right up against his cock, drowning it in a silky soft caress. The three gorgeous girls made hard eye contact with him as they stroked, their pretty eyes radiating lust as they got him off together.

"Ooohhh, he's gonna blow," Zia purred. "Positions, girls!"

The three of them slid onto their knees into a line before Brad. Their slender fingers grabbed the underside of each fat watermelon sized boob and lifted, jiggling them in the air. They made their tits shake like some 2 dollar stripper as Brad grabbed his pythonic cock with both hands and jerked off. They craned their heads skyward, opened their tongues and let their tongues loll out to receive his seed like eager chicks.

Brad sprayed like a firehose, dousing their faces and tits with sheets of cum. Their mouths were overflowing and their breasts glazed like pastries with his hot ball chowder, thick droplets dangling on a thin line in the air from their long hard nipples. It slid down their chests and onto their abs and thighs, coating their sleek, perfectly sculpted bodies with his genetic material.

As much as they desperately wanted to, they resisted gobbling down his present of cum. They closed their mouths, cheeks bulging with his semen and not letting a single drop go to waist.

They couldn't thank him with their mouths full, so they winked and blew him kisses.

Carter quickly backpedaled and fell onto his butt. The three cumcovered ladies catwalked seductively towards him, massive perfect tits bouncing in sync. They stopped just before him in and settled into natural, confident poses. Zia standing ramrod straight, her hands on her wide hips. Drew and Annabeth flanked her, weight resting on one foot and their hips clocked sexily outwards.

Cum was just dripping from everywhere. In between their spreadwide apart legs, dripping off the nipples perched on the swell of their breasts, dripping down their ass cracks.

Beholding the sight of these tall, voluptuous, sexy women, completely confident and in charge, Carter's dick could help but stand up again.

Cheeks bulging, they smirked at him as Zia picked him up easily with her powerful frame. She carried him over to the table, accompanied on either side by Annabeth and Drew, and laid him on the table.

Carter trembled as Zia crawled right on top of him. The familiar, sweet face of his girlfriend broken into a warm smile above him. Her hair, smelling of lemon shampoo even when soaked in cum, hung around her gorgeous face like a soft black halo. Then suddenly, Zia opened her mouth and let the cum in her mouth flow onto Carter's face.

Carter choked and spat and struggled, but Zia pinned his arms to the table. He moaned as his face was doused in thick sheet after sheet of cum, still warm from Brad's testicles. His dark face was glazed white.

At the same time she spread apart her huge, shapely thighs and squeezed on her pussy. A thick column of pearly white semen stretched downwards and submerged Carter's comparatively thin boner. His dark dick was also painted white by Zia/Brad. It flowed and flowed, the hot spunk dripping down onto his crotch and trickling into his ass crack to tickle his asshole.

His legs shook and scrambled on the table, but Drew held them down.

Annabeth took over the job of pinning down Carter's arms, stepping on his thin wrists which almost snapped under the weight of her planteoid sized buns and meteorite sized breasts as Zia swung her torso up. Then she slowly lowered her huge derriere onto Carter's face. His eyes cracked open through the layer of cum just in time to see it block out the ceiling light.

Her pink asshole was like the eye of a cyclops, winking at Carter as its mouth pussy opened up and vomited another massive column of cum onto Carter's face. He groaned. Annabeth giggled as she twerked her massive cheeks on top of his face, clapping them together to dislodge the reservoir of cum in his womb and making it flow like a thick column of hot cum lava onto his face.

Zia ran her cum coated hands down Carter's torso, smearing his nipples and flat belly with Brad's cum. "You like that, Carter? You tried to fuck Brad's girl, so we're gonna fuck you. Brad's cum is going to go into every orifice we can find!"

Annabeth finished twerking her butt. In a perfectly coordinated move orchestrated by some telepathic bond between the girls, Zia got off Carter as Annabeth slid her arms under his armpits and pulled up. At the same time, she laid on the table, so that Carter was lying on top of her, his head nestled in between her mammoth cum coated tits. Zia laid down on top of Carter, pressing her chest so hard into Carter's his nipples were tickled by hers.

Now sandwiched between the two soft, voluptuous women, his dick began to drool uncontrollably. Zia flashed him another warm smile then leaned in to give him a wet, runny kiss.

Carter's eyes rolled into the back of his head. Horny as he'll, Zia was an even more dominating, skilled kisser than before. His lips were expertly pried open and her tongue, which felt like it was five inches long to Carter slid deep into his throat. It ran around Carter's mouth in delight, smearing Brad's cum everywhere, before she squeezed her cheeks and pumped the rest of it in. Thick wads of cum was pushed into Carter, pushed so deep by her tongue it slid down his throat and into his stomach. There was an unbelievable amount of cum still in her mouth and Zia gently and patiently fed Carter every last drop Brad had given her.

Groaning helplessly into Zia's mouth, he felt Drew's hands slide up his legs. She grabbed his inner thighs and spread his legs wide, exposing his balls and asshole. She slid on her tits right up to them.

Carter moaned. He was completely drowning in a sea of female flesh and cum. The three buxom, tall women were pressed right up to him at every position and angled. He thrashed pathetically against their powerful bodies, but all he managed to do was spread their hot cum over his body. The girls were also really starting to sweat from the heat, he could smell and feel their perspiration as it was rubbed all over his body. He could feel their titantic tits pressed against him, the pinpricks of their rock hard nipples, hear their strong hearts beat and even the sick glooping of Brad's cum as he flower out of them.

He squealed as he felt Drew poke his asshole. She took some cum from Zia's pussy (Carter could feel her finger rummaging around his girlfriend's pussy as Zia's pussy was pressed against his stomach) and unceremoniously shoved up his sensitive little asshole. At the same time, she spat a thick wad of cum onto his throbbing penis and used one hand to smear it all over the shaft and head.

He moaned helplessly as Drew slowly rubbed brads cum around his rectum and pushed it into his dick hole. He could feel the sticky, hot stuff as it slid down his tiny asshole and up

into his intestines.

Even worse, the girls were all incredibly skilled. They had spent hundreds of hours playing with themselves and each other. They had more sexual experience in their pinky than all of the girls in Brooklyn House put together.

Zia's lips was pressed warmly but forcefully against his, her tongue throat fucking the hell out of Carter. Her tongue felt like some aggressive female komodo dragon's, a hot, long tentacle mercilessly assaulting his delicate mouth. Carter didn't even have words for the things she did to him. It felt like it had coiled tightly around his soft brain and was licking his pleasure centers directly, tightening its warm, sloppy grip on him and turning his universe into a hot arousing mess.

Annabeth's hands had slid over his chest and was playing with his nipples, expertly stroking the tips. Carter realized that these girls had huge tits and nipples, there probably no one who knew as much about nipple play as them. As Annabeth skillfully stroked his stiff nipples like tiny penises with cum lubed fingers Carter felt like his chest was going to burst.

Drew had stroked miles of cock, she could bring a man to his knees with just one hand. And she was a master at fingering too. Forming a soft hand-pussy with her slender fingers, she lazily jerked Carter off, teasing his glans playfully as she pushed cum into his asshole. Her fingers felt unbelievably long to Carter, going further into him than he thought was humanly possible to rub, poke and pound away at his rectum. All the while making feel things deep in his bowels he didn't know he could feel. She expertly wriggled the base of her fingers as well, gyrating her fingers in wide circles to stretch out his puckered asshole and stimulate the most sensitive part before grinding her knuckle in to make him squeal.

Carter realized Zia was 100% right. The girls were fucking him, not the other way round. They were brutally, skillfully and aggressively fucking the shit out of him, subjecting him to a vicious gangbang he had no chance of ever recovering from. Years from now as he lay in bed in the dark night, his dick would twitch as he remembered this moment.

The girls were fucking the shit out of him, and by extension Brad was fucking the shit out of him too. Carter wondered if this meant they were turning him into another one of Brad's cumsluts.

Drew took off her hand and Zia immediately saw down on his cock, engulfing his raw penis with a pussy that was coated wall to wall with thick sticky cum. It hung like criss crossing webs from each of the gaping walls, and every fold and crevice was leaking it. He couldn't even feel Zia's once tight pussy, just the sticky grip of Brad's potent cum his cock was drowning in, the stuff seeping deep into his penis and his urethra.

Zia didn't have to say anything for Carter to understand. They girls were going to make him cum as they raped his body with Brad's cum. All of them were now soaked in Brad's genetic material, inside and out. His little cumshot didn't matter. He would be cumming into an ocean of Brad's swimming sperm. He could cum raw into them but against Brad he was practically impotent.

Carter let out one final moan as he did. His back arched and his toes curled as he came. His balls spurted its last meager load into Zia, or rather into an endless warmed well of Brad's cum. The girls expertedly felt and reacted. Drew shoved her fingers all the way to the knuckle into him, and ground his brown volcano flat with it. Zia rammed her tongue deep into her throat and sat down hard on his crotch. Annabeth twisted and pulled his nipples out of his chest, stretching them thin. Stabbing in front every angle together, they coordinated their final attack on the helpless boy and milked him of every last drop.

They held their deep, burrowing position for the last few seconds before letting go. Carter, half unconscious, fell back onto Annabeth's body. They tossed his body onto a puddle of Brad's cum on the table, his mouth hanging loose and his tongue pressed against the surface. Where he once at his birthday cake now he was eating another man's cum.

Brad was smiling as the three girls returned to him. Excellent," he said and patted their heads. They grinned. Just then, all the other jocks came back into the dining room big cocks swinging between their knees and dripping wet.

"Christ, what have you boys been up to," Zia said in awe. Henry grinned and shrugged. "Just reliving ourselves a little."

Zia took a quick walk around the house. That was a huge understatement. Every young teen girl was strewn across floors, sofas, toilets, slumped there with cum gushing from every orifice. Cum was everywhere too. On the floors, mirrors, walls, toilets, kitchen sinks, cups... They had flooded the whole Brooklyn House with their cum!

Suddenly, all three of the girls eyes went wide. On their fat nipples they felt a blossoming of heat. They looked down and saw that on each large tip, a fat drop of pearly white milk slowly grew until it was too heavy and slid down their breasts.

"Oh my. We're lactating. All of us," Annabeth said. All of the smirked.

"Now girls, we can't stop. There's still hours to midnight," she said, grabbing a cock in each hand the other girls did the same.

And all the way till the sun rose again, the three of them milked each of their fat cocks and soaked themselves in the cum of ten guys.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!